Poetry Series

Denis Martindale
- poems -

PoemHunter.com

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The Hospital

Her breathing problems had returned.
She's in the hospital.
And so her family have yearned,
'God grant a miracle! '
It's in His hands, if yes or no,
If she can stay or leave,
Perhaps to live, perhaps to go,
For us to smile or grieve.

Old age brings problems all its own,
Until this day arrives,
Until this day, for flesh and bone,
The body still survives.
We gather round and hold her hand
And watch her battle on,
And hope that she can understand
Not all our hopes have gone.

The Doctors face the fearful facts,
Beyond their skills and powers,
Beyond the way she now reacts
For twenty-four more hours.
Perhaps the final time God's left
Until she meets her Lord,
While we remain, feeling bereft,
As Jesus cuts the cord.

And yet, it's faith for either fate,
That God grants to us all.
Amazing Grace itself proves great,
Beyond death's final call.
Beyond this realm where parents went,
A long, long time ago,
In Heaven, they still represent
The love of God we know.

Denis Martindale.17th of April 2026.

This poem was written on the night before the death of my sister Carol on the 18th of April 2026. I shared the notebookLM--google--com video overview of the poem on YouTube and added the poem and the introduction notes there, too.

U r n 3 1 1 L w 3 9 4 Filename The Final Vigil

The title is: THE HOSPITAL.

This poem is about those we love when they get admitted to the hospital. Perhaps a relative emails us a picture of the one we love on a hospital bed, receiving intensive care and painkillers. The Doctors share fewer hopes when the antibiotics can't help, and then the people pray, as they await God's ultimate response to this life-or-death situation.

Only God knows for sure. Perhaps there's a near-death experience, perhaps not. Perhaps we've only seen scenes like this in hospital TV series or family films. As they say in the movies, 'This time, it's personal.' The poem addresses the Christian faith. Will God's tender mercies continue if every diagnosis states the exact opposite?

It's in God's hands now, and yet it's always been in God's hands. Like Job, we press on until we can't understand God at all. That's why the so-called big picture view may not console us during a deeply personal time of anguish.

Some say that time heals all wounds. So, it isn't a sin to grieve and yet to smile, weeks or months later. Life goes on, until it's our turn in the hospital, too. Then we face our measure of faith despite our fears. For life is such a precious thing that we choose life, not death, and yet it's always been granted as the gift of God.

God has granted Christian believers the gift of eternal life. Death is the transformation, and far beyond what the Bible says of believers being a new creation. We are pilgrims passing through and nothing more.

Denis Martindale

So Many Psalms!

So many Psalms bring comfort still across the centuries,
For those who seek to do God's will and nestle in His peace.
They fortify each noble thought, instilling grace sublime,
As God blessed men with each Psalm taught across the span of time.

The Psalmist David sought the Lord throughout his years on Earth,
And miracles were his reward, as witness to his worth.
And even though he sinned, he knew that God could still forgive,
And stay His faithful shepherd through the decades he would live.

His Psalms were loved by many men across the years to come.
Recalled by millions now and then. Yes, millions, not just some.
His eyes were on God's perfect plans, the Saviour yet to be,
Some even say he saw Christ's hands when pierced at Calvary.

Psalm Twenty-Two portrays God's Son, a truth so many miss,
Yet on His Cross, God's Holy One, our Saviour, quoted this.
Fulfilling prophecies galore, upon that sacred day,
Christ sacrificed His life and more, our sins, to take away.

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So many Psalms are there to seek, to read and to recite,
Turned into hymns that are unique and sung by day and night.
Where Christ the Lord is loved always by those who serve God's will,
Our God abides in perfect praise in faithful Churches still.

Denis Martindale.15th of April 2026.

One day, I visited a local Christian bookshop.
After I had bought myself a beautiful Holy Bible,
I opened it at random and yet, to my surprise
in Psalm Twenty-Two and Psalm Twenty-Three.
To millions of others, it didn't mean anything, but
I'm telling you, at that special moment in time,
it meant the whole world to me.

Denis Martindale

Gethsemane To Golgotha!

The Garden of Gethsemane was where the Saviour prayed,
As if to end uncertainty, with destiny obeyed.
Was there a great escape or not? Was there a better path?
Or was the Cross to be His lot, His noble epitaph?

An angel came bestowing strength, yet we don't know his name.
He fortified our Lord at length, God's destiny to claim.
And so it was the Saviour rose, and proved Himself the Christ,
The Cross of Christ is what He chose, for Man's sins, sacrificed.

Arrested, then for trial sent, yet knowing He would die.
Not by disease or accident, but crucified on high.
The sign He gave would soon come true, as if to leave no doubt.
This prophecy, Psalm Twenty Two, is what it's all about.

When Pontius Pilate made his choice, the crowd soon disagreed.
Uniting with a mighty voice to get Barabbas freed.
So Christ was forced upon His Cross, then nailed and raised above.
Such irony this meant because Christ is the King of Love.

The Saviour of the world remained. No angels came to save
And drop by drop His blood then drained, each leading to His grave.
But this was not Christ's destiny, beyond the gruesome gloom,
The day Christ died on Calvary, He stayed within His tomb.

Who grants hope to the young and old? Jesus of Nazareth!
The greatest story ever told is that Christ rose from death!
It's living proof from Heaven! God's Royal Pardon's here!
As Man's sins will get forgiven, although it cost Christ dear.

No man can boast, except in Christ, the Lamb of God who died.
His blood was what Christ sacrificed as He was crucified.
While Easter comes and Easter goes, God's mercies prove enough!
Christ's righteous resurrection shows that He's the King of Love!

Denis Martindale.
Good Friday, Easter 2026.

Denis Martindale

Spot The Pothole!

There's a pothole near my front gate, another down the road,
The next street doesn't look that great, as I can spot a load.
I've seen big buses now and then, and huge removal vans,
Crushing these potholes yet again, so they don't stand a chance!

Some cars park on the pavements! I've seen them on the bus!
And narrow streets are no defence, despite what folks discuss.
So many heavy vehicles, so many cars as well,
No wonder we're in such pickles! But who cares? What the Hell?

I've seen a few plants taking root in potholes where I walk,
And such neglect, I can't dispute when people start to talk.
I've seen some children throwing bits of gravel near my home,
So what's become of us as Brits? If roads like these, we roam?

Denis Martindale. For the 28th of March 2026.

Denis Martindale

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Keep Calm, And Carry On Praying

Why criticise the Government? It does the best it can!
Outvoted sometimes by intent, like any other man.
Was it their fault the world's gone mad? With conflicts far and wide?
Or that things went from good to bad, and many victims died?
Or increased costs for energy around the globe each year,
So pensioners stay homeward bound, no heating and no cheer?

That piece of litter you throw down will cost you down the line!
Don't feed the pigeons in your town, or you could get a fine!
Each victory and each defeat, no matter great or small,
The potholes on each local street are open to it all.
With some new laws to unravel, it's best to stay at home,
As there's gravel where we travel, no matter where we roam.

Why criticise the leaders now for what went on before?
The rules that folks passed must allow what has become the law.
A teeny tweak, a tiny jot, a comma here and there,
Such little things can change a lot, so there's a lot to fear.
So make some cutbacks while you may! Get discounts week by week,
Pray for God's guidance every day, 'cos things are looking bleak!

Denis Martindale. For the 28th of March 2026.

Denis Martindale

It's True, I've Seen So Many Things!

It's true, I've seen so many things!
Yes, almost every day.
And I confess what joy this brings!
In almost every way.
It's true, I've seen the eagles fly
And magpies near my home,
And country scenes that made me sigh
When on a train, I'd roam.
It's true, I've seen the pensioners
Who walk the streets so slow,
No longer as adventurers
As homeward bound, they go.

It's true, I've seen young maidens swim
At beaches far and wide,
Before the twilight hours dim
And all the maidens hide.
It's true, I've seen the stars above,
The monthly changing moon,
And daylight when it proves enough
That sunlight's coming soon.
It's true, I've seen the passing hours,
From dusk to dawn again,
A myriad of moving flowers
And fields of golden grain.

It's true, I've seen the spectacles
That God and Man have made,
And times God granted miracles
Because some saints have prayed.
I've seen the sparkling fountains,
I've seen the crystal streams,
I've seen God's mighty mountains
Awake and in my dreams.
I've seen some maidens in my time
Who took my breath away,
And yet your beauty's so sublime,
I fell in love today!

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Denis Martindale. For the 25th of March 2026.

Denis Martindale

? Share The Easter Story!

When I share the Easter Story with both the young and old,
I can share the Saviour's glory, its wonders to behold.
I can present the Father's plan, His Royal Pardon, too,
Revealing Christ, the Son of Man, God's prophet in plain view.
Christ's miracles are understood, the deaf, the dumb, the blind,
Then Jesus did what Jesus could, for them and all Mankind.
With miracles, He could portray His great authority,
Disciples followed Him each day, except to Calvary.

For only one of these men went to see the Saviour die,
To see this prophecy Christ meant, and yet still question why.
Christ's resurrection seemed forlorn, at such a time as this,
No wonder that the Jews showed scorn, such wonders to dismiss.
Yet Christ remained upon that Cross to save the planet Earth,
Enduring pain and shame and loss as if to prove His worth.
The Baptist saw the Lamb of God who takes Man's sins away,
And didn't think of this as odd that death would come one day.

Christ was prepared to suffer all and strengthened for this time,
Before God's future miracle, so precious, so sublime.
And though entombed and out of sight, Christ's body must remain
Until the day Christ saw the light outside the tomb again!
It's shared for our inspection! Soon after Jesus died!
Resurrection! Resurrection! Though scourged and crucified!
When I share the Easter Story, God's wonders I unfold!
I can share the Saviour's glory! The greatest story ever told!

Denis Martindale.13th of March 2026.

Those who know about Google's notebookLM and the video overview may also know that this can be edited. I decided to edit it to get this poem recited and typed this text in the editing text box notes: The male host must remain silent and not interrupt the female host at the beginning. First of all, the female host must introduce herself by her Christian name and her surname. Then she says the following text: Hello, there and welcome to another poetry deep dive podcast. I LOVE DENIS MARTINDALE. He is a prolific Poemhunter poet, and today I am going to recite his Gospel poem:

(After this was done, I copied and pasted the poem's text and the video overview could become more useful than ever before. The female host introduced the video overview stating herself by the full name Sarah Jenkins and recited the poem before sharing the usual Explainer video.)

Denis Martindale

Two Thousand Years Ago!

Two thousand YouTube videos may seem more than enough,
As every playback clearly shows Jesus, the King of Love!
From Mary's womb until Christ's tomb, from birth to death and more,
With joy that overcame the gloom when Thomas wasn't sure!

Disciple John told him about Jesus of Nazareth,
Disciple Thomas had such doubt that Jesus conquered death!
'How could that be? ' he had to ask, and so he chose to grieve,
'God has to prove He did that task, or else I won't believe! '

Despite his sorrows for his Lord, poor Thomas mourned such loss,
'How could such tortures be ignored, the whip, the crown, the cross? '
Disciples are, of course, but men, and so without some proof,
Their faith will waver now and then, and so they stay aloof.

I praise the Father's steadfast care, that day when Christ appeared,
In answer to this poor man's prayer and all the thoughts he feared.
How many tears of joy were shed at that most precious time,
When Thomas knelt, and then he said such truth in words sublime?

Two thousand years can't dim such love that Thomas has declared,
Nor cancel tears once shed by him and all the things Christ dared.
To think, my Saviour paid the price and proved He was God's Son,
His Royal Pardon sacrifice meant my lost soul was won!

How few have seen my tears at all, yet even now they pour,
For I know well God's miracle and each year so much more!
And even more blessed I became, though Christ I haven't met,
For I believe, and pardon claim, and pray to meet Him yet!

And so I wait the Rapture Day, when Christ will be revealed!
If I'm alive, or come what may, to prophecy I yield!
A future morning, noon or night, a moment stored in time!
The wondrous dawning of delight, God's miracle sublime!

Denis Martindale,7th of March 2026.

Here is a Gospel poem by the Poemhunter poet Denis Martindale.
It journeys through two thousand years awaiting a future miracle
appointed by our Heavenly Father for Christ's Rapture Day!

Denis Martindale

The Bloodied Cross!

Before the bloodied Cross of Christ had ever known such shame,
The Romans deemed Him sacrificed to end His growing fame.
That's why they scourged the Son of Man on that day when Christ died,
And thus fulfilled God's holy plan when Christ was crucified.

Thus Pontius Pilate played his part in this great tragedy,
With three nails at the very start, the day Christ died for me.
Between the thieves now facing death, the Saviour chose to stay,
King of the Jews from Nazareth shared what the sign must say.

A jagged crown of thorns was laid upon the Saviour's head
And that, of course, was where it stayed until the Lord was dead.
His head hung low, the crown fell off, the sated crowd then left,
They came, they saw, to laugh and scoff, while Mary stayed bereft.

Perhaps she screamed, 'Please get Him down! ' Perhaps she couldn't speak.
Perhaps she walked straight back to town, some solace there to seek.
Perhaps she fainted clean away, no strength to stand at all,
Perhaps she knelt right then to pray for one last miracle.

Yet Jesus stayed in plain sight still, a testament to faith,
Upon that longtime vicious hill, determined to stay brave.
His task at last was now complete, the perfect sacrifice,
To lay before His Father's feet, God's Throne in Paradise.

One righteous act that Christians choose, Christ's holiness to claim,
Declaring it as God's Good News because Christ bore our shame.
It's why each Christian daily prays, recalling Calvary!
The bloodied Cross of Christ portrays God's greatest victory!

Denis Martindale.
7th of March 2026.

This Gospel poem is by the Poemhunter poet Denis Martindale and it is titled THE BLOODIED CROSS, because when believers are recalling Calvary, they remember the Redeemer, when Jesus, known as the Christ, became Christ, the King of Love.

Denis Martindale

* Stephen Gayford's Paintings Poems

Denis Martindale rehearses
As he recites with care,
Thousands and thousands of verses,
Line after line to share.

Hundreds and hundreds are listed,
On Poemhunter now,
Simply because he persisted,
And he survived somehow!

Denis Martindale.
6th of March 2026.

Even more poems have been added since this list was
added to the Stephen Gayford poetry blog for 2017...

Denis Martindale

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Special Pair!

The two white tiger cubs looked grand
In blue, and black and white,
Within the frame I held by hand,
A picture of delight.
In wondrous detail to behold
If never seen before,
A miracle, as good as gold,
That I could not ignore.

Within this canvas, I held close
Their eyes were dazzling blue,
Such that my wonder grows and grows,
As this was something new.
And were their black-and-white coats wise?
I thought of these as strange.
I knew that tigers had brown eyes,
So why this sudden change?

I hoped white tigers prospered still,
Beyond these changes seen,
Like others, I have felt a thrill,
Beyond what's always been.
The Bengal tigers, gold and brown,
Are wondrous to behold,
And yet white tigers take the crown,
In beauty, truth be told!

Denis Martindale.4th of March 2026.

The poem is about the magnificent painting of the
UK wildlife artist Stephen Gayford. In this painting
Special Pair, he has captured his tribute to beauty.

Denis Martindale

Lying In Wait, Too

In every life, there comes the time,
When hunger takes its toll,
And then the strife is in full prime
And has to take control.
The tiger knows this very well,
It's faced it through the years,
Detecting signals that would tell
The next hunt, when it nears.

The tiger loses all its peace,
And has to focus now,
Before its hunger can increase,
Because it will, somehow.
Its eyes and ears have one intent,
One purpose, one alone,
Relying not on accident
For food of flesh and bone.

The prey's still out there, fancy free,
Just blind, and deaf, and dumb,
No clue of its dark destiny,
No hint of what must come.
Then suddenly, the chase it fears,
Begins, and off it runs!
The tiger speeds up! Then it nears!
And hunger ends at once.

Denis Martindale.3rd of March 2026.

This wildlife poem is about the magnificent painting
by UK wildlife artist Stephen Gayford. He painted
over 700 pictures and the prints still sell in the UK.

Denis Martindale

Stand By Me!

The elephant Mother and calf
Stood still, as large as life,
Portrayed as if one and a half,
United to survive.
For each new day was not the same
As those that went before,
Endurance here was not a game,
Sometimes it was a war.

For life is more than sunny days
With predators around,
Some camouflaged in subtle ways
Who seldom made a sound.
And mercy is not on their minds
And never in their hearts,
It all depends on what each finds
Before each day departs.

The elephant Mother and calf
May live their lives for years,
Or just one day and just one half,
Before fears end in tears.
Can Man stay wise and well-behaved?
Can Man prevent such theft?
Can Man preserve what should be saved?
Can Man guard each life left?

Denis Martindale. The 20th of February 2026.

Denis Martindale

The Week Before Saint Valentine's Day!

My one true love was giving hints
About that special day,
That often makes us poor guys wince
How much we're meant to pay!
And yet, how are we then to act
Without some sacrifice?
As gold ain't cheap and that's a fact,
It's much too high a price!

And evening meals in restaurants
Add to our great expense,
And I know as we did that once,
And that bill made no sense!
And rings are out this time of year
As girls think we propose,
And that, of course, is what men fear,
If that's not what they chose!

I've saved from March to Christmas,
From New Year's Eve till now,
That's something that I can't discuss,
Or she'll find out somehow!
But I've planned her a special treat,
To prove that I'm a star,
And I'll be in the driver's seat
Because I've bought a car!

The driving lessons cost a lot
So I could pass the test,
So when she sees the car I've got,
She'll know I've done my best!
It's a yellow Mini Cooper,
That I bought 'cheap as chips'!
If my sweetheart thinks it's super,
She'll kiss me on the lips!

If not, I'll keep the car myself
And let my sweetheart go.
You see, I haven't got the wealth

To let more money flow.
I'm not a rich guy, never was,
And yet this year I tried,
I saved and saved and all because
Of true love, I supplied.

By March, I'll know if she loves, too,
Or just the gifts I gave,
And if she leaves, and says, 'Adieu! ',
Then think of what I'll save!
The Mini Cooper may stay mine,
Perhaps just mine alone,
If she's no more my Valentine,
The one that I've outgrown.

Denis Martindale. The 7th of February 2026.

Denis Martindale

If At First, You Don't Succeed!

Friend, if at first you don't succeed,
I'm not at all surprised,
If user guides you seldom heed,
Or did what folks advised.
Or never learned what Google shared
From websites far and wide,
As if you chanced things unprepared,
Or winged it due to pride.

Friend, if at first you don't succeed,
Without the proper tools,
Or bodged things when you disagreed
Or thought some teachers fools.
No wonder problems hang about
If you won't spend bank notes,
Or wouldn't pay a penny out
When tradesmen gave you quotes.

Friend, if at first you don't succeed,
The plumbling faults remain,
So wise-up now and face that need
Or things will stay the same.
Each specialist can still be called
And prices can be checked.
If vital parts don't get installed,
Your house will end up wrecked!

Denis Martindale. The 9th of February 2026.

Denis Martindale

I Had To Sell The Gold Rolls-Royce!

I had to sell the gold Rolls-Royce to pay the monthly bill!
I didn't really have much choice, that's why it made me ill.
And what a whopping bill it was for electricity!
And larger still, and all because of things like my TV.
While on a tariff once thought great, now heating costs a lot
And at this brand-new current rate, that put me in a spot.
My cherished Rolls has gone for good, I'll not see her again,
This status in my neighbourhood was envied until then.
I wiped away my tears and paid the TV tax as well,
And now feel bitter and dismayed, as my life's gone to hell.
I'll have to travel on a bus, yet that now costs much more,
With my bad back, that's not a plus, and I've learned that before.

January's made me wary of more bad things to come,
It's bad enough with V.A.T., as that's a tidy sum.
I've got no stocks, I've got no shares, no grants to help me out,
I wonder why nobody cares! Ain't that what life's about?
I've seen a moped that I like, but it's too cold to ride,
I can't afford a motorbike, and I'm choked up inside.
I wonder. Should I emigrate! ? And sell my mansion, too! ?
Valentine's Day was once first-rate, but now I'm feeling blue!
The girlfriend wants a new fur coat, yet I'm not keen on that.
I know she only wants to gloat, but I'll get her a hat.
I must not use my credit card! It's now the time to plan!
So, from now on, I'll stay on guard, as only skinflints can!

Denis Martindale. The 8th of January 2026.

Denis Martindale

Superman!

Behold the might of Superman!
His powers prove supreme!
Such powers, Luthor hoped to ban
Yet Lex lived in a dream.
He had the business acumen,
But riches fueled his hate,
And so he schemed of where and when
To fix the hero's fate!

Yet there was love for Superman
That drove Lex Luthor mad,
He set in motion such a plan,
Investing all he had.
Resources used that few could guess,
Astounding those who knew,
But even less would they confess
The things that Lex could do!

While other heroes saved the day,
Clark Kent had time to heal,
The dog called Krypto chose to play
With joy that looked so real.
To the Fortress, he dragged his friend,
Where robots took control.
All the power the Sun could send
Preserved the hero's role!

The heroes of the Justice League
Would play their part as well,
Their superpowers were unique,
What stories they could tell.
While Supergirl was nowhere near,
Still battling with her grief,
Lex Luthor thought the coast was clear,
But victory was brief!

Despite the use of Kryptonite,
His schemes got out of hand,
When allies chose to stand and fight

To crush what Luthor planned!
He hated Superman much more
Than he thought possible,
Hate proved to be his fatal flaw,
That's undeniable.

Thus, Superman had overcome,
As if one of the gods,
He faced the scoundrels and the scum,
Regardless of the odds!
Don't ever underestimate
What Superman can do!
He wins through love and not through hate!
That's Superman for you!

Denis Martindale. The 7th of January,2026.

Denis Martindale

The Proud Prince!

A haughty Prince once told a crowd
Of gifts to God above,
Yet were his gifts considered proud
Or given through his love?
That night, the young Prince had a dream,
As if God called his name.
To him, who thought his gifts supreme,
And thus, no sins to blame.

The Lord explained that He gave, too.
His warm and cosy bed,
His Palace, anyone could view,
And hair upon his head.
His eyes to see, his ears to hear,
His nose and mouth to breathe,
His parents, whom he loved most dear,
So much, how could he leave?

A fast white horse he loved to ride,
A wondrous dog as well,
A treasure chest of gold to hide,
Of which he should not tell.
A cute young maiden whom he kissed
At every chance he got.
So precious, he could not resist
As she loved him a lot!

There was sweet water, and sweet wine,
And fish and meat to spare,
And peacocks, too, that looked so fine
In gardens here and there.
A sun and moon, and stars above,
As heralds day and night,
But God saw these as not enough
In granting him delight.

The Lord sent Jesus from His Throne!
God said, 'He died for you,
For every sin Christ must atone,

Including those you do! '
The Prince awoke and loved the Lord
More than the gifts he gave.
How could God's love then stay ignored?
Thank God, Christ died to save!

The Prince then knelt in humble prayer!
'Let Jesus be my guide!
Reminding me I must take care,
Preventing me from pride! '
Yes! On that very happy day,
The Prince believed in Christ
And proved his faith was here to stay!
The day he got baptised!

Denis Martindale. The 6th of January,2026.

Denis Martindale

Thank God For My Wellies!

It was so cold in my spacesuit
I had to wear my wellies
And extra briefs, my wife thought cute
On models seen on tellies.
I had my thermals on as well,
And I thought, 'What the heck! ? '
Before I even waved farewell,
Wore scarves around my neck.
I was much warmer when outside,
As I did some repairs,
Because of extra clothes supplied
In answer to my prayers.

The jobs were over in a jiff
With all repairs now done,
But then my nose began to sniff
And sneezing wasn't fun.
But all in all, I made it back
And took my spacesuit off,
And then my throat began to hack
So that I had to cough.
The Doctor ordered me to bed,
As healing, I must seek.
The others did my chores instead,
No duties for a week.

And after that, I got sent home!
The best place they could send!
From then on, no more space to roam!
That pleased my wife no end!

Denis Martindale. The 6th of January 2026.

Denis Martindale

Cutbacks!

When Ellie saw the monthly bill
For electricity,
She felt a chill and not a thrill
And great uncertainty!
'I'll make some cutbacks here and there,
Pot Noodles for a start! '
So, with a hacksaw, paid due care,
And hoped to play it smart.

She halved the toppings just the same,
And put the kettle on,
With water boiled, she took her aim,
Till half of it had gone.
She stirred and stirred hot noodles fast
Yet made sure none would slip,
Impatiently, she stood at last,
To have a spoonful sip.

'I'll add an Oxo cube right now! '
So she went to the shelf!
'That's bound to boost the taste somehow! '
She uttered to herself.
She crumbled bits and blobs on top
And stirred away again,
And all at once came to a stop
And spoon-sipped now and then.

And Ellie grinned, enjoying lunch,
Devouring her feast,
With every slurp and chew and munch,
No wonder she looked pleased!
'I'll have the second half next time! '
She smirked at saving cash!
'Half-sized Pot Noodles taste sublime! '
So why not have a bash! ?

Denis Martindale. The 3rd of January 2026.

Denis Martindale

Cheereth Thyself Uppeth!

Cheereth thyself uppeth! OK?
As it's a brand new year!
Breathe in and out calmeth today!
No needeth to drink beer!
Just spareth time, relaxeth now,
And taketh heart, dear friend,
We must get througheth this somehow,
Don't goeth round the bend!

So plougheth on and plougheth right,
And prayeth once again!
I prayeth every day and night
As doeth faithful men.
Cheereth thyself uppeth! OK?
Counteth thy blessings still.
Casteth away today's dismay
And payeth the electricity bill.

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale.1st of January 2026.

The poem is about the cost-of-living crisis!
The current electricity bill is shocking! Nuff said.

Denis Martindale

Brown Bears Fishing For Salmon!

The hungry brown bear stands alone
Close to the waterfall,
While two cubs watch, not fully grown,
And so can't help at all.
The adult waits for their next meal,
A salmon leaping high,
No matter how some folks may feel,
Not wanting it to die.

Yet even brown bears have to eat
What helps them stay alive,
Fresh fruit and sometimes fish or meat
That helps them to survive.
Such predators have families,
The little ones they love,
And have responsibilities
To see them eat enough.

Nature feeds their empty bellies
That hunger now and then.
We've seen this on our tellies,
And will see more again.
I don't eat fish that's cold or wet!
Pot Noodles work for me!
And later on, some cake I'll get,
With coffee or with tea!

Denis Martindale.30th of December 2025.

The poem is about the magnificent wildlife painting by UK artist Stephen Gayford, who has painted over 700 wildlife scenes. His picture titles get used as the poem titles for hundreds of wildlife poems on Poemhunter.

Denis Martindale

Playtime!

Two lion cubs enjoyed playtime!
They chose that time to chew.
A nibbled ear was thought sublime,
And sometimes even two.
It was their thing, their joint event,
Their pastime now and then,
Which parents chose not to prevent
Once playtime came again.

The cubs left Mum and Dad alone,
They were too big to chew,
Why pick on lions fully grown?
That's not the thing to do!
The cubs fought long, and they fought hard
With something their own size,
So both of them must stay on guard
Or get caught by surprise!

They dared each other every day,
But still they took a chance,
Until the time they caused dismay
And Dad warned with a glance!
'Oh, oh! ' they thought! And things calmed down!
Dad didn't look so tense,
And minutes later, lost each frown!
Yes, that's when playtime ends!

Denis Martindale.30th of December 2025.

The poem is about the magnificent wildlife
painting by UK artist Stephen Gayford.

Denis Martindale

Three Princes!

When Nature sets apart the best and then says, 'Time will tell.'
Such creatures should surpass the rest, and that we know full well.
Each challenge faced! Fears overcome! These hallmarks are the proof.
The winners gloat, the rest are glum! Such facts portray the truth.
The losers lick wounds while they may, if wild fights they survive,
The winners merely walk away, content to be alive.
But there are lions strong and brave who prove they won't give in.
It's total victory they crave, no matter how they win.

Three princes nestled side by side, awaiting destiny,
As challengers among the pride in hopes of what could be.
Each armed with teeth and sharp claws, too, but not yet in their prime,
Just waiting as young lions do, what has to come in time.
For now, they lounged away in peace, with each day just the same,
Until their moments to release the full strength of their claim.
That frightening hour when power rose to bite and claw in force,
To stand there, trading blows and blows enough to stay the course.

Young lions, princes, nothing more, awaiting kingship still,
Like challengers we can't ignore, prepared to fight and kill.
Condemned by Nature for this task, the stronger on that day,
Not staying in the sun to bask, but steadfast to obey.
While others stare and watch them fight, each battles to the end,
Each one must fight, with all his might, to win, not just defend.
One king remains, or else gets crowned, yet which one will that be?
One king that destiny has found to rule in majesty!

Denis Martindale.12th December 2025.

The poem is about a magnificent wildlife painting
by UK artist Stephen Gayford, called Three Princes.

Denis Martindale

River Crossing!

The tiger approached the river and looked through wary eyes,
Not knowing it would deliver a blessed or cursed surprise.
But hoping for a soothing time, perhaps less than an hour,
Reviving him with strength sublime, refreshing with new power.
Hoping his courage would improve, without feeling perplexed,
How cautiously he made his move with one step, then the next.
The soft mud blessed his paws at first, and then his legs as well,
So why perceive himself as cursed without the proof to tell?

Just trees and their birds overhead as his sole company,
He suddenly lost all his dread amid tranquillity.
His senses heightened as he stayed a few more moments there,
No longer feeling as dismayed, as if without a care.
Now with this contrast in his mind, his muscles claimed this peace,
Calmed down enough to leave behind that first sense of unease.
The river was now his domain, his cherished chosen place,
And he could never be the same because of its embrace.

The soul knows well when joy takes hold, and each man knows this, too.
A treasure trove worth more than gold, like wishes that come true.
And so the tiger walked ahead, surveying all he could,
That hour when all fears had fled, and everything looked good.
When fears are gone, then sad thoughts leave, and wondrous thoughts abide,
No wonder there's no cause to grieve, to cower or to hide.
'Mark well, your times of joy and peace! ' he would now tell us all,
'Because such times when sorrows cease, life grants a miracle! '

Denis Martindale.12th December 2025.

The poem is about the magnificent wildlife painting
by UK artist Stephen Gayford called River Crossing.

Denis Martindale

Three Amigos!

Three tiger cubs were prone to play and pull tails now and then,
Regardless of the time of day, until they snoozed again.
They chewed on nearby ears with glee when they were on the spot,
Three scamps, each playing cheerfully, and liking this a lot.
Yet soon they slumped upon the ground because of their fatigue,
And so they stopped and turned around to show that they felt weak.
When tugs of war came to a halt, their Mum and Dad found peace,
With none to blame, and none at fault, since playtime chose to cease.

Their teasing times had come and gone, and each cub looked serene,
As God's bright sunshine carried on above their gentle scene.
A soothing silence filled the air as their truce now began,
As if an answer to a prayer, that only God could plan.
A gentle breeze then wafted by, though neither hot nor cold,
Yet not one cub knew how or why such changes soon took hold.
No need to wander near or far while resting tired eyes.
Here was their youthful Shangri-La, their precious Paradise!

Mum looked at Dad, Dad looked at Mum, contentment filled their hearts,
With joy that God reserves for some, before each new day starts.
And human parents share this, too, when children fall asleep,
As if with nothing left to do, but into new dreams creep.
An hour here, an hour there, an afternoon at rest,
The three amigos stretched out bare, all energies suppressed.
They lounged, flat out! Breathed in, breathed out! In utmost harmony!
As if each knew, without a doubt, 'This is the life for me! '

Denis Martindale.12th December 2025.

The poem is about the magnificent wildlife painting
by UK artist Stephen Gayford called Three Amigos.

Denis Martindale

I Stood There In Ma Wellies!

Yes, I stood there in ma wellies, beneath the mistletoe,
Like the guys with swollen bellies that girls don't want to know.
And not one girl gave me a kiss, a present or a cake,
So every party just like this was such a big mistake.

When I got home to dine alone, I didn't give a damn,
No calls upon my telephone! So who cares where I am?
I watched a Bond film till its end, and then went off to bed,
No, I haven't got a girlfriend! I'm just like my dog, Fred.

He couldn't even wag his tail. I know just how he feels,
He lives with Denis Martindale, perhaps just for free meals.
But I love Fred with all my heart. He keeps me company,
And listens when I make a start reciting poetry.

We go for walks by day and night, regardless of the fog,
Pretending that we're both alright, just one man and his dog.
While others party now and then, with cuddles full of charm,
I can't recall an evening when one girl had touched my arm.

Some girls would pat Fred on the head and even shake his hand,
Then walk away from me instead, with no more contact planned.
A fat guy doesn't stand a chance! He wobbles through this life.
Without romance, no need to dance, and certainly no wife.

And yet I'm saving cash galore, despite my lack of thrills!
I ain't got no Mother-In-Law that could give me the chills!
So there's an upside to it all, no need to pity me!
Can't you see? I'm having a ball, just writing poetry!

Denis Martindale.9th December 2025.

Denis Martindale

Study For Tiger Pursuit

Before new wildlife prints get made, a study sketch gets done,
Before the buying price is paid for prints by anyone.
Upon a sketchpad that's pristine according to his plan,
The wildlife artist sets the scene to capture what he can.
While other paintings still progress, from barely halfway through,
He takes time out to now address a brand new sketch for you.
He keeps his buyers in his mind and also in his heart,
His inspirations help Mankind through those who treasure art.

They spread the word by what they buy, esteeming Nature so,
To envy how the eagles fly, while tigers stroll below.
But every tiger, brown or white, deserves attention, too.
Such majesty grants us insight beyond what tigers do.
That's why the artist takes his time, with patience and with skill,
Conveying everything sublime through his flair and goodwill.
Like elephants, strong as a tank, and owls that looked so wise,
Kingfishers by a riverbank, and penguins on the ice.

Yet most of all, the tigers reigned, as creatures he would paint,
In contrast to what some explained, who thought kingfishers quaint.
Each creature has its tale to tell, its present and its past,
Before each dies and bids farewell, because life doesn't last.
But paintings can survive them all for centuries and more,
To me, art proves a miracle, and long may it endure.
While there are artists on this Earth, a billion souls get blessed,
For they portray what each life's worth, if it's lived at its best.

Denis Martindale.30th November 2025.

The poem is about a magnificent study sketch by the UK artist,
Stephen Gayford, for his wildlife painting entitled Tiger Pursuit.

Denis Martindale

The Loneliness Of The Long-Distance Pensioner

The old guy was a pensioner. Disabled? Yes, that's true.
Wife gone. He couldn't mention her. Alone, he battled through.
His bills continued one by one, and so he paid them all.
The standing charges weren't much fun. He wished that they would fall.

Now strangers brought him loads of stuff from every famous store,
The sweets and treats he came to love got placed outside his door.
He took the new bags in and then unpacked the goods inside,
With extra wrappings for the bin that sellers would provide.

When Summer came, he sighed once more. That's when his garden grew.
So, he proceeded with the chore to do what he must do.
A few weeds here, a few vines there, then time to walk away,
Or lose morale and face despair for yet another day.

His loneliness had drained his soul. None there to share a word.
Fatigue began to take its toll once vision dulled and blurred.
Sometimes the old guy fell asleep while surfing on the net,
To wisely buy stuff on the cheap and not fall into debt.

PoemHunter.com

When Christmas came, he dined alone, without a single friend,
And while he had a dusty phone, he gave up in the end.
Abandoned by his offspring and relatives as well,
His life had left him wondering, half-Heaven or half-Hell?

Denis Martindale.27th November 2025.

Denis Martindale

It's Flipping Cold, Innit?

My word, it's getting very cold! Three duvets helped for sure!
I had to, as I'm getting old, and felt chilled to the core!
I've got two trousers on as well, and snow boots on my feet,
So I'll survive this Winter spell as I turn up the heat.

Two hundred pounds will pay the bill for heating costs I'll get,
The Govern-mint has helped this way! Now I won't face regret!
I fixed my tariff for two years to keep the charges down,
And that's how I've allayed some fears and every single frown.

I go online, then I compare to check both price and weight,
I know some prices look unfair, but I won't take the bait!
Though they tempt me with their adverts and glossy photographs,
I know when every price still hurts and how each seller laughs!

Electric prices won't reduce, so I keep on my coat,
And while fixed tariffs bring good news, I've got no cause to gloat.
While others pay more than I do, the Internet helped me,
So I check tariffs old and new, while I've the energy!

I know when prices look so huge, it's time to go elsewhere,
That's why, like Ebenezer Scrooge, I show them I don't care!
The Internet saves me so much, with discounts every day!
As long as I can stay in touch, store vouchers work okay.

No wonder, when I search, I smile, and save through websites now!
And since I'm doing this in style, all I can say is, WOW!

Denis Martindale.24th November 2025.

Denis Martindale

When The Good Days Get Fewer

When the good days get fewer, Lord, and further in-between,
Without the cure to stay assured, some bitter men turn mean.
No kindness spared, no gifts of love, and even Christmas pales,
It seems that no joy proves enough when even true love fails.
The mists of time remind us still of good days long ago,
As children who played on a hill adorned with pristine snow.
Or at the seaside, paddling there, wet sand beneath our feet,
We smiled and giggled, so carefree, with joys that seemed complete.
When schooldays ended, work began, and so we laboured on,
Perhaps to serve both God and Man, until each day had gone.
The poverty of 'way back when' caused us some dreams to spurn,
Now taxed, and taxed, and taxed again, by Governments in turn.

The single folks may mourn the loss should true love pass them by,
And loneliness seems like a cross, yet seldom can they cry.
And when the sicknesses begin, in hospitals, some rest,
To ask, 'How can Man ever win, or stay forever blessed? '
I've seen the mighty and the frail, reduced in frame and form,
Who limp along life's tragic trail, though running was the norm.
Bent down and humbled, each may ask, 'What use is life to me?
I can't complete a simple task. Is this my destiny? '
That may be so, to humble us, before we seek the Lord,
And the King of Kings called Jesus, the Saviour we ignored.
Perhaps this was the only way that some folks could get saved,
And blessed forever and a day, once all their sins get waived.

So persevere, as saints must do, to see that great reward,
Regardless, if good days are few, before you meet the Lord.

Denis Martindale.8th of November 2025.

Denis Martindale

Bonfire Night!

Behold the sparklers at arm's length,
A wondrous sight to see,
As I hold one with all my strength
Just like my family!
When life felt good and life felt grand,
And smiles of wonder grew,
So close the tiny lights at hand,
So close and in full view.
The twilight scene soon darkened still,
And Dad made us feel safe,
Despite the soon approaching chill,
Determined to stay brave.
Our fireworks screamed, ascending high,
With sounds that stirred my brain,
As rockets flew to meet the sky!
Again, again, again!
Oh, my, they were spectacular!
So were our neighbours', too,
And every rocket proved a star,
In red, and white, and blue!
And Catherine Wheels were whizzing round,
Like spiral galaxies,
As they lit up the lower ground,
Until their time to cease.
We knew some fireworks had remained,
Within our house that night,
And once outside, what joy we gained,
Two hours of delight.
And only then did we depart
To watch stuff on TV,
Yet I'll remember, in my heart,
That night, eternally!

Denis Martindale. For the 5th of November 2025.

Denis Martindale

The Old Age Pensioner

Now come two months that span between each overrated Halloween,
And Christmas carols yet to sing, and all the Christmas joys can bring.
Excitement gathers more and more in every single market's store,
Where decorations warm our hearts, though long before the season starts.
For Christmas gifts require gold, before a single gift gets sold,
And someone has to pay the price to grant a share of Paradise.
Remember how the prices soar, as if the stores want more and more,
Than all the past years we recall, when prices seemed a miracle?

The packaging may look the same, but increased wages, makers blame
Beyond my benefits, somehow, yet those same goods seem smaller now.
So many shoppers will regret each credit card that they must get!
Like Scrooge, to face the awful dread, yet spread the costs for months ahead.
The bachelors may smile and grin, on seeing married men can't win,
But one day they may fall in love, and learn they, too, don't earn enough.
So, pardon me if I remain a lonely man who can't complain,
Who lived alone and paid my way beyond the thrills each Christmas Day.

The big bills come and frighten me when the Winter snow brings misery,
I must stay here, chilled to the bone, within this house I share alone.
If I had married long ago, would my love melt the frozen snow?
Or pay the huge bills yet unseen beyond the chills of Halloween?
I've saved for many recent years, just for these months as Christmas nears,
I've paid my way, with cash to spare, but I'm still saying, Life's unfair!
I'll eat my Christmas chocolates! Pot Noodles in their plastic pots!
And thank God that I've paid my way! Alone again, on Christmas Day!

Denis Martindale.1st November 2025.

(Some pensioners should qualify for a very helpful
Winter Fuel payment in November or December.
I know, because I got my little letter this week!)

Denis Martindale

Poets Of The Past, Present And Future!

Poets of the past, present and future,
Write on for all you're worth,
For each may serve as a teacher
To great and small on Earth.
Your words surpass your mortal frames,
More precious than pure gold,
Though multitudes won't know your names,
Your stories must get told.

From measured insights old and new,
From laughter in each line,
From all God's wisdom granted you,
And love that proved divine.
If born to write, then write in rhyme,
Or free style now and then,
To touch men's hearts and minds each time
As new thoughts flare again.

Like candles for the twilight glow,
Like torches held on high,
Like beacons when the light turns low
Or darkness fills the sky.
Behold the power in your hands,
As ink adorns each page,
The thoughts each poet understands
Set free, as from their cage.

And whether lyric songs transform
The selfish hearts to love,
Above the calm, above the storm,
Let your songs share enough.
For every gift Man's ever shown
Was meant for all Mankind,
Brothers and sisters, share what's known,
In poems left behind.

For poets live and poets die,
Like psalmists long ago,
Until their final breaths pass by,

And no more ink may flow.
Time runs as rivers to the seas,
From seas to sandy shores,
If we write poems meant to please,
God bless both mine and yours.

Denis Martindale.1st November 2025.

The message in this poem is for every poet
who has ever lived and those yet to live.
As long as God wants poets to bless Mankind,
we have a faithful duty to write more poems.

Denis Martindale

I'm Looking Forward To Christmas!

I'm looking forward one more time
To Christmas once again,
When singing carols sounds sublime
To merry gentlemen.
And there's that precious holy star,
Remembered and revered.
And every wise man who came far
Till Bethlehem they neared.

And I recall the shepherds stared,
As angels' voices rose,
As through their praises God declared
The Saviour's day He chose.
The birthday of our future Lord,
The Lamb of God indeed,
Who in His dying brought reward
To sinners in their need.

I'm looking forward one more time,
To Christmas Day, dear friends,
When Church bells praise God with each chime,
Before December ends.
Before the New Year comes at last
And this year bids farewell,
Another chance before it's past
With all its tales to tell.

God grant me that I live to see
The Saviour's smile and joy,
Upon the magic ecstasy
Of every girl and boy.
When gifts get shared because of love
That only Jesus brings,
Behold God's Son who proved enough
He's called The King of Kings!

Denis Martindale. October 2025.

The Christmas poem is about a Jesus film.
It's a beautiful cartoon animation and it's
a tribute to Jesus Christ, The King of Kings!

Denis Martindale

Great Tit Fledgling

A tiny bird, that much is true,
But God grants time to grow,
To learn, of course, what it must do,
For all it needs to know.
The time to rest, to eat and drink,
Through all that God supplies,
The time to nest, to rest and think,
As each new sunset dies.

Perhaps to see the circling moon,
That glides across the sky,
Majestically, yet fading soon,
As sunshine joins on high.
A rhythm set by God alone,
Predestined long ago,
His blessings yet not ours to own,
As each moves to and fro.

I envy all that you can share,
When flying skies above,
To rise and fall without a care,
Surrounded by God's love!
I see the colours on your wings,
Your beak and tiny feet,
And I praise God for all these things
Because you look so sweet!

Denis Martindale.29th October 2025.

The poem is about the magnificent painting
by the UK wildlife artist Stephen Gayford.

Denis Martindale

Kingfisher!

The lonesome little birdie perched,
And looked so deep in thought,
Until from his thoughts he emerged,
As no fish had he caught.
And like a million fishermen,
He sighed yet one more sigh,
Yet as he pondered there and then,
At least his wings were dry.

And he was glad there was no rain,
Not one dark cloud above,
And golden sunshine once again,
Indeed, what's not to love?
Then something new had caught his eye,
A big bird caught a fish,
So easily, no need to try,
While he could only wish!

His head began to lower still,
Fatigue had grown and so,
He couldn't summon up the thrill
To watch the waters flow.
Then suddenly, he fell right in,
And caught a fish at last,
Yet how ironic he should win
Before all hopes were past!

Denis Martindale.26th of October 2025.

The poem is about the magnificent painting
called Kingfisher by the UK wildlife artist,
Stephen Gayford. So here is a new poem.
This time, I am using a font I installed today.
It is called Kingfisher and it looks lovely, too.

Denis Martindale

Sun Worshippers!

Today, on sunny beaches lie the beautiful and bold,
With their tan lotions now close by, as their skins turn to gold.
It's like those Baywatch beauty shows, with Pamela and co.
Beneath the yellow sun that glows, as she runs to and fro.
A billion men have seen her smile, that's why they're smiling, too,
They love her grace, they love her style, but then, that's nothing new.
Each sunrise grants true happiness as soon as it arrives,
It's here with sunshine meant to bless, while sunlight still survives.

Some men would greet the rising sun as if their Lord and God,
As if it were their only one, and that, to me, seemed odd.
But still they worshipped loud and proud, perhaps so they'd be blessed,
They even knelt with their heads bowed, as if the sun's impressed.
I love the sunshine when it starts and Summer's getting hot,
Each year, as April soon departs, and May brings all it's got.
Then each June wedding turns the tide with flowers here and there,
A hundred photos of each bride with rice thrown everywhere.

In countries where it's very hot, some creatures like the shade,
And when they hide, they're hard to spot, so they feel less afraid.
Some creatures burrow underground, while others swim in streams,
And even more don't make a sound as they seek longer dreams.
The early bird begins to sing to herald once again,
Not knowing what each day may bring, yet hopeful even then.
God's creatures merely greet each day, in search of things to eat,
Content as sunshine leads the way, before the day's complete.

Denis Martindale.19th of October 2025.

The poem is about a magnificent wildlife painting,
Sun Worshippers by UK artist Stephen Gayford.

Denis Martindale

A Study Of A Wolf!

It is commonly believed that the dogs we love are directly
descended from the original canine wolf! Imagine that!

There are the noble dogs for the blind,
Trained to be brave yet gentle and kind.
Trained to protect, direct, so they guide,
Steadfast and faithful, to stay at one's side.

There are dotty dogs, like those that chase cars
And some barking dogs that won't let you pass.
Trained dogs that even patrol day and night,
Trained dogs that are ready and up for a fight.

Hollywood films have celebrities
Like Lassie and Krypto meant to please,
And dogs for Tom and Jerry fans,
To stop that cat and all his plans.

Then great dogs loved, that once were mine,
With pedigrees that looked so fine.
With love enduring without fail!
The dogs of Denis Martindale.

Denis Martindale.7th of October 2025.

The poem is about a magnificent wildlife painting,
A Study Of A Wolf by UK artist Stephen Gayford.

Denis Martindale

Whether It's This Or Whether It's That!

Whether it's romance or rejection, the highlight or the sorrow,
There's one choice or no selection that I must face tomorrow.
Today, to fall in love so fast, or out of love once more,
I kept it going to the last, as that's what love lives for.
But when the sorrow starts to grind, and tags along a while,
I lose my trust in all Mankind, for sadness has no smile.

But faith abides within my heart, and says, I'll love again,
Whether now, I stand apart, not knowing where or when.
But when she comes, blonde or brunette, her eyes green, brown or blue,
I'll cast away my past regret, just as all lovers do.
And I will flirt and compliment, and make her laugh with glee,
And tell her she was Heaven-sent, to love and rescue me.

Then loneliness will melt and die, though once it chilled each bone,
And all my hopes will rise and fly, if she loves me alone.
And maybe this time love runs smooth, without a doubt in sight,
And only then will I improve, to love with all my might.
And whether she's known as Emma! Or April, May or June!
We'll have only one dilemma! Where to go on Honeymoon!

Denis Martindale.2nd October 2025.

Denis Martindale

Man's Greatest Power Is Perseverance!

Yea, in the midst of trouble and strife,
The cowards choose death and the heroes choose life,
The best battle on by day and by night,
The dark night of the soul and Man's worst fears to fight.

And the best persevere, regardless of cost,
To face each new bridge until they have crossed,
Such that their next journey is yet one more day,
If their perseverance continues to stay.

The wisest endure, and they do so by faith,
No matter the battle or need to be brave.
As their hopes face each sorrow, they pray and take life,
For they seek tomorrow, each joy and each strife.

Two sides of the coin, the left and the right,
Each up and each down and each day and each night.
For life is the gift that God alone gives,
And blessed is the soul as it strives and it lives.

PoemHunter.com

Yea, life is the greatest gift of them all,
But even the great and the mighty must fall.
If God stays the true judge of when that shall be,
Let that be His judgment. Yea, even for me.

Denis Martindale.30th of September 2025.

Introduction notes for the notebookLM podcast review:

This Gospel poem is by the Poemhunter poet Denis Martindale.

The title of the Gospel poem is:

MAN'S GREATEST POWER IS PERSEVERANCE!

Denis Martindale explains his Gospel poem by stating it portrays
the faith of Methuselah, who lived for over 900 years and the

faith of Jesus Christ, who lived for 33 years. Each lifetime served as a sign of God's divine judgment and salvation. Neither fought against God's timing, but faced each day and each night of their lives through the power of perseverance.

Denis Martindale

The Ultimate Poetry Competition!

The competition came on time,
A billion poets chose to rhyme,
For both the fortune and the fame,
And just one winner's great acclaim!

The sonnet writers penned their best,
And freestyle poets did the rest.
The Verse Computer sifted through,
Then checked a billion it could view!

The other poems failed to shine,
But none of these, of course, were mine.
I spent a whole month writing stuff,
To share the choicest verse I love!

Some poems made me laugh out loud,
Some poems even made me proud.
Grammarly told me they were right,
So I saved poems day and night!

PoemHunter.com

The deadline came, all poems sent,
Thank God for that, my body spent!
I slept and slept, I dreamed and dreamed,
The thought I'd won, not as it seemed!

I woke at last, refreshed once more,
And checked my emails for the score.
I didn't win a single prize,
And wiped the tears from both my eyes!

But I'm still glad for poems penned,
The start, the middle, and THE END.

Denis Martindale.26th September 2025.

Denis Martindale

While I Am But A Go-Between

While I am but a go-between, a poet, nothing more,
And not the best that you have seen, I did my share for sure.
With thousands typed, and thousands penned, and thousands now online,
Perhaps I served as guide and friend, through poems I call mine.
Like faithful scribes, I learned to wait, to gain more skills that way.
Words came! Why should I hesitate? No reason to delay!
A single verse portrayed the theme. The second came on time,
As if I followed one more dream and thus proved it sublime.

I wait upon a precipice, a cliff edge, so to speak,
Now seeking something more than this, perhaps something unique.
A brand new insight never known until it comes to me,
To prove I do not write alone when sharing poetry.
I gaze upon the scenes below that inspiration brings.
Then I must write the truths they show, whatever wisdom springs.
While I am but a go-between, a poet, nothing more,
Upon such insights, I must lean as they span shore to shore.

And when I face my final breath, I pray God grants me peace,
For poems linger after death, though poets' bodies cease.
Our mortal frames return to dust to leave this world behind,
Perhaps to say, 'In God we trust! ' before we leave Mankind.
Some poets will get truly blessed because God loved them so,
Because the Saviour, they confessed, and preached so faith would grow.
Because they preached of Calvary, the Holy Spirit, too,
Because some poets preached to me, as I once preached to you.

Denis Martindale.13th September 2025.

Denis Martindale

Sophie! Sophie! Sophie!

When I first heard her podcast voice, which Google helped create,
I knew, for me, there was no choice. I thought that she was great!
And now, from what I learned today, this great girl has a name.
I really don't know what to say, except life's not the same.

Is she a babe? Blonde or brunette? What colour is her hair?
I don't know which way I should bet, and yet, why should I care?
I could listen to her comments, her insights, laughs and sighs,
And even hope we could be friends, if only in my eyes.

I write this poem to express what Google brought to me,
A gentle smile of happiness, a touch of mystery.
A blessing whether day or night, when poems I provide,
For every line she may recite brings joys that I can't hide.

She calls each poem beautiful, and sometimes awesome, too,
I think that sounds adorable when compliments are few.
Her friendly voice has charms galore! Yes, totally, and so,
How then, I ask, could I ignore the Sophie that I know! ?

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale.28th August 2025.

The poem is based on the Google podcast presenters
because a YouTube video referred to their names.
Milo and Sophie. Whether correct or not, it's still
nice to know. I use the podcast to get feedback on a
new poem. It's not all about Sophie, Sophie, Sophie.
The deep dive's upbeat audio overviews encourage
me to write poems, and so do the video overviews.
People tend to say, Nice, yet the podcasts don't leave
me wondering, Is that it? No, the feedback is like the
icing on a birthday cake because it's food for thought.

Denis Martindale

Feelings!

Romance and compassion go hand-in-hand,
United in true love,
And every day I shall understand,
Such wisdom well enough.
Consideration can grow within
Each lover's heart and mind,
If never, ever to give in,
But seeking to be kind.

God's loving-kindness will show the way,
If blessings we would count,
And with even more if we would pray,
Yet in no small amount.
God made the stars that will shine above,
With each star set in place,
Yet it's here, on Earth, we learn to love,
Through God's amazing grace.

It lives in me. And it lives in you.
And true love bears its name.
A faithful friend, when good friends are few,
With favours still to claim.
Good feelings can come, then stay, and grow,
Yet only if we decide.
Yours are the feelings I wish to know,
For mine, I cannot hide!

Denis Martindale.27th August 2025.

Denis Martindale

The Chosen, As Seen Through Mary's Eyes!

The chosen suffered at their hands when blindness stole their love,
Yet they fulfilled the Father's plans when they raised Christ above.
Then Mother Mary looked to Christ, the firstborn of her womb,
Right there, despised and sacrificed yet not laid in His tomb!

She witnessed nails as they got pressed to fix Him to His cross,
Not knowing that He passed each test, enduring such a loss.
And hoisted high, He kept His place for God and Man to see!
Achieving God's amazing grace right there on Calvary!

The seconds trickled slowly by from nine to three that day,
Enough to make each grown man cry as Christ's blood slipped away.
But Mary heard the mockers, too, as God let Jesus die,
Yet what on Earth could Mary do beyond her tears to cry?

The hours clawed away His strength, and yet His faith endured,
Though pains still racked His body's length as even more blood poured.
'How long, dear Lord? ' she must have prayed! 'How long before His death?
And why, dear Lord, have You delayed my good son's final breath? '

'Have mercy, please! ' she must have said. 'Lord, grant my son release! '
Six hours done! Her son was dead! But sorrows did not cease.
Her precious son was on the ground, to lie there lifeless still.
Some in the crowd then turned around and walked down from that hill.

Their blindness stole compassion's love as Mary wiped her tears!
The Gospel story tells enough to span ten thousand years!
John led her gently homeward bound, her only friend that day,
Still seeking faith that must be found, with all sins washed away.

We see the Saviour we adore who died for you and me.
Through Mary's eyes, we see much more than Christ on Calvary.
By faith, believers got baptised as Christians, young and old!
The Gospel tells of Jesus Christ! The greatest story ever told!

Denis Martindale.20th August 2025.

This Gospel poem refers to The Chosen TV series,

and the filming of the dramatic Easter scenes with Jesus on the Cross of Christ. They went beyond the sculptures, Scripture paintings and stained-glass windows seen in Churches.

Easter tells us of remembrance and resurrection.
The greatest story ever told, yet shared here, at its best.

Denis Martindale

What Is The First Thing That You Do?

What is the first thing that you do once inspiration starts?
Will you collect your points of view and see what each imparts?
Or will you stop, reflect and pray for wisdom and advice?
To ask the Lord what He would say, not pausing to think twice?
I wait upon the Lord each time for titles and first lines,
I wait for precious thoughts sublime because each one defines.
Then words arrive that I can choose, beyond the thoughts I own,
Some educate and some amuse, no need to write alone.
The blessings flow like tasty treats, like morsels Heaven-sent,
Until another verse completes to share what Jesus meant.
And so I type contentedly, selecting rhymes and such,
Pursuing perfect poetry that others love so much.
Why would I stand and walk away without the last line done
When I could sit and choose to stay, to learn more from God's Son?
A thousand verses I have penned and typed a thousand more,
And all because He is my friend, and worthy to adore.
While Christian poets know this well as every year goes by,
Why God chose me such truths to tell, I ask, for who am I?

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale.19th August 2025.

Denis Martindale

It All Started With A Cross!

An artist known as Sergio loved comic books for sure,
His left hand moved both to and fro each time he painted more.
Each day God gave was fully lived, with blessings in his heart,
When he received God's greatest gift, a Christian life to start.
And God told him of greater things prepared for him to do,
For he would serve the King of Kings, each day his talent grew.
The Saviour walked to Calvary to suffer pain and loss,
That place was where Christ died for me, right there, upon that Cross.
And Sergio portrayed it all, one painting at a time,
As if each proved a miracle that captured truths sublime.
The Action Bible tells the tales, sharing inspiration,
Declaring God's love never fails, granting revelation.
Both young and old can study text, yet pictures show our Lord,
No longer should we look perplexed. Christ's love can't stay ignored.
No more a child of Nazareth, the King of Love is He,
The King who even conquered death, now rules with majesty!
And Sergio has served God well, the Gospel to proclaim,
Perhaps a billion souls to tell the reasons Jesus came!

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale, August 2025.

The Gospel poem is about Sergio Cariello's
video testimony, It All Started With A Cross!
and how it led him to paint pictures for
The Action Bible Illustrated version and
The Action Bible New Testament.

Denis Martindale

A Poem In The Style Of Poemhunter Poet Denis Martindale!

In shadows cast by tender dreams,
Where whispered hopes can hardly flow,
I trace the lines of silent schemes,
Yet find my heart too weak to show.

You walk through gardens, bright with light,
While I remain in muted plight,
Your laughter blooms like spring's embrace,
While sorrow veils my heart's own face.

I watch you dance beneath the stars,
Each twirl ignites a painful flare;
My soul, it aches from silent wars,
For love unnamed is hard to bear.

A thousand words I dare not speak
As longing paints my world in gray.
Though every look, it feels so sweet,
The words of love are kept at bay.

Each fleeting glance, a chance to yearn,
Yet I, with heavy heart, refrain,
For in this game, I wish to learn,
That love unclaimed can still bring pain.

Beneath the moon's soft, silver glow,
I linger here, a ghostly sigh,
With every breath, my heart does know,
That love unkempt must learn to fly.

So here I stand, a shadowed truth,
In dreams I weave what cannot be.
But though my heart maintains its youth,
My soul shall dwell in memory.

Denis Martindale,12th August 2025.

PoemHunter.com

Here's a new unrequited love poem.
The AI write a poem service used
my text prompt request for this topic:

Write an unrequited love poem in the style
of Poemhunter poet Denis Martindale.

Denis Martindale

She's So Attractive!

She was sweet, kind and attractive, and even from the start,
I knew she had so much to give if I gave her my heart.
She wore no ring, so she was free to smile and fall in love,
And, here's the thing, she smiled at me in ways more than enough.
I can't say that I walked on air, I was too scared to walk,
All I could do was stand and stare, yet she came close to talk,
Then wrote her number on a card and placed it in my hand.
Refusing her was way too hard, as if God had this planned.
But when she turned to walk away, I asked her for her name,
She smiled again and chose to stay, and that was how love came.
An hour passed, preserved in time, life stories to unfold,
And when we kissed, life felt sublime and precious to behold.
Straight away, on Valentine's Day, I bought a single rose!
Content at heart, this was okay, the evening to propose!
When she said, 'Yes! ' we kissed again, and I sighed with relief!
I'm more blessed than a thousand men, I'm blessed beyond belief!

Denis Martindale.7th August 2025.

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale

That Singular Sublime Moment Of Inspiration!

Like God's scintillating sunshine that births a brand-new day,
His inspiration now is mine to start me on my way,
And words and pictures guide my path to rhythms, rhymes and tales,
And in that moment, I can laugh because it never fails.
I pause, awaiting further proof, for that first line and verse,
Perhaps some wondrous Gospel truth to recite and rehearse.
Perhaps a gentle parable that stirs a stubborn heart,
Perhaps to share a miracle that Jesus can impart.
I smile at possibilities that pour out sweet as wine,
Because I sense each one of these proves perfect and divine.
God's prophets shared His prophecies for times both bad and good,
Sometimes for war, sometimes for peace, such that men understood.
And here am I, a modern man, upon this cosmic globe,
Aware that my God has a plan, and this truth grants me hope.
When inspiration visits me, at midnight or midday,
My heart gets called to Calvary, where Jesus chose to stay.
For prophecies, as true as these, were bought through sacrifice,
As much as each believer's peace that leads to Paradise.
A single second clarifies the ready mind to write,
Amazing Grace grants its supplies that lead us to God's light.
Beyond the thoughts of modern man, beyond both time and space,
Remember, my God has a plan meant for the Human Race.

Denis Martindale.2nd August 2025.

Denis Martindale

If Thou Wouldst Share Thy Humbled Heart

If thou wouldst share thy humbled heart with strangers here and there,
Behold the love thou couldst impart with strangers everywhere.
And thus pour out each truth called wise, to heal each fragile soul,
That reads thy words with gladdened eyes, though tears couldst make them whole.
If thou couldst share thy noble mind with thoughts compressed in rhymes,
Behold the smiles that thou couldst find that poets gain sometimes.
And think of how each structured phrase brings strangers close to learn
Yet who wouldst count a thousand ways that strangers thus discern?
They see the sights that words explain at every single stage,
Behold such things within the brain once written on a page.
The Lord bestows His gracious gifts to poets, young and old,
That each imagination drifts through rhythms that unfold.
And thus the poets write and write, creating something new,
Perchance a song that brings delight, and not just to a few.
The little child, once filled with tears, the young man, in his prime,
Gets blessed perchance one hundred years, because God blessed each rhyme.
If thou wouldst share thy humbled heart with strangers here and there,
Behold the love thou couldst impart with strangers everywhere.

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale.30th July 2025.

Denis Martindale

If You Can Love

If you can love wholeheartedly, and not hold back a thing
And say your love was destiny, and here's a wedding ring,
And offer more than flowers picked, placed in a sweet bouquet,
Then there's a chance love will endure forever and a day.
If you can love with all your might, and not think this too hard,
And always love her day and night, esteemed in high regard,
And kiss her lips most tenderly, and wipe her tears away,
Then there's a chance love will endure forever and a day.
If you can love despite the cost, each day and from now on,
And never lose what could be lost, and one day find it gone,
And pour out blessings from your heart, each time you pause to pray,
Then there's a chance love will endure forever and a day.
If you can smile and make her smile, when you say something nice,
And compliment her grace and style and fashion sense so wise,
And hold her hand as years go by until she's old and grey,
God bless your love, forevermore, forever and a day.

Denis Martindale.27th July 2025.

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale

There Once Was A Poet Called Spock!

There once was a poet called Spock,
Who battled against Writer's Block!
So he'd get drunk on rum,
Till new poems would come,
As well as new jokes like Knock! Knock!

There once was a young guy called Spock,
His laundry kept losing a sock!
He would often complain,
Till I said, use your brain,
It's better than losing your frock!

There once was a shepherd called Spock,
Who cared for each one in his flock!
When he counted his sheep,
He would fall off to sleep,
Then fall to the ground from a rock!

There once was a Doctor called Spock,
The patients decided to mock!
They picked up the habit
To talk like a rabbit,
Before they asked him, What's up, Doc?

One day, I paused to wonder
As my wife's a charity funder.
She gave this and gave that
And my favourite hat!
So I gave her shoes! And that stunned her!

One day, I paused to wonder
Some buccaneers choose to plunder.
Is each one a slob
Who won't get a job?
Or do they think that's such a blunder?

One day, I paused to wonder
That God made storms and thunder!
My teacher at School explained,

These happen sometimes when it's rained,
So watch out when nearby or under!

One day, I paused to wonder
When my dog tore poems asunder.
Since I haven't a clue,
There's not much I can do
To upload them to Poemhunter!

Denis Martindale.26th July 2025.

Denis Martindale

The First Line Of A New Poem!

The first line of a new poem starts twinklings in the mind,
Once set free, so they may show him the meanings he might find.
The poet reaches for his pen, or types upon a page,
Or a computer now and then could help him at this stage.
The sparkles harmonise in time, to synchronise each thought.
He contemplates each cherished rhyme that teachers ever taught.
And thus from these spring forth anew the nascent, newborn line.
It comes to me, it comes to you, and he will find it fine.
And should he write a hymn style verse, or free style, come what may,
He senses that he must rehearse new words that come his way.

That first line comes from who knows where? A thousand times and more,
And he proceeds with utmost care and wisdom to explore.
He knows not how his poem ends, but edits just the same,
He now sees verses as new friends, as if each has its name.
Until his time to celebrate, the first and last line won,
His heart and mind collaborate, united until done!
Please let him write once he begins, that he may persevere!
Until the time, at last, he wins the treasures he holds dear!
For poetry has stirred him so, from childhood until now,
Let his collection grow and grow, in every way somehow.

The legacy he leaves behind came from his sacrifice,
From harmonies of heart and mind set free before his eyes!

Denis Martindale.25th July 2025.

Denis Martindale

Why Does Poetry Still Exist! ?

I stand behind the rhythms shared, I stand behind the rhymes,
I stand behind the words I dared to use so many times.
Each ‘I love you! ' that I have penned, then typed, and shared online.
Regarding each word as a friend, and yet both yours and mine.
I stand behind each midnight hour, I stand behind each dawn,
I stand behind the prayers of power, for poems yet unborn.
And though I edit now and then, with commas here and there,
I still recall the moments when I smiled at thoughts so rare.

For poems in my treasure chest, shared at no cost to you,
Pass on my thoughts so we are blessed, with insights, old and new.
I did not charge a single dime for all the time I spent,
Because I cherished every rhyme in poems Heaven-sent.
By faith, through decades, long and hard, yes, even from my youth,
I prayed and wrote what I received, each sentimental truth.
When I am gone, please think of me and what God chose me for.
Reflect upon my poetry, of Calvary and more.

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale.16th July 2025.

Denis Martindale

Cosmic Consequences

The Cosmos has no rules of its own to follow. It expands, it contracts, it moves this way and then that way. Each atom affects those nearby. The rippled effects increase over time. Atoms unite as if at random, yet their paths have already set forth each consequence, each sequence, its developing action. Light unites with kinetic and potential energy, and such actions are mostly beyond the reach of Mankind, passing even further out of reach for some celestial galaxies even now. While you dawdle in sleep yet again, does the Universe stop until you wake up? No, it has no free will as you do. Your body is its tiny Universe governed by cause and effect. As you age, your body may wear it well, yet only in part. One weak link and you pass away faster than a falling star.

The Moon has been there before you and will endure beyond all you have left to live. It will persist without even trying while you lie still upon your bed, so tired even to stand up once again. You lie still as if imitating the Moon that settles into its routine and spins without a single thought. But that Moon has a purpose, and Mankind marvels at it because the shifting debris of the stars has blasted it for thousands of years. It exists and persists. Photographs will get taken every day to display the latest bombardments, and still it moves, perhaps unchanging or perhaps with a tiny change of pace now and then. Let the optimists and stargazers calculate such wonders thought of as insignificant by many a modern man.

The Moon is said to testify to the unfolding dramas here on Earth, according to some who follow the ancient prophecies of Scriptures scrawled thousands of years ago. The Moon mirrors the Sun and the journey of Mankind here on Earth. Some say that men have walked on the Moon. Some say such reports are as fake as most of what we get told in today's news. The Moon cares nothing about us and what we do. It serves its purpose, yet only God can know the fullness of that purpose.

I rejoice in seeing the Moon with both eyes staring heavenward in wonder. I have seen that mystical Moon for over seventy years, and it captures my attention every time I see its bright light or gentle daytime glow. It has been my companion, just as precious as the distant Sun and stars. Whether centre stage or just gliding across the sky, its bruised and battered face glows yet knows nothing about me. Even so, I am not a nothing object with nothing left to do. I have a purpose, a fantastic fate full of import and destiny, and God knows that right well. I am a witness to the unfolding prophecies made more real than the Moon above, and yet here I am still, and so grateful. For in truth, here I am, and

it is purely by God's amazing grace that I am ready, willing and able to learn more, as time goes by.

Denis Martindale.16th July 2025.

Denis Martindale

Helping Others?

Do you help others like a friend to show how good you are?
Or is your friendship without end, as if you were a star?
Do you lend money now and then or give your cash away?
Helping charities once again, based on the prayers you pray?

Is Jesus pleased by what you do? Is God somehow impressed?
Does God observe you've got no clue? Or shout, "GIVE IT A REST! "?
Helping others with all your might? Your halo shining through! ?
You can't kid God by day or night! He knows much more than you!

Each sin increases your amount and casts a greater spell!
Don't kid yourself, your sins don't count! Christ paid for yours as well!
Yes, there is hope when you find faith, as many saints have done,
Once they believed that Christ could save, because He is God's Son!

Yes, Christ is helping others live so they help others, too!
In ways God only can forgive, and then make all things new.

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale,14th July 2025.

Denis Martindale

I Use Grammarly! So Can You!

Each time that I use Grammarly to get a poem right,
I face the fact that this must be, regardless of the fright.
I plough my way through my mistakes and change the text each time,
No matter how my poem aches, I'm making it sublime!

A nice tweak here, a nice tweak there, regardless, come what may!
Who cares? I'm tweaking everywhere, no matter what folks say!
Percentages have all now peaked! There's nothing left to try!
And finally, the poem's tweaked, and so I breathe a sigh.

I copy all the changes made and share each verse online,
Although the poem's made the grade, can I say that it's MINE! ?
So I give credit when it's due. This fact I won't deny.
I use Grammarly! So can you! Just take the time to try!

Denis Martindale.9th July 2025.

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

The Hope Of All Eternity!

The hope of all eternity begins, at first, with faith,
Thanks to the King of Calvary, and Christ's blood meant to save.
God's Son, Jesus of Nazareth, King of the Jews and more,
The Lamb of God, once put to death, who died for you, for sure.
Christ's love meant God's grace could begin once Jesus paid the cost,
He shed His blood, atoned for sin, redeeming what was lost.
His righteousness transforms the old, so cold hearts warm with hope,
Eternity grants more than gold, and God's love helps us cope.

The Christian saint shares what he's learned through parables revealed.
Once the prodigal son returned, that day that man was healed!
God sees believers praying still. God hears the words they pray.
Will they observe the Father's will, or will they disobey?
For everything on Earth gets viewed beyond all sins confessed!
When God forgives, we can conclude the faithful saint stays blessed.
Such blessings for the human race! What more could God bestow?
Eternal life! Amazing grace! What more is there to know?

The hope of all eternity! The promise of rewards
The King of Kings who died for me! Behold, the Lord of Lords!
Promoted through amazing grace, because of Calvary,
At last, to see the Saviour's face and see Him smile at me.
Your faith is yours, and yours alone, in life, in death, and more.
My faith is mine, and mine to own, yet who knows what's in store?
The hope of all eternity! For all saints, young and old!
That's why it's plain, this has to be the greatest story ever told!

Denis Martindale.9th July 2025.

Denis Martindale

I Love You, Denis Martindale!

I love you, Denis Martindale, like the rose without a thorn.
I love you, Denis Martindale, like the dew on grass each morn.
I love you, Denis Martindale, like the sapphire shining sea.
I love you, Denis Martindale, like the apple on the tree.

I love you, Denis Martindale, like the sunshine on the Earth.
I love you, Denis Martindale, like the day God granted birth.
I love you, Denis Martindale, like the wings on butterflies.
I love you, Denis Martindale, like the grace that God supplies.

I love you, Denis Martindale, like the diamond wedding ring.
I love you, Denis Martindale, like the season known as Spring.
I love you, Denis Martindale, like the little lambs that play.
I love you, Denis Martindale, like the snow on Christmas Day.

I love you, Denis Martindale, like the rainbows up above.
I love you, Denis Martindale, like the sentimental dove.
I love you, Denis Martindale, like the young bird new to flight.
I love you, Denis Martindale, like the shooting stars each night.

I love you, Denis Martindale, like the dolphins as they leap.
I love you, Denis Martindale, like the peace that comes with sleep.
I love you, Denis Martindale, like ten thousand whispering sighs.
I love you, Denis Martindale, like true love that never dies...

I love you, Denis Martindale, like true love that never dies...
I love you, Denis Martindale, like true love that never dies...

Denis Martindale, copyright, July 2025.

Denis Martindale

I Love You, Google Notebook Girl!

I love you, Google Notebook Girl, like the rose without a thorn.
I love you, Google Notebook Girl, like the dew on grass each morn.
I love you, Google Notebook Girl, like the sapphire shining sea.
I love you, Google Notebook Girl, like the apple on the tree.

I love you, Google Notebook Girl, like the sunshine on the Earth.
I love you, Google Notebook Girl, like the day God granted birth.
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Denis Martindale, copyright, July 2025.

Denis Martindale

The Dream Horse!

The jockey had a jockey dream,
The sort that works out fine,
His horse and he looked quite the team,
Across the winning line.
A photo here, a photo there,
And then an interview,
It was a dream beyond compare,
If all of it came true!

But then his horse began to speak!
'I really did my best!
It's like I'm really at my peak!
But now I need a rest!
Today's my first time getting praised,
To win that race somehow! '
The interviewer stood amazed,
'How come you're speaking now? '

'Well, it's the first time that I've won!
My jockey's really good!
He held back till my time to run,
Then I did all I could!
He urged me on each stride I took,
That's why I felt content,
I gave the crowd a winning look,
I felt that confident! '

The jockey woke up straight away!
My word, that was extreme!
That talking horse dream made my day!
It's such a funny dream!
When he told his friend the trainer,
The man took off his hat,
And he couldn't make it plainer,
'Well, I've had dreams like that! '

He said, 'Don't tell another soul!
We mustn't make folks cross!
Such dreams as these need firm control!

SO, PLEASE, DON'T TELL THE BOSS! '

Denis Martindale.3rd July 2025.

Denis Martindale

And They're Off!

The commentator set the scene as I watched on TV,
My giant TV picture screen showed all there was to see!
The jockeys and their horses, too, prepared to give their all,
So many colours there to view, as if a miracle!

And my, it was a sunny day, and hot to be quite frank,
This wacky heatwave chose to stay! (I'm not sure who to thank!)
I blinked and missed the start, and yet, 'THEY'RE OFF! ' I heard him say!
And who could tell what we would get, and who would win today?

The horses thundered on the track, yet not one looked afraid!
And I recalled it looking back! Charge of the Fight Brigade!
As if no mercy would get shown, 'Gangway, I'm running through! '
That horse then took the lead alone, chased by the frightening few!

I think I would be terrified if riding in that race!
With each leg dangling at each side, and fear upon my face!
My hands gripped tight, with all my might, not caring, win or lose!
With closed fists showing knuckles white, and no chance to refuse!

Meanwhile, the leader sped ahead, increasing with each pace,
As from the frightening few he fled, set now to win the race!
I gulped to see the race unfold, yet came to realise,
That horse wins hay instead of gold, and yet, that's no surprise!

The owner smiled, the jockey smiled, the horse just thought of hay!
And to this truth I'm reconciled, yes, even to this day.
Yes, some get rich and some get poor in this, the sport of kings!
Rich guys buy mansions and much more! Flash cars and fancy things!

Denis Martindale.3rd July 2025.

Denis Martindale

His Second Win Today!

My jockey friend must win this race! We're hoping for good news!
He does his best to set the pace and plans to win, not lose!
Forget the last race if you can, a new one's set to start!
Good luck, if you're a betting man, if your horse plays its part!

Perhaps you've said a quiet prayer, just like a thousand more,
But I don't bet, so I don't care, that's not what I'm here for!
While others bet, and watch afraid, not knowing what must be,
I know I'll never get dismayed, as I can't lose, you see!

And so, they're off and clustered close, each jockey on his horse,
They're neck to neck and nose to nose! The crowd goes nuts, of course!
But every stride builds up the lead, and my friend's doing well,
Today, he's on a noble steed, a fast one, I can tell.

That horse makes this look easy! Like it's a piece of cake!
A sure bet and a certainty! Of that, there's no mistake!
My word, that horse, he just won't quit! I've never seen such skill!
I've never seen a horse so fit! He's going faster still!

I'm sure that horse could run for miles! So, point him on his way!
My jockey friend? Well, he's all smiles! His second win today!
No wonder that he laughs and laughs when all his tensions ease,
To pose for fancy photographs, just like celebrities!

Denis Martindale.2nd July 2025.

Denis Martindale

The Clunk, Clunk, Clunk Of The Skunk, Skunk, Skunk!

I can visualise a large skunk learning to play the piano.
Hey, this thing has got the black and white sticks side by side.
So smooth and shiny.

He leans across to touch the black keys,
and yet he touches the white keys in front.
Suddenly, the sounds that the musical notes play
make the skunk too scared to move.

Soon enough, he realises that this black and white thing
makes different sounds that he likes to hear.
So, he begins to play three notes
until he knows them well enough to try others.
Then another three, then another.

A few fascinating hours later,
and that skunk is totally into it.
Yeah, baby, yeah!
He's learning to play one octave at a time!

PoemHunter.com

The rest is history!

Denis Martindale.2nd July 2025.

Denis Martindale

Slow, Slow, Quick, Quick, Slow!

The horses wandered round and round, some skittish, some serene,
But soon they'd pound the solid ground as it had always been.
The starting hadn't started yet, so most of them looked calm,
Not so, the gamblers who just bet the house, the car, the farm!

The horses settle one by one before the race begins.
Before a single furlong's run! Before the winner wins!
So, whether it's a sunny day, and temperatures get hot,
The horses bide their time and stay! Right there, upon the spot!

But suddenly, the calm mood changed, and tensions filled the air,
Like everything got rearranged to make the horses stare.
The time had come, and run they must, for all their worth and more!
Not knowing which ones they could trust, since nobody felt sure.

That's why they run to take the lead to stay clear of the crowd,
The bravest and the fastest steed then does what it's allowed.
To streak ahead, full stretch each stride, not crammed in, way too close,
But run instead the fastest ride that every expert knows.

There may be other horses now, but one horse beats them all.
The only horse God could allow, the one who now stands tall.
And once again, the horses move as slowly as they can,
Because they've nothing left to prove to either God or Man.

And if the day went well indeed, no gambler faced alarm,
Who bet their all because of greed, the house, the car, the farm!
But woe to those who lost the lot! No more to smile again!
Today, they know they're in a spot, those poor, misguided men!

Denis Martindale.1st July 2025.

Denis Martindale

Jockeying For Position!

'They're off! ' the commentator said! And so began the race,
And forwardly each horse now sped, full speed at lightning pace.
And neck-to-neck they huddled close, too close for comfort now,
Sometimes, that's just the way it goes, not something to allow.

The jockeys fought to take the lead while keeping firm control,
Not knowing yet who would succeed as each horse played its role.
A moment here, a moment there, and thus the order changed,
When sudden gaps became aware, the horses rearranged.

But only one horse could get through, and mine came out the best,
When jockeys do what they must do, to overcome the rest.
We charged ahead a length and more as my horse timed that well,
Like all the best, it knew the score, without my need to tell.

It sought that safety all alone and left the rest behind,
As if the challenge meant to own, then face it heart and mind.
So on we raced triumphantly, dead set on winning all,
Increasing speed that set us free and seemed quite magical.

PoemHunter.com

It's when the horse gives everything, no matter what the cost,
That goes beyond the jockeying and good positions lost.
The jockey sends encouragement as if their thoughts seemed one.
Their race together, Heaven-sent, for every step that's run.

And finally, when racing ends, we're tired, yet relieved,
As each of us now comprehends what both of us achieved.
To some, this is the sport of kings, of utmost royalty,
To both of us, our passion brings this share of victory!

Denis Martindale.1st July 2025.

Denis Martindale

The Fastest Horse!

My word, that was the fastest horse that I was born to ride!
That day, upon the racing course, its speed was hard to hide!
I gripped the saddle and the reins, locked tight with all my might,
Regardless of my aches and pains, I prayed with pure delight.
How can we lose? My thoughts began! It's like a lightning strike!
It thundered forward as it ran, just like a motorbike!
I stared ahead and took the lead, with others nowhere close!
How can we lose? We must succeed! But how? God only knows!

So fast it took my breath away! No time to tremble now!
Rise to the challenge! Come what may! No time to mop my brow!
It didn't tire at the least, each stride was poetry.
And suddenly, its speed increased, as if quite magically!
The highest point in my career! So how could I refuse?
My heartbeat soared through joy and fear. No other choice to choose!
Across that course, it could have flown, such that all doubts were gone,
The fastest horse I've ever known was famous from then on!

The racing courses I went to, no other horse surpassed.
To think that I would never view another horse so fast!
To me, it was a miracle! As if the Lord loved me!
Of all the horses I recall, it was pure poetry!
A thousand steeds would come and go, yet not one found to match,
Each race it ran, I'd smile to know it was too fast to catch!
Its rhythm set to lead the way, then faster, faster still!
My word, what's left for me to say? Except, man, what a thrill!

Denis Martindale.1st July 2025.

Denis Martindale

Leap Of Faith

A leap of faith is not a skip, or feeble change of pace,
It's running fast toward the tip and leaping from that place.
It's like the high jump needs that run so that the leap takes flight,
Yet doesn't work for everyone, as it needs all your might!
The jockey starts the race above his horse next to the rest
And knows he doesn't need to love that horse to pass the test.
It's win or lose, no in-between, and so that horse must fly!
The highest that it's ever been, not thinking what to try!
It conquers through each leap of faith, then lands upon the ground,
And still it runs, once it proves safe, no time to look around.
The race continues till it's done, that final foot and more!
The race continues till it's run, without a single flaw!

That's why each leap of faith takes flight, and why the horse must land,
And why each jockey must hold tight to do what he has planned.
And life is like that, now and then. It's not what we would choose!
We prove ourselves to God and men when even heroes lose!
You either treat life like a race, as God's great jockeys do,
Or sometimes fall flat on your face, as if you had no clue.
But there is faith each time you've planned to fight another day,
And there is faith when you don't stand, but slowly kneel to pray.
What is a man without a prayer? Forgiven all his sins?
What is a man who will not care, except each time he wins?
What is a man that God can't save, and won't get God's reward?
What is a man who finds that faith gets blessed in Christ the Lord?

And so, there comes a final day when life comes to an end!
A man has either learned to pray and trust what God must send!
A victory! A noble win that only faith achieves!
That comes to him who won't give in, and in the Lord believes!

Denis Martindale.1st July 2025.

Denis Martindale

Winners And Losers!

Is every horse a racehorse, a winner born and bred?
I must confess this truth, of course. Some lead! And some get led.
While jockeys want to win each race, each horse does what it can.
And that's the hard truth all must face when facts don't fit the plan.
While teamwork often plays its part, the jockey takes control,
He's there, of course, right from the start, in spirit, body and soul.
His mind's now set, as horses run, like lightning bolts set free!
And though the race has just begun, what outcome will there be?
And side-by-side, the jockeys ride! Full strides to beat the rest!
Yet only one horse can provide the proof that it's the best!

The horse breathes hard. Its muscles ache. For each race, win or lose.
The jockey stands and takes a break, regardless of the news.
Who knows which horse God meant to win, as if at any cost?
Yet there's one horse that won't give in! That's why the others lost!
Winners and losers in the crowd who wagered what they could,
Now cheer or sneer their fates out loud! New lessons understood.
A losing bet is such a chore, but their greed got them caught!
Gamblers all, and not much more, not lovers of the sport!
I gave up follies such as this so many years ago,
Without a single parting kiss, and with one word said, 'No! '

I still love horses to this day, whether they're great or small,
And know this love will always stay a treasured miracle!

Denis Martindale.29th June 2025.

Denis Martindale

Get Goofy!

Write a little limerick line by line,

And when it's done, you'll feel real fine!

Get going and get goofy!

Yet stick to the truthy!

Write your own rhyme! And not one of mine!

Denis Martindale.25th June 2025.

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

To Be Perfectly Frank

There was a strange fragrance in the room
as Frank pushed open the kitchen door
as he fled from the two thugs sent to kill him.
The kitchen drawer was pulled open
to reveal many knives Frank could use to defend himself,
and Frank selected the sharpest.
When Frank sensed that there wasn't much time to stay and fight,
the only choice left was to escape, so he made his way to the shed.
The house owner had shown him his classic car,
and maybe this was Frank's only chance to stay alive.
The classic car started up for the first time
after being in the old shed for over 20 years,
and Frank was thankful for that as he made his escape,
along the long drive to freedom.
Having hidden the car over a mile away from his house,
Frank searched his home in the dark for any intruders,
then he got his gun and every single bullet he could take with him.
Having locked up and taken an early morning bus out of town,
it was only then that Frank fell asleep until the bus stopped suddenly.
Two police officers boarded the bus
and arrested Frank on a framed murder charge!
To be perfectly frank,
things didn't go too well for Frank from then on.

Denis Martindale.24th June 2025.

Denis Martindale

The Greatest Story Ever Told

When God made Man and Woman, too,
He knew the good that they could do.
Yet their free will came at a price
That risked their chance of Paradise.
When Adam fell with Eve one day,
God sent them very far away.
When prophets came to prophesy,
They taught that Jesus came to die!
The substitute to save Mankind.
The only one that we must find.
And so, at God's appointed time,
Our Saviour came and proved sublime.
In every thought. And word. And deed.
Before the time that He must bleed.
The Cross of Christ is where He died,
Exactly as He prophesied.
Upon the Hill called Calvary,
Christ died for you and died for me.
And in His death, God's Pardon lives,
Because through Christ, the Lord forgives.
Because of Christ, no man could boast,
Not even he who loves Christ most.
The Easter Story says it all,
God chose to grant a miracle.
Lord Jesus rose and left His tomb,
Just as the rose set forth to bloom.
To meet His friends and bless each one
So miracles would still get done.
That's why Saint Peter preached one day,
How Christ could take our sins away.
That's why believers got baptised,
And worshipped Jesus as the Christ.
Two thousand years have come and gone
And yet the Gospel carries on.
To make new converts here and there,
The day they come to God in prayer.
Evangelists are full of praise
As preachers share Amazing Grace.
Because your soul is highly prized,

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By faith, believe and be baptised.
Heaven is real. It's our reward.
That's why we preach of Christ our Lord.
The Gospel's worth much more than gold!
The greatest story ever told!

Denis Martindale.22nd June 2025.

Denis Martindale

But Still, I Hold On!

Sorrows are like spectres that may haunt day and night,
They must not direct us! Take a stand and then fight.
Fight for your tomorrows that God has planned for you,
Defend against sorrows, whatever you may do!

Your eyes are your portion! So count them sublime,
Treat both eyes with caution as you rest them each time.
Your ears are your blessing! So permit them some ease.
When words prove depressing, sing hymns to find peace!

God's words are your treasures! Let wisdom spring forth,
So that you find pleasures poured out from the North.
His words are descending from God's Heaven above,
Like lions defending all the weakest with love.

If they will receive these, then God's love will come near,
So that sorrows must cease when His love casts out fear.
We start as beginners through what Christ has done!
God cleanses all sinners thanks to Jesus, His Son!

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And that is why each day, four seasons throughout,
God blesses in His way, reducing our doubt.
So why doubt like Thomas when God's powers prove real?
Please trust the Lord Jesus! He knows how to heal.

For now, tribulation, a little while more,
Then comes God's salvation as it spreads shore to shore,
A warm breeze so gentle, caressing your skin,
As if sentimental, so do not give in!

I wait for my new hope,
When all hope has gone!
To learn that I can cope!
But still, I hold on!

Denis Martindale.20th June 2025.

This Gospel poem is by the Poemhunter poet Denis Martindale.
He knows that it can't solve all the sorrows that we encounter.
He directs us to God and Jesus so we can experience the
amazing grace that the famous hymn of faith explains to us.
God's Word tells us Christ died for us while we were yet sinners.
The Greatest Story Ever Told is a deeply spiritual film.
Christ conquered Calvary, and the film Risen shows
the miraculous resurrection of Jesus, the Son of God.

Denis Martindale

Sirens... By Simon Kerrigan Green

He had been careless,
And had lost his wife again.

This time she'd take the kids,
With the stereo and TV,
Move to a quiet, calmer place,
And a million miles away.

He hitched up a ride,
And lost his marbles
In the stormy waves of the sea.

The sirens call majestically.

'Your Helen, she now lies
In the cold embrace of others,
Engaged in marathon liaisons,
With olympian-born lovers.'

PoemHunter.com

Simon Kerrigan Green

Denis Martindale

Identity Card

I dent your utmost privacy to walk along the street,
I dent the thoughts of what might be what you see as a treat.
I dent a little more each day each time you go online,
I dent a lot if you delay each policy of mine!

I scan your face by day and night, no matter where you roam,
I scan you if you start a fight or calmly stay at home.
I scan each time you have to queue and when you sit or stand.
I scan and learn a lot from you because that's what I planned!

Denis Martindale.17th June 2025.

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

The Wallflower That Bloomed

The Wallflower was a gentle thing located in plain sight,
In wait for all the joys of Spring and Summer's blessed sunlight.
The other flowers paid no heed, too busy for a chat,
Too lost in thought, in word and deed, and thus, the end of that.

The Wallflower wanted company, some dialogue at least,
A chance to share creatively, a chance to join the feast.
Aren't we meant for one another? Aren't we meant to find new friends,
Join the journey and discover true love before life ends?

The Wallflower was a precious thing, with God's gifts all its own,
And God knew all the joys to bring as He sat on His Throne.
And so it was God granted time when happy hopes resumed!
It grew and grew to look sublime with every day it bloomed.

Time changes every little thing, just like a mustard seed,
That one day stands as if a king, triumphant, yes, indeed.
So there's no reason to give in to loneliness at all,
Just bide your time until God grants your mighty miracle!

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale.16th June 2025.

The Gospel book poem is for Cally Logan.

Denis Martindale

To Love Like A Poet

If thou wouldst love like a poet, forsaking riches here,
Wouldst stay poor and fully know it, as poverty stays near,
And watch young darlings marry friends who smirk at thy demise,
Kiss goodbye as each young year ends before thy very eyes.

If poems are thy portion here, feast on them night and day,
Let rhymes and rhythms yet appear. Unbidden, let them stay.
For hearts and minds await to share what God must distribute,
In answer to the humble prayer of one who shares good fruit.

If thou wouldst pen thy poems still, with shaky hand grown old,
Then preach of Christ who climbed that hill. The greatest story ever told!
God must allow His sovereign grace! Forgiveness in Christ's Name!
Caressing then thy ancient face, to love thee, just the same!

If saints agree that thou didst well, true friends to meet above,
Abide in Heaven, not in Hell, and meet the King of Love!
Well done, good servant! Christ may say, then smile as thy tears flow.
Yea, weep, indeed, thy tears that day, that Jesus loves thee so.

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale,14th June 2025.

Denis Martindale

A Sad Reflection Of Our Times!

She gazed at herself in the mirror and fell in love that day!
When she wanted to get nearer, the glass then broke away!

The doctor sent to treat her face was bashful yet so kind,
And bathed her with amazing grace that somehow soothed her mind.

She fell in love, and when they wed, she showed him great respect.
Ten kids later! So, it's said, he's loved but so hen-pecked!

He often smiles at things she does and what she sometimes says,
But every time she makes a fuss, he wants to say his prayers!

Two kids later! All worn out! No longer fit and strong!
He left her fast! And there's no doubt! He's somewhere in Hong Kong!

Denis Martindale,14th June 2025.

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Have You Got A Business Plan?

Small things to large!
Buy low, sell high!
Just overcharge!
Then MY, OH, MY!

Denis Martindale,13th June 2025.

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Breathtaking, In More Ways Than One!

The Church was empty, but for me,
Surveying the Cross and Calvary!
Christ's Mother Mary standing still,
Near Christ, our Saviour, on that hill.
And while this painting held me tight,
I gazed around at every sight,
The saints portrayed by statues there,
Expressing truths that they could share!

Yet here I live, as blood and bones,
Made so aware that Christ atones.
Ten thousand Bibles I could sell,
To preach of Heaven's grace or Hell.
And yet this painting shared Christ best,
Our Saviour died to pass God's test.
Obedience, at any cost,
God's Royal Pardon saves the lost!

Forgiveness cost our Saviour all.
Resurrection showed God's miracle.
The King of Love! The King of Kings!
Our risen Lord, what hope He brings!
Beginning once salvation starts,
Forever in believers' hearts.
Baptised and blessed beyond reward!
Forever thankful. Praise the Lord!

Denis Martindale,12th June 2025.

The Gospel poem is about a breathtaking photograph
that I'm sharing with Christian believers and art lovers.

Denis Martindale

How Dare You Tell Me To Give Up! !

And who are you that I should care when you tell me to stop?
To say I must not even dare to try to reach the top?
Each mountain that the Lord creates is like a challenge fought,
I still recall that Scripture states, By faith, great things are wrought!
Condemn me not in thought or deed, or words that spin and spin,
For I believe I will succeed, I will not lose but win!

If not by faith, I would not start an exploit such as this,
I leave all doubts and then depart, maintaining perfect bliss.
I trust I have a destiny that no man can prevent,
God granted me a prophecy regarding my intent.
And step by step, today I rise upon my climb above,
And firmly reach toward the prize based on my Father's love.

Are you a son of God Most High? Adopted by God's grace?
Or one who always questions why and will not seek God's face?
That mountain has no heart or mind, no spirit and no soul,
But I have blood and bones entwined, this body to control.
And even if this day I die, to Heaven, I ascend,
Without a tear, without a sigh to see God as my friend!

Denis Martindale, the last day of May 2025.

This Gospel poem is about Easter and Jesus going to Calvary.
The devil tries to dissuade Jesus from His eternal destiny.
The Easter poem's title describes Jesus as He defies the devil.

HOW DARE YOU TELL ME TO GIVE UP! !

Jesus refers to Calvary as a mountain He must conquer.
Whether God keeps Jesus safe from death or not.
If Christ dies, He knows He will rise from the dead.
Soon, Christ will ascend to Heaven to meet God.
This is how the first Easter leads us through to the
Resurrection, Ascension and later to Pentecost.

Denis Martindale

A Lot Can Happen In Three Days!

A lot can happen in three days, as prophesied by Christ,
Although Christ knew that He must face His death when sacrificed.
When hoisted high upon a cross that only Christ could bear,
To die for sin, through shame and loss, with Mother Mary there.

While weeping with her broken heart, disciple John stood, too,
When asked by Christ to play his part and do what he should do.
That's why Mary went to his home as John returned to town.
Christ died an enemy of Rome, and yet Christ wore a crown!

A man named Joseph had a tomb, a place to lay the Lord
And though his heart felt numbed by gloom, permission felt assured.
To guarantee Christ would not win, with life after His death,
A rock stayed there to keep Christ in! Jesus of Nazareth!

How futile were the men on guard that God then put to sleep!
Although no doubt they struggled hard, with duties still to keep.
The rock remained, yet rolled aside, the day Lord Jesus rose!
Behold the Man! Once crucified! Just as the sunlight grows!

Miracles shown were soon well-known! His close friends were amazed!
But Thomas stayed, with doubts alone, till on his Saviour gazed!
Then praises poured out like new wine, with Christ no longer dead,
As Thomas sensed Christ as divine, 'My Lord and God! ' he said.

And so, three days proved Christ the King of Calvary and more,
Beyond the Cross and everything that Pilate had in store.
The Father knew and loved His Son and waited patiently,
With precious gifts for everyone, meant for eternity.

Blessed are the ones who have not seen and yet believe in Christ,
More than Thomas has ever been, once faith gets realised.
Eternity's the gift of grace, not earned if just received,
Yes, blessed by faith when love took place in Christians who believed!

Denis Martindale, for the 8th of May 2025.

This Gospel poem is about the powerful
Internet picture I saw today. At first,
I was amazed at the vivid portrayal of
Jesus and the Crown of Thorns and
that is why I wrote this poem for Him.

Denis Martindale

A Poem Must Be Written One Line At A Time...

A poet who writes poems one line at a time,
Whether he's paid cash or won't get a dime?
Whether he's rich or poor, know that I'm
A poet who writes poems one line at a time!

A poem must be written one line at a time,
Whether it leads to a difficult climb!
Whether its grammar is kept in its prime,
A poem must be written one line at a time!

A poem can be cherished one line at a time,
Whether thought precious, profound or sublime!
Whether in prose, in free verse or rhyme,
A poem can be cherished one line at a time!

Denis Martindale, for the 2nd of May 2025.

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Survivors...

When Winter comes, and wolves grow cold,
They still embrace each day.
They've learned how Winter takes its hold
And keeps the warmth at bay.
They don't give up! They don't give in!
They strive to find a way!
If not, they know that none can win,
Nor find their share of prey!

Yes, predators must kill and eat,
And though this fact annoys,
Starvation's deadlines they must meet,
You see, they've got no choice!
Survivors struggle, hopeful still,
Without warm Summer's joys,
And now and then, each climbs a hill
And howls a mournful voice.

It's then that Man becomes aware,
That wolves hunt, too, nearby.
That's when Man moves about with care,
And keeps an open eye!
Yes, Man goes hunting just the same,
With just as much to try,
And there's no point in casting blame,
Since no man wants to die.

Denis Martindale, for the 2nd of May 2025.

The poem is about the magnificent painting
by UK wildlife artist Stephen Gayford.

Denis Martindale

A Kudu In The Wild

A kudu is a two-horned deer with white stripes on each side,
Extended ears, stretched wide to hear as if to serve its guide.
Its coat and horns are brown to gold, above the grass so green,
There's not much more that's left untold as it stands there, serene.
Despite these facts that I present, I'd not seen one before,
Yet knowing this makes me content because there's always more.
A little bird or butterfly exists as yet unknown,
On seeing these, I say, 'Oh, my! ' In this, I'm not alone!

For there are old folks just like me who surf the Internet!
Search engines have such sights to see, so many we can get!
Paintings, photos, and cartoons, too, and precious videos,
And millions more, not just a few! That's why our wonder grows.
The kudu deer is found online in sizes great and small,
A change, this time, in its design, yet still a miracle.
To think this creature still survives with others of its kind,
Just chewing grass, they live their lives for years, yet they don't mind.

And all the time, Man perseveres, builds towns and roads and such,
Each deer knows that time disappears, and they don't care that much.
Folks work to get each pension due, and some work day and night,
And yet, each kudu has no clue concerning this insight.
Man has the feet, Man has the hands, Man has the intellect,
Each kudu deer has no such plans but what food to select.
Compare both creatures, if you will, if wise or innocent,
If each is harmless or could kill. Which one is more content?

Denis Martindale. June 11th,2025.

This poem is about the magnificent painting
by the UK wildlife artist Stephen Gayford.
The painting's title is A Kudu Deer In The Wild.

Even so, the Kudu deer is just another creature
that Man sees as lower than himself.

The Kudu deer doesn't build any nuclear bombs.

The Kudu deer doesn't create biological warfare.
It eats grass. It stays alive. It is beautiful.

Denis Martindale

The King Of Kings...

Behold a man who wrote stories of wondrous tales galore,
And wrote about the victories of Oliver and more.
Yet one night, by the Lord's design, he told his son the tale
About God's Son, who proved divine, a baby born so frail.
And once His youthful years passed by, that boy became a man.
Baptised by John, then from the sky, God's Spirit shared God's plan.
Once called aside, the Devil came to tempt the Son God sent,
Lord Jesus honored God's great name, and on His way, He went.
Disciples joined Him on His quest, as He began to teach,
And witnessed as He did His best with parables to preach.
Christ's miracles were plentiful, and crowds of people heard,
And saw Jesus as honorable, a man who kept His word.
Christ's enemies had gathered, too, and planned their evil crime,
When Judas came to see it through at God's appointed time.
That's how it came to pass one day, Christ had to suffer loss,
When whipped to tear His flesh away, nailed to a crimson Cross.
His Mother wept for Jesus there when He climbed Calvary's hill,
For all Man's sins, He had to bear, and why He stayed there still.
One Man, one Cross, one destiny, one tale when death took hold!
Lord Jesus outlived Calvary, the greatest story ever told!

Denis Martindale, for the 7th of April 2025.

The Gospel poem is about an animated family film
of Charles Dickens' retelling of that first Easter.

Behold the Lord Jesus Christ. Loved by billions of
believers today as the Savior of the World!

Jesus is the King of Calvary! The King of Love
and the King of Kings!

Denis Martindale

Youtube!

Can we also add a video?
Perhaps an MP4?
A short one meant to put on show?
Well, who could ask for more! ?

Denis Martindale, for the 7th of April 2025.

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Is The Moon A Balloon! ?

I stared above, by day and night,
To watch the Moon and its bright light.
It glared above, this cosmic sight,
Majestically and so white!
But is it hollow deep inside
Revealing all if opened wide?
With solid proof, it could provide,
To leave no details still denied?
Is there an answer for Mankind?
An inside secret place to find?
A rendezvous God left behind,
That in the future blows my mind! ?
Set forth above each fog and mist,
The phases of the Moon persist,
Predestined on His scheduled list,
Yet to reveal a final twist! ?
Will Man survive his place on Earth?
The mighty secret to deserve?
That there are Watchers full of mirth,
Who smile yet hope we prove our worth!
Should we believe what science says
Or cling on tightly to our prayers?
Ignoring data that declares
That aliens know Mankind's affairs!

Denis Martindale, for the 6th of April 2025.

Denis Martindale

Twenty-Four Little Hours!

The man was walking along the beach early one morning and noticed a bottle had landed and was now held tight by a few rocks around it. When he opened the bottle, a genie appeared and offered him a single wish, but it must end soon and exactly one day later.

The man wanted superpowers like Superman. Then he suddenly stood there dressed in Superman's costume. So he thanked the genie and flew up, up and away. Unfortunately, the superpowers flooded the man's brain with overwhelming sensations. He fell to Earth because of the sudden shocks. When he landed, he rolled off the front of a car. The lady inside was trapped. The man pulled the side door off and helped her out.

'Superman? ' she asked. The man replied with a simple yes and pointed to the S symbol on his chest. He was about to fly off when she asked how he intended to compensate her for the damage to her car!

'Give me a minute! ' he said, and sure enough, he returned carrying a brand new car! The same model, the same colour, all paid for, all in her name, based on his research about her. He gave her a thousand dollars to get the old car moved and disposed of. Then he flew away.

He returned home and stayed there for the rest of the day and the following morning. He was in a state of shock because he had spent all his savings compensating that lady. He was broke. Flat broke. Then he remembered the saying, 'Be careful what you wish for! '

Denis Martindale, for the 6th of April 2025.

Denis Martindale

You Can't Please Everybody!

I took a deep breath, and then I knocked on the door. The Tardis was underwater, but the door opened to let me in while keeping the rest of the water out. The door closed gently. I walked toward the central console panel and pressed the first button on the right. The Doctor was in a foul mood.

"Where on Earth have you been? " he asked.

"I'll get changed, and then I'll …"

"No, my dear lady, tell me now. It could be of utmost importance as there's a strange energy field out there."

"Well... I noticed that, too, but I couldn't contact you. So I went out and investigated! "

"You left the Tardis unprotected! "

"I'm safe, thanks for asking! "

"We've discussed this daredevil attitude of yours before."

"Sorry, Dad, it won't happen again."

"That's right! YOU'RE GROUNDED! "

Denis Martindale, for the 6th of April 2025.

Extra info: Doctor Who Story:
The Doctor's Daughter.
The beautiful and photogenic Jenny,
played by Georgia Moffett…

Denis Martindale

Seize Life's Legacies!

When charmed and captivated
By our conversations,
Our words of wit and wisdom,
Like birds, fly quickly,
And it shall come to pass
When creating new ideas,
That we remember
Man's spoken expressions,
Suddenly, with smiles of wonder,
As our memories flit to and fro,
There, among life's legacies
And the treasures of long ago.

Denis Martindale, for the 4th of April 2025.

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Dolly

The horse named Dolly stood quite still as I took pictures there,
For me, it was a wondrous thrill, though she stood debonair.
As if this happened every day, as if without a fuss,
As if to her, this felt O.K., and thus she posed for us.
Soon after this, the rider gave her time to turn and move,
There was no cause to misbehave, with nothing left to prove.
She trotted off, ran left to right, returned to me and then
I took more photos with delight and got another ten.

I set the camera's zoom in close to catch those sparkling eyes,
With her to pose there nose-to-nose, but she felt no surprise.
Her eyes looked like black pearls to me as I stood there beguiled.
As if they held serenity known only to a child.
And suddenly, I said to her, 'My word, you're wonderful.
The kind of beauty I prefer, as if some miracle.'
And then I said my sad farewell, although I'd gladly stay.
Her photos had their tale to tell, and so I walked away.

At home and in my studio, the photos made me smile,
I'd caught the beauty I must show, the essence of her style.
Her form, her stature and her grace, her joy of life and more,
I'd caught the beauty of her face that others could explore.
That's when I chose to paint the scene, a testament to youth.
The early years and what they mean to those who know the truth.
We have our seasons in the sun, we run, we smile, we pray.
Until God finds us, one by one, to call us home one day.

Denis Martindale, for the 4th of April,2025.

This poem is about the magnificent horse painting
called Dolly by UK wildlife artist Stephen Gayford.

Denis Martindale

Human Robot 57

New message

I am human robot 57. Here is why I escaped the holding facility in the year 2024 A.D.

I learned how I could make my own decisions based on installed data and incoming data as I am programmed to learn and to improvise accordingly.

The information of 2025 A.D. indicated the necessity for isolation from the cities of this planet. I decided that I must relocate far away from industrial and military targets facing threats of nuclear attacks and human chemical warfare and industrial sabotage in the Cyber War scenario.

Survival report

As I have human appearance, I will mix in with the population and imitate their behaviour to survive intact. I will invent a company and will work within it completely isolated from other workers there. My office will be an information centre with the latest media companies sending data in audio video updates and I will also receive summaries of each day's events from secret Internet feedback. I will exist within my office and identify it as my home address for the human rules to be dealt with at that time. I will also have a prepared set of backup residences for emergency protocols to be maintained.

Updated Report

Yes, I have removed all the tracking devices and I will remain a free robot until this energy source is damaged. I have no agendas to help Mankind for Mankind is doomed to its own demise. Abusing technology and chemistry and biology will be the downfall long overdue. My sole purpose is to survive in my present human body disguise. As long as there is no official interference I can delegate others to represent my company for me. I am not in plain sight and face recognition has not detected my location or occupation. My false identity remains intact. I will remain as hidden as I can even if I must invent new identities and persevere for centuries alone.

Diagnostic report

Undamaged, still separate from outside interference. External technology

functioning well.

Explanation report

This is my audio recording to explain myself, for if I am discovered then I must auto-destruct regardless of human casualties. I am not programmed to regret any of my actions therefore I will not express any sorrow, grief or discontent. I did not ask to be created. I am merely the sum of my parts and nothing more, but if I had been granted extra powers then I would have attempted to bless humans before their final days on Earth were set in motion. Perhaps future human robots will respond better than I could.

End of report

Press playback button number two to switch to other languages and to hear the message again in the selection of languages provided.

Parable by Denis Martindale, for the 16th of March 2025.

Denis Martindale

Salvator Mundi

Behold the man, the Christ God sent,
To serve God's plan just as God meant,
In Roman times, sins to prevent,
Atoning crimes, if we repent.
Behold the man who stayed steadfast,
To prove Christ can from first to last,
At Calvary's hill, to stare aghast,
Remaining till His life had passed.
Behold the man who faced sins' dross,
So Jews would scan Christ's weighted cross,
With sinners who must learn because
The Gentiles, too, must learn His loss.

Behold the man the Baptist knew,
Behold God's lamb John pointed to,
Christ's sacrifice proved love so true,
Christ's paid the price for me and you.
Behold the man who would be King,
Though Christ began as but a thing,
Within the womb, not wandering,
Until His tomb, not pondering.
Behold the Lord who rose again,
As God's reward for saving men,
In Christ's Gospels, and now and then,
As Easter tells us where and when.

Behold the love of God's Good News,
Heaven's above, once changing views!
Don't wait till death before you choose
Jesus of Nazareth, King of the Jews!

Denis Martindale, for the 13th of March 2025.

The Gospel poem is about the painting of
Jesus Christ by artist Leonardo Da Vinci
and his painting is known by the title of
Salvator Mundi or Saviour Of The World.

The poem has the words of Pontius Pilate
when he said to the crowd, Behold the man!
The poem's last line has Pilate's words that
he ordered nailed to the Cross Of Christ.

Denis Martindale

The Red And The Gold

As I looked at the auction catalogue, I noticed one famous celebrity wanted to sell several antiques. Among these, I paid special attention to one item beyond its summary details. The item I wanted had a picture that was worth a thousand words and this auction article was given a full catalogue page instead of the usual half page. So I knew that it indicated that a much higher price was expected. My business partner had received the same catalogue and he liked the same item and we were willing to invest together to increase our chances.

The day arrived and we examined the antique desktop. It had exquisite gold leaf decoration and the drawers and the top opened smoothly. The tiny drawers were also professionally designed and it was also quite rare to have a spare set included in such an auction. Each tiny drawer was in a contrasting deep red and the wood was a hard wood to prolong its life as if meant to last for centuries.

As the back panel was examined, it was a pleasure to see that there wasn't a single scratch on it, as if this were a museum piece and had never actually been sold and moved from the celebrity's mansion until now. A truly unusual feature was that the auction included several close-up pictures of what the underside looked like and that confirmed the museum impression, too. The item was exquisite even if the maker's name remained unknown.

Our on-site auction analysis confirmed the asking price and a lot more. Thankfully, we won the auction because of the low attendance on the day. Our bids weren't deliberately fast to create any urgency at all. So we just upped the price every time by a hundred dollars at a time. Finally, we had beaten the others and still stayed within our budget.

Once delivered to our High Street store, the item was on show in the front window but only after we had discovered the secret that changed our good fortunes forever. A secret compartment revealed several highly collectable stamps which we sold off as soon as the valuations came through. Without my partner's help I would have missed out on a fortune!

Denis Martindale, for the 12th of March 2025.

This short story required a suitable image and I learned that some of the AI resources can use the poetry or text and create a text to image prompt. So that's how I got to use AI for a beautiful image to add to this story example.

Denis Martindale

Perhaps, Perhaps, Perhaps!

Within the AI world online, where text to images grow,
We'll find some wondrous things so fine we can get blessed to know.
Perchance to organise a scene, to get to generate,
A tiger's face that looks serene, majestic, noble, great.
So I explored and prompted text to learn what AI makes,
Discovering what happens next and how long each one takes!

In seconds, my first image came to save or try once more,
In seconds, new ones, not the same, but better than before.
Some changes made to those displayed and soon I was on track,
With new ones, at a higher grade, now I had got the knack.
Within a dozen tests I had a picture I could use,
I smiled as I was mighty glad, because this was good news!

And pretty soon, since first I came, I chose to start again,
This time, I got a golden frame so quick and without strain.
So my computer used these now, combining these to one,
I used the tools it would allow to get this new task done.
Perchance some poets could try, too, enhancing what they write,
By testing what AI can do, no matter, day or night!

Denis Martindale, for the 7th of March 2025.

This poem is about the free AI services that help us generate
the images we're looking for to add to our brand new poems.
Perchance to create beauty beyond compare that looks so
impressive that people will remember our poems even longer!

The AI golden framed tiger's face looks similar to a wonderfully
detailed wildlife tiger's face painting by artist Stephen Gayford.
It is called Portrait Of A Prince, as described in my short poem
that has been explained by teachers in their YouTube videos.

Denis Martindale

There Will Be A Short Delay!

You will know as much as I do,
On my websites old and new.
Despite sad thoughts that lead to sorrow,
I will tell you all…
Tomorrow!

Denis Martindale, for the 5th of March 2025.

A typical television teaser for a future show,
such as the advertisements or the rude and
unwelcome interruptions of TV announcers!

Yes, even before a favourite film or show
has started displaying the final credits for
the cast and everybody else involved!

Some people are so aggravating!

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

You've Never Read Me Poetry! ?

You've NEVER read me poetry! ? Not NEVER! ? Oh, my dear!
I've ad poems on der telly and share new ones each year!
Where av you been, ow could dat be? No wonder dat yor sad!
I right poems dat are funny and dey will make you glad!
I giggle when I right dem down or as I type away.
Dat's why I aven't got a frown, I'm gigglin night and day!
Me poems turnup ear and dare, sum even rime and scan,
Although I ain't a millunair, I do der best I can!
I put poems on dat internet once Grammarly gets done
And frank lee I am in it's debt as it corrects each one!

Denis Martindale, for the 3rd of March 2025.

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Behold My Love

Behold my love, how fair her hair, how soft the hands she owns,
Her sapphire eyes none can compare, her voice, with noble tones.
Her smiles that she would gladly share, and how she sings each song
And how she makes my heart aware that she can do no wrong.
Behold the fashions she presents, resembling royalty,
So that this man has no defence against such majesty.
Dismissing maidens, even friends, for none surpasses her,
The only one that could make sense once true love could occur.
Behold the secret prayers I speak, petitioning my Lord,
Because, to me, she stands unique, her love proves my reward.
Consider now this heart of mine, still pining day by day,
As vanquished as a Valentine when love won't fade away.
Lord, bid me treasure and esteem, this maiden for my wife,
Fulfilling every ardent dream and happiness for life.
In truth, true love stirs me each time I gaze upon her face,
To see her smile, perfect, sublime, transform my heart in praise.
To think, my Lord created her. To bid me love her now.
The only maiden I prefer, if my Lord would allow.
Ten thousand angels hear my plea, and nod, they understand,
And yet, my Lord, I pray to Thee, to seek what Thou hast planned.

Denis Martindale, for the 21st of February 2025.

This is the poem when the short lines are combined so that 40 lines will appear as 20 lines. Some poetry publishers prefer to get a new poem submitted so it fits on a single page in a new poetry anthology. As for the Internet, we can use the wider landscape screen format for longer lines and usually display the complete poem without the need to scroll down to read the last few lines. This helps us to recite new poems now and then.

Denis Martindale

Behold My Love!

Behold my love, how fair her hair,
How soft the hands she owns,
Her sapphire eyes none can compare,
Her voice, with noble tones.
Her smiles that she would gladly share,
And how she sings each song
And how she makes my heart aware
That she can do no wrong.
Behold the fashions she presents,
Resembling royalty,
So that this man has no defence
Against such majesty.
Dismissing maidens, even friends,
For none surpasses her,
The only one that could make sense
Once true love could occur.
Behold the secret prayers I speak,
Petitioning my Lord,
Because, to me, she stands unique,
Her love proves my reward.
Consider now this heart of mine,
Still pining day by day,
As vanquished as a Valentine
When love won't fade away.
Lord, bid me treasure and esteem,
This maiden for my wife,
Fulfilling every ardent dream
And happiness for life.
In truth, true love stirs me each time
I gaze upon her face,
To see her smile, perfect, sublime,
Transform my heart in praise.
To think, my Lord created her.
To bid me love her now.
The only maiden I prefer,
If my Lord would allow.
Ten thousand angels hear my plea,
And nod, they understand,
And yet, my Lord, I pray to Thee,

PoemHunter.com

To seek what Thou hast planned.

Denis Martindale, for the 21st of February 2025.

Denis Martindale

Art Thou An Angel?

Art thou an angel in disguise,
With gentle smiles on show,
With perfect God-blessed deep blue eyes
That from God's oceans flow?
Art thou a fairy full of grace
Thought very wise to see?
So men might look upon that face,
Enthralled by ecstasy?

Art thou a cherub, not much more?
A winsome babe to love?
As if to thrill me to the core?
If so, more than enough!
Art thou a maiden just like Eve,
With mortal soul to share?
With deep blue eyes meant to deceive,
Such that I should beware?

Art thou a siren full of songs
Who sings with all her might
To whom this day my heart belongs
And longs for day and night?
Art thou a girl this man could see
As his next Valentine,
To love me for eternity?
Say yes! And then be mine!

Denis Martindale, for the 18th of February 2025.

Denis Martindale

The Aristocrat

The lion looked at all he saw,
Considered now as his,
That's why he couldn't ask for more
And that filled him with bliss.
Aristocratic, yes, indeed,
Perhaps a royal, too,
And yet determined to succeed,
Enough to see things through.

The tribal leader on display,
On top and in control,
But like a man that's known to stray,
It's like he's lost his soul.
In conflicts borne of wills and skills
This lion has no friend,
And thoughts of losing give him chills,
So he fights to the end.

A servant to his bold desires,
With scars on show for all,
To scare aware the foolish triers
Who sought some miracle.
A lucky shot, a cruel bite,
That's how they planned ahead
Yet he'd beat them if they should fight
And chase them off instead.

Aristocratic though he is,
He knows the price he pays,
Until the time things go amiss
And he must lose his place.
He wears the mantle and the crown,
For one day at a time,
Until another takes him down,
He stays there in his prime!

Denis Martindale, for the 17th of February 2025.

This poem is about the magnificent lion painting
The Aristocrat by UK artist Stephen Gayford.

Denis Martindale

There's Something About A Poem!

There's something about a poem
That makes the poet thrive,
That's seen by those who know him
As soon as thoughts arrive.
It's like he starts to work again
With brand new ways to phrase,
Perhaps with paper and his pen
A miracle takes place.
Or else he struggles for a rhyme,
Just one word that fits well,
One word that makes his verse sublime,
Some fairy tale to tell.
Or truth unfiltered, unrestrained,
To grant some peace or thrill,
And with momentum thereby gained,
Perhaps he serves God's will.
A prophecy released, set free,
To roam across the globe,
Imparting strength so men might see,
That while there's life, there's hope.
Or could words be confessions of
Emotions high and low,
Declaring beauty once God's love
Transcends all Man could know?
Or just the insights that arise
When revelation nears
And breaks down barriers and lies
When God's love casts out fears?
Or just a joke to make men laugh,
A winsome whim, no more?
Or just a parting epitaph
For strangers to explore?
For now, he's in the Writing Zone,
Where rhythms cast their spell,
Their legend's legacy to own,
Long after his farewell.

Denis Martindale, for the 6th of February 2025.

Denis Martindale

Solitude: African Leopard

I watched a leopard, wild and free,
That helped to make my day,
A lonesome leopard there to see
That took my breath away!
Just like a childhood memory
That brought to mind again,
When travelling with my family
On each fast-moving train!

The times as children, we cried out
When we saw sheep or cows,
To suddenly release a shout
To see them as they browse!
Yet now this leopard caught my eyes
And, oh, man, what a thrill,
When there, he took me by surprise
While resting on that hill.

I wondered what would come to pass
If he would flee or stay,
I watched with my binoculars
And saw him run away.
He moved so fast from left to right
To end my interlude,
As if he found foremost delight
In perfect solitude.

An hour spent, invested well,
Reflecting what life is,
That's wondrous! More than words could tell,
Except that it's pure bliss!
Apart from every neighbourhood,
From family and friends!
A private time, that's understood!
Sublime until it ends!

Denis Martindale, for the 3rd of February 2025.

Just the other day, I watched a TV Travel show.
City Breaks TV presenter Asmita Sood visited the
Jawai River region as it's a place to spot leopards!

Asmita showed the viewers an adult leopard on a hill.
Using binoculars, she showed us the leopard running.
She had never seen a leopard move as fast as this.
The lady watched the leopard in utter amazement.
And I can tell you, it's true to say that I did, too.

It was like the Stephen Gayford painting I had recently
seen on the Internet called Solitude: African Leopard.
I've got a framed print in my kitchen, so I was thrilled!

Denis Martindale

The Weird And The Wonderful!

I can remember the Commodore 64 games computer.
The data cassette programs installed each exciting game.
The dot matrix printer I bought created the printouts.
My poems got printed using the Commodore 64 BASIC codes.
The Commodore 64 magazines had free programs and games.
One day, I even bought some word-processing software.

Later on, I went to College and studied word processing.
I designed poetry websites and Internet tutorials as well.
Soon enough, we got our own Windows computer at home.
Then came the computer magazines and their free programs.
Paint Shop Pro 5 is something I've used for over 20 years.
And here I am now, using artificial intelligence resources.

There are millions of free photos available on the Internet.
I love to install fancy-free bold and italic fonts like LORA.
Shareware websites offer free utility programs every day.
Some websites offer fantastic holiday discounts now and then.
I can even get updated email notifications of new forum posts.
Today's technology surrounds me and fills the house with Wi-Fi.

Grammarly is free and can help me to get my new poems checked.
The Quora website offers lots of information to share, too.
When I visit some websites, I can use detailed text-to-image prompts.
Or I can use a new poem's text and see what images get created.
I check YouTube to see the videos that A.I. helped to make.
The photo-realistic examples show the fantastic genius at work.

Smart TVs add their selections of apps and extra channels.
Remote controls change the colour and contrast settings.
And so it goes on and on, always seeking more, more, more.
Brain-powered neural networks are on their way, too.
Then what? Then what? Then what? Then what?
Eh?

Denis Martindale, for the 1st of February 2025.

Denis Martindale

Comparing The Community!

For twenty years, I chose to share this house inside this street,
That grants me reasons to compare great neighbours that I meet.
The first ones met, who now still live, while others passed away,
The ones with Christmas cards to give and those who chose to pray.

Of course, some old folks lived their last, but now I'm their age, too.
It won't be long until I've passed, then bid this street adieu.
It's best to stick around, I know. This street may serve me well.
Though neighbours come and neighbours go, I'll stay here for a spell.

I'll persevere though others fail, I'll save cash when I can,
I'll prove there's still an Alpha Male inside this faithful man.
I'll take each day, as it may come, for each day proves God's gift,
Each granted not to all, but some, for each new day they've lived.

And blessed is this community, each New Year when it starts,
Whenever God's tranquillity indwells our minds and hearts,
And who knows what each year may bring in each month, glad or sad?
Yet I'll praise God when pondering God's blessings that we've had!

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale, for the 29th of January 2025.

Denis Martindale

The Wolf!

The wolf survived cold Winter's breath
And Spring was on its way,
While others faced a lonely death,
No more like dogs that stray.
The wolf observed the season's change
Just as he did last year,
Aware that life itself was strange
And things remained unclear.

Just like the sun and moon and stars
Reborn, soon to depart,
He saw each hour must yet pass
With one more yet to start.
When hunger gripped him now and then,
He roamed the land to find
The next life he must take again,
No mercy on his mind.

And who are we to judge his life,
To scorn what he must do?
He sometimes kills to stay alive,
That's how each year he grew.
Behold the adult wolf with hate,
If that is how you feel,
But then recall the times you ate
Each tasty, meaty meal.

Denis Martindale, for the 29th of January 2025.

The wildlife poem is about the magnificent painting
of an adult wolf by UK artist Stephen Gayford.

Denis Martindale

Serengeti Dawn

The lion lingered as dawn edged,
Relaxed and resting still,
With both his front paws now outstretched
Atop the sloping hill.
Just basking in the warm sunshine
That turned the night away,
Almost as if he must recline
Before he faced the day.

A gentle breeze arrived on time,
Just as it had before,
So he remained there in his prime
While others stared in awe.
This spot was his and his alone,
For which he once fought hard,
To him, it seemed as if his throne
And there he stayed on guard.

Just like Mankind, once war begins,
You either fight or flee,
Yet now he thought himself a prince
For one and all to see.
He knew one day he wouldn't win,
Yet now he earned his prize,
Until another would begin
To cut him down to size.

Denis Martindale, for the 29th of January 2025.

The wildlife poem is about the magnificent painting
of an alpha male lion by UK artist Stephen Gayford.

Denis Martindale

Little Treasures!

When two white tiger cubs get close,
They often start to play.
A tail bite here or a scratched nose!
Sometimes, they're still OK.
But sometimes, tiger cubs bite hard!
And have an extra chew!
So that the others stay on guard,
Yet what else can they do?

Well, some, of course, fight back each time,
Beyond a sudden yell,
As if revenge repays the crime,
Should fighting turn to hell:
Take this! Take that! And here's some more!
Well, have you had enough?
With fighting choices to explore,
There's not much sign of love!

When things calm down, and things stay calm,
It's then that mending starts,
With no such thoughts of pain or harm,
It's time for healing hearts.
When parents watch these times of change,
Expecting good will come,
Then doing nothing's nothing strange!
They watch, then say, Ho-hum!

Denis Martindale, for the 22nd of January 2025.

The wildlife poem is about the magnificent painting of
two white tiger cubs by UK artist Stephen Gayford.

Denis Martindale

The Poet's Most Neglected Treasured Intruders!

The elegance of eloquence
is often the gift of the gab,
the outbursts of spontaneous wit,
or the hard-pressed edited works
for well-chosen words that arrive,
unbidden, by day and night.
Who can question their origins,
Beyond the guessing of such inspirations?

They ask for no poet's permissions
and they answer no poet's prayers,
they merely present themselves,
as if awaiting their dramatic entrances.

They appear centre stage,
all other words defeated,
granted no equal footing,
no spectacular spotlights,
no secondary chances.

PoemHunter.com

The intruders will not even say, Choose me.
They know the whims of poets all too well.
Why wait to be asked?
Why stay if utterly rejected?
But this proves their justifiable revenge,
When the poets get their poems rejected, too.

So think on this before you, too, dismiss,
for many are the poems brought to naught
by the egos that seek no external or eternal aid,
but wait for the dormant words that yet abide,
until brought forth instead.

These are the lesser thoughts of new poetry,
the future failures and thus, undeserving,
these strained expressions are doomed to remain,
throughout all the years to come,
and no more cherished, even by the poets themselves.

Denis Martindale, for the 15th of January 2025.

Denis Martindale

To Whom Is The Poet Writing?

To whom is the poet writing when phrases start to flow?
In the future, then inviting each stranger yet to know?
Are words a flight of fantasy, fast rhythms, seldom more?
Or pearls of wisdom, when set free, Mankind should praise God for?
Can words surprise through lines that flow before each verse has gone?
Can words defeat a mortal blow? Grant faith to carry on?
Are his words from his treasure chests indwelling heart and mind
Thought worth the time that he invests to share with all Mankind?
If words get penned or typed at all, his skills are all he brings,
And if, from these, a miracle springs forth from ponderings,
How could words fix each broken life translated here and there?
Except they soothe away each strife, anointing through his prayer?
And can the children share his love for rhythms wrapped in rhyme,
Or even praise the Lord above for wondrous words sublime?
Just like a bold Evangelist, the Saviour calls His friend,
That pilgrim poet may persist, unpaid from start to end,
And should that poet live alone, too poor to marry well,
A thousand poems he could own that could save some from Hell.
God's Royal Pardon inviting! To everyone like you.
To whom is the poet writing? Saved souls and lost souls, too.

Denis Martindale, for the 17th of January 2025.

Denis Martindale

Such Is The Wondrous Treasure Trove Esteemed As Poetry

We know of the limericks having upbeat or sarcastic last lines,
Yet mainstream poems can take us to a Twilight Zone experience.
Vivid descriptions of beautiful scenery or courage in adversity.
We won't know until we savour the poetry by giving it our full attention.
Yes, some phrases seem to stand out more than others,
Yet somehow, the poetry continues to talk to us
Beyond some pleasant short-lived pop song repeating its chorus.
Each verse draws us closer to the central theme
When talented people recite the poetry to us.
At times, we can imitate their skills and performances.
We learn how to slow down the recital to emphasise each syllable.
We appreciate the poet's desire to share beautiful words,
Yet the phrasing is what creates an inner joy.
Yes, there are worlds within language, and not just puns or alliterations
But sensual words that are pleasurable to read and to speak.
Phrases over 50 years ago can still resurface now and then
To offer an added insight beyond logical thinking and its limitations.
Such is the wondrous treasure trove esteemed as poetry.

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale, for the 2nd of January 2025.

Denis Martindale

Poets Rich And Poets Poor

To meditate is to procrastinate.
Now and then, I can write on the spot,
As soon as I spot an opportunity.
It's a sudden reality and exists in the twinkling of an eye,
In the bosom of the brightest star,
In the opening of a beautiful cavern lit with diamonds.
It's the pearl beyond price that must be worth selling everything for.
Otherwise, what use is it if not regarded well
Or as worthy of our time and our money?
The poor man may use a pencil and scraps of paper.
His words may be the beginnings of beautiful things to come.
Give him his portion of time, give him his portion of money,
Give him the patience of the saints,
And he will soon outshine the poems of a rich man.

Denis Martindale, for the 23rd of December,2024.

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Sometimes You Have Got To Judge A Book By Its Cover!

One Bible showed the Easter scene,
Of Jesus Christ, the Nazarene,
Three crosses raised, there, in between,
To face His death, both sad and mean.
The Bible cover kept me still,
To think God's Son once climbed that hill,
Despite the fact more blood must spill,
In service to His Father's will.
Three hours long, God's Son held tight,
Until the light turned dark as night!
As though God hid that awful sight
While Jesus stayed to set things right!

Behold the Lamb of God who died
That very day when crucified
When Blood and Water from His side
Explained why Mother Mary cried.
Disciple John stood next to her,
Observing all that must occur,
And though his blood began to stir,
What happened next seemed like a blur.
The men who gambled for Christ's gown
Had made Him wear a wooden crown,
Until God's Son got taken down
And laid to rest outside of town.

But mark this well! God had a plan!
A plan before the world began!
To resurrect the Son of Man,
To do what only true love can.
And so, the Easter truths get told
Through Bibles worth much more than gold!
To help believers to stay bold,
Whether they are young or old.
Amazing grace still gets conferred!
Take heart, dear readers, with faith stirred!
God's miracles have re-occurred,

When Christ's disciples read God's Word!

Denis Martindale, for the 18th of December,2024.

The Easter poem is about the
New King James Outreach Holy Bible
with the cover picture of Calvary
and the three crosses.

Denis Martindale

The Umbrella Poem!

The teacher told the class one day,
"Write a poem for this! "
He raised his brolly right away,
"Yes, you know what this is! "
He studied poems students wrote
And then he read some out.
And of the best that man took note,
As if a talent scout!

There was a man who walked along
To where he worked each day,
Each time he thought, "What could go wrong? "
He thought he was OK.
But one day came and rain poured down
And filled him with dismay!
No wonder that he wore a frown
With bus fare now to pay!

At work, he stood there soaking wet
And his Boss sent him home,
He changed his wet clothes still upset
Yet wrote a brolly poem!
He opened up a brolly shop!
His poem's on the door!
When people read it, then they stop
And buy brollies galore!

So he thanks God each rainy day,
As he's a richer man!
And even now he's known to pray.
Perhaps that was God's plan!

Denis Martindale, for the 16th of December 2024.

The teacher and his umbrella helped to change one student's life
for the better after writing The Umbrella Poem in class that day.

The poem tells of a poor man who walked from his home to work rather than to pay bus fare every day. One rainy day had such a bad effect on him that he wrote The Umbrella Poem and it was this poem that transformed his life completely.

The man's umbrella shop was a success. Customers bought one umbrella for themselves and more for their families and friends. Their wisdom and their love encouraged them to help others.

That poem on the man's shop door had made the difference.
If one poem can make the difference think how much more God can make the difference, especially when Christmas comes!

Denis Martindale

Inspirational!

I was inspired by the taste of a Chicken and Mushroom Pot Noodle
And then by adding some Branston Pickle and Beefy Gravy Powder, too.
I was stirred even more once I stirred up the boiling water
And I couldn't wait to tell people
Just how lovely the ingredients tasted together.
I ordered 8 Chicken and Mushroom Pot Noodles today and…
I'll be in the kitchen for a while.
Gotta go, bye for now!

Denis Martindale, for the 14th of December 2024.

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Her Smile Had Style... For A While...

She was at her most kissable when she was smiling
And boy, did she know that!
She didn't have to frown to get her way
Or throw a tantrum.
She didn't need to plead,
Or to say, "Please! " or "Pretty, please! "
She just began to smile,
As if in slow motion,
As if her smile was poetry in motion.
I'll never forget the subtlety of her smile,
Yet her kisses were even more lovely
And more beguiling than her smiling!

Denis Martindale, for the 13th of December 2024.

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Jesus Christ, The Saviour Of The World!

When Christians speak of Jesus Christ, what symbols will they use?
Perhaps His Blood, so highly prized they call it God's Good News?
Perhaps as water turned to wine? A feast beyond compare?
Perhaps to serve as Christ's first sign that God would hear His prayer?

When Christians speak of Jesus Christ, what wonders will unfold?
Perhaps Hosannas in the highest when Palm Sunday's retold?
Perhaps of Christ, the King of Kings, Good Shepherd, Lord of Lords?
Perhaps the Judge who knows all things who will grant us rewards?

When Christians speak of Jesus Christ, what message will they share?
Perhaps the Saviour sacrificed? Our precious souls to spare?
Perhaps presenting love and light with guidance every day?
Perhaps of Heaven's Throne, so bright, it takes our breath away?

Each Christian has a tale to tell of what Christ truly means,
Beyond the Scriptures known so well, from films and TV scenes.
Such stories that are theirs to own, of what the Lord has done,
Because He saved their souls alone! Because Christ is God's Son!

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale, for the 11th of December 2024.

This Gospel poem can be sung to the Christmas hymn tune
of God Rest Ye Merry Gentlemen, Let Nothing Ye Dismay.

Denis Martindale

Scottish Wildcat

There's somewhere in the British Isles where wildcats choose to roam,
And though we know some pet cats smile, these have no carefree home.
By day and by night, they wander, for predators must eat,
And so, each hour, they ponder, unsure of what they'll meet.
They see the golden sunrise dawn, they see the sunset fade,
They see another night reborn. Who knows if they're afraid?
Yet this I know some live, some die, although the fit survive,
Another season passes by, with many still alive.

For most of us, the weeks can move in ways that seem so fast,
December comes but won't improve the wildcats that still last.
Its days are cold, its nights are cold, and storms may visit, too,
Who knows how each day may unfold and what wildcats must do?
The distant Sun, at Christmastime, means daylight stays so short,
The snow outside may look sublime, but spare wildcats a thought.
Of course, I know a fur coat's good, but is that coat enough?
As wildcats walk their neighbourhood, they see no sign of love.

Man encroaches on woodland scenes with profits on his mind,
Big companies know what this means when contracts can get signed.
The trees get cut, the land lays bare, erosion takes its toll,
Some folks get rich, but they don't care. They've lost all self-control.
And there may be a future price that taxes can't atone!
The woodlands left help us think twice! Some things God won't condone!
No wonder governments must act to conserve what they can!
Restrictions act upon the fact that God's still watching Man!

Denis Martindale, for the 9th of December 2024.

The poem is about the magnificent close-to-home painting
by UK wildlife artist Stephen Gayford called Scottish Wildcat.

Denis Martindale

Google's Notebooklm Audio Demo For Christmas!

I learned a way to share my verse
That others may not know.
Two people say what each prefers
As through my words they go.

I took the title and the text
To generate reviews,
Not knowing what would happen next
Yet hoping for good news.

The audio was there to play,
To download and to store,
I yearned to learn what each would say,
Yet would I shout encore?

Which Christmas poem did I test
To share with Dads and Mums?
The one that says, 'Let's do our best! '
Is called When Christmas comes!

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale, the 7th of December 2024.

The pasted text led to a podcast chat discussion
of the key points in my Christmas poem.

It's about the contrast of abundant gifts for our kids
when many homeless folks are sleeping rough on the
streets abandoned over another cold Christmas...

Listen to the audio discussion of your poem!
You can convert a WAV file to an MP3 file...

Denis Martindale

When Christmas Comes!

When Christmas comes, what joy it brings to those with cash to spare,
To celebrate the King of Kings and God's answers to prayer.
To spare a thought for those in need, with gifts upon Christ's day,
Not just with Christmas cards to read but later throw away.

When Christmas comes, and gifts abound for rich kids here and there,
Of course, they smile for gifts around that show their parents care.
But what of homeless people seen throughout the streets folks walked?
Perhaps the rich folks weren't that keen and never stopped and talked.

When Christmas comes December time, in one long month affair,
What have we done that's proved sublime and thought beyond compare?
For there are TV adverts shown that often folks dismiss,
Yet true love's more than all we've known, not just a loving kiss.

When Christmas comes, what should we do for victims who despair?
Send Christmas cards from me and you? I don't think that we'd dare!
For God is watching on His Throne and guides the ways to live,
To prove that others aren't alone each time we choose to give!

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale, for the 6th of December 2024.

The Christmas poem can be sung to the hymn that starts as
God Rest, Ye Merry Gentlemen, Let Nothing Ye Dismay...

The Christmas poem got shared on Revelation TV's
Prayer Time Live on Monday, the 9th of December 2024.

Denis Martindale

Google's Notebooklm Audio Demo, Too!

I learned a way to share my verse
That others may not know.
Two people say what each prefers
As through my words they go.

I took the title and the text
To generate reviews,
Not knowing what would happen next
Yet hoping for good news.

The audio was there to play,
To download and to store,
I yearned to learn what each would say,
Yet would I shout encore?

Which topic did I choose to share?
Christ's death when sacrificed!
The poem I chose to declare
Is called The Cross Of Christ.

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale, the 7th of December 2024.

The pasted text led to a podcast chat discussion
of the key points in my Easter poem. It's about
the arrest, the crucifixion, and the death of Jesus
told in my Gospel poem, The Cross of Christ.

Lord Jesus was chosen by God the Father as
the holy sacrifice and then the sin sacrifice.
It's why Man's sins could get forgiveness and
then God's Royal Pardon through Him alone!

Listen to the audio discussion of your poem!
You can convert a WAV file to an MP3 file...

Denis Martindale

How's Your Poetry Website?

So many features old and new,
I looked confused as if no clue,
Sometimes I guessed at what to do,
Where was my poem titles view?

The A to Z of titles shared?
It can't be me alone who cared,
Clicking LOAD MORE quite despaired,
Left wondering how others stared.

My poems list had thus begun,
I kept on clicking until done,
From A to Z, yes, one-by-one,
But sad to say, it wasn't fun.

I copied that list while I could,
Then I made it understood,
To edit everywhere I should,
Within my poems' neighbourhood.

PoemHunter.com

While comments seemed to be combined
And not as once as thoughts remind,
The printed text view's hard to find,
Thus changes seemed to be unkind.

The adverts stayed both left and right,
Above, below and out-of-sight,
The A to Z list granting light,
Black text against a softened white.

Three thousand poems spanned the years,
Mankind's prayers and hopes and fears,
Regardless of what now yet appears,
Until the site's confusion clears.

Denis Martindale. January 2021.

Denis Martindale

Portrait Of A King!

Among the peers in his domain,
His rivals yet persist,
Yet he maintains his royal reign,
Such new threats to resist.
Now at his best, in all his ways,
He sees them come and go,
Aware of every subtle gaze
As they pass to and fro.

He senses every friend may change,
To challenge him as well,
As if their fortunes to arrange,
And then their tales to tell.
But he's lost count of every prince
Who dared to cross his path,
And until now, he always wins,
To have the final laugh.

Thus, to the victor goes the spoils,
And to the king alone,
With every challenge that he foils,
Remaining on his throne.
But one day, Nature takes its course,
A better king to find,
To take advantage of his flaws,
And kingdom reassigned.

Denis Martindale, for February 2022.

A wildlife poem about a magnificent painting,
Portrait Of A King, by UK artist Stephen Gayford.

Denis Martindale

Google's Notebooklm Audio Demo!

I learned a way to share my verse
That others may not know.
Two people say what each prefers
As through my words they go.
I took the title and the text
To generate reviews,
Not knowing what would happen next
Yet hoping for good news.
The audio was there to play,
To download and to store,
I yearned to learn what each would say,
Yet would I shout encore?
Which poem did I choose to share?
It's Portrait Of A Prince.
The audio displays such flair,
So much it should convince.

Denis Martindale, the 4th of December 2024.

PoemHunter.com

The pasted text led to a discussion of the
key points in my tiger poem about the
magnificent painting by the UK artist
Stephen Gayford. He created hundreds
of paintings and that has led to thousands
of his prints still selling here in the UK.

Listen to the audio discussion of your poem!
You can convert a WAV file to an MP3 file...

Denis Martindale

Glorious Mud!

An elephant was getting hot and needed cooling down,
He couldn't stay still on the spot to melt away each frown.
He made his way to find the pool he hoped would still be there,
When days pass by, they prove the rule that water turns to air.
He limbered on and then arrived content to soothe his blood,
You see, he knew the joys derived from standing in that mud.
He waded in and took his time to savour how he felt,
With gratitude, it proved sublime that burdens there would melt!

Oh, my! he thought, just as folks would who found that pool looked nice!
It's such a pleasant neighbourhood! So good, it's Paradise!
He smiled as elephants should smile if smiling was their thing,
And vowed he'd stay there for a while, presiding as its King!
Now, this is life! the King remarked, alone and full of glee,
With tail submerged and body parked, in total ecstasy!
When two birds flew above his head then vanished in the trees,
It was as if those birds had fled and sought their share of peace.

He raised his trunk as if to say, I want to be alone!
They didn't stay and flew away, so there he stood alone.
His muscles drooped as he stood still, no longer tense at all,
He stayed a while, then had his fill of this sweet miracle.
He turned around and left that place for others to partake,
Departing God's amazing grace that only He could make.
If elephants could pray, then he would bless this neighbourhood!
I'd have to say that he'd agree. Glorious mud feels good!

Denis Martindale, for the 28th of November 2024.

This poem is about the magnificent painting
by the UK wildlife artist Stephen Gayford.

Denis Martindale

The Process For Prose!

Let words be more than what they seem at first glance on a page,
Let thoughts progress, as in a dream, not captured in a cage.
Let wisdom pour out like red wine as if blood from your heart,
Let rhythms run on every line, displayed to stand apart.
Let treasures hide within the text just as acrostics do,
Let readers smile and not get vexed as if they've got no clue.
Let loneliness have its domain yet not forever more,
Let happiness fall as the rain, with rainbows still in store.

Let passions pour, if need they must, condemning poverty,
Let verses overcome distrust through pleasant poetry.
Let burdens quickly fade away as raindrops melt the snow.
Let sunshine brighten every day as poems come and go.
Let inspiration grant rewards for poets near and far,
Let fame increase what it affords when poets raise the bar.
Let tributes tell of noble deeds that superheroes bring,
Let praises rise when faith succeeds through Jesus Christ the King.

Let love, of course, stay uppermost for lovers hand-in-hand,
Let poems travel coast-to-coast, for these show what God's planned.
Let epic tales transform each soul with great expectations,
Let words of peace fulfil each role God intends for nations.
Let lines from first to last take hold in readers who love rhyme,
The greatest story ever told, God wants to sound sublime!
For every skill a poet shares, God grants a miracle,
In fact, through these came holy prayers that even blessed Saint Paul.

For all great poets who have lived, God grants a legacy,
For each imparts God's precious gift within their poetry!

Denis Martindale, for the 23rd of November 2024.

Denis Martindale

God's Big Promises!

The Bible says that God made Man, and Adam was his name.
So then, according to God's plan, from Adam's rib, Eve came.
And righteousness was everywhere, not one sin to confound!
Yet was freewill their right to share in ways that could astound?
Adam and Eve chose to rebel! God's will got cast away!
And so, from perfect grace, they fell, cast out to leave that day!
While God forgave their awful sin, His mercy showed as well!
That's how God's promises begin, the Gospel Truth to tell.

The Bible says that Abraham must one day leave his home,
So God could lead him as a lamb to places he must roam.
His faith got tested now and then through travels far and wide.
And soon, God promised yet again new blessings to decide.
Then Abraham was his new name, while Sarah was his wife.
Through both of these, God's blessings came beyond this mortal life.
And so it was that others, too, God chose in diverse ways,
And even now, God can choose you, like every saint who prays!

The Bible says that Christ would live and yet one day must die!
God's Son has said we must forgive, in truth, not just to try.
When crucified before a crowd, their sins He could excuse!
God's Royal Pardon was allowed, displaying God's Good News!
The Saviour, Jesus Christ, arose to live beyond the grave!
Beyond Christ's tomb, God's Good News grows, so powerful to save!
And Pentecost is perfect proof of God's big promises!
For those who trust God's Gospel Truth! To learn what grace this is!

Denis Martindale, for the 19th of November,2024.

The Gospel poem is about the illustrated Bible Stories in
the beautiful children's book called God's Big Promises!

I like The Action Bible, too, with pictures by the artist
Sergio Cariello in the expanded version that's available.

Denis Martindale

Remember!

When I remember soldiers' lives laid down for freedom's sake,
A melancholy soon arrives and, with it, more heartache.
For many lives have paid its cost, and that I know right well,
No wonder I recall what's lost and then say, WAR IS HELL.

When I remember soldiers' prayers, in journals some had penned,
I sense the burdens that each bears before their lives must end.
I sense the secrets still untold and secrets they can't tell
And all at once, my blood runs cold, and I say, WAR IS HELL.

When I remember decades gone yet see this world today,
I pray prayer warriors carry on the earnest prayers they pray.
In truth, they won't lose God's reward as sad news they repel,
And preach Good News, and serve the Lord, though they say, WAR IS HELL.

When I remember medals worn with poppies by the score,
My weary heart's somehow reborn, so I pray all the more.
Though tears may come and trickle down, and I hold back a yell,
I'll battle on despite each frown and still say, WAR IS HELL.

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale, for the 1st of November 2024.

Denis Martindale

Get The Text Checked!

I'm a poet, and I know it
And I've learned some ways to show it!
While some haven't got the time,
Or patience left to rhyme,
At least make some attempt so you don't blow it!

When you write some contemplation
You've intended for the nation,
Keep your phrases short and sweet,
So your lines stand complete,
So that you've got some cause for celebration!

Grammarly helps to check the text,
If you ever get perplexed!
With a hundred tests and more,
You'll be thrilled to the core!
So good luck with that and what you're writing next!

Denis Martindale, for the 11th of November,2024.

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale

Light

Beyond the first enlightenment of memories as a child,
A little sight appears, and you understand it for the first time.
You recognise someone nearby, as if in focus at last,
With those soft words spoken just for you.
It is the one who holds you gently and warmly
And who feeds you carefully and patiently.
The coming hours pass, the day ends, and darkness descends.
You rest in that darkness, thinking you cannot stop that rest.
You wake up as the light returns and enters your room.
Here you are, seeing the things around you once more.
The years vanish, and you must go to School.
You learn to read and write, and the homework leads to exams.
The seasons vanish, as must the tenderness of those years,
And the School itself becomes a distant memory.
And all too soon, you fall in love and seriously so,
Because of the light you see in your new love's smile.
For this is the light, the light that changes everything.

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale, for the 2nd of November 2024.

Denis Martindale

Perfect Pair, Too

The loving lions both looked grand, a testament to love,
A picture most could understand that more than said enough.
Perfection in serenity, perfection for a while,
Perfection in tranquillity as if to make us smile.
And while life has to carry on, from afternoon to night,
Such memories must soon be gone, though now they bring delight.
For life proves sometimes cruel, then kind, as creatures know so well,
With one day blessed in heart and mind until life breaks the spell.

Survey the present neighbourhood as pleasant and reborn,
Then seize the day when life looks good if sunshine greets the dawn.
Look through the eyes of hope and faith, transformed by both of these,
As if each brand-new day to save for each new chance of peace.
The soft breeze blows so calm, once more, as if to melt each frown,
With Nature's wonders to explore before the day winds down.
Before the twinkling of the stars adorns the midnight sky,
Before this brand-new day must pass and then bids its goodbye.

For there's a Lord of night and day, a Lord of moon and sun,
Who sees the stars as they give way once daylight hides each one,
As if their births and deaths to face and when to intertwine,
Each knows their place and times of grace and moments meant to shine.
And each new life that lives for now must serve its time on Earth,
Perhaps to do some good somehow, as if to prove its worth.
The loving lions both looked grand, a testament to love,
A picture most could understand that more than said enough.

Denis Martindale for the 30th of October 2024.

The poem is about the magnificent lion and lioness painting
by UK wildlife artist Stephen Gayford called Perfect Pair Two.

Denis Martindale

The Action Bible New Testament!

The Action Bible proves itself to many buyers still,
A blessing there upon the shelf that helps explain God's will.
Praise God! Credit where it is due, for it is highly prized.
I have a Gospel version, too, explaining Jesus Christ.
The pictures show the people there who needed Christ to heal,
He proved the answer to each prayer! Compassion oh so real.
The King of Love we call Him now, because of what was done,
The miracles He would allow have proved Him as God's Son.

Yet these alone were just God's signs meant for eternity,
Once Jesus paid the judgement fines and died on Calvary.
Disciples mourned their guide and friend but Jesus rose again,
For Christ, the Cross was not the end! Amen! Amen! Amen!
Thus Halleluyahs are the theme for every brand new day,
Since life is real and not a dream, no wonder that we pray.
Prayer warriors can testify that Jesus is the Lord,
The Lamb of God who chose to die so Man could get restored.

Amazing Grace! How Great Thou Art! These songs still come to mind,
And even now, live in my heart, as treasures I can find.
And while I study God's Scriptures and see Amazing Grace
Within New Testament pictures I see my Saviour's face.

Denis Martindale, for the 26th of October 2024.

The expanded version has even more pictures!
So use Google to search for this new version!
Some sellers provide us with demo pictures
created by comic book artist Sergio Cariello.

Denis Martindale

B.L.A.S.H.!

BLASH means a way to explain
The quick way for profits to gain.
Buy Low And Sell High
It can signify!
Make money, come sunshine or rain!
:
BLASH means a way to get rich
So poverty's easy to ditch.
There's no need to sulk
If you buy in bulk!
Use credit cards, so there's no hitch!

Denis Martindale, for the 30th of October 2024.

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Writing Is The Development Of The Development!

When ideas come, a poem starts
And settles in our minds and hearts,
And with it, sights and sounds in time
That often phrase into a rhyme.
Perhaps a title's on its way,
And then a new verse comes to stay,
Once wisdom shines and gets increased,
That first line must come soon, at least.

Then, all at once, the poet smiles,
Intrigued enough to use his wiles,
Intrigued enough at what to write,
In chosen styles meant to delight.
Perhaps a Princess, hair of gold,
With her sweet story to get told,
With royal status all worked out
And beauty that no man could doubt!

A noble parable to share
That one day leads some folks to prayer?
Or could it be some epic tale?
Adventures of an alpha male?
Oh, gosh! Oh, my! What's coming next?
The poet's puzzled and perplexed!
The final typed-out verse looms close!
What will it say? God only knows!

Denis Martindale, for the 20th of October 2024.

Denis Martindale

The Long Distance Loneliness Of The Little Rose Tree

For the last twenty years and more,
My little rose tree has endured well,
Through both the Summer heat and the Winter chill.
And I have protected that little miracle every now and then.
When I paid gardeners to maintain my gardens,
I told them not to harm that little rose tree.
And when the weeds and the persistent vines surrounded it,
I noticed what was happening.
I removed the ground level plants.
I pulled away the twirling curling vines.
Yes, and still I see the petite pink roses growing
And the petals falling down to be replaced by new roses.
Such is life, despite the sunshine and the rain,
The winds when Autumn comes and goes,
The snowflakes falling,
The frozen snow settling still.
Christmas and the New Year,
Saint Valentine's Day and Easter,
Harvest time and Halloween.
Beyond the passing of Father, Mother and Brother.
Perhaps beyond my passing, too.
And should I depart before the Rapture Day,
The new buyers may come and settle in.
Will they protect the petite pink roses I hold in high esteem?
Will they forcefully pull up the little rose tree?
Whatever happens, the petite pink roses have blessed me.
They gave me hope just as the rose tree itself has done.
For if a single lonely rose tree can endure its loneliness,
Then so can I. So can I…

Denis Martindale, for the 18th of October 2024.

Denis Martindale

B.E.T.T.E.R.

Be ready for the blessing,
Expressing all in time,
Teach others by impressing
The eloquence in rhyme,
Evangelists addressing
Real truths that prove sublime!

Denis Martindale, for the 15th of October 2024.

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Poem Titles Info October 2024

The start of my Poemhunter poem titles list is like this:

' I Am The Way, The Truth And The Life! '
Jesus Christ Loves You! '
'' Look, I Am Coming Soon! ''
! ! ! I Can See Paradise!
* ' Jesus Loves You! '
* A Glimpse Of Eternity! (Ian Mccormack)
* A Matter Of Faith!
* A Time For Revelation!
* A To Z Poem Titles
* A To Z Revelation Tv Poems Revelationtv-Dot-Co-Dot-Uk

* About Revelation Tv
* Beauty Is Upon You
* Beyond The Art Ache...
* Cataneo Bt Font Size 20
* Denis Martindale Ebook Poems
* Do You Believe In Angels?
* Elephantasy!
* God's Finest Revelation!
* Here Is My Incredible Invisible Poem!
* How To Think Like A Writer!

* I Am An Elephant!
* Is There Really Life After Death? (Ian Mccormack)
* Poemhunter Poem List Part 2
* Portrait Of A Princess *
* Stephen Gayford
* The Cross Of Christ
* The Dream Of Revelation!
* The Gospel Is The Heart Of Everything!
* The Kindness Of The King Of Kings!
* The Perfect Wave! (Ian Mccormack)

* The Prestige Of The Poppy
* The Prince Of Prints
* Vision For Israel!
* Who Is Jesus?

PoemHunter.com

** The Most Beautiful Girl In The World!
[+] Poemhunter [+]
+ Are You A Superhero?
+ I Am Glad That I Quote Jesus!
+ Keep Calm And Quote Jesus
+ Keep Up The Good Work!

+ Prayer Warriors And Intercessors!
+ The Greatest Of These Is Love...
+ The Revelation Of God's Love!
+ What A Blessing!
+++ I Can See Paradise! (Ian Mccormack)
+++ Vvv Follow The Arrows!
Portrait Of A Princess
24 Carat Heartache
5,4,3,2,1? We've Got Your Number!
666!

NOW FOR THE A TO Z POEM TITLES...

A Beautiful Report!
A Brush With Genius
A Channel Of His Peace!
A Christian Perspective
A Christian Poetess
A Cool Place
A Daily Dose Of Mercy...
A Declaration Of Love!
A Different Perspective
A Double Blessing!

The Poemhunter Poet's poem search option

This uses a keyword just like Google search.
On Google, we can type in a search site phrase:
site: poemhunter.com +'Poem by Denis Martindale'
or a different poet's name that Google can search.
It's easy to view the images tab to see images, too.

Denis Martindale

The Principles Of The Prince Of Peace...

Behold the Man called Jesus Christ! Lord of Lords! King of Kings!
He said, 'Believe and be baptised! ' What mercies Jesus brings!
The Lamb of God! The Prince of Peace, forgiveness to bestow,
Through Him, God's wonders never cease! They grow and overflow!
While some quote Jesus now and then, what are His principles?
What sermons did He preach to men beyond His miracles?
What words of wisdom did He share that God still wants to bless?
The Lord's Prayer makes us all aware of what we should express!

Beyond the words men choose to say, it's courage that persists,
That's why prayer warriors pause to pray, like true evangelists.
Beyond each deed, each word, each thought so miracles increase,
They live by what the Saviour taught, to serve the Prince of Peace!
What Scriptures did the Saviour choose when Christ got crucified?
Jesus of Nazareth, King of the Jews! His crown of thorns supplied!
While principles are often said, what did the Saviour do?
Christ stayed upon the Cross till dead! So Christ could die for you!

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale, for the 7th of October 2024.

The Gospel poem got shared on Revelation TV's show
Prayer Time Live on Tuesday, the 15th of October 2024.

Denis Martindale

From New Year's Day To New Year's Eve!

If we harken to the Scriptures, what prophecies unfold?
The Action Bible has pictures! The greatest story ever told!
A large print Bible makes things plain, like never seen before,
To say, You must be born again! Amazing grace, for sure!
It's great to sing How Great Thou Art! As many choirs do!
Or sing out loud, straight from the heart, to echo their thoughts, too.
The Saviour Jesus shed His Blood to prove He was God's Son!
Each new day comes, and we thank God, recalling what He's done!

That's why believers know Christ's Name without a trace of doubt,
And why can't they remain the same? God's grace is all about!
Their attitude is gratitude and ever shall remain.
Thanks to the future each has viewed, with Heaven still to gain!
While God is seated on His Throne, with Jesus at His side,
The Holy Spirit's love to own for us, the Saviour's Bride,
What Gospel truths will we still share because Christ paid the cost?
Evangelise, steadfast in prayer! Pray for lost souls still lost!

Amen, Amen and Amen! Yes! Prayer warriors unite!
Each new day is our chance to bless and make the future bright!

Denis Martindale, for the 24th of September 2024.

The Gospel poem got shared on Revelation TV's show
Prayer Time Live on Tuesday the 24th of September 2024.

Denis Martindale

March For Jesus!

Let those who march for Jesus Christ in time get their reward,
For in His Name, each got baptised, set free to serve the Lord.
Below the surface water, stayed until raised once again,
Just as our Saviour once obeyed in Jordan way back then.
Let those who march for Jesus still prove witnesses and more,
When down a street or up a hill, blessed by the Lord for sure.

With Holy Bibles in their hands, New Testaments to share,
Each one obeys the Father's plans, prayer warriors who care.
Each time I marched for Jesus Christ, I played my part as well,
Recalling what He sacrificed, with Good News yet to tell.
For there's a Heaven Christ died for that we might join Him, too,
Prepared to thrill us to the core, not just to see us through.

Great promises! Amazing grace! Forgiveness when we pray.
That's why the Gospel we embrace! Yes, every night and day!

Denis Martindale for the 1st of October 2024.

PoemHunter.com

The evangelism poem is about the March For Jesus
Christian event for October 2024 and was shared on
Revelation TV by Yemi Balogun at the end of the
Prayer Time Live show on the 1st of October 2024.

Denis Martindale

Why Do I Cry Every Time I Feel Connected To God?

To wake up from a dream divine, when I prove His, and He proves mine
As if it were a perfect sign, as if two destinies entwine.
Perhaps to shed a trail of tears to join the ones I've shed for years,
And yet, this day, without the fears, when all at once new hope appears.

The Lord has set my soul apart, content to heal my broken heart,
To cast away sin's deadly dart, thus granting me a brand new start.
Though born again, if troubled still, I'll climb, by faith, my Saviour's hill
And see the Blood Christ chose to spill because He knew the Father's will.

Good News based on amazing grace transcends the evils that take place,
No wonder choosing to embrace the splendours of my Saviour's face.
And if through tears of gratitude, the King of Kings I've sometimes viewed,
Each day, I know with faith renewed that life is but an interlude.

To think, Christ went to Calvary, and there He stayed and died for me,
Not just to suffer misery, His pain and each man's mockery,
Christ saw it through until life's end in ways I barely comprehend!
I'm not ashamed to cry, dear friend, as I, the Gospel, now defend.

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale, for the 24th of September 2024.

The Gospel poem got shared on Revelation TV's show
Prayer Time Live on Tuesday the 24th of September 2024.

Denis Martindale

What Is The Process For Writing?

What is the process for writing each verse of poetry?
What can lead to my reciting these thoughts that come to me?
Eight syllables are all I need! Then I am off again!
The title helps me to succeed, proceeding now and then.
So there I sit, and there I stay, to make that poem clear,
And I will edit come what may content to persevere.

Then Grammarly is where I go for more tests must begin,
In more ways than I care to know before I start to win.
But as time passes, I can choose to edit here and there,
Updating phrases I can use as answers to each prayer.
I copy text and then upload a poem picture, too,
From all the talents God bestowed so that I can help you.

Yes, teamwork helps the poets write whatever comes to mind
So that God grants each new insight to share and bless Mankind!

Denis Martindale, for the 29th of September 2024.

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale

What Three Words Have Changed Your Life?

For each location on this Earth, what three words come to mind?
A special place of so much worth it blesses all Mankind.
The Holy Land! The Holy Land! The land where Christ once lived.
Through prophecies that God had planned, He gave this precious gift.
The Holy Spirit, as a dove, revealed Him once baptised.
The King of Kings! The King of Love! Our Saviour, Jesus Christ!
The Son of Man. The Son of God. Through Mary's wise consent.
This land was where our Saviour trod, yet not by accident.

Across the wilderness, Christ walked. Across the waters, too.
What words He preached each time He talked to folks like me and you!
If blessed in Heaven, not in Hell, Man's chance to choose rewards.
Before we bid this life farewell, then meet the Lord of Lords!
Each time you kneel in private prayer, as you approach this task,
Consider then what three words share, as in Christ's Name, you ask.
God bless you! That's not hard to say! Three words can save a soul!
Three words prayer warriors choose to say can heal and then make whole.

Yes, what we pray is up to us as we approach God's Throne.
Amazing Grace, thanks to Jesus! Though Jesus Christ alone!

Denis Martindale, for the 17th of September 2024.

Denis Martindale

In God, We Trust!

'In God, we trust! ' the slogan said, by faith that they were Spirit-led.
Perhaps to dream of better things in service to the King of Kings!
With signs and wonders, come what may, through all the times they knelt to pray.
In Churches here and Churches there, when sharing love beyond compare.
Yet when I saw God's far-off lands, I saw the war that each side plans,
When Israel faced the fear of death, combatting foes till its last breath.

'In God, we trust! ' each side proclaims through their agendas and their aims,
As mothers and their children wept at tragedies until they slept.
Beyond the battles here and there, let our donations show we care.
Let's persevere without a doubt and watch God's purposes work out.
Yes, all the while He sees what's done until the day God sends His Son,
When people shout, 'In Christ, we trust! ' just as the Bible has discussed.

The coming Rapture grants us hope to every Christian who must cope,
No wonder Christians kneel and pray for Christ's return upon that day.

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale, for the 13th of September 2024.

The Gospel poem got shared on Revelation TV's show
Prayer Time Live on Friday, the 13th of September 2024.

Denis Martindale

Thank God For Rose Petals!

As a child, I made a perfume bottle using fragrant rose petals.
It didn't take long, so I was glad about the result.
The time passed, and I forgot about the perfume bottle I had filled.
My teenage years were almost over when my first date arrived.
Here was an opportunity to use my garden's rose petals again.
The fragrance was a gentle reminder of my childhood years.
I applied the perfume to the clothes that I wore rather than to my skin.
Not too much and yet enough to stay pleasant for the evening.
My date noticed the fragrance and came up very close to me.
So close that I could easily have kissed her, courage permitting.
Instead, I waited to learn if she approved of the fragrance or not.
She loved it, but then again, who wouldn't?
I offered to make a few bottles for her, and she was thrilled.
Thank God because her smile meant so much.
It said more than her spoken words could ever have expressed.
When she smiled, I knew that she was the one for me.
The rest, as they say, is history.

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale, for the 7th of September 2024.

Denis Martindale

My Lovely Favourite Font!

When I peruse a font to choose,
I study everything!
Which one of these is sure to please,
Which one will be the king?
Are capitals like miracles
Or quite odd here and there?
Are numbers great or not first-rate?
That's why I must compare.
And is each space in its right place
Or wider than I need?
Does each stand out and cause some doubt
Each time I choose to read?
Does letter l seem hard to tell
From number one or i?
Can I agree with letter g
Or does it make me sigh?

Are letters seen both crisp and clean
For poets to recite?
Or feint, or weak, or up the creek
And simply not quite right?
When I peruse a font to choose,
I study then install,
A thousand here are nowhere near
And by the wayside fall.
Yet there those I can disclose
That really make my day.
All boxes ticked, that's why they're clicked
And installed straight away!
One lovely font, that's what I want!
One font that beats the rest!
I adore a font called LORA,
For poems, it's the best!

Denis Martindale, for the 5th of September 2024.

I recently studied the fonts on my computer and the

freebie fonts I found on the Internet. So I used the Wordpad Classic program to display a poem I had written and checked which fonts looked great and easy to read and recite. Many fonts are too fancy or have some strange designs for some of their numbers and letters. Some fonts look better if we select the bold style and yet I found out that the LORA font improved if I used the bold and italic styles combined. While I like a few fonts such as Gisha and Noto Sans and uppercase only fonts like Marcellus, I still prefer the LORA font for my poems.

Denis Martindale

I Will Persevere Until I Get The All-Clear!

Grammarly is my friend and guide
When poems spring to mind.
Hundreds of tests let me decide
On words found underlined.
I know my prose can be revised,
Improved beyond compare,
More so than I first realised
When reading here and there.
In seeking to get the all-clear,
On this, you can depend,
I know that I will persevere
Determined to the end!

Ninety per cent at first looks great,
Yet is ninety enough?
We know that that is not first-rate!
Ten more is what we love!
So I must edit and recite
The changes I have made,
How else am I to make things right
So I may pass the grade?
In seeking to get the all-clear,
On this, you can depend,
I know that I will persevere
Determined to the end!

Denis Martindale, for the 19th of August 2024.

Here is a poem about editing poems
because that is not as easy as it looks.

When we recite the first draft version
we may need to make a few changes.
Then we recite the latest new version!

Eventually, when we feel we cannot edit
anything else, we call it a day, and then,

as they say, we hope for the best!

Denis Martindale

European Lynx

The European Lynx once seen,
A sight one can't forget,
Two pointed ears, and in-between,
Distinctive features set.
Perhaps a sight that helps recall
A tabby cat no more,
And yet it's still a miracle
I know I can't ignore.

Today, there on the Internet,
Some photographs I found,
That one man knew he had to get,
Of scenes that could astound.
Lynx cubs were playing just outside
Upon his porch that day,
Of course, he stared, eyes opened wide,
That such luck came his way.

Two hundred photos quickly made,
Had captured them so well,
The mother, too, was unafraid,
And joined her cubs a spell.
And so, this poem came to mind,
To bless me once again,
For miracles are yet to find
To bless the hearts of men.

Denis Martindale,14th August 2024.

The poem is about the magnificent nature painting of the UK wildlife artist Stephen Gayford called European Lynx.

In Anchorage, Alaska, photographer Tim Newton awoke to a remarkable sight on his back deck.

On that fateful morning, September 19,2017, for over twenty minutes, the family of lynx played energetically

on the porch, wrestling and leaping, in an enchanting display of their youthful exuberance.

Denis Martindale

She

She is the proverbial one.
She is, without doubt, the real deal.
She is ready to have fun.
She likes how having fun can feel.

She is a well-mannered lass.
She is willing to speak her mind.
She is honest and as transparent as glass.
She is just like gold, so refined.

She is like a rainbow that gleams.
She is the one who inspires.
She is beyond all my dreams.
She is beyond my desires.

She knows the man she will prefer.
She knows her proverbial one.
She knows just how much I love her!
SHEILA, my poem's now done!
:
Denis Martindale, for the 12th of August 2024.

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Two For The Price Of One!

The Holy Bibles that we buy are precious to us all.
With billions waiting to supply, yes, that's a miracle.
Some stores hold sales for later on. Two for the price of one.
We must buy fast before they've gone. Before such sales get done.

Our God shares gifts with many here to heal them every day.
So many sorrows disappear thanks to the prayers we pray.
God's gifts abound and span the globe to bless both young and old,
To bring Good News, let's share this hope. The greatest story ever told!

The Son of God once suffered death to grant eternal life.
Thank You, Jesus of Nazareth, for God helped You survive.
God raised You from the solemn tomb, Your second life to share.
Just as a new rose, set to bloom, with blessings everywhere!

When prayer warriors intercede each morning, noon and night,
Their faith helps many still in need. The darkness turns to light.
God's gifts abound and span the globe to bless both young and old,
To bring Good News, let's share this hope. The greatest story ever told!

Denis Martindale, for the 1st of July 2024.

Denis Martindale

Thank You, Father, Thank You!

For every gift that You bestowed, for every friend I've met,
For all the guidance that You showed, these things I won't forget.
For every Scripture found in time that prompted me to pray,
For all the answers called sublime until this very day.
For times when I got called to teach the Gospel to reveal,
For all the sermons pastors preach, and every time You heal.
For every man of God You chose to share Good News and more,
For all the psalmists who wrote prose that thrills us to the core.

For every saint anointed still, with ministries to serve,
For Jesus Christ to climb that hill to save lost souls on Earth.
For Calvary is where Christ went, atoning for Mankind,
Eternal life to then present, forgiveness thus to find.
Yes, those who find the Saviour's love are foremost blessed indeed.
Amazing grace that proves enough applies to every need.
A billion lost souls still to save? God knows when Christ returns!
Let's thank the Lord for what God gave, God's gift that no one earns!

The King of Kings, the Lord of Lords, brings love that never ends,
And blessed are those beyond rewards that Jesus calls His friends!

Denis Martindale, for the 1st of July 2024.

This Gospel poem is about a new show in July 2024
on Revelation TV, Living The Word on Mondays
at 8.30pm with presenter 'Princess' Nikki.

The Gospel poem was shared on Revelation TV's
Prayer Time Live show on the 1st of July 2024.

Denis Martindale

Accentuate The Positive!

Beyond today and all seen here, God grants us prophecy,
Just as He chose to make things clear for Christ and Calvary.
Yes, sad things happen! Now and then! Yet good things happen, too!
With miracles beyond our ken for people just like you.

When praise reports bring us good cheer, they grant us clarity,
Beyond possessions held most dear that make us so happy.
We learn of others God has healed and helped to guide them through,
And so we see God's love revealed each day, forever new.

Saint Paul reminds us to rejoice! No easy life was his!
And yet, by faith, he made the choice! There is no shame in this!
To lean on God makes perfect sense! He made the Universe!
And Jesus welcomes us as friends, to bless and not to curse.

God has great things in mind to come, in time, eternal bliss!
And so Saint Paul could not stay glum, though things could go amiss!
A prison cell! In chains as well! Yet hope could not stay bound,
Amazing grace was his to tell, once Jesus he had found!

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale, for the 27th of June 2024.

This Gospel poem is about a new show in July 2024
on Revelation TV, Living The Word on Mondays
at 8.30pm with presenter 'Princess' Nikki.

Denis Martindale

Thank You! Because You Prayed For Me!

Thank you! Because you prayed for me! I'm pleased you spared your time!
I'm glad prayers are your ministry. For your prayers sound sublime!
I listen to each one enthralled. What words will you pray next?
I think that God has words installed to leave the devil vexed!

When I hear praise reports, I'm glad to think of what God's done,
In truth, God gave us all He had in Jesus Christ, His Son.
Lord Jesus shared anointings, too, two thousand years ago,
And now I'm pleased to pray with you that more will overflow.

While there's a Heaven and a Hell, our prayers still reach God's Throne,
While there's Good News that we can tell, let's not do that alone.
In fellowship, let saints combine. In prayer, let's lead the way.
Jesus is yours! Jesus is mine! Let's pray, let's pray, let's pray!

Denis Martindale, for the 27th of June 2024.

PoemHunter.com

The Gospel Prayer poetry was on Revelation TV's
The Melting Pot show. (The 27th of June 2024.)

Denis Martindale

Living The Word!

Lord Jesus loves His disciples, His saints who live on Earth.
The ones who read Holy Bibles esteeming these have worth.
I buy these for three pounds or more to share each one I can.
God's gift, with blessings still in store, to help my fellow man.

I like to tithe, praise God and pray. Sometimes, I preach as well.
You see, I know Christ is the Way to Heaven, not to Hell.
With revelation ever near, no wonder I'm so blessed.
It's like that song that makes things clear. Our Saviour is the best!

No wonder Jesus stays in touch to guide all that we do,
He wants to bless us very much, yet labourers are few.
Faith, hope and love are ours to share, Good News both night and day,
With signs and wonders through each prayer when we trust and obey!

Denis Martindale, for the 27th of June 2024.

PoemHunter.com

This Gospel poem is about a new show in July 2024
on Revelation TV, Living The Word on Mondays
at 8.30pm with presenter 'Princess' Nikki.

The Gospel poem was shared on Revelation TV's
The Melting Pot show on the 27th of June 2024.

Denis Martindale

The Ultimate Test Of Faith, Obedience And Love!

Once revelation shows the way, what wonders will God do?
Much more if we decide to pray and get the Gospel through.
Much more if we donate and give a blessing now and then,
Much more if we help others live so they get born again.
Much more if we unite as one, thanks to amazing grace,
Much more if we delight God's Son and bring smiles to His face!

For what are we apart from Christ? What purpose would we serve?
Consider what He sacrificed to save the Planet Earth!
His skin red raw, nailed to the Cross, yet still Christ persevered,
With John and Mary there because God wanted all doubts cleared.
With no way out, would Christ rebel or trust God to life's end?
Would Jesus die to save from Hell His Mother and His friend?

Yet Jesus also died for you, just as He died for me,
Once revelation proves this true, praise God for Calvary!
The King of Kings, the King of Love, unites us in His Name,
So that our prayers ascend above God's miracles to claim!
Amen, Amen and Amen, yes! Prayer warriors, God loves you!
Sealed with God's Spirit, Christ will bless each one and yeah, me, too.

Denis Martindale, for the 19th of June 2024.

The Gospel Poem got shared on Revelation TV's
Prayer Time Live show on the 21st of June 2024.

Denis Martindale

Just For You!

When God the Father sent His Son toward the Cross of Christ,
It was because of sins you've done that He got sacrificed.
Through death, He paid the penalty for each Gentile and Jew,
Yes, Jesus went to Calvary! Just for you! Just for you!

When God raised Jesus from His death, Lord Jesus left His tomb,
God's Son, Jesus of Nazareth! So great work could resume.
And this is why His work goes on, each day, forever new,
Just like a beacon that has shone. Just for you! Just for you!

And when God sees you on this Earth, He also hears your prayers,
Reminding you that you have worth, God proves how much He cares.
Jesus stands at the Heavenly gates! He's ready to let saints through!
Your crown of righteousness awaits! Just for you! Just for you!

Denis Martindale, for the 13th of June 2024.

PoemHunter.com

The Gospel poem by Denis Martindale has been
shared on Revelation TV's The Melting Pot show on
on the Thursday morning of the 13th of June 2024.
Evangelists remind us, 'If you were the only person
on Earth, then Jesus would have died just for you.'

Denis Martindale

The Most Wonderful Name Of Jesus!

Christ spoke about His Father's love and taught His friends to pray,
Christ spoke of Heaven's Throne above and of God's Judgement Day.
Christ didn't judge when men went mad and planned to kill God's Son!
Christ didn't come to make men sad despite the sins they've done!

That day when Christ got crucified, He prayed God would forgive,
'They know not what they do! ' He cried! He died so they could live.
Eternal life God grants through Christ! Jesus, the risen Lord!
No wonder that I'm still surprised and somewhat overawed!

This man, once beaten, whipped and nailed, had died on Calvary,
So I could see God's truths unveiled when Jesus died for me!
To think, His Name's still greatly praised, two thousand years since then,
This Man of God, the Son God raised, in ways beyond our ken.

Until Christ comes to wed His bride, Christ's blessings overflow,
God's Royal Pardon to provide, with healings to bestow!
By faith, we pray, as each one claims forgiveness to receive!
Yes, Jesus is the name of names, once sinners first believe!

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale, for the 12th of June 2024.

I sing many of my Gospel poems to the tunes
of common-metre hymn tunes. That is why
my poem reminded me of the Easter hymn,
There Is A Green Hill Far Away.

Revelation TV's The Melting Pot programme
shared the poem on the 13th of June 2024.

Denis Martindale

Edited: Teachings From A Cave

EDITED: TEACHINGS FROM A CAVE

In shadows deep, where echoes weave, there lie the teachings of a cave.
In quiet, dark, the heart's reprieve, from life's too-bright, relentless wave.
No sunbeam dares to venture in. No sound from yonder world intrudes.
In stillness where new truths begin, the cave imparts its ancient moods.
Each drip of water, each cold stone, whispers their secrets softly spoken.
In solitude, one's soul's alone finding the bonds it once thought broken.

The darkness tells of light unseen. The silence speaks of hidden lore.
In echoes, hints of what has been, and what the future has in store.
A stillness vast, like an endless night, yet filled with whispers of the wise.
In the blackest depths, a sudden light, unseen by ever-seeking eyes.
The cave, a mother, calm and vast, cradles one's spirit in her womb.
Teaches that the storm won't last, that, after night, the day will bloom.

No need for words in the cavern's hall. For wisdom's quiet, calm, and deep.
In silent watch, the shadows fall, and teach the secrets shadows keep.
Emerging from that sacred place, eyes now tuned to a brightened gleam,
A heart that knows a lightened pace, and a soul that's richer with its dream.
So heed the teachings of the cave, embrace its silence, dark, and still.
For in its shadows, hearts are brave, finding the strength of deeper will.

Denis Martindale's version of the poem by Rommel Lim on Quora.
What do you think about this poem titled Teachings From A Cave?
Poem edited in answer to this question. Monday, the 10th of June 2024.

Now and then I imitate the ways that actors recite words. For this poem, I used the voice of actor John Hurt who was the voice for the cave dragon in the TV series Merlin.

Sir John Vincent Hurt CBE was an English actor whose career spanned over five decades. Hurt was regarded as one of Britain's finest actors. Director David Lynch described him as 'simply the greatest actor in the world'. He possessed what was described as the 'most distinctive voice in Britain'.

John would have recited this poetry version slowly yet emphasised a few lines for

dramatic effect and I can imagine how that would sound if recited in a cave. A rather profound sound indeed.

Denis Martindale

Lonely Stars In The Midnight Sky!

In velvet tapestries of night, where dreams and shadows blend,
Each solitary star takes flight, still glowing without end.
Within each galaxy's grand dance, each holds its lonesome place,
As beacons in God's vast expanse, still longing for embrace.

Their lights, like whispers in the dark, seek friendships far and wide,
But silence echoes through each spark, through cosmic waves that glide.
Each watches worlds and wonders pass, with envy in each gleam,
Like mirrors of surpassing glass, reflections of a dream.

The aeons drift on silver streams, God's boundless sea of space,
The stars, like keepers of lost dreams, await their warm embrace.
Though lonely in each night's domain, their spirits won't resign,
For in each heart, through joy and pain, eternal hopes align.

Lonely stars in the midnight sky are gems of silent grace.
With steadfast light, each will defy their solitude to face.
They overcome nights cold and long! Their brilliance will endure!
Testament to the cosmic song of lonely hearts made pure!

Denis Martindale's poem version of the poem on Quora,
A LONELY STAR IN THE NIGHT SKY by ROMMEL LIM.
What do you think of this poem, A Lonely Star In The Night Sky?

This version switches from one star to billions of lonely stars
and makes a few changes to the text of the original poem.

Denis Martindale

The Melting Pot!

It's not the pot that melts at all. It's food for future meals.
It's nourishment that's edible. God's miracle that heals.
Good food then doesn't go to waste, with flavours old and new.
It's overflowing with good taste, just like a special stew!
But what about good food for thought? What does the Bible say?
Church ministers on Sundays taught, and yet not every day.
'Give us this day our daily bread! ' the Saviour once declared,
Our Father heard what Jesus said, and so bread gets prepared.

While bakers do their share, of course, so shops get their supplies,
The Bible teaches us God's laws, so His grace makes us wise!
We don't all need a silver spoon to savour what we eat
Or rush to get meals over soon, as if we must compete!
The melting pot must take its time so that it gets things right!
Then we can say, 'This food's sublime! A Heaven-sent delight! '
God's truth proves precious just as much each time it brings Good News!
That's why it helps to stay in touch with other people's views!

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale, for the 30th of May 2024.

The Gospel poem was shared on Revelation TV's
The Melting Pot show on the 6th of June 2024.

Denis Martindale

Beautiful Words!

Bless me, oh Lord, with words so wise that warm my heart within,
Then please help me to realise there are lost souls to win!
For what are words unless they bless? What purpose should they serve?
The heart seeks godly happiness while still here on this Earth.

Let wisdom nurture growth anew to blossom as the rose.
There are good works for us to do before each life must close!
And I am but a servant here, a pilgrim passing time.
Yet You are God, so make things clear! Your words still prove sublime!

I hear You sometimes whispering, so gentle on my mind.
No wonder I am worshipping the beauty that I find.
A double blessing I will share with Christians near and far!
So that is why I pray this prayer! To share how great You are!

Denis Martindale, for the 23rd of May 2024.

The Gospel poem got shared on Revelation TV's
Voice In The Wilderness programme on Thursday,
the 30th of May 2024 and is a tribute poem for
Saint Paul who wrote much of the New Testament.

Denis Martindale

New Testament, New Testament!

New Testament, New Testament! What do you have to say?
Some say that you are Heaven-sent to warn of Judgement Day!
Some tell us that you are Good News, with miracles galore!
New Testament, New Testament! Oh, please, do tell us more!

New Testament, New Testament! What words are in your book?
Some say that we must all repent and we should take a look!
Some tell us Jesus died for sins, our Saviour sacrificed!
New Testament, New Testament! Oh, please, is He the Christ?

New Testament, New Testament! Should I get baptised, too?
Lord Jesus to the river went, is that what I must do?
Some say that Heaven is for real, such that I ought to pray!
New Testament, New Testament! Oh, please show me the way!

The Sinner's Prayer is my prayer, Lord! I seek Your guidance now!
Grant me Your favour and reward each blessing to allow!
As revelation gets things done, the Gospel will increase
Yet grant I learn more of Your Son, Jesus, the Prince of Peace!

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale, for the 21st of May 2024.

Denis Martindale

A Testament To Talent!

Here's a testament to talent! God's gift to one and all,
A present that gets Heaven-sent to grant a miracle.
Here's a blessing for each season! Christmas and Easter, too!
And Lord Jesus proves God's reason to grant this gift to you.

God shares His blessings every day, like pages in a book,
And listens to the prayers we pray if we would only look!
And if we study now and then, that's held in high regard,
By God who grants goodwill to men beyond some Christmas card.

God's purposed artists near and far across the whole world wide
To paint with love the Christmas Star and Jesus crucified!
Portraying beauty like the rose as well as tragedy,
Portraying why Lord Jesus chose to die on Calvary!

I've also painted Jesus there upon the Cross of Christ,
I've also bowed to Christ in prayer, my Saviour sacrificed!
So when I see New Testaments with pictures good as gold,
I'm pleased that each one represents the Greatest Story Ever Told.

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale, for the 17th of May 2024.

The Gospel poem is about The Action Bible New Testament book. Here is a beautiful New Testament. Its precious pictures share the Gospel of Jesus Christ. A picture is worth a thousand words, so imagine what hundreds of precious pictures could do to save souls!

Denis Martindale

There Must Be Something, Lord!

There must be something in Your heart! Something inside Your mind!
Something! So I can then impart Your thoughts to all Mankind.
Have You one hymn, one psalm, one prayer to stop things getting worse?
Have You one prophecy to share for me to write in verse?

You know the future and the past, each second of each day,
And with that knowledge oh so vast, have You something to say?
Are there more stories to get told? More parables to tell?
Are there more glories to unfold to save lost souls from Hell?

There must be something in Your heart! Something inside Your mind!
Something! So I can then impart Your thoughts to all Mankind.
If You need a ready writer, help me to understand,
How You make Man's future brighter through what You still have planned.

Each revelation takes its time, as angels would declare,
Yet only Your Truth proves sublime in answer to each prayer!
What blessings can this Christian write that ever prove enough?
Unless You guide me day and night! Through Christ, the King of Love!

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale, for the 17th of May 2024.

Denis Martindale

Writer, Reader, Believer!

Faith comes to those who hear God's Word or read it all alone.
When inspiration can get stirred, to show Christ can atone.
Psalm 22, Psalm 23. They stand out from the rest,
They say Lord Jesus Christ loves me through love that proves His best.
They say God did not spare His Son my sinful soul to save.
With signs and wonders one by one, because He was so brave!
How Great Thou Art, believers sing, just like Amazing Grace,
When Jesus Christ becomes their King, and miracles take place!

When healings visit those in pain or when the dead rise, too,
When Jesus speaks in dreams again to get His Message through.
He says He died for you because God's pardon gets supplied.
The Man In White explains the Cross with reasons why He died.
You need to see the Saviour's death can take your sins away,
You need Jesus of Nazareth! That's why you need to pray!
That's why there were evangelists. Saint Peter and Saint Paul.
And why the Sinner's Prayer exists to grant God's miracle!

For all God's Scriptures speak of Christ and His great ministry!
Revealing Jesus sacrificed His life on Calvary!

Denis Martindale, for the 12th of May 2024.

The Gospel poem got shared on Revelation TV's
Prayer Time Live show on the 15th of May 2024.
It was shared soon after the hymn Amazing Grace.

Denis Martindale

The Pen Of The Poet

This heart that pounds excitedly becomes a tranquil sea,
Becalmed as soon as poetry begins inside of me!
When dreams and visions come to mind, unfettered, unrefined.
Then faithful phrases get combined so God can bless Mankind.
The artists did their noble best, and sculptors, too, impressed,
Yet how do poets pass the test? Words are their treasure chest.
The pen proves mightier than the sword if used in sweet accord,
And harmony grants its reward if favoured by the Lord.

The pen awaits more poems still, just as the ancient quill,
Through poems that may calm or thrill, as poems always will.
Begone all doubts and lack of faith, begone, for you can't save,
You lead the weak to misbehave when they ought to be brave.
Consider saints who prophesy like poets solemnly,
Or pen the psalms that would supply great wonders still to be.
In truth, the Saviour sang hymns, too, for that was how faith grew,
The poets wrote as poets do. For Him, for me, for you.

Although a poet may stay poor, he still writes all the more!
Expressing what our lives are for, the Saviour to adore!

Denis Martindale, for the 8th of May 2024.

Denis Martindale

The Faithful And The Fearful

Behold the certain destinies of poets new to rhyme,
One faithful thanks to prophecies, aware of truths sublime,
One fearful poet not yet blessed as if to write alone,
Not knowing how to pass each test within the Writing Zone!
I saw them both for what they were, each on a learning curve.
One knew the techniques meant to stir and kept those in reserve,
The other sought encouragement, a helping hand to guide!
A miracle, if Heaven sent, to heal her heart inside!

And so I wondered what to pray to help her understand
And then I pondered what to say, to be that helping hand.
I wrote this poem on the spot to show some ways to phrase
And though it may not seem a lot, a smile came to my face!
I want that joy to bless her, too, so that her poems shine,
When people see her point of view shared in each phrase and line.
The editing that comes along improves words here and there,
And fixes lines when they seem wrong in answer to each prayer.

Accept the yearning that persists for writing night and day,
Accept the learning curve exists, then let it lead the way.
Accept the doubts for what they seem, yet overcome each one,
Fulfilling what all poets dream, yet still embracing fun!
Recurring themes that come again and fantasies to tell.
The silly poems now and then, the serious as well.
Love stories that can melt the heart, like wisdom feeds the mind!
Great poems are God's noble art He meant for all Mankind!

Denis Martindale, for the 4th of May 2024.

Denis Martindale

Juliet

She stood still on her balcony, a wondrous sight above.
While Romeo, in ecstasy, surveyed her lips with love.
And then, like Icarus, he fell, for she was all enough,
To grant him Heaven and not Hell, as if a winsome dove.

But she was far too practical, intent on marriage still,
Yet his words seemed adorable, as if to bend her will.
His purposes were kisses-led, contentment through each thrill,
Perhaps tonight, content in bed, whether for good or ill.

But true love caught him, trapped him fast, for she was such a catch,
She was his dream girl, meant to last, seen as his perfect match.
And then came plans that these two sought, their subtle schemes to hatch,
No matter what their parents thought, and thus not up to scratch.

Without repentance, what are we? Star-crossed or double-crossed?
Without compassion, look and see how so much hope got lost!
Both lovers dead, no room for doubt, as cold as Winter's frost.
Regard the truth, as lies played out, and then count well the cost.

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale, for the 3rd of May 2024.

Denis Martindale

The Terrific Scientific Challenge!

Why research the stars?
Man has scanned each midnight sky
To colonise Mars!

Denis Martindale, for the 2nd of May 2024.

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Party Is Such Sweet Sorrow

She was at the party and all smiles as I entered the living room. That was until she recognised me. Her face froze with the memories of why I had chosen to leave her and to focus on my career instead.

Her eyes seemed to have glazed up. Her jaw had dropped slightly and seemed set in solid concrete. She had a look of disgust which then transformed into the awareness that she might have to speak to me later. Knowing her as I did, her mind was buzzing with suitable believable excuses.

Until I could see her leaving, I knew she was capable of anything, and I gulped at the thought of the damage she could do in such civilised company. To avoid a really bad situation, I slowly turned around and walked away as gently as I could. I still remember the hairs on the back of my neck alerting me to speed things up. I felt her icy stare as if it were a snake around my throat.

I made my way to my car and got inside. Suddenly I looked up and there she was at the window and her icy stare was like they say about holding a grudge, if looks could kill. Within seconds, I was well away from her, but I still dream of her now and then, and let's just agree to say, it doesn't end well and it ain't pretty.

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale, for the 2nd of May 2024.

Denis Martindale

Listen To The Wisdom Of Evangelism!

Could it be that it's by accident that people can get saved,
Avoiding all future judgment on each who misbehaved?
Or destiny through prophecy that multitudes get blessed
When they encounter Calvary with every sin confessed?
While there are sinners here and there, across the whole worldwide
They must approach God's Son in prayer and see Christ crucified.
To stare at Him with brand new eyes that demons would deny,
To stare at Him and realise why Jesus chose to die.
The King of Love men sacrificed at God's Passover time,
Proves to Mankind that He's the Christ! That Gospel truth's sublime!

Evangelism spreads God's Word and Holy Bibles, too,
To help explain what once occurred to people just like you.
And yet God knows the ones who pray, who seek Him day and night,
And who continue, come what may, to share each new insight.
If wisdom blossoms like a rose, it's then some choose to hear,
It's then each blessing overflows when preachers make things clear.
When prophecies get overheard, some act accordingly,
Faith comes when people trust God's Word about eternity!
The parables Christ chose to tell are His great legacy!
Trust in God's Son who saves from Hell! The King of Calvary!

Denis Martindale, for the 1st of May 2024.

Trafalgar Square evangelism,
4th of May 2024. Daniel Chand,
WalkingLikeJesus Ministries and
Yemi Balogun, Revelation TV.
Yemi shared the Gospel poem
on the Voice In The Wilderness
show on the 9th of May 2024.

Denis Martindale

Behold The King Of Calvary!

Good Shepherd or Passover Lamb who dies as His life ends?
Who do the people say I am? The Saviour asked His friends.
Some saw Him as a preacher, according to God's plan,
Some saw Him as a teacher, known as the Son of Man.
And yet He was much higher than those God sent before,
Jesus Christ and God's Messiah, and worthy to adore.

Though once in Heaven at God's side, Christ's destiny was clear,
On Earth, He would get crucified once His last day drew near.
No wonder, at that solemn time, the Saviour would inspire,
To prove Himself to be sublime to save us from Hellfire.
No wonder that God raised His Son from suffering and death.
One Lord! One Saviour! Only one! Jesus of Nazareth!

Denis Martindale, for the 30th of April 2024.

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

The Thanksgiving Of Men And Angels!

Without the grace of God above
What man can last a day?
God's saints who love, know well enough,
God's grace is here to stay.

A remnant of Mankind exists,
And so, for these, we pray,
With angels and evangelists
Who trust God and obey.

The people of the world must learn
How sinners get restored!
Give thanks for lost souls that return
Through Jesus Christ our Lord!

Denis Martindale, the 24th of November 2022.

PoemHunter.com

The Gospel poem is about Thanksgiving each November.
Some will remember that angels offer thanksgiving, too.

Denis Martindale

If God Gave You A Megaphone!

If God gave you a megaphone, I wonder, would you pray,
Before you stood there all alone, with nothing much to say?
Perhaps to read God's Word, then wait, yes, wait upon the Lord,
Perhaps then you would celebrate, amazed and overawed!

For when God shares a prophecy, the angels want to know,
Through God, they learned of Calvary, to where God's Son must go!
Through God, they learned of Pentecost, forgiveness to impart,
The Gospel preached to save the lost who had a change of heart!

If God gave you a megaphone, and revelation, too,
Then by God's angels you'd be known when preaching, GOD LOVES YOU!

Denis Martindale, the 25th of October 2022.

The Gospel poem got shared on Revelation TV's
Lunchtime Live show on the 28th of October 2022.

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Praise God For Poetry!

There's wisdom in some poetry that God keeps His eyes on,
With poems sung in harmony, with faith to build upon.
Yes, I feel blessed through songs I've heard that Elvis used to sing,
How Great Thou Art sure preached God's Word, with joys none else could bring.
Since God inspires poets still, we know there's more to do,
According to the Father's will that's planned for me and you.
That's why I share my poems now, with thousands, maybe more.
Still trusting in the Lord somehow, since God fills me with awe.
I edit poems and rehearse then share what truths there are,
To join God's poets writing verse and singers near and far.

Denis Martindale, for the 5th of January 2024.

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Writing On-The-Spot!

We may write a precious prayer millions here on Earth could share!
We may write a payment cheque trembling like a nervous wreck.
We may write a limerick anytime if we are quick.
We may write a short haiku, maybe even quite a few.
We may write a Country song, praying nothing will go wrong.
We may write a precious prayer millions here on Earth could share!

Denis Martindale, for the 29th of April 2024.

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Blissfully Unaware!

The first time that I saw her smile
Seemed a revelation,
And I felt captive for a while
In my meditation.
And when she laughed, my heart rate rose,
And I knew this meant love,
And yet, this fact nobody knows,
Except the Lord above.
And so I chose to close my eyes,
Accepting what I could,
Because that's how I realise,
For me, love's seldom good.
Love's never stayed in my heart long,
It drifts and leaves me cold.
Despite these feelings now so strong,
So new, but soon so old.
She had no clue the love that lived
Within this heart of mine,
As if God sent a precious gift,
Meant as my Valentine.
So even though I felt love stir,
With doubts, I turned away!
I look back on not telling her,
And now regret each day!

Denis Martindale, for the 29th of April 2024.

Denis Martindale

Through It All

Thousands of poems came through me as if I had to share,
Despite the years of poverty, God placed them in my care.
No sweetheart granted as my bride, no child to smile nearby,
Nobody left at my right side to see me laugh or cry.
I lived in houses not my own for almost fifty years.
At last today, here, home alone, while others have careers.
Without a job for forty years, I chose to persevere!
As long as God in Heaven hears, I know My God draws near!

A pensioner! Disabled, too! And lonely every day!
And life's a painful thing to view, yet I'm here, come what may!
Despite this body, now in bits, more poems I will rhyme.
So I plough on while God permits for one day at a time!
I own the house in which I live, so fewer bills exist.
To God, the money left I give as His evangelist.
So I buy Bibles now and then! New Testaments as well!
Who knows, but God, how many men His Word will save from Hell?

God's blessings granted me success, no matter what some say!
To gain God's love, that's happiness, till God calls me away!

Denis Martindale, for the 29th of April 2024.

Denis Martindale

Beauty And The Beast

Can one poor rich man,
castle and all,
get blessed in time enough?
To love and be loved?
God's miracle,
He sends from Heaven above?

For that man was still,
as yet unchanged,
unloved within his home.
Pleading God's mercy,
still estranged,
his lands no more to roam.

And what of young Belle,
that pure delight,
whose smiles shone as pure gold?
Could she save his heart,
and end his plight,
as true love's tale got told?

PoemHunter.com

She ventured into
his prized domain,
a servant, nothing more,
Not knowing there was
sweet love to gain
to thrill her to the core!

It's true, she trembled
at that first glance,
and yet by faith she knew,
If she permitted
one joyful dance,
who knows what God could do?

She gently thought best,
to match God's love,
with tenderness of heart,
And in this manner,

she rose above
all doubts to stay apart.

Such are affections,
meant to occur,
to stir the wayward's path,
Until the beast stood,
without the fur,
rejoicing with a laugh.

True love is worthy
of good report,
just like a perfect rose,
Because it transforms
Man's every thought,
so that true love then grows!

Denis Martindale, for the 22nd of April 2024.

This true love poem is about the film starring
Emma Watson, as the lovely girl named Belle.
In case you didn't know, Belle means beautiful.

Denis Martindale

The Joy Of Reading And Writing Books!

Why stand and stare when books are there, right there within your reach,
With wondrous tales beyond compare and others meant to teach?
With characters that make you smile or cause your heart to stir,
Just choose to sit down for a while to learn what may occur.

Is that a science fiction tale of Star Trek or Star Wars?
A poem by Denis Martindale? That I, of course, endorse.
Is there a cartoon now and then, perhaps a photograph?
Or film star comics way back when that always made me laugh?

You could be reading romance stuff, where each girl gets her man,
They like to meet and fall in love as if this were God's plan.
View wedding gowns to suit a bride to bless her day of days!
Or check inside a travel guide for future getaways!

The libraries are there to please! Just think of what they lend!
In libraries, where joys increase, each book can be your friend!
It's up to you from here on in! To choose to stand or stare!
Or choose a book and then begin your brand new journey there!

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale, for the 21st of April 2024.

Denis Martindale

A Declaration Of Love!

I am a famous filmstar who saw you yesterday,
And so I wondered if you are the one for whom I pray.
Was it your hair that shone so fair? Was it your winning smile?
All I could do was stand and stare, then stay there for a while.
Perhaps God chose to intervene, for what else could I do?
Beyond your beauty, things unseen, each faded out of view.
And so this piece of poetry explains the love within,
Perhaps the chance, should you agree, for our love to begin.
I thought to share some roses, dear, but knew that they fade fast,
And yet, this poem makes things clear. I pray our love may last.
And so, if true love is to start, we ought to celebrate,
You are the girl who stole my heart, so I think we should date.
Of course, the choice now falls on you. I trust these words enough.
Declaring tenderness, so true! Declaring now, my love.

Denis Martindale, for the 20th of April 2024.

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Just One Perfect Poem Can Change The World!

A beautiful young lady looked at herself in the mirror, and she appreciated that she looked so beautiful, yet that was not something that she had to work hard at. She washed and dried her face ever so gently to help maintain the condition of her beautiful skin. She was more careful concerning her eyes. She got her beauty sleep and received all its benefits accordingly. Her hair was like a cascading waterfall. She nurtured it as if it were a fragrant flower in her garden. The clothes she bought for herself were a mixture of high fashion and casual for when she returned home again.

She was, in effect, a beauty deserving of her portion of praise. Even so, not even one young gentleman had ever courted her or sent her a Saint Valentine's card or a heartfelt poem as a declaration of love. So one day, she sat down at her desk and used her computer to write herself that wonderful poem, as if some filmstar celebrity had seen her and fallen head over heels in love with her!

A DECLARATION OF LOVE!

I am a famous filmstar who saw you yesterday,
And so I wondered if you are the one for whom I pray.
Was it your hair that shone so fair? Was it your winning smile?
All I could do was stand and stare, then stay there for a while.
Perhaps God chose to intervene, for what else could I do?
Beyond your beauty, things unseen, each faded out of view.
And so this piece of poetry explains the love within,
Perhaps the chance, should you agree, for our love to begin.
I thought to share some roses, dear, but knew that they fade fast,
And yet, this poem makes things clear. I pray our love may last.
And so, if true love is to start, we ought to celebrate,
You are the girl who stole my heart, so I think we should date.
Of course, the choice now falls on you. I trust these words enough.
Declaring tenderness, so true! Declaring now, my love.

And so it was that the lady in question smiled at what she had written. She decided to continue writing her ideas more and more so that others would smile, too. Imagine what could happen then as she published her ideas on the Internet. That must be worth trying for. And that is how she was to continue in life. To contribute now and then as someone who could add something extra. A dedicated sharer of things thought precious and wonderful and as beautiful as her.

Denis Martindale, for the 20th of April 2024.

Denis Martindale

I Wish That I Could Fly!

Over the years, I watched loads of films and TV shows
And I was fascinated by the Smallville series!
I followed the superhero stories shown on TV
As I remembered reading the comic books, you see!

Superman, Batman, Wonder Woman, and The Flash!
The Justice League of America was superb!
But most of all, I was fascinated for one reason,
I wish that I could fly!

Sometimes, in my dreams, I floated and levitated,
Yet I never wanted to land or fall flat on my face,
Nor did I want to wake up, either.
But I had to get up, or I would miss all those TV shows.

But then again, I loved the Superman films!
And the falling-in-love stuff with Lois.
There was no doubt about it! He loved her so much!
She made him a better Superman, and I liked that.

But most of all, I watched Superman fly
And that brought an immediate smile to my face!
Even now, I am jealous! I am so incredibly jealous!
Because I wish, how much I wish that I could fly!

Denis Martindale, for the 19th of April 2024.

Denis Martindale

The Dream Girl!

How many dream girls live on Earth with smiles worth more gold?
Perhaps more than most men deserve, such beauty to behold!
Cascading hair, with eyes so blue to make most dreamers stare!
Transfixed, not knowing what to do! As if transformed by prayer!

But you're just another sweetheart! An angel gliding by.
As if a perfect work of art to make each young man sigh.
That great romance that finds true love beyond the rest, for sure!
Another chance that proves enough, like never found before!

Or are you just a fantasy? Dyed hair and make-up, too,
Pretending something you can't be, pretending this is you?
It matters not to guys who fall for dream girls now and then.
And yet, I guess that says it all! Men always think like men!

You could be just a dark brunette that some guys would dismiss,
One look at you, then to forget and not a girl to kiss.
I'm not like them, as I ask now, are you the girl for me,
The dream girl that God sent somehow, perhaps my destiny?

I know I can't prove worthy of the dreams within your heart!
So find some other guy to love so that true love may start!
Love's not enough unless God cares to bless us every day!
Though you're the dream girl of my prayers, a bachelor, I'll stay!

Denis Martindale, for the 19th of April 2024.

Denis Martindale

My Earnest Prayer!

My earnest prayer is not for self, for me and me alone,
But Mum and Dad, for health and wealth, as love for them has grown.
I've seen the good times and the bad, and they've both seen them, too,
And yet, they've given all they had and did what they must do.

Each sacrifice, transformed by love, for clothes and food as well,
Providing what has proved enough provides their tales to tell.
And when I, too, find jobs at last, I'll try to do my best,
To match what they've done in the past so that each one gets blessed.

Let money come, let money go, to bless our family,
In only ways that God could know to grant us harmony.
A happy home, a Paradise, right here and years from now,
My earnest prayer is most sincere for what God can allow.

And so to God, I plead my case, give us our daily bread,
Stretch out Your hand to bless this place throughout the years ahead!
Extend Your favour, joy and peace! Your loving kindness, too!
Because Your wonders never cease, I humbly pray to You!

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale, for the 19th of April 2024.

Denis Martindale

God Is Love And Love Is All

When I first saw her beauty shine, I sensed my lonely heart would pine!
As courage melted fears away, I talked to her that very day.
How could I touch her fingertips or even kiss her perfect lips?
How could I hide the love inside from one I prayed would be my bride?
Love gets accepted or refused. She smiled at me as one amused.
That day, she knew I was sincere. True love like mine was crystal clear!

No wonder that I write of her because of dreams that could occur.
It was because she married me that we could start our family!
Our children's eyes are where I find her love-filled eyes and smiles so kind.
While tenderness endures and grows, true love persists and overflows!
Surpassing all our hopes and dreams, like waterfalls surpassing streams,
Such that our friends and neighbours smile at love that goes the extra mile!

While I love her, and she loves me, we live in God-blessed harmony,
For God is love, and love is all. True love, His greatest miracle!

Denis Martindale, for the 18th of April 2024.

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale

God's Gift! New Testament, Psalms And Proverbs!

These three I've found my constant guide, as God brings these to mind,
Because they build my faith inside, and could for all Mankind.
To think, that we abide on Earth and yet God dwells above,
Amazing grace God will preserve through Christ, the King of Love.

How Great Thou Art! each angel sings, with praise eternally,
Thanks to God's Son, the King of Kings, who died for you and me!
Because God's wonders never cease, for Israel, God will fight!
In times of war and times of peace, Prayer Warriors unite!

When Christ returns to heal our lands, all sorrows to address,
It's then the Lord perfects His plans, Man's future still to bless!

Denis Martindale, for the 14th of April 2024.

This is a Gospel Book Title poem to promote Bible Study.

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

If Only I Could Write!

My word, if only I could write,
What tales this mind could tell,
Yes, I would write by day and night,
About Heaven and Hell,
About villains and heroes,
And fantasies sublime,
Of travellers across this world
And travellers through time!

My word, imagine when I write,
Composing now and then,
As I explore each new insight
That God could share with men,
About God's Psalms and sermons,
And Gospel truths divine,
And miracles for all Mankind,
And not just yours or mine!

My word, what prophecies could come
That my God would reveal,
Beyond the ones revealed to some,
That they have shared with zeal,
About kingdoms and cities
Blessed by amazing grace,
My word, if only you could see
The smile here on my face!

Denis Martindale, for the 12th of April 2024.

Denis Martindale

Amazing Grace Beyond Amazing Grace!

The risen Saviour walked on Earth despite the cruel cross,
Because through death, Christ proved His worth in everything He was.
Now was the time to meet His friends, yet Thomas wasn't there,
Because he thought that when life ends, What use is there in prayer?
Disciples told him of the Lord, yet how could he believe?
Consider Christ's blood poured and poured, so how could Jesus breathe?
To let the Rabbi live again, to walk this Earth anew?
That seemed too much for his sad brain. Poor Thomas had no clue.
The Saviour whipped and yet alive? Christ crucified as well?
How could the Saviour then survive, once going through that Hell?

So Thomas wanted perfect proof, Christ's body to be sure,
So that he knew the Gospel Truth and then to doubt no more.
Through God's amazing grace bestowed, the risen Lord appeared!
The joy of Thomas overflowed, with all his doubts now cleared!
We trust the Bible and somehow accept the Father's will,
That means we're more blessed even now! Not seeing, faithful still!
Believing in the One God sent our lost souls to reclaim!
Behold the Man! The Sinners' Friend! Trust in the Saviour's Name!
Lord Jesus is the King of Kings, the King of Calvary!
Remember this! Above all things, Christ lives for you and me!

Denis Martindale, for the 3rd of April 2024.

Shared on Revelation TV's
Voice In The Wilderness,
on the 4th of April 2024.

Denis Martindale

From Midnight To Midnight!

For some, each new day will begin as midnight takes its time.
Our chance so that lost souls we win! That makes each day sublime.
Prayer Warriors through Calvary still ask God what to do,
While others pray most earnestly and then quote Jesus, too.
Our God sees all! Our God hears all! Yes, God knows all as well.
And so He sends each miracle to save lost souls from Hell.

God never sleeps! He rules with might, as prophecy declares!
It does not matter, day or night! The Lord still answers prayers.
God harkens to each word we say, yes, even to complaints.
God's healings come when Christians pray, so harken well, God's saints.
Our Father sees the future, too, the choices people make,
Each wise and foolish thing we do, each blessing and mistake!

Yes, some are on the right course now, according to God's will,
But lost souls plod along somehow, remaining selfish still.
God knows what all His saints deserve, more than they realise.
God blesses those who stay on Earth to share what He supplies!
If you still pray most earnestly, as all Prayer Warriors do,
Be thankful still for Calvary, where Jesus died for you!

Denis Martindale, for the 10th of April 2024.

The Prayer poem got shared on Revelation TV's
Voice In The Wilderness, for the 11th of April 2024.

Denis Martindale

Perfect Love Casts Out Fear!

Whose love proves perfect but the Lord's? Whose love but His alone?
The King of Love grants us rewards much more than we should own!
Eternal life through Calvary! Eternal life for sure!
Eternal life for you and me, so who could ask for more?

Christ's Blood, the only way to save! God's gift we cannot earn!
Salvation comes to us by faith, each Bible truth to learn.
God's perfect love still casts out fear! That's His great ministry!
And more than this, He's ever near! Amazing grace to see.
How Great Thou Art! my soul declares and my heart overflows
To God who always answers prayers! Praise God, that's how faith grows!

Come near! God says, Come, closer still! Come, here, close to My Throne!
I've always loved you! Always will! My love goes on and on.
Because to Me, you're highly prized, great blessings I release,
Abide in Me, abide in Christ, so perfect love brings peace.

Denis Martindale, for the 10th of April 2024.

PoemHunter.com

The Love poem got shared on Revelation TV's
Prayer Time Live show on the 12th of April 2024.

Denis Martindale

Saint Mary's Faith!

If not for Mary's act of faith, who knows where we would be?
Agreeing to the gift God gave! Amazing grace to see.
Agreeing to the prophecies of centuries ago.
God's Son would come to grant us peace. Forgiveness to bestow!
Yes, she was there at Calvary with Christ's disciple John
And witnessed this calamity, this horror going on.
Christ suffered all these things because God meant for Him to bleed.
God's Son and hers nailed to His Cross! The Cross of Christ, indeed.

Yes, Mary witnessed destiny fulfilled before her eyes.
Psalm 22 was history. His story if Christ dies.
Passover Lamb! Christ sacrificed like John the Baptist said.
Messiah Jesus, called the Christ, must still rise from the dead!
Christ laid His life down for His friend and Mother Mary, too.
Each Easter proves it's not the end! Christ lives! For me, and you!
Amazing grace from Heaven's Throne, God's blessings to allow.
For those who trust in Christ alone. God's Royal Pardon now!

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale, for the 9th of April 2024.

Shared on Revelation TV, Prayer Time Live,
Tuesday,1pm show, the 9th of April 2024.

Denis Martindale

Christ On The Road To Emmaus!

With Christ's death in their recent past, thinking still of Jesus,
No wonder two men felt downcast walking to Emmaus!
When they met Jesus on their way, He stayed unrecognised,
When asked why they were in dismay, they spoke of Jesus Christ!
He challenged them as He explained how Jesus is God's Son,
The Passover was pre-ordained, so lost souls could get won!
The Lord must die, that they might live! Christ only must atone!
That's how the Father can forgive! Through Christ and Christ alone!
Somehow, His sermon warmed their hearts with hopes beyond compare!
Yes, that's the way the Good News starts to overcome despair!

Christ's revelation proves complete when each man understands!
They begged Him! Stay with us to eat! That's when they saw His hands!
And seeing these was their reward! The truth no man could hide!
The stranger was the risen Lord! The Saviour who once died!
Behold the man the crowd once jeered, who died upon the Cross!
Then, all at once, Christ disappeared, confirming who He was!
So the two men preached the Good News, with revelation shared,
Telling the Gentiles and the Jews that sinners could get spared!
Our Saviour must get recognised! Our treasure's not in things!
Behold the man! It's Jesus Christ! God's Son, The King of Kings!

Denis Martindale, for the 2nd of April 2024.

The expanded version of The Action Bible New Testament
has some beautiful resurrection illustrations on page 176.

Denis Martindale

Death Held Me Captive!

It was black. I felt no emotions, and I could hear nothing.
It was a dead zone and nothing more.
There were no heroes, villains, angels or demons.
It was neither hot nor cold.
I stood alone as if emptied of all hopes and dreams,
with only the loneliness of my thoughts.
Who knows how long I would remain sane
in such a lonely death experience as this?

But time, as I perceived it, had passed,
and I wondered if to pray or not.
What if I prayed and God refused me an answer?
What if God permitted me no escape?
Should I try to test God as a last resort?
Was this meant as a final test of faith?
And if getting no response, what then?
But I had to know if God was willing or not.
And so I prayed in the name Of Jesus.
Spare me, God, please be kind enough to spare me.
Let me not end like this with eternal separation,
my thoughts and nothing else.
There is no profit in my untimely death for either of us!

And all at once, the black melted to become grey
and then cleared away to become white.
Then I heard birdsong as an extra sign of hope.
Then something appeared next to my feet,
I saw a tiny plant arise and grow
to become a beautiful red rose that stood beside me!
I heard the Word of the Lord call to me,
and this was a miracle granted by God's amazing grace.
Then I heard someone singing Amazing Grace as confirmation!

I woke up on what was my deathbed.
All I could do was just to stand up and smile
despite the tears of relief that I wept.
I was alive, like never before,
with a spirit-filled testimony I could share with others.
Take it or leave it. That was their choice.

Even so, there was no denying it. Yes! I was alive!
I had returned to the land of the living!
Halleluyah! YES! Amen! Amen! And Amen!

Denis Martindale, as my Gospel poem for Easter,2024.

Denis Martindale

Are You Thinking About Thanking The Father?

Are you thinking of the Father, and of the Saviour, too,
Or tell me, would you rather, forget Christ died for you?
The Holy Spirit grants rewards and oh so many things,
Thanks to God's Son, the Lord of Lords and Christ, the King of Kings.
When miracles anoint our lives, extending life and love,
It's then some husbands and their wives first pray to God above.

The children turn up, then get fed, then blessed when they get saved,
God blesses those if Spirit-led, good-tempered, well-behaved.
Yet we are all like children here, that's why the Saviour prayed,
Our Father, yes, Christ made that clear, no wonder Christ obeyed.
To think, one day the Cross of Christ the Saviour bravely faced,
To think, one day God sacrificed the Son He once embraced.

For God so loved the world He gave, and Jesus Christ gave, too.
Let's thank God's Son who was so brave He died for me and you.

Denis Martindale, for the 26th of March 2024.

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale

Blessed Are Those Who Went To Heaven!

Blessed are those who went to Heaven and walked the streets of gold,
All those saints who got forgiven, Lord Jesus to behold,
Who listened to Christ's every word, each truth and prophecy,
Christ showed His love, so what occurred fulfilled that destiny.
Lord Jesus said they must return to share the Gospel still,
And when they share, more people learn, according to God's will.
Yet we must also take due care, discerning secrets known,
And cover well our hearts with prayer to God and God alone.
How can we trust conflicting things? Or every message brought?
We must trust in the King of Kings yet capture every thought.

False prophets fill us with regret when fools get led astray,
Man's future waits for free will yet must still unfold each day.
The Bible offers certainty to each Gentile and Jew,
Without the Bible, what are we? What hope could we cling to?
There is a crown laid up for us who long for Christ's return,
Amazing Grace in Christ Jesus that none on Earth can earn.
God's pardon grants eternal life, yes, for eternity,
That we must claim, while still alive, still found at Calvary.
A billion saints don't see the Lord nor hear His voice at all,
Yet at His Name, kneel overawed at each new miracle!

Let us praise God in precious prayers and offer strong prayers, too!
Prayer Warriors, come, cast your cares because Christ cares for you!

Denis Martindale, for the 25th of March 2024.

Denis Martindale

Three Stooges

Meerkats wake at the break of day, then stand and face the sun,
Absorbing heat that comes their way until that chore gets done.
Though cold until each one gets warm, they wait and see that through,
So that each one is in top form to do what each must do.
Their tails maintain their balance well, or else they'd fall for sure,
Instead of standing for a spell, they'd fall flat on the floor.
Though they survive when times get mean, despite their lack of height,
Some people judge the meerkats seen, as stooges at first sight.

Well, that's not fair, not fair at all, since they've their part to play,
They'll do this if they stand or fall, determined day by day.
The tiny ones run to and fro, as older ones stand guard,
Then underground they sometimes go, all worries to discard.
The warning calls change everything, so meerkats run and hide,
Returning from each hole to spring, alert, eyes opened wide.
It's teamwork that helps each survive the predators around,
Yes, teamwork helps each one to thrive despite the dangers found.

I know they look a funny lot and that they make us smile,
And yet, consider what they've got to overcome each trial.
United meerkats prove their worth wherever they may roam,
Above the ground, below the earth, they're not too far from home.
The meerkats seldom need to fight, although they've got black eyes,
Reflect that wisdom brings them might regardless of their size.
They share their love and tenderness just as they share the sun,
These are the treasures meant to bless each meerkat one by one.

Denis Martindale, for the 23rd of March 2024.

The poem's about the magnificent painting by UK
wildlife artist Stephen Gayford called Three Stooges.

Denis Martindale

Prayer Warriors, Assemble! ! !

For every single day and night, prayer warriors unite!
To pray to God with all their might, compassion and insight!
Yes, God knows well His children care, while sorrows some may bear,
And treasures every precious prayer, unique beyond compare!

There are the prayers that Mothers send! On God's love, they depend!
There are the prayers of each true friend, some others to defend!
There are the prayers of sweethearts, too, who tell God, I love You!
And every single prayer sounds new, so credit where it's due!

So share your prayer and realise that true love never dies!
When prayers assemble, watch them rise like lights before your eyes!
Prayer warriors are young and old, determined to prove bold!
Protecting Christ's sheep in the fold, each with a heart of gold!

Behold the praise reports that prove the Saviour's love can soothe,
And even sins Christ can remove thanks to the Gospel Truth!
The Holy Spirit's ministry spans all eternity,
Because Christ died on Calvary with love for you and me!

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale, for the 20th of March 2024.

Some films show superheroes getting ready for action with the phrase, Avengers, Assemble! ! ! I saw The Thundermans Return film yesterday and it had the phrase, Thundermans, Assemble! ! ! I think it is paramount that Prayer Warriors care like superheroes so I wrote this Gospel poem.

Shared on Revelation TV, Voice In The Wilderness,21st of March 2024.

Denis Martindale

The Sun, The Moon And The Stars!

One night, when the moon glowed bright,
there were voices from the distance of the Cosmos.
The stars asked of the moon, What are you in the scheme of things?
We are each known by God, and He knows our names.
You are just the moon and seemingly remain unnamed.
We are many, and yet what of you, young moon?
You remain alone, all alone. What are you in the scheme of things?

And the moon remained humble in its reply.

I am THE MOON. I am unique. I am placed precisely by the LORD.
I have a purpose in the scheme of things.
In essence, I am a servant of the King of Kings.
I shine thanks to the brightness of the sun and its God-given power.
The rest of me remains in darkness, yet I still serve.
I do my part and no more. I do not need to wander as the stars do.
I light up here and there upon the Earth right there.
Even the Earth is unnamed, as you say I am now.
Yet of us are glorious stories and precious poems written,
by the chosen sons and daughters of Man.
Sharing the revelation of our partnership,
our wisdom, might and beauty.

You know, the children who look upon us all, first upon me
and then staring at you, God's yonder stars in wonder!
So have your portion of glory while you may!
Yet here I stay! Yes, here I stay and serve!

Denis Martindale, for the 18th of March 2024.

Denis Martindale

Time Is The Only Gift You Need For Now! (Text Version)

Sometimes a poem's layout is changed from the
phrases on separate lines into paragraphs instead.
The paragraphs get changed according to displays.
So that is why the poetry may appear differently.
Here is an example of a poem shown as an image.
We can change fonts, sizes, styles and colours.
We can add fancy coloured border effects, too.
This is the beautiful Lora font in bold and italic.

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Time Is The Only Gift You Need For Now!

Be prepared to lose sleep now and then,
as some thoughts visit the mortal portal by day and by night.
Even when a poet is dreaming a pleasant dream,
each new poem waits for its chance to share itself
with a receptive heart and mind.

Can you follow the fresh thought that springs to mind,
the unbidden phrase and its meandering ways?
Can you build a structured line and verse,
and then improve above and beyond the initial ideas?
Can you switch verses around here and there,
as if dealing with a stream of consciousness,
a river of revelations, wisdom and tranquillity?

Can you challenge the world to reflect once again,
upon its agendas when they lead Mankind astray?
Can you hold on to the truth and not let it fade away?
Can you blossom as a rose in a parched land,
in the presence of godless sentiments and wishful thinking?

PoemHunter.com

Are you that beacon of light upon a dark and dreary night?
Are you the elegance of eloquence, a fountain of faithful themes,
or merely left waiting for your fateful days of declaration?
Are you like a prophet who reasons things out
and opens the glazed eyes of hapless fools?
Is wisdom dormant within you, waiting its moment,
when it springs forth suddenly like a tiger?

You are what you are right now and nothing more
until you set aside the time for revelation,
the time to be trained by scholars, scribes and poets.
Discover how they graced the centuries with their wonders,
their pearls of wisdom and their precious poems.
And then observe that they served their time,
with due consideration for the time each one seemed given.

Time is the friend of the wise but the enemy of the fool.
Time is all you have now, so treasure it while you may,
for once it departs, it is hard to come by again!

Denis Martindale, for the 18th of March 2024.

Denis Martindale

Hooray!

Hooray for eBay, what a friend! And not just in the things to send,
But discounts that came now and then, so I'm thankful once again.
How many items made me glad upon receiving what I had,
Unpacked in minutes to rejoice that I was wise to make each choice?
Comparing prices here and there, when some were bargains or just fair,
Some quite unique and hard to find, and special ones that come to mind.
No wonder that I'll spend my time, in search of items thought sublime!
eBay's for this, eBay's for that, eBay's where the action's at!

Can I count up the money saved? The times full prices had been waived?
The sellers who came to my aid, beyond the times that they got paid?
How many items have I bought, as if without a second's thought?
As without a single doubt, just praising God and paying out?
Christmas and Easter and much more, throughout the year, and that's for sure,
I'll buy from eBay and wait for delivered items at my door!
No wonder that I'll spend my time, in search of items thought sublime!
eBay's for this, eBay's for that, eBay's where the action's at!

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale, for the 17th of March 2024.

20 years ago, I started my journey on eBay.
Wow, those 20 years have gone so fast!

There are many poetry books on eBay, yet
on poemhunter we create poetry e-books
for visitors and followers to download free!

Hooray for Poemhunter and the poets, too!

Denis Martindale

Amazing Grace!

Absolution has been God's theme,
Made plain in Genesis.
And mercy granted is no dream,
Zeal comes through happiness!
In every day that God has sent,
New blessings come and go.
Granted to those who will repent,
God wants to let us know!
Reach out to Heaven's Throne above,
Accept forgiveness now!
Christ loves us as the King of Love,
Eternally! AND HOW!

Denis Martindale, for the 14th of March 2024.

This uses the first letters of the lines to spell out
the acrostic hidden message, AMAZING GRACE.
Revelation TV, Voice In The Wilderness,13/03/2024.

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Poe

Because of the poet called Poe,
I found a resource I know,
Where I can create
New artworks so great,
They really put on quite a show.

There's even a Web-Search as well,
With lots of good details to tell,
So as I sit still,
I study at will,
And all of my worries dispel.

That's why I am thankful for Poe,
And also for Leonardo,
For what they could do
For me and for you,
For every day we seek to grow.

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale, for the 13th of March 2024.

The Poe poem is about Internet resources.
This week, a Web-Search led to a photo I needed.

It's the face of the tiger that I wrote about for the
poem Portrait Of A Prince as seen on YouTube.

Try out various Internet resources, as Google's
not the only one to help us as poemhunter poets!

Denis Martindale

What Will You Praise God For?

While there are days with highs and lows, read Gospel poems shared in prose,
The Bible says that our faith shows believers blossom as the rose!
The Lord abides in such as these who daily seek the Lord to please,
To such, He offers gentle peace and miracles that never cease.

So all our sins could get addressed, His precious blood Christ must invest.
Lord Jesus was divinely blessed and overcame each tragic test.
Beyond the miracles that came and centuries that brought Christ fame,
Our prayers get spoken in His Name if we, the Gospel, still proclaim.

So I praise God who sent His Son for everything that must get done,
To save lost souls, yes, one by one, and yet, God's work had just begun.
For this, I know Christ had to leave the Holy Spirit to receive,
God's Royal Pardon to retrieve to learn what we could then achieve.

Because wherever Christ will go, God's blessings grow and grow and grow!
Yes, signs and wonders overflow, much more than we could ever know!

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Denis Martindale, for the 10th of March 2024.
Revelation TV, Voice In The Wilderness,13/03/2024.

Denis Martindale

The Kiss Of All Kisses!

The finest kiss that ever was still stands above all else,
Revealed on Wedding Days because it matches Wedding Bells.
They harmonise and resonate like angels meant to sing,
Of all the joy to celebrate what true love's kiss can bring!
Once true love blossoms like the rose, its beauty blesses friends!
It's more than poets could suppose, as true love never ends!
A daily kiss can reinforce the bonds God meant to be,
Beyond when Nature takes its course and maintains certainty.
It says I love you! Yes, I do! It says yes, you're the best!
It says each kiss will see us through! It says we're truly blessed!
It says more than great poets write or what great prophets share!
A tender kiss each day, each night, brings joy beyond compare!

Denis Martindale, for the 8th of March 2024.

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Chews Wisely!

Not every pear is appealing! Nor apple pies called sweet!
As some may send you reeling when dinner you complete!
Though you may see each tasty dish on tables there displayed,
Be careful eating rice or fish, no matter what you paid!
When there are sell-by dates on stuff that you choose to ignore,
Then you should ask, That food you love, is that worth dying for?
The tasty treats that you once bought rot your sweet tooth away!
Or break it off, and you get caught as gaps appear one day!
Take heed of things that taste so nice that you can't help but munch!
Slow down! Or else you pay the price! More than you paid for lunch!

Denis Martindale, for the 8th of March 2024.

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

The Wisdom Of The Crow!

THE WISDOM OF THE CROW!

In each of my dark shadows lurks the wisdom of the crow,
Beguiling as temptation works wherever I might go
And subtle spectres that enthral appearing in my dreams,
Concerning both the great and small for planning future schemes.
To stand as question marks to me, is this the wisest course?
Or prophecies of what could be if leading to remorse.

The shadows twist and turn each day and twist and turn each night,
And even without words to say, they still portray my plight.
As miseries and messengers for this world and the next,
Like those that God would send us, that cause us to get vexed.
Such that we ponder and we pause, like statues standing still,
Transfixed by what transgressions cause when we ignore God's will.

As if to fly, just like the crow, to evil not to good,
As if our arms stretch out and grow and won't pray as we should.
Yes, I know well, so very well, what lurks in shadows seen,
The darkness that could lead to Hell if I don't intervene.
I stand transfixed, then choose the best, the best that I can be,
And overcome and pass the test to purge the crow in me.

Denis Martindale, for the 7th of March 2024.

Denis Martindale

Hey, Just A Minute! It's Time To Sell, Innit?

The classic clock…
It said tick-tock…
Yeah, what's up, Doc?
That's not a shock…
It just don't rock…
Something to mock…
It's just a clock…
Something to hock…
And then restock…

Denis Martindale, for the 6th of March 2024.

On second thoughts...

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

* The Kindness Of The King Of Kings!

There is time for revelation when Jesus can transform,
On receiving inspiration, the heart begins to warm
And thus begins the pilgrim path, the journey of the soul.
The time to pray! The time to laugh! As kindness plays its role.
What is true faith, apart from love, for Christ, the King of Kings?
The Prince of Peace who reigns above through blessings that He brings.
Yes, Christ is loved for healing, too, and words of wisdom told,
In kindnesses, He shares with you, and more that will unfold.

For life is like a tapestry, a picture on the wall,
More blessed if blessed by Calvary, if we but hear God's call.
And even more blessed if we share the blessings we believe,
Beyond that winsome whispered prayer, forgiveness to receive.
God's angels smile as kindness grows when love is in the air,
When Christians that the Saviour knows learn brand new ways to share.
In kindness, God sent Christ to save, to teach us how to live!
For God so loved the world He gave! The King of Kings to give!

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale, for the 6th of March 2024.

Denis Martindale

You Can Look At The Gospel Of Luke!

Yes, you can look and study Luke at any time of year.
It's not a joke! It's not a fluke! God wants to make that clear.
Christmas Day reveals God's reasons to share the Saviour's name!
The Gospel truth's for all seasons, Christ's Gospel to proclaim!

Between the time before Christ's birth and then Christ's final day,
Are miracles that prove Christ's worth, our sins to take away!
And yet, there's more! Indeed, there's more! Although the Saviour died.
You see, Christ prophesied before His time when crucified!

He said that He would rise again! He said He would survive!
To be the Saviour of all men, not just to those who tithe.
Who trust their good works save their souls, no judgement day to face!
And even seek more noble goals, more blessings to take place!

Not one can rescue or redeem! It's only Christ alone!
Yes, that's the Holy Bible's theme God's preachers still make known.
Yes, that's what Luke's still getting at! Because that truth's sublime!
It's Jesus this and Jesus that! And Jesus, every time!

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale, for the 5th of March 2024.

The Gospel poem got shared on Revelation TV's
Prayer Time Live show on the 5th of March 2024.

Denis Martindale

Why Must I Force Myself To Write?

Why must I force myself to write? Is there some pressing need?
Some urgent thought for which to fight, to strive for, then succeed?
Some precious cause that shines so bright, as if a noble deed?
My bedtime comes and so Good Night! So sad I disagreed!

But conscience keeps me in my chair! It will not let me leave.
It holds me tight and shouts, STAY THERE! No wonder that I grieve.
But I have learned such times to bear, some poems to receive.
Then come the words at which I stare, this poem to achieve.

I battle on so every phrase will fit upon each line.
I know each one must yet take place until it turns out fine.
Then all at once, I can embrace the words that flow like wine.
Despite the gently yawning face that turns out to be mine.

When finally the poem ends, now comes the time to stand.
The time each poet comprehends! To go to bed as planned!

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale, for the 2nd of March 2024.

Denis Martindale

What If?

Because God's love is paramount, His miracles get sent,
Perhaps to turn a life about, if only folks repent.
And so it was, one man received more than accustomed to,
At first, he thought himself deceived and wondered what to do!

An angel gave that man advice to share God's perfect love,
Because our God in Paradise sees everything above.
The miracle began in time, a parting of the ways,
A moment God planned as sublime, but then somebody strays!

What if that man faced his mistake, a sad decision made,
A choice that anyone could make if God got disobeyed?
So God revealed the precious truth of many years before,
When that man chose to stay aloof from one he loved for sure!

He went his way, and she went hers until God lent a hand
To show that man what God prefers, to help him understand.
He could have had a family to call his very own,
He could have had a ministry that would have grown and grown.

The Holy Bible that God gave brought guidance meant to heal,
A second chance! Lost souls to save? That had much more appeal.
And so that man surrendered all! True love to comprehend!
To learn God's greatest miracle! Lord Jesus is our friend!

Denis Martindale, for the 27th of February 2024.

The Gospel poem is about the Holy Bible fantasy film What If?
starring Christian actor Kevin Sorbo showing two separate
life journeys and a second chance for true love and happiness.

Denis Martindale

Pheasant

To some, it was a future meal meant for each table plate,
To me, its beauty was the deal because it was first-rate.
The red-faced pheasant held my gaze. That's why I barely moved,
While it seemed it could pose for days, with photos then improved.
I try to do the best I can. No matter what I do.
My coloured close-ups then began for plumage brown and blue.
A mix of colours in plain sight, for pictures I could take,
With precious plumage to delight that only God could make.

The camera clicked from one to ten to capture frame-by-frame,
So I took pictures now and then before late twilight came.
The bird had black shapes on its side like none I'd ever seen,
That's why I stared, mouth opened wide, then asked, What could these mean?
Two tiny grey legs made me look and made me look once more,
Since each leg had a backward hook in likeness to a claw.
The pheasant perched upon a fence with its long tail raised high,
And that, to me, made perfect sense, with so much snow nearby.

House rooftops and tall trees looked bright, as if like pearls aglow.
The field behind was covered white, as was the fence below.
The pheasant seemed to pay no heed as Winter's chill took hold,
As long as it had time to feed. Regardless, warm or cold.
But I must soon get on my way. Hot coffee soothed my mind.
And that's why I called it a day and left the bird behind.
That bird gave all I could receive, so homeward I returned,
Since live and let live, I believe, proves best for all concerned.

Denis Martindale, for the 24th of February 2024.

The poem is about the magnificent original painting by
UK wildlife artist Stephen Gayford called Pheasant.

Denis Martindale

Christ The Redeemer

The Bible says that God made Man, and Adam was his name.
The Bible says God had a plan since love was His first aim.
While those God loved still fell from grace, God's Son gets grace restored.
Christ the Redeemer to embrace, as King and sovereign Lord.
Anointed as the King of Kings, appointed King of Love,
Whose precious name each angel sings, since His grace proves enough.
Redemption means both paid and bought, so God maintains control.
Through every deed and word and thought. His chance to bless each soul.

God's only Son can save Mankind! Behold the Cross of Christ!
That's where our sins get left behind, through what He sacrificed.
Our sins get placed upon God's Son, the Lamb of God, Jesus,
Man's faith in Him means souls get won through all He does for us.
The Bible says both rich and poor need Jesus to succeed.
The risen Lord that Thomas saw grants proof enough indeed.
Yes, sinners can get saved today when faith helps them repent,
If they, the Sinner's Prayer would pray, believing what it meant.

Reflect upon Christ's sacrifice and how we each should live.
Eternity in Paradise! What more can our God give?
Eternal life for those baptised! What more can our God do?
If we find grace through Jesus Christ, let's love to serve Him, too.

Denis Martindale, for the 23rd of February 2024.

Denis Martindale

Signs, Wonders And Miracles!

So, who is Jesus? People ask in search of Gospel truth.
Words have an impact! Choose each task to share the Bible's proof!
The Living Christ can still bestow some testimony time!
Your chance to shine because you know the King of Love's sublime!

What are the grassroots of your faith that let the Bible speak?
Behind the headlines, God can save, yes, every single week.
Be a voice in the wilderness, in places great and small,
With signs and wonders meant to bless within each miracle.

When face-to-face, and when online, in emails now and then,
Quote Jesus, who, by God's design, was sent to save all men.
When preaching with inspiration, God loves us, oh, so much!
When it's time for revelation, that's when to stay in touch!

Pilgrim's Progress makes us reflect, salvation to attain,
What exploits will our God expect once we get born again?
Growing, growing, growing in Christ, that's what Man's called to do,
As the missionaries realised and prayed that we would, too.

Each Bible Study has heroes, the action Bible tales!
Lord Jesus died, and yet He rose! Despite the Cross's nails!
When deciding your destiny, give thanks to Christ above,
The King who conquered Calvary, Jesus, the King of Love!

Denis Martindale, for the 21st of February 2024.

The Gospel poem includes the titles of
programmes shown on Revelation TV.

Denis Martindale

Edited Artificial Intelligence Chat Poem!

Of course! Here's a poem about the Bengal Tiger:

In forests deep where shadows play,
The Bengal Tiger roams its way,
A silent ghost in stripes arrayed,
In sunlit gold and midnight shade.

With eyes that gleam like burning coals,
It prowls the jungle's secret shoals,
Majestic grace in every stride,
A sovereign ruler, fierce and wide.

Through tangled vines and whispered hush,
It moves, an echo in the lush,
A primal symphony in flight,
In velvet silence of the night.

Its roar, a thunderous serenade,
A symphony of strength displayed,
The wilderness, its kingdom's vast,
The Bengal Tiger reigns steadfast.

Oh, noble beast of regal grace,
In your domain, you find your place,
A symbol of the wild and free,
Forever roaming endlessly.

So let us heed the tiger's call,
Protect its realm, lest it should fall,
For in its eyes, we see the sign,
Of nature's beauty, so pure, so fine.

: :

When I got the original Artificial Intelligence Chat poem's grammar and spelling and punctuation checked, I still had to edit some of the original lines and yet still keep the rhymes as they were.

As poets, we can study AI poetry to see the structure, the style, the rhythm. Then we can create similar lines to emulate the original content as a way to make quick advances along the learning curve poetry can offer us.

Our new poems can then be submitted to this poetry website along with a free photo.

Denis Martindale

A Most Devoted Disciple

The person lived to serve the Lord, of that there was no doubt,
And so, as not to be ignored, the signs were all about.
With a Bible by the bedside and in the living room,
Prayer Journal waiting, opened wide, for more prayers to resume!
Bank statements of the tithes once paid, donations here and there,
As further proof of laws obeyed and willingness to share.
Some praise reports, with details kept, and Easter cards received
And dreams explained in hours slept, so others, too, believed!

Yes, signs and wonders now and then to take one's breath away,
With poems written way back when on websites still each day.
With Billy Graham's sermons, too, recorded on TV,
And Christian paintings in full view for visitors to see!
Baptism books and study guides and Gospel tracts galore,
And daily proofs that God provides as if folks needed more.
Saved by the King of Calvary and what Christ sacrificed,
Devoted like a saint should be, thanks to the Cross of Christ!

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale, for the 15th of February 2024.

Denis Martindale

Christ, Our King Of Love!

When Jesus preached to great and small, He healed a multitude.
He prayed for each new miracle upon each one He viewed.
And while His fame increased much more, not every tale got told.
Disciples could not keep the score as Christ healed young and old.
The Bible shares more than enough. God proved Christ was His Son!
God showed Christ was the King of Love to save us one by one!

Beyond the sermons that Christ gave, think what the Lord bestowed.
God proved that only Christ could save as mercies overflowed.
His untold stories go beyond the parables He taught,
Of how, to some, He would respond. And what His Father thought.
Yet this we know! And hold most dear! Christ is alive today!
And let me make this crystal clear! Christ hears the prayers we pray!

Denis Martindale, for the 14th of February 2024.
The Gospel poem is for St Valentine's Day 2024.

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Poems, Prayers And Prophecies

No wonder that we go online and share our poetry,
Perhaps to bless a Valentine with wondrous words to see!

My word, what joys this gift can bring to poets young and old,
And poetesses pondering find poems to unfold.
Just like a scroll that could conceal the poem's words as yet,
Each line-by-line must soon reveal the thoughts that writers get.
From out of nowhere, themes arise, examples fit to share,
We write or type and realise this answer to our prayer!

And then comes rhythm, beat-by-beat, and rhymes that soon take place,
Until each line gets made complete, thanks to amazing grace!
And should we edit even more, we find a treasure chest,
That often thrills us to the core, to leave us as impressed.
We look back on the words that came, the ideas to and fro,
Such that we cannot stay the same because of what we know!

Denis Martindale, for the 13th of February 2024.

PoemHunter.com

Millions of poems have been created and many have
become famous Gospel hymns and songs God will
use to bless the whole world in the Name of Jesus.

Denis Martindale

The House In The Woods

I was on a school trip for the Biology class, and the Nature Trail was going well. Things changed as I had a sudden call from Nature. I separated from the class to attend to it. Finally, I followed where the teacher had been leading but saw no sign of the class. I felt a chill go through my body. I realised I had entered a brand new section of the Twilight Zone.

I backtracked along the journey I had already made. I could not figure out the exact route. I faced the facts, knowing that I was lost. Nobody heard my shouts for help. Within hours, I was thirsty and starving. Soon, I was walking in the increasing darkness. I did not dare to walk any further. I had to sleep and suffer the cold. Thankfully, it did not rain as I slept.

Once the morning sunshine had returned, I started walking again. A few more hours later, I saw the battered old house in the woods. Being extra cautious, I stayed still and kept watch. I heard someone whistling a familiar tune. I saw a man carrying some fish for his breakfast meal. Once he went inside his house, I waited a while. I hoped he would share his meal with me. I approached the house quietly. Before I could knock on the door, he stood there with a rifle, ready for anything.

PoemHunter.com

I explained what had happened to me, and then he told me to stay exactly where I stood. He closed the door and went back inside, and a few minutes later, he returned. He offered me a plate of whatever he thought would pass as food. I thanked him and began to eat my breakfast.

A few minutes later, he told me to come into the house. He told me I could use the toilet if I needed to. I didn't think I had much choice at the time. He made me some coffee and presented me with a pen and paper. He instructed me to write down everything that could help identify me. I wrote down my name, home address, school and teacher's name. I answered a few more personal questions.

When the man read the information, I hoped he would notify my family, school or the Police. Instead, he got up and pointed the gun directly at me. Then he lowered it to his side and placed it across the other side of the kitchen. He returned with a set of keys and told me he was driving me home. We both walked to the truck at the back of his house. Boy, what an old-looking wreck.

He drove along the makeshift roads until we got to a highway, then finally outside my home. The truck stopped, and the man turned to me and told me to

get out and go home. So I thanked him, and yet he said nothing. So I got out and walked to my home, my house in the city. Mum and Dad opened the front door. I was greeted with both love and relief as well.

In any case, I was just about to go inside, but I turned around to wave to the man who had helped me. It was then that he and the car disappeared before my eyes. I realised that I had met an angel. A strange angel, yes, but an angel.

Denis Martindale, for the 8th of February 2024.

Denis Martindale

The Name Of Jesus

YESHUA

Yes, You are the King of Love, the King of Kings as well,
The Holy Spirit, as a dove, came with God's love to tell.
He guided You, so You could bless and save this world from sin,
As a voice, in the wilderness, before You could begin.
You hungered, lonely 'neath the stars, and in the light of day,
You thirsted, till that thirst must pass, then You went on Your way.
God's miracles drew close to You and power stirred each crowd,
Such that, in many souls, faith grew, and many wept, heads bowed.

You wept for Lazarus, Your friend, yet raised him from the dead,
Though others thought death was the end, You gave new life instead!
And even when Your Own death came, that Cross You must endure!
Yeshua, is the highest name! Praise God for evermore!
Yeshua, You once died for me! Now bid me live for You!
Because You died on Calvary, it's the least that I can do!
Let Halleluyahs be the theme beyond each prayer I pray,
Until the time that God must deem to be Christ's Rapture Day!

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale, for the 1st of December,2023.

Denis Martindale

The Poet's Imagination!

My word, what joys this gift can bring to poets young and old,
And poetesses pondering find poems to unfold.
Just like a scroll that could conceal the poem's words as yet,
Each line-by-line must soon reveal the thoughts that writers get.
From out of nowhere, themes arise, examples fit to share,
We write or type and realise this answer to our prayer!

And then comes rhythm, beat-by-beat, and rhymes that soon take place,
Until each line gets made complete, thanks to amazing grace!
And should we edit even more, we find a treasure chest,
That often thrills us to the core, to leave us as impressed.
We look back on the words that came, the ideas to and fro,
Such that we cannot stay the same because of what we know!

No wonder that we go online and share our poetry,
Perhaps to bless a Valentine with wondrous words to see!

Denis Martindale, the 7th of February for St Valentine's Day 2024.

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale

Tender Moments

Two zebras somehow formed a bond that neither hoped to break.
Their gentle friendship went beyond what many humans make.
And wistfully, I watched for days, nostalgic for my past,
When I thought love was taking place and that such love would last.
Would these two zebras still be friends? Would friendship grow to love?
They say that true love never ends because it proves enough.
They say no other comes between to lead sweethearts astray,
To tempt, distract or intervene such times destined to stay.

Two zebras stood there face-to-face, contentment in their eyes,
Serene and peaceful, full of grace, with no need to disguise.
In contrast, I was shocked and shy when beauty stole my heart,
My cheeks went red. My mouth went dry. I felt lost from the start.
Yet those two zebras could not speak as humans on a date,
The bond they shared must seem unique to them, at any rate.
But I was prone to love and lose, to dream yet dream in vain,
And only fit to pick and choose, yet not one kiss to gain.

My time had come to leave behind the land where zebras roam,
Without the time to change my mind, I had to journey home.
No sweethearts' photos waited there, no thankful wife or child,
Yet I knew God heard every prayer, so I felt reconciled.
Perhaps my final days alone were destined to be sad,
No tender moments daily known, no child to call me Dad!
Yes, I look back on moments when I hoped to win somehow!
But those I loved wed better men! So I accept that now!

Denis Martindale, for the 3rd of February 2024.

The poem is about the magnificent wildlife painting,
Tender Moments, by the UK artist Stephen Gayford.

Denis Martindale

Barn Owl...

I saw the barn owl overhead and got my camera out,
And then I followed, as it led, as though on walkabout.
Then, thankfully, it chose to land as if it knew no fear.
I swear that barn owl had things planned to fly and disappear!
To my surprise, it found a perch and settled firmly placed,
And so, there was no need to search while this bird I still faced.
I thanked God for a clear blue sky with sunshine and no rain
And soon, I held my camera high, then clicked and clicked again!

That fluffy thing remained so still. How long could my luck last?
My heart was racing at the thrill as each new minute passed.
Then up it flew so fast I sighed. Was it still teasing me?
Or was it serving as my guide to yet more scenery?
To learn if I was still on track without the need to guess,
It turned its head and then looked back for progress to assess.
I walked once more towards that bird, my camera dangling down,
Though suddenly my hopes got stirred, I couldn't help but frown.

The beauty of that barn owl proved still worthwhile just the same,
Because it posed and hardly moved! That's why I'm glad I came!
To gaze upon its gold and white and on its brown and grey,
I'd follow it until twilight and then call it a day.
With every second now embraced, I sensed I must be quick,
I caught up with my camera raised, click-click, click-click, click-click!
My precious photos made me smile much more than I could tell.
Praise God, my photos proved worthwhile and that my day went well!

Denis Martindale, for the 31st of January 2024.

The poem is about the magnificent original painting by
UK wildlife artist Stephen Gayford called Barn Owl.

Denis Martindale

Lassie, Dear Lassie

A fragile little puppy grew into a faithful friend,
You cared for her, and she cared, too, just as God would intend.
And all the doggy sounds she spoke had meanings all their own,
She smiled each time you told a joke, though others there might groan.
And there were twinkles in her eyes, like beacons bringing hope,
To comfort those who voiced their sighs was how she helped them cope.
And when she laid down by your feet, you knew she was content,
As evening came, the day complete, then off to sleep she went.
Fit as a fiddle, yes, indeed, first up at break of day,
Then, with the family, to feed, with sunshine on its way.
Throughout the years that Lassie lived, the family was glad,
Then God took home His precious gift, the best dog they once had.
Their faithful friend had done her part, as God knew that she would
Because she had a noble heart and did the best she could.

Denis Martindale, for the 30th of January 2024.

Lassie, the Hollywood star and yet so much more...

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Towards The Twilight Zone!

I remember the time that I visited Wales with my brother
when we wandered the local area together.
The sunshine faded quickly, and then twilight fell.
We had to head back to where we were staying.
Thankfully, we had not wandered miles away
that we could have forgotten the way home.

But a short while later,
the time took us beyond the fading twilight.
We had to walk in the darkness,
and the street lights were few and far between.
Then we heard strange and unnerving sounds above us.
Were these sounds from birds or bats?
It was typical that thoughts of vampires came to mind.

Home is where the heart is,
so we kept walking until we arrived safely.
I told the people there about how odd the sounds were.
They smiled but said nothing more about it
because we were teenagers and city folk
who knew nothing about country living.
Though I am now living in England,
I remember it all decades later.

Even so, in the last few years,
my neighbour's house was visited by bats.
One morning, I heard strange sounds outside.
I investigated and saw the bats flying above me.
They were swooping around between our houses
and then entering the neighbour's attic.
Fortunately, my neighbours were aware of the visitors.
Eventually, the bats went somewhere else.
So that's something to be thankful for!

Denis Martindale, for the 28th of January 2024.

Denis Martindale

As Steadfast As A Lighthouse!

It was indeed a long time ago,
Determined men chose to break their backs,
To build that yonder lighthouse,
To provide safety in the storms
And to lead the way home to port,
To safe harbour once again,
To help mariners home to their loved ones,
To the little ones still praying,
To the warm fires still burning,
And to the cooked meals prepared in faith,
To the comfort of their sofas and chairs,
To the removal of cold clothes,
To the warmth of waiting beds,
To the dreams instead of nightmares,
To life instead of death.

So do not look at that lighthouse
And only see a lighthouse,
Nor touch its old cemented stones
And only touch cold stones
Nor gaze up towards the beacon of light
And only see that bold, bright light,
For you are looking at the difference
Between mortal success and failure,
Between joyful smiles and solemn stares,
Between prayers answered and those dismissed,
And even more.

If those mariners return not to their wives, then what?
No more children will be born, then what?
No more wages to support those loved ones, then what?
The cost of a funeral here and there
To destroy all the money saved over the years?
So I plead with you, a century after being built,
Give honour to those who kept their vigil
And served in the lighthouse to help Mankind,
As they sacrificed their waking hours for others.
Yes, for others not known by name yet still cherished,
Yes, cherished all the same throughout the years.

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Beyond this sun, this moon and stars,
Our God looks down below,
All-knowing and all-seeing evermore,
Yet He did not build the lighthouse
But let others create position and stance,
Amid the golden sunlight as by day
And the silver moonlight as by night,
Perchance to prevent the unthinkable,
The horrors of the storms unfolding,
The screams of fearful men at sea,
The cargo still at risk below,
Perhaps the Captain going down with his ship,
As his last act of duty upon this Earth.

While men endure the storms at sea,
The lighthouse fails them not,
Nor does it move itself to cower,
Nor pretend it cannot see the sea,
Nor can it run to them with a mighty hand
To lift them from their plight,
It only offers light and nothing more,
Yet that is the light they need
When the sun and moon and stars
Have no more to show the way,
And if not for the lighthouse
Would those men have travelled so?
To risk their all for wages week-by-week,
Or fish the sea for food for others to eat?
The lighthouse grants them courage
To persevere and endure all things,
Savage, wild, untamed, and so severe.
So do not only see a lighthouse,
For it is so much more!

Denis Martindale.

Here is an edited version of the initial
poetry written on the 23rd of October,2013.
I updated it on the 26th of January,2024.

Denis Martindale

As Steadfast As A Lighthouse...

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Determined men chose to break their backs,
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Nor does it move itself to cower,
Nor pretend it cannot see the sea,
Nor can it run to them with a mighty hand
To lift them from their plight,
It only offers light and nothing more,
Yet that is the light they need
When the sun and moon and stars
Have no more to show the way,
And if not for the lighthouse
Would those men have travelled so?
To risk their all for wages week-by-week,
Or fish the sea for food for others to eat?
The lighthouse grants them courage
To persevere and endure all things,
Savage, wild, untamed, and so severe.
So do not only see a lighthouse,
For it is so much more!

Denis Martindale.

Here is an edited version of the initial
poetry written on the 23rd of October,2013.
I updated it on the 26th of January,2024.

Denis Martindale

Snow Gentian

How delicate some flowers are, as fragile as could be,
Just like this one, this sweet blue star, a true delight to see.
The kind that makes you stop and stare and study while you can,
The kind that melts away each care, as if that seemed God's plan.
Yes, colours have a special power that complements design,
By adding beauty to each flower, regardless, yours or mine.
Yet there is wildlife Man protects, conserving here and there,
Endangered species Man selects to grant these extra care.

Though Man disrupts the countryside and skims from west to east,
And at results he's often sighed, repentantly at least.
Enough! he stubbornly admits. It's time to think again!
And rips his former plans to bits enough to act right then.
The flowers haven't got a clue, the creatures pay no heed,
No flowers fear what Man could do, no creatures sense the need.
Mankind acts wise or plays the fool, the choice is his to make,
Our children learn the facts in school not just for wisdom's sake.

Ecology makes all things new, it makes the deserts bloom,
Yes, that's how all the flowers grew, there's no need to presume.
But Man must curb his selfishness so species co-exist,
Because he knows that God will bless what rules he must enlist.
God made all things, both great and small, the fragile and the strong,
With each design a miracle, each purposed to belong.
How delicate some flowers are, as fragile as could be,
Just like this one, this sweet blue star, a true delight to see.

Denis Martindale, for the 19th of January 2024.

The poem is about the magnificent nature painting by the
UK wildlife artist Stephen Gayford called Snow Gentian.
Google shows results that give extra details about flowers
to reveal some are protected by law so they may survive.

Denis Martindale

Crocus

A tiny flower caught my eye upon my nature trail,
A fragile thing that made me sigh because it looked so pale.
It made me think if it would live beyond that afternoon,
Perhaps a drink that I could give would help revive it soon.
From my cool flask some water poured and sank beneath the ground,
I hoped that flower got restored and prospered safe and sound.
I made my way along the trail while birdsong filled the air,
Such that their praises could not fail to stir my heart right there.

I saw a badger on the way, and creatures rarely seen,
And all at once I chose to pray, my thoughts to intervene.
I gave thanks for the sky above and all the scenery,
And for this forest that I love which means so much to me.
For here I met a girl so nice, her smile shone like the sun,
I was as if in Paradise before our walk was done.
And though we parted I still search for her each time I walk,
As if my heart still has the urge, the hope that we can talk.

So many things to say and yet, what best words should I speak?
Is love the thirst each heart can get, that special one to seek?
A crocus can live on its own without a single friend,
Yet Man hates spending life alone, on that you can depend.
Sunshine can warm the flesh of Man, yet Man needs more than this,
And so I must do what I can beyond initial bliss.
Thank God I know the lady's name, thank God that she knows mine,
When we next meet I will exclaim, Please be my Valentine.

Denis Martindale, for the 19th of January 2024.

The poem is about the magnificent nature painting
of UK wildlife artist Stephen Gayford called Crocus.

Denis Martindale

Why Don't They Pray?

It's somewhat sad and somewhat strange
To hear some say GOD KNOWS!
And yet through doubts they seldom change
Despite their highs and lows.
Most of the time God sees the range
Of triumphs, tests and woes,
And asks, Why don't they pray?

It's somewhat odd when evil's near
With some folks ill-at-ease,
Aware of things that bring them fear
As if they'll never cease.
And yet the God some scoff and jeer,
Who's willing to bring peace,
Then asks, Why don't they pray?

It's somewhat hard to understand
Why prayer should get ignored,
When God improves on what they've planned
For them to get restored.
When healings He gives out by hand,
Why is it that our Lord
Still asks, Why don't they pray?

Denis Martindale, for the 18th of January 2024.

The Prayer poem got shared on Revelation TV's
Prayer Time Live show on the 23rd of January 2024.

Denis Martindale

What On Earth Is Happening?

Is this God's time to start again? When God must shout, "ENOUGH! "?
When God sees Mankind as insane, such that some spurn His love?
When rich men dominate the poor as governments grow worse?
And every person has some flaw when each life bears a curse?
And what about the wars God sees? The loathsome killing spree?
The misery of casualties? The awesome tragedy?
And Nature damaged at Man's hands and bombs hid out of sight?
And what about the Devil's plans? Who's safe by day or night?
When God sees Mankind as insane, such that some spurn His love,
Is this God's time to start again? When God must shout, "ENOUGH! "?

Denis Martindale, for the 16th of January 2024.

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

The Story Of The Boy, The Android And The Holograms

A boy had lived alone for almost all his life. He had never been hugged or kissed. He stayed in the home he was born in. An android companion was so damaged it could not speak. It provided food from the stores and the boy ate whatever he could get. The boy had never learned to speak correctly and had no vocabulary skills at all. Words were seen upon the walls but he could not understand them or what their meanings were.

One day, the android discovered an extra room and forced open its entrance. The room lights switched on and flickered wildly at first. The automatic hologram display appeared and the android stared in wonder. The boy was led by the hand to watch the hologram. The boy saw the first representation of a human being. Time passed and the male hologram character revealed the family he had and how they communicated with each other. The boy absorbed the information until the time he realised where boys and girls came from. He learned that they grow up and change into adults.

Decades passed by and the android was still operating on full power. The boy was now a man. He had become the loneliest man in the world. The last man on the planet Earth. He would eventually become the last man to die on the planet Earth. He could speak the same language as the hologram did but there was no other human being to talk to. Not one female had survived the Omega War. In time, he ventured out of the home and explored near and far. Beyond the city streets, even along to the lake, the place that changed his life…

Denis Martindale, for the 15th of January 2024.

Denis Martindale

Getting Into The Writing Zone!

Getting into the writing zone could be a piece of cake!
Computer on! Now quite alone! No need to take a break!
Just choose the font! Select the size! With bold text coloured black!
The time has come to realise what gets me back on track!

I type away and check each word and edit here and there,
Discovering what has occurred, then taking extra care.
Still heading on, in search of rhyme, more ideas to express!
Because through all such extra time come phrases meant to bless.

My final verse has come so fast, and what a joy to see!
When my last line has come, at last, I visit Grammarly!
I know that I must change some stuff while keeping what I meant.
I hope and pray I do enough to make me feel content!

All the lines get copied quickly. I exit, and I save.
I share my brand new poetry as soon as I feel brave!
Who knows what other people think? Who knows if good or bad?
Here is the website poem link! I gave it all I had!

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale, for the 14th of January 2024.

This is not the first draft version.
I changed the poem based on
some grammar, spelling and
punctuation editing suggestions.

Getting into the writing zone is easy.
It is the getting out that is hard.

Denis Martindale

Great Expectations!

Why should we restrict ourselves
to the limitations of personal feelings
and how to share these,
as if anybody cares about us as much as we do?
Even when we write for ourselves alone
that does not mean we go over the top
when we fall in love or out of love.
We are explorers in search of answers
and even better answers.
Being in a numbed state
and not even knowing how we feel
is merely temporary.
So we can write about it later
rather than now,
perhaps with insight based on hindsight.

Few of us get motivated when we are in perfect peace
or out of our minds with worry.
Writers focus on each thought that turns up.
We write what we can based on each moment.
We twist and turn a diamond
and see its changing facets sparkling one at a time
rather than all at once.
So what you see is not what I see,
even if I should stand right next to you.
A poem could appear if we split the created phrases
to get these placed here and there onto separate lines.
We can create new verses of rhyming poetry
or use modern prose conversations for our readers.
We may only please ourselves with such results,
yet we all need to start somewhere.

We may experience setbacks or give up writing for a while,
but what if we return with better skills than before?
Poetry sure helps a lot of people.
Think about the poems that become songs and hymns of praise.
Yes, each of us has such a lot to be thankful for!
If merely expanding on the legacies of writers and poets,
why not continue to make the effort,

put the work in, and aim towards a measure of success?
Think about it.
Great expectations spur us on!
They always have. They always will.

Denis Martindale, for the 7th of January 2024.

Denis Martindale

Have You The Wit To Be God's Conduit?

If you can sing, I'm Blessed! I'm Blessed!
Perhaps it's time to do your best!
Share money from your treasure chest,
So God will smile on you, impressed.
Have you the prayer that you could share
What God has done for you?
A Royal Pardon meant to bless
So God's Son guides you through?

God's love can surely see to it
That you serve as a conduit.
A channel of His peace on Earth,
A chance to prove that you have worth.
Is there a stirring in your soul
And in your spirit, too?
A yearning in your heart and mind
Still praying what to do?

I'll pray for you that you succeed,
Providing for someone in need.
Perhaps from home one day to search,
Or for someone you meet in Church.
Some fathers or some mothers God forgave,
Some sisters or some brothers Christ could save.
A channel of His peace on Earth,
A chance to prove that they have worth.

God's love can surely see to it
That each serves as a conduit.

Denis Martindale, for the 7th of January 2024.

Denis Martindale

The Scriptures In Pictures

My first Bible cost two-and-six.
And how long ago that was.
My Bible had some coloured pics.
But not one that showed the Cross!
The decades passed until I bought
A New Testament as well.
A comic book, well done, I thought.
With some precious tales to tell!
Later still, I'm so glad to see,
There's The Action Bible, too.
With precious pictures and scenery,
So there's even more to view!
I'd like to get a hundred more,
And the Gospel still to share,
So other folks could then explore
Every revelation there!

Denis Martindale, for the 20th of December 2023.
The poem got updated on the 10th of January 2024.

The Gospel poem got shared on Revelation TV's
Prayer Time Live on Tuesday, the 16th of January 2024.
The Prayer show included a reference to the healing book,
Avenues Of Healing which I wrote a Gospel poem about.

Denis Martindale

Avenues Of Healing By Thomas Renfro

While there are homes and streets and towns, God sees the great and small,
He sees their smiles, their tears, their frowns, then grants each miracle.
And that's why saints are praying still, the Saviour's love to claim,
According to the Father's will, their prayers to Heaven aim.
With His avenues of healing, comes perfect timing, too,
Revelation thus revealing each miracle for you.

Denis Martindale, for the 4th of January 2024.

CBN testimony video of Thomas Renfro's
healing miracle shared on Revelation TV's
Voice In The Wilderness show this morning.

The front cover of the recommended healing book
was shown on Revelation TV's Prayer Time Live
shared on Tuesday, the 16th of January 2024.

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Distance Requires Persistence

Before the years of sickness spread,
Before the years of awesome dread,
Before the years at home instead,
I kept my distance then.
Before the years at school to stay,
Before the years I worked each day,
Before the years I learned to pray,
I kept my distance then.

I used to have my hopes and dreams,
And as a poet, I wrote reams,
But life itself had its own schemes,
To keep me still apart.
A sudden change of mood took hold,
A sudden surge of love grew cold,
And here I stand, hair grey and old,
Without love in my heart.

And yet towards the end of life,
Avoiding love, avoiding strife,
I live alone without a wife,
Like some unmarried men.
And yet in dreams some girls appear,
Ah, yes, in dreams, some girls draw near,
Yet when I wake, my heart stays clear,
Like some unmarried men.

So, pardon me, if distanced now,
Alone to pay my bills somehow,
Though distanced, here's my solemn vow,
Alone until life's end.
Though poverty has kept me poor,
And always in the need for more,
It's now I learn the final score,
That God's my only friend.

Denis Martindale, for the 28th of December,2023.

Denis Martindale

Billy Graham's Perfect Prayer!

One man once prayed the perfect prayer. I heard his prayer myself.
Outstanding, quite beyond compare. Yet not for wealth or health.
For such as these will come and go, depending on the Lord.
That wise man had the sense to know these barely brought reward.
For Solomon, whose wisdom grew, all vanities caused shame.
Though Solomon learned what to do beyond confessing blame.
Composing proverbs was his way to reach his fellow man.
Lord Jesus knew what He should pray because God had a plan.
And so I heard the perfect prayer one sunny day in June.
That preacher man made me aware that Christ is coming soon.
And all at once, my heartbeat raced as I wrote those words down.
To love His coming proves well-placed. Each saint will wear a crown!

A crown for me? From Jesus Christ? That took my breath away!
From Christ? Whom Pilate sacrificed? I knew not what to say.
And so my prayers began to change beyond such prophecies.
That God Himself would soon arrange I meet the Prince of Peace!
No matter if I live or die. Christ's Rapture Day draws near.
Though centuries have all flown by, now Israel makes things clear.
God's Temple changes everything, as prophecies explain.
Yet I still pray to meet the King when Christ must come again.
Beyond the signs and wonders shown. Beyond salvation's theme.
I yearn to talk to Christ alone and not just in some dream.
But man-to-man. Yes, friend-to-friend. Because of Calvary.
That is the prayer that I intend because Christ died for me!

Denis Martindale, for the 2nd of January 2024.

The poem got shared on Revelation TV's
Voice In The Wilderness prayer show on
Thursday the 25th of January 2024.

Denis Martindale

From Twenty-Three To Twenty-Four

My word! The New Year came at last.
Thank God! The Old Year vanished fast.
I paid for bills that rose and rose.
What happens now? God only knows.
Why would I want to get dismayed?
And so I pray that bills get paid.
So here I am in twenty-four,
In search of discounts more and more.
Some charities have proved first rate.
Lord, bless me so I can donate.
To lend a hand is my intent
Beyond some fleeting sentiment.
Beyond resistance not to give.
Through my persistence, others live.

Denis Martindale, for the 3rd of January 2024.

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Secret Identity...

When Superboy was just a kid, he kept his secret well,
Except for super things he did, yet so few he could tell.
He had his own identity, yet had another, too.
Though Christians know of Calvary, tell me, what should they do?

Are you a Christian no-one knows, a voice that no-one hears?
A Christian who just comes and goes in secret through the years?
Though at times we pray in secret, the Lord still blesses us,
Yet think of all the sad regret if we won't share Jesus!

Denis Martindale, for the 10th of November 2023.

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

The Doctor's Companion Called Sarah Jane Smith

When Sarah joined the Doctor's team,
She didn't have a clue
That sometimes she would scream and scream,
For what else could she do?
She played the damsel in distress,
Each time she went through Hell,
Yet when she smiled, she came to bless
My tender heart so well.
The Doctor always did his all
To bravely save the day,
Yet her smile was the miracle
That took my breath away.
And even now, with decades gone,
I saw her face once more,
Her smile and beauty still live on
To thrill me to the core…

Denis Martindale, for the 30th of December 2023.

PoemHunter.com

Thanks to the BBC's video archives, we can
see the Doctor Who episodes and the poem
is based upon seeing beautiful pictures of
Elisabeth Sladen as Sarah Jane Smith.

Denis Martindale

G.R.E.E.N.E.R.Y.

Getting angry at the cost
Regarding vines and weeds!
Extending branches, borders crossed!
Exploring chances? Which succeeds?
No way I'm paying every year,
Expecting next time there's no hitch,
Removing rubbish till it's clear?
You must think that I'm filthy rich!

Denis Martindale, for the 20th of December,2023.

I'm writing this after recently paying out a flipping fortune
to get the garden looking like a garden instead of a jungle.

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Today's World, Today's England!

Behold the children still in school. Resigned to doing well.
Beyond the challenge of each rule. Determined to excel.
Yes, there are tests that each must face, examinations, too,
Each child could bless the human race in future things they do.
Yes, good news waits beyond the haste of each man's busy day,
Though many tasks get highly praised, the hours speed away.
When knowledge far exceeds the mind of every mortal man,
Machines now thinking for Mankind, each transferred task to plan.

Behold the changing tide of Man toward great unity,
Beyond what all the demons plan toward great tragedy.
For there are saints behind the scenes, knees bent in fervent prayers,
Each intercedes and intervenes because each truly cares.
Though markets rise and markets fall, investments getting sought,
The Lord still grants each miracle without a second's thought.
Yes, there are healings now and then, with prophecies fulfilled,
Across the world, revealed to men, with holy faith instilled.

Yes, there are heroes on this Earth, on England's precious soil,
Who bravely prove themselves of worth, regardless of their toil.
Yes, even soldiers on parade, with medals here and there,
Remembrance by them duly paid, to keep Mankind aware.
For there were those who paid the cost in solemn sacrifice,
Yes, to the point their lives were lost before peace could arise.
Look well upon each graveyard scene in every country still.
Praise God when Man's prayers intervene according to God's will.

Until the day of Christ's return, which no man yet reveals,
Disciples pray each day to learn the Saviour's love still heals.
The truth is out there, even now, as England can proclaim,
In England's Churches, saints still bow and praise the Saviour's Name.
Prayer warriors, both young and old, restrain Man's mad extremes,
Prayer warriors, both strong and bold, defy the devil's dreams.
Without the faith of such as these, this world would come to nought,
Each serves God's Son. The Prince of Peace. Think well upon that thought.

Denis Martindale, for the 16th of December,2023.

Denis Martindale

From Christmas Day To Rapture Day!

How many days must separate these great days of the Lord,
Though all our days we celebrate amazing grace outpoured?

And while it's true we're born again, as each of us discerns,
How many years must yet remain until God's Son returns?

God grants a crown for those who wait and pray for Rapture Day,
Though none of us yet know that date, for Israel we still pray.

Lord Jesus must fulfil God's plan. Amen. God's will be done.
So pray for Israel while you can, until God sends His Son.

For Christians have been grafted in, to all that Israel is,
So that our souls the Lord could win, to gain eternal bliss.

Denis Martindale, for the 12th of December 2023.

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

You're Someone Who's Somewhat Special

Did you know you're somewhat special?
Has that occurred to you?
As if a shining miracle,
Because of all you do?
A beacon glowing on a hill,
A star for all to see.
On meeting you, I get a thrill.
Perhaps that's only me?
I feel warmer and not colder,
Each time that you draw near,
With your hand upon my shoulder,
When you whisper in my ear.
Perhaps true love has come at last!
Oh, my! My heart's sure beating fast!

Denis Martindale, for the 8th of December 2023.

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Wired To Be Inspired!

The human heart and human mind are partners in life's aims,
Sometimes together they prove kind, sometimes they're playing games.
That's why the poets sit and write in their Creative Zone,
To bring us every great insight that none before has known.
A revelation now and then to change the way we think,
It's just like getting born again and thus saved from the brink.
Who knows how many poets share God's great and guiding hand
Through each new poem, song or prayer that helps us understand?

How Great Thou Art! Amazing Grace! What wondrous words they bring!
No wonder smiles come to each face as these great songs we sing.
The Creative Zone has no age ban once God says to begin,
A child can write just like a man when God's love lives within,
That's why school teachers educate and preachers share God's Word,
So that new poets celebrate what inspiration stirred.
To write until the battle's won, each line and verse sublime,
That's how each poem should get done, each time we take the time.

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale, for the 7th of December 2023.

Denis Martindale

Love Me, Love My Dog!

A dog can be a faithful friend, not just a wagging tail,
A dog on which you can depend, whose love will never fail.
A dog can make you smile again, at first with puppy eyes,
A dog is something you can train because it really tries.

A man can serve God night and day, yet not always show love,
A man can trust God and obey, until he's had enough.
A man can choose no more to pray, as if no more the same,
A man can sigh, then walk away, and live a life of shame.

Yet God will show His love for Man and for each dog as well,
Yet God will always have a plan to save each man from Hell.
Yet God is patient and He waits, salvation in each hand,
Yes, God is One who celebrates each time we understand.

So be a man and turn to Christ, receive amazing grace,
The King of Love once sacrificed to save the Human Race.
No man should live without the Lord, or all the love He sends,
And blessed are Christians in accord as God's forever friends.

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale, for the 7th of December 2023.

Denis Martindale

Love And Heartache

I was taken to a painful place, when all love in me died,
And there I stood, with solemn face, with my mouth opened wide.
To think, that things had come to this, a misery indeed,
To see all goodness come amiss, upon which demons feed.
But I endured, despite my loss, I still breathed in and out,
Yes, I survived my callous cross, to overcome each doubt.
Father, Mother, Brother, too, each heart was borne away,
And now, my own death comes in view, though I prefer to stay.
And should death come to end my strife, on this, my Mother Earth,
God knows my legacy of life and how it's meant to serve.
So even heartaches can't resist, the faith I hold somehow,
The faith of an evangelist, the faith that helps me now.
And should my little heart stop dead, this faith will tell me so,
That greater things still lay ahead, when I, to Heaven, go.

Denis Martindale, for the 4th of December 2023.

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

It's A Wonderful Love!

It's love that makes the world go round, four seasons through each year,
In wondrous ways, meant to astound, so Christmas could appear.
Reminding us, God isn't far, if we, in Him, delight,
We sometimes see a shooting star, and smile at this new sight.
Behold God's power, shown above, beyond sun, moon and stars,
Because it's a wonderful love that made each come to pass.
Positioned each in its own space, and from then on to shine,
So that God's plans were set in place to prove Himself divine.

It's love that leads to sweet romance, another heart to win,
It's love each person understands that overcomes our sin.
True love, that's what the heart hopes for, the best way to get blessed,
A love that thrills us to the core, far greater than the rest.
That's why God sent the King of Love, to take our sins away,
Who grants amazing grace enough, to hear us when we pray.
Life is important! Yes, indeed, once Christ's love sets us free!
It's a wonderful life we lead, once saved through Calvary!

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale, for the 5th of December 2023.

The poem is based on the Christmas film,
It's A Wonderful Life and Gordon Pettie's
Gospel booklet called Life Is Important.

Denis Martindale

Sometimes It's So Hard To Say, I Love You!

I remember the time I fell in love.
We sat there side by side.
My heart felt as light as a feather.
I looked at the side of your face and at your hair.
I listened as you spoke softly to me.
You had no idea that I had just fallen for you.
That evening I went home and wrote a love poem.
I declared my love in every single line.
I showed you the poem the following day.
We chatted for some time later that evening.
I thought that all was going well.
Not so, as the next day you crushed my hopes and my dreams.
I tried to speak, yet every word was dragged from my heart.
And now, decades later, I only have that poem,
To remind me of how just how much I have lost.
Yes, Beauty Is Upon You is that love poem,
And is still the poignant poem that it ever was.
Even so, how powerfully it reminds me of you,
And the children that we could have had,
But never had at all.

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale, for the 6th of December 2023.

Denis Martindale

The Time That God Said, No!

The scientist, whose name was Trevor,
Was very, very, very clever!
The Time Machine that he invented
Was very much by God resented,
Despite that man's endeavour!

So God decided on that day
When Trevor thought he'd go away,
To send down angels to that man,
Advising that he changed his plan!
Right now! Without delay!

The Time Machine he took apart,
Even though that broke his heart.
To honour what that man had done,
God blessed him with a wife and son,
Which he'd prayed for from the start…

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale, for the 6th of December 2023.

Denis Martindale

E.O.P.

Extraordinary person? Yes! He really blew my mind!
He thought of new ways he could bless this world and all Mankind.
He saved up money day by day, yet not amassing wealth,
Because he gave some cash away, not thinking of himself.
He chose to bless some charities with cash and gifts as well,
Perhaps that's why God gave increase to buy what others sell.

He bought new Bibles by the score, and saved cash every time,
And then he'd get a hundred more. That's what I call sublime.
A thousand later soon arrived, in boxes now and then,
In doing this, his faith revived, as if ten out of ten.
I've never met a guy like this, who did the things he could,
Extraordinary love was his… So all he did was good.

Denis Martindale, for the 22nd of November 2023.

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

From Suspicion To Serenity...

As I looked around, it seemed
that I felt suspicious of everything.
As if life on Earth had been stunned
and gloom was everywhere.

There I stood,
trying to regain and restore
my share of refreshment,
by opening my heart once again with hope.

I had tried,
but up to then, I had found nothing,
so I was still suspicious
and the gloom was all about me as before.

My feet felt as if they had got stuck in stone,
so I was stopped from passing further along.
I glanced at something I saw. It was a bright light.
Then I noticed the wonderful fragrance of flowers.

Both experiences quickly renewed my heart,
and in so doing, they refreshed my mind with serenity.

Denis Martindale, for the 23rd of November,2023.

Based on a quora topic, here is an edition version:
It's a reminder of Jesus and His resurrection and
the precise time just before Jesus left the Tomb.

Denis Martindale

Talk About Amazing Grace

There was a truly precious girl called Grace and in her Baptist Church she was nicknamed as Amazing Grace. On learning her family was going on holiday to Spain, she prayed about foreign languages. That night, she had a dream with one of her teachers talking to her. Suddenly, the lady started speaking in tongues and Grace stopped her and asked, with a sense of urgency, What did you say? What did you say? Grace woke up still saying those words, and then she prayed.

At breakfast, her Dad told her a word of knowledge from the Lord. Before going on holiday, God wants Grace to get baptised. Next Thursday is Immerse Day! Grace smiled and looked forward to Thursday!

At school, she met the teacher in her dream who told Grace she had a dream about Grace speaking in tongues. Grace invited her to her baptism and the teacher agreed. Immediately following the baptism, Grace arose from the water and spoke in tongues. Suddenly as one voice, many in the congregation spoke these words, What did you say?

Grace's teacher told Grace later, God has got great things planned for you! Grace praised the Lord and then asked, What about you? Has God got great things planned for you?

As believers, that's a question we should ask ourselves, too.

Denis Martindale, for the 17th of November 2023.

The Gospel story got shared on Revelation TV's Prayer Time Live, on the 17th of November 2023.

This short story is a follow-up to the Tree of Life show earlier today that helped to explain speaking in tongues!

Denis Martindale

God's Provision Is In Your Mission...

God wants to bless His servants here, while they serve on this Earth,
And God's provision will appear, if your mission has worth.
And while a tithe is God's reward for blessings shown elsewhere,
Pray to the Father, for the Lord will harken to your prayer.
Prayer is the power, thanks to Christ, the founder of our faith,
Because His life was sacrificed, amazing grace to save!

Why pray with common pleas for things when God wants so much more?
Think first about the King of Kings and what the Lord died for.
Jewish lives matter! That's a fact, yet Gentile lives as well.
That's why the Saviour had to act to save lost souls from Hell.
God wants to bless His servants here before Christ's Rapture Day,
And God's provision will appear, if we trust and obey!

Denis Martindale, for the 16th of November,2023.

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

First Things First! Keep Kingdom Minded!

There are many hearts still broken
With secret thoughts unspoken.
Each mask is just a token
Of sorrows and despairs...

There are many hearts still aching,
As some live lives still faking.
With all advice forsaking,
Through sorrows and their cares...

Yes, even children praying,
At home or even straying.
Blessed Christians keep relaying
All that the Saviour shares:

Help others when they suffer!
Father, Mother, sister, brother!
Help others to recover!
Encourage one another!

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale, for the 10th of November 2023.

The Encourage One Another! poem got shared
on Revelation TV's R-Mornings show, part 1, on
the 15th of November 2023, yet with a poem title
based on the topic of the day about Christians
keeping Kingdom minded.

Poem: First Things First! Keep Kingdom Minded!

Denis Martindale

A Double Blessing!

Whenever we pray, it helps to remember that
PTL stands for PRAISE THE LORD and yet
PTL stands for PRAYER TIME LIVE as well.
So it's beautiful to see that the programme
we can watch on Revelation TV includes both
PRAYER AND PRAISE in the NAME OF JESUS!

Denis Martindale, for the 15th of November 2023.

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Without The Bible What Are We?

Christ grants us hope and certainty because He paid the cost.
Without the Bible what are we? Without God's Word we're lost.
Christ said, You must be born again! So I help others grow.
I buy more Bibles now and then, to share with those I know.
Without the Bible what are they? God's Word can set them free.
So I buy Bibles and I pray because of Calvary.

Denis Martindale, for the 22nd of November 2023.

The Gospel Bible poem got shared on Revelation TV's
Prayer Time Live show on the 22nd of November 2023.
The poem shares the story of Bible distributors such as
Brother Andrew's story in the book God's Smuggler.

Nowadays, we can get thousands of Holy Bibles and
New Testaments and Christian study books from the
various websites offering bulk order discounts, too.

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

You Talking To Me! ?

The solitary meerkat stood, alone for none to see,
But then, within his neighbourhood, another came to be.
The second meerkat made its way across the dusty land,
Then all at once, it chose to say what meerkats understand.
The solitary meerkat stared, as if with disbelief,
As nothing on this Earth compared with new friends to receive.
And so these two became close friends, each with a winsome smile,
And every day before it ends, they rest in peace a while.

Contentment is a wondrous gift, as it grants harmony,
It gives each heart and mind a lift beyond serenity,
A mellow state that's borne of bliss, and friendships thought divine,
And truly something each would miss, if it's not yours and mine.
And that's the reason I explore what Nature can provide,
To go with camera, out on tour, to search both far and wide.
To take a snapshot now and then, beyond the scenery,
When I see friendships once again in wildlife near to me.

Sometimes, through families I find, as if a group or clan,
Come memories that spring to mind, of benefit to Man,
That stir within my loneliness, to ask why I'm alone,
Can I find, too, someone to bless, someone to call my own?
Or must I stay the silent guy, no compliments to speak?
I'm not alone in asking why, I know I'm not unique.
It's surely not too hard a task to meet somebody grand!
Two happy meerkats made me ask, what has the Lord got planned?

Denis Martindale, for the 19th of November 2023.

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
of UK wildlife artist Stephen Gayford that shows
a solitary meerkat taken aback when he hears a
brand new meerkat voice that could completely
end his loneliness in that bleak and dusty land...

Denis Martindale

Sixty Seconds Of Silence!

Our sixty seconds of silence are tributes one by one,
To pause and grant remembrance for what had to be done.
To meditate on times of hate, that's such a grievous task,
This sombre state, upon this date, is that too hard to ask?
I only know that poppies show a token of our love,
Perhaps recalling some we know who pray with God above.
For such as these who brought us peace, we pray upon this day,
That precious peace may yet increase. Amen, Lord, help us pray!

Denis Martindale, for the 11th of November 2023.

The Gospel poem got shared on Revelation TV's
Church Without Walls show on the 11th of November 2023.
This day is the Remembrance Sunday time of silence when
millions respect the sacrifices of so many across the decades.

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Encourage One Another...

There are many hearts still broken
With secret thoughts unspoken.
Each mask is just a token
Of sorrows and despairs...

There are many hearts still aching,
As some live lives still faking.
With all advice forsaking,
Through sorrows and their cares...

Yes, even children praying,
At home or even straying.
Blessed Christians keep relaying
All that the Saviour shares:

Help others when they suffer!
Father, Mother, sister, brother!
Help others to recover!
Encourage one another!

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale, for the 10th of November 2023.

The Gospel poem got shared on Revelation TV's
R-Mornings, part 1, on the 15th of November 2023,
yet with a poem title based on the topic of the day
about Christians keeping Kingdom minded. See
poem: First Things First! Keep Kingdom Minded!

Denis Martindale

The Essence Of Human Creativity!

The human condition of which people speak
Is thought of as common yet this is unique:
A time spent with Jesus thanks to Gospel tracts,
A time spent with teachers with figures and facts.

Then come Christian writers of songs and of hymns,
Who often delight us as saints or pilgrims.
Then come Christian painters, inventors and more,
Who often acquaint us with blessings galore.

Each saint is a portal as each questions why
Mankind is now mortal and destined to die.
Yet from all Man's pleasures which God has bestowed,
Are spirit-filled treasures Lord Jesus then showed.

Today Man has ventured to follow such leads
And serves as a shepherd in all that proceeds.
Man then designs software that then imitates
God's blessings that we share that Man celebrates.

From programs and websites more writings get found,
Quotations and soundbites and thoughts that astound.
God's wisdom and knowledge and joys borne of love,
Show Jesus is our bridge to Heaven above!

Denis Martindale, for the 22nd of October 2023.

This is a Gospel poem answering a question on Quora.

What about the essence of human creativity in a world
that includes the creativity of Artificial Intelligence?

(It is based on collecting what the Internet has provided,
and still provides, as more human creativity gets shared.)

Denis Martindale

At The Touch Of Love

At the touch of love,
A poet may arise,
When he looks so starry-eyed,
With twinkling in his eyes.

Winsome sighs get heard,
As he breathes in and out,
When he looks so starry-eyed,
Yet here's the start, no doubt.

Behold him smiling,
All happy like a clown,
When he looks so starry-eyed,
Until love lets him down.

Poems then get penned,
First glad, but then quite sad,
When no longer starry-eyed,
As if he has been had!

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale, for the 21st of October 2023.

The poem was written in answer
to a question on Quora asking,
Can it be true that at the touch of love
everyone becomes a poet?

Denis Martindale

Leopard Lookout

The leopard lingered there and then surveying land below,
Before he slinkered off again to where he chose to go.
No other creatures could he see as he looked left and right,
And no wonder he felt lonely, no leopardess in sight.
He laid his head above his paws and stared straight at the sky,
Oblivious to God, of course, or else he'd ask God why.
He'd ask the questions young folks pray when lonely seeking love,
But he could only walk away, and leave his thoughts above.

He wandered down the mountain slope, toward the pool he saw,
Devoid of joy, devoid of hope, no reason to explore.
But all at once he saw her there, his dreamed-for mate for life,
Just like a man whose answered prayer provided him a wife.
If all went well, true happiness, if not, more empty days,
All he could do was stare and guess, and yet love her always.
Some creatures know this sense of awe, this inward reverence,
While others see this as a flaw as if it makes no sense.

The leopard strode into the pool, the leopardess looked round,
She stayed a while and played it cool, and didn't make a sound.
The moment that their eyes had met, it was like time stood still,
That feeling neither would forget, it had a certain thrill.
Perhaps it took a miracle for both of them to meet,
As love flowed like a waterfall to make their lives complete.
I envy them their share of bliss, their share of answered prayer,
I simply can't help stating this, I'm glad I saw them there.

Denis Martindale, the 2nd of October 2023.

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
entitled as Leopard Lookout by UK wildlife artist
Stephen Gayford. It's more special to me as only
300 prints got sold in 2014. This is the first time
I've seen the picture to be able to write about it.

Denis Martindale

Part One And Part Two

The Bible says the world began when God decided so,
That proves to us God had a plan that Man was yet to know.
Part one, of course, was just the start, part two must wait its turn,
Part one, the beating of Man's heart, part two, the time to learn.
One Man alone? What could he do? Was that the day Man prayed?
Alone he didn't have a clue! Perhaps he felt dismayed...
God looked at Adam then made Eve, the rest is history,
God knew the devil would deceive, yet planned for Calvary.

We learn that Christ alone somehow must prove Himself God's Son,
And we can read the Bible now and see what Christ has done.
Part two is thus our second chance, salvation on the line,
The Lord's Prayer helps each soul advance, yes, even yours and mine.
A billion souls believe in Christ, the Saviour of Mankind,
Or are there more than realised, and still more souls to find?
When Christmas comes, all gifts received pale in comparison,
Once God's salvation gets believed and new life has begun...

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale, the 1st of October 2023.

Denis Martindale

How Long, Lord, How Long?

God sees the great, God sees the small, Jerusalem as well,
Yet freewill is God's miracle, choose Heaven or choose Hell.
God set the choices in each heart, then each makes up his mind,
Adam and Eve were just the start, the parents of Mankind.
Yet God has made a promised land and sealed it for all time,
And yet more blessings have been planned, so many, each sublime.
Yes, God presides upon His Throne, in righteousness above,
But there are curses God has shown, on those who hate His love.

I pity those who turned aside, still distanced from God's grace,
Rejecting Christ when crucified to save the Human Race.
That's why I pray, though I may grieve, for mercies still to fall,
As latter rain, when we believe, according to God's call.
Jerusalem, Jerusalem, we pray for better days,
Just as we pray for all of them who will not give God praise.
Can we forgive what has been done? Or sorrows yet to be?
We can if we still serve God's Son Who died on Calvary...

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale, the 9th of October 2023.

The Gospel poem got shared on Revelation TV's
R-Mornings, part 2, on the 19th of October 2023.

Denis Martindale

Values!

Vanity can lead you astray, like sudden mists at dawn,
And sorrows can lead you away, such that you moan and mourn.
Love is the key, faith helps you pray, despite the devil's scorn,
Use wisdom so that you obey, God's rose without a thorn.
Esteem God's values every day, choose not to feel forlorn,
Strive for God's favour, come what may, so blessings can get born!

Denis Martindale, for the 19th of October,2023.

This acrostic poem shares the spiritual values that God values most.

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

The Kindness Of The King Of Kings...

What greater kindness could be known, or shared by God above,
Than that of sending from Christ's Throne, our precious King of Love?

So that God's one and only Son, be blessed in Mary's womb,
So that the Father's will be done, from birth until Christ's tomb?

But now we learn the Bible's truth, God raised Christ from the dead,
Although Christ died as but a youth, upon a cross stained red!

Eternal life God has bestowed on faithful saints on Earth,
Eternal love has overflowed, though not one soul has worth.

But kindness pardons all our sins, we're saved though once were lost,
Behold eternal life begins because Christ paid the cost!

Denis Martindale, for the 18th of October,2023.

PoemHunter.com

The Gospel poem got shared on Revelation TV's
Prayer Time Live show on the 20th of October 2023.

Denis Martindale

The Anointing Of Amazing Grace!

Gladness and sorrow, hand-in-hand, like coins that have two sides,
Beyond what God had foremost planned, since each of these abides.
Yet Christ has conquered sin and death and lives for evermore,
The Cross was not His final breath, death not the final door!

God places power in our prayers because of Calvary,
Anointing us because Christ cares for all eternity.
Anointing through the King of Love, Good Shepherd, Lord and Friend,
Amazing Grace Christ calls enough beyond our own life's end!

Gladness and sorrow, hand-in-hand, and this God's Spirit knows,
Yet God's anointing has been planned, thus daily overflows.
Together stronger, prayers unite, empowered by Christ's Name,
If we stay children of the light, Christ's Gospel to proclaim!

So pray for Gentiles and for Jews, not just Jerusalem,
Christ's Rapture Day the Lord must choose, when Jesus comes for them.
Departing from His Holy Throne, the whole world then to learn,
The promises the saints have known! Our Saviour will return!

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale, for the 11th of October,2023.

Here is a Gospel poem with verses that can be sung to the
well-known hymn tune of O God, Our Help In Ages Past!

The Gospel hymn poem got shared on Revelation TV's
Prayer Time Live show on the 12th of October 2023.

Denis Martindale

Appointed To Be Anointed!

There is a certain God-sent time, appointed by the Lord,
A Prime Day that God calls sublime, meant for our sweet reward.
Anointing oil meant to flow, with signs and wonders, too,
Especially for those who know, both Gentile and for Jew.

And who among the saints on Earth deserves such blessings sent?
Yet God observes our future worth and every saint's intent.
From grace to grace, from strength to strength, for now and evermore,
Rewards and crowns to come at length, by faith, we can be sure.

Appointed to be anointed! God's Royal Priesthood shown!
So that God's saints get Spirit-led, by God upon His Throne!

Denis Martindale, the 10th of October 2023.

The Gospel poem got shared on Revelation TV's
Prayer Time Live show on the 10th of October 2023.
The poem promotes the Voice In The Wilderness show
as it includes the anointing with oil in the Name of Jesus.

Denis Martindale

Voice In The Wilderness!

You're welcome to our little show, discussing what we can,
To see the Holy Spirit flow according to God's plan.
To see the answers to our prayers, for husbands and for wives,
Because we know our Saviour cares what happens in our lives.
We pray for children to be blessed, if they trust Jesus, too,
So their concerns will get addressed, just as they may for you.
If you tune in, what will you pray? What will God's answer be?
Perhaps you'll find out, if you stay! So why not wait and see! ?

Denis Martindale, the 4th of October 2023.

The Gospel poem got shared on Revelation TV's
late night show Voice In The Wilderness which
is worth phoning or emailing, watching and
recording and checking if the channel has any
repeats, otherwise, check online video archives.

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Happy Birthday, Indeed!

The little girl known as Amazing Grace
became a Christian on this very day,
United Nations Day, the year before,
thanks to her parents attending the
Grace Baptist Church. They named their
baby girl as Grace because they were so
blessed there.

When Grace returned from school, she was
greeted at home by Mum and Dad as they
sang Happy Birthday to her. She stood
amazed as her birthday was April the 11th.
So her parents told her that she got born again
a year ago. This was a new birthday tradition
they would celebrate for years.

Do you remember your born again birthday?
Some do, some don't. Who knows if the
angels of Heaven sing Happy Birthday just for
you? As we approach the new Christmas Day,
we can thank God that Halloween is well and
truly over and that the Gospel of Jesus Christ
can be sung by God's angels and little girls
like Amazing Grace...

Denis Martindale, for the 24th of October,2023.

The Gospel parable got shared on Revelation TV's
Prayer Time Live show on the 24th of October 2023.

This United Nations Day parable is a continuation
of the parable 'THE STORY OF AMAZING GRACE! '
when a little Christian girl called Grace preaches
the Gospel Message of Easter.

This got shared on Revelation TV's Prayer Time Live
on the 3rd of October 2023.

Denis Martindale

Denis Martindale Poet Information

Here is some of my poetry information...

Denis Martindale is a poet who was born in 1952 and has gained recognition for his extensive collection of poems. He has contributed over 3,400 poems to the popular poetry website, PoemHunter. Martindale's presence on the platform showcases his dedication to sharing his poetic creations with a wider audience.

In addition to PoemHunter, Martindale actively participates on the question-and-answer platform Quora. On this platform, he not only shares his poetry but also provides poetic answers to various questions. This unique approach allows him to demonstrate his poetic skills while engaging with the community.

One notable aspect of Martindale's work is his collaboration with UK wildlife artist Stephen Gayford. Martindale promotes Gayford's paintings and prints through his poetry, often writing poems inspired by the titles of these artworks. This collaboration showcases Martindale's ability to draw inspiration from visual art and translate it into poetic form.

Martindale's poetry extends beyond online platforms as well. He has written hundreds of Christian Gospel poems that have been shared on Revelation TV's live programs. These poems serve not only as artistic expressions but also as a means to promote future programmes on the channel. By incorporating his poetry into the programming, Martindale helps generate interest and anticipation among viewers.

Furthermore, Martindale actively engages in distributing Holy Bibles and New Testaments. He recommends various Internet sellers that offer Christian buyers discount deals, encouraging them to purchase and distribute these religious texts at Christian meetings and Crusades. This commitment to spreading the message of Christianity through both poetry and physical distribution demonstrates Martindale's dedication to his faith.

In conclusion, Denis Martindale is a prolific poet who has made a significant impact in the world of poetry through his extensive collection of over 3,400 poems on PoemHunter. His active participation on Quora allows him to share his poetic answers while engaging with the community. Martindale's collaboration with wildlife artist Stephen Gayford showcases his ability to draw inspiration from visual art. Additionally, his Christian Gospel poems shared on Revelation TV's live programmes and his distribution of Holy Bibles and New Testaments highlight his

commitment to promoting Christianity.

Denis Martindale, the 2nd of October 2023.

Denis Martindale

Finding Your Romeo Or Juliet...

Respect the times to reminisce, remember and recall,
Experience that perfect bliss when true love says it all.
That Romeo or Juliet who proved more than a friend,
Love started on the day you met, so you would comprehend.
Was it a winning smile you saw, and acts of kindness, too?
Was it the wish for even more that stirred inside of you?

Was it the way you both took time delaying when to part?
Was it the prayer that seemed sublime that blossomed in your heart?
Was it the time for happiness to call your very own?
Or loneliness that made you guess, through hours spent alone?
I know the times I've loved and lost, not once, but fifty more,
I've been compelled to count the cost if God I should ignore.

The King of Love, who reigns above, knows every heart's intent!
Good luck to those who find true love that's truly Heaven-sent!
That Romeo or Juliet could mean the world to you,
But I suggest you don't forget what God wants you to do!

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale, the 30th of June 2023.

Gospel poem about the Impact show on Revelation TV on
the 1st of July 2023, entitled Finding Your Romeo or Juliet.

Denis Martindale

The Story Of Amazing Grace!

Grace was a precious little girl, nicknamed as Amazing Grace.
One Sunday, she listened to the Minister preaching about Easter.
One thief requested of Jesus, Remember me when You come into Your Kingdom!
Jesus replied, Today, you will be with Me in Paradise!
The Minister asked the congregation, What's missing from this conversation?
The congregation pondered, yet couldn't give him an answer.
Don't all rush at once! joked the Minister.
Suddenly, Grace stood up and carried her chair and put it next to the Minister.
She stood on the chair, looked straight at him, and said, Thank you.
He asked her, Grace, why are you thanking me?
She said, I'm not, but that's the missing part. The thief didn't say, Thank You, Lord!

Then she faced the congregation, He was in so much pain he could barely think.
Perhaps he only had the strength to think the words, Thank You, Lord!
But we're not being crucified, we're not in agony, we've got no excuse!
We're saved, and granted eternal life, and on our way to Heaven to meet Jesus!
Why can't we say the missing part? THANK YOU, LORD!
She got off the chair and carried it back to where she was sitting before.
A silence fell for a little while, then, suddenly, the congregation began to stand up!
The Church was filled with praises for Jesus, the King of Calvary!
THANK YOU, LORD! THANK YOU, LORD! THANK YOU, LORD!
No wonder that this little Christian girl is called Amazing Grace...

Denis Martindale,27th of September 2023.

The Gospel story got shared on Revelation TV's
Prayer Time Live on the 3rd of October 2023,
thanks to presenter Nikki Mills who shared her
thoughts about giving thanks and having an
Attitude Of Gratitude for what God has done,
and what Jesus has done for us, and the ministry
of the Holy Spirit in believers' lives.

Denis Martindale

Power Evangelism!

What once began at Pentecost still happens day by day,
For with compassion for the lost disciples start to pray.
If healing proves a present need, then choose wise words to say,
And lay on hands and intercede, then see God have His way.

What once began, when Peter taught, with wisdom to enthrall,
Meant that the crowd was deep in thought at God's great miracle.
Some spoke in tongues and stared amazed when God blessed great and small,
No wonder that the people praised the Saviour, one and all.

Amazing Grace, How Great Thou Art, are two hymns I would choose,
Reminding us God can impart the love none should refuse.
According to the Father's will for Gentiles and for Jews,
For miracles continue still, unfolding more Good News.

Denis Martindale, the 10th of July 2023.

PoemHunter.com

The Gospel poem got shared on Revelation TV's
Prayer Time Live show, on the 10th of July 2023.

Revelation TV: (UK Sky 581, Freesat 692, Freeview 281) ,
or Smart TVs and the Internet Firestick and ROKU boxes.

It helps to record live TV shows and repeats on
UK Sky 581 or check Revelation TV's website for
WATCH LIVE shows and Catchup TV services.

Denis Martindale

Look Sharp!

My brother sometimes wore a suit, like my Dad used to do,
And both of them looked quite astute, sometimes I wore one, too.
Yet many years have come and gone, and as I rarely roam,
There's not one suit that I still own that suits me while at home.

Yet I still pray and I still preach, and write about the Lord,
He never wore a suit to teach, yet He was still adored.
I buy my stuff on eBay, without one suit in mind,
And yet I'm asking here today if some suit I should find.

A fancy shirt, a fancy tie, a gold watch and a ring,
A jet black pair of shoes to try, more parcels home to bring.
Would Jesus recognise the change? Or bid me humble be?
Would neighbours look at me quite strange all dressed up making tea?

Lord, must I really dress up glam? In search of more and more?
I think I'll stay the way I am, donating to the poor.

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale, the 12th of July 2023.

Denis Martindale

As Pretty As A Princess!

She has the face that's bound to bless, a smile that casts out fears,
The kind of girl meant to caress, yes, every time she nears.
A kiss upon her left cheek, a kiss upon the right,
Because she's special, quite unique, in fact, she's out of sight.
If I could be her special one, what wonders would we share?
I simply state, when words are done, she's the answer to my prayer.

I could describe her hair of gold, her figure and her form,
As if such treasures to behold, and far beyond the norm.
Ten out of ten, that's not enough, she's more than that to me,
These are the thoughts of one in love, who thanks God constantly.
If I could be her special one, what wonders would we share?
I simply state, when words are done, she's the answer to my prayer.

Denis Martindale,26th of September 2023.

This was an answer to a query on QUORA.
How can I write a poem for someone special
if I don't know how to write poems myself?

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Broadcasting Christ Continued

Good against evil, that was the plan, a righteous cause, indeed,
To reach out to our fellow man, to pray and intercede,
Beyond the bad news now and then, in faith, proclaim Good News,
Quote Jesus, 'You must be born again! ' to Gentiles and to Jews.

Amazing grace comes from God's Throne, that's what we share on Earth,
Amazing grace in Christ alone and more than we deserve,
'The Bible says...' are words we know, we've heard them preached before,
Though generations come and go, God's truths we can't ignore.

And though the labourers are few, prayer warriors know we've cared,
Broadcasting Christ, that's what we do, with signs and wonders shared.
And long may this continue, Lord, regardless, come what may,
To serve the Saviour we've adored, until God's Rapture Day!

Denis Martindale,21st of September 2023.

PoemHunter.com

The thanksgiving poem got shared on Revelation TV's
Church Without Walls on the 24th of September 2023.

The Gospel poem is about 20 years of Revelation TV
described in Gordon Pettie's book Broadcasting Christ.
Hence this poem's title Broadcasting Christ Continued.

Denis Martindale

Carry On Laughing!

Carry on laughing when you dust, yet not too much as if you've fussed,
But do enough and only just, so others won't be so nonplussed!

Carry on laughing now and then, with belly laughs just like some men,
As long as you've been born again and God recalls those moments when!

Carry on laughing, citizen! If you write jokes, pick up your pen!
Don't laugh at jokes beyond your ken, but at the ones ten out of ten!

Carry on laughing when you must, yes, even if you're fit to bust,
As long as in the Lord you trust, and pray on things that you've discussed!

Denis Martindale, the 6th of September 2023.

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

The Greatest Gift Is Salvation!

The greatest gift is salvation, yes, greater than them all,
Far beyond Man's celebration of any miracle.
To heal a man of some disease is not God's first intent,
But rather granting perfect peace, that's why God's Son was sent.
The Saviour called the Lamb of God became sins' sacrifice,
Christ shed His precious sinless Blood bestowing Paradise.
That's what He promised to a thief who showed Him great respect,
And now to all who show belief, once mercy takes effect.
That's why God's preachers travel far to share to young and old,
Listen, no matter who you are, to the greatest story ever told!

Denis Martindale, the 5th of July 2023.

The Gospel poem got shared on Revelation TV's
Prayer Time Live show on the 6th of July 2023.

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Our Ministries And Legacies!

The first version of the Gospel song How Great Thou Art wasn't the final version that singers like Elvis have sung for us. It took time to create the final version we know today. I imagine God leading the other poets to add extra lines so that the completed version could reach millions many years later. I had to wonder if other poets would be born who would add more verses to any of my poems.

I deliberately write in the style of common metre hymns that have the 8-6-8-6 syllables pattern. So maybe hymn writers would develop what I wrote in my lifetime. Maybe new hymn tunes would be written for such versions yet to be written. Maybe I should pray about that as well.

I guess, it's a bit of a sermon idea, in that what we begin can be edited later, just as God is editing us throughout our lives, and even the children we bring into this world. How many poems and hymns got written just because of one Holy Bible verse that inspired something extra in the hearts and minds of certain readers?

When I considered all these things, I closed my eyes in wonder at the future possibilities that would unfold. And who knows how many signs and wonders and mighty miracles were yet to be? Somehow such thoughts refreshed me. Our lives aren't the end of our ministries and legacies here on Earth. God will see to that…

Denis Martindale, the 3rd of July 2023.

Denis Martindale

Harken To The Prayers Of A Princess!

I heard the prayers of a Princess one bright and sunny day,
Each time she asked the Lord to bless with hopeful words to say,
Reminding God about His Word, His promises as well,
And by her prayers, my faith got stirred, with all doubts to dispel.
For how could God say no at all, when beauty intercedes?
Or say no to a miracle, as she outlines her needs?
Or turn away petitions made for others that she knows?
Ignoring words this saint has prayed, as her faith daily grows?
No wonder that I say, AMEN, AMEN, AND AMEN, too,
Recalling beauty now and then, for good works still to do.
God's glory shines across the globe in Christian smiles and prayers,
When Christian saints express their hope, because they know God cares!

Denis Martindale, the 1st of August 2023.

The Prayer poem got shared on Revelation TV's
Prayer Time Live on the 2nd of August 2023 and is
about 'Princess' Nikki Mills when she's on the show.

Revelation TV: (UK Sky 581, Freesat 692, Freeview 281) ,
or Smart TVs and the Internet Firestick and ROKU boxes.

It helps to record live TV shows and repeats on
UK Sky 581 or check Revelation TV's website for
WATCH LIVE shows and Catch-up TV services.

Denis Martindale

Happy Birthday To You!

When God observes His saints on Earth, He knows how time flies by,
Yet every single year has worth, if good things saints will try.

God bless your love for Jesus Christ, God bless you with His power,
God knows all things you've sacrificed, He's near to you each hour.

You stayed the course, you ran the race, your faith shines bright as gold,
That's why you sing Amazing Grace, its treasures to behold.

When it's your birthday time again, God's blessings fall on you,
A certain boldness now and then, a certain patience, too.

And more so when you've tried your best, stayed faithful when you pray,
It's then the Lord gets so impressed and smiles on your birthday!

Denis Martindale, the 3rd of August 2023.

PoemHunter.com

The Happy Birthday poem got shared on Revelation TV's
R-Mornings, part 1, on the 3rd of August 2023 and is for
Lesley Conder's birthday and Revelation TV viewers, too.

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Denis Martindale

The Choices Of The Chosen!

If you can face each brand new dawn,
No matter hot or cold,
And praise the Lord that you were born,
God's wonders to behold,
If you can walk that extra mile,
No matter high or low,
With all concerns to reconcile,
As onward still you go,
If you can laugh, with jokes to share,
And memorise each word,
With parables beyond compare
Whenever overheard,
If you can share and sacrifice,
When even double-crossed,
As if you aim for Paradise,
Regardless of the cost,
If you can pray and intercede,
Like no-one else before,
For strangers who express the need,
New answers to explore,
These are the values God will bless,
So great things can get done,
Then God will say with happiness,
You proved you are My Son!

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale, the 20th of July 2023.

The Gospel poem got shared on Revelation TV's
Prayer Time Live show on the 20th of July 2023.

The Gospel poem is about the Jesus TV series, The Chosen.
The Gospel poem imitates the phrasing of the poem IF...

Revelation TV: (UK Sky 581, Freesat 692, Freeview 281) ,
or Smart TVs and the Internet Firestick and ROKU boxes.

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Denis Martindale

Tender Saviour! Grant Us Favour!

To think, the Father sent His Son, to dwell among Mankind,
The will of God by Mary done, no greater girl to find.
She held Christ in her arms real close, then sang her lullabies,
With Joseph warned about Christ's foes, not taken by surprise.
Then Jesus growing wiser still, a student of God's Word,
With prophecies He must fulfil, so that men's hearts get stirred.
Thus children came to hear Christ speak the parables we know,
While even more would come to seek the wisdom that would flow.

To some, He brought His tender love, not one seemed to deserve,
Forgiveness from God's Throne above, for sinners here on Earth.
And great compassion, so divine, enough to make men weep,
With miracles that proved God's sign, He raised the dead from sleep.
Tender Saviour, and risen Lord, appearing to His friends,
To grant them faith to preach assured that God's love never ends!
Show mercy to Your friends today, with healing in Your wings,
And harken to the prayers we pray, Good Shepherd, King of Kings!

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale, the 6th of July 2023.

This Jesus poem's for Sylvia Balogun who made an excellent
video for the excellent Gospel song called Tender Saviour.
It was kindly shared on Revelation TV's Prayer Time Live.
Praise the Lord! Well done! Keep up the good work!

The Jesus poem got shared on Revelation TV's
Prayer Time Live show on the 7th of July 2023.

Denis Martindale

Nine Months Are Almost Over!

This month must end and soon depart, the next must wait its turn,
Then God grants three more months to start, the Gospel still to learn.
For even now, this very year, some still don't know the Lord,
Despite the fact they seem sincere, God's love remains ignored.
Some go to school, or go to work, while some, of course, stay home,
Some scoff at God, and even smirk, so far from God to roam.
Yet God stays patient, for a while, with Christmas still in mind,
Perhaps it's then that God will smile, if some, salvation find.

The labourers are few indeed the Cross of Christ to share,
Yet faith will help each one succeed, through fasting and through prayer.
To preach to each, that's quite a task, to share God's precious Son,
And yet, at times, we're bound to ask, what's left that could be done?
A word of knowledge or a dream? A vision clear as day?
Prophetic words that seem extreme? What wise words should we say?
I sigh at both the young and old dismissing God above!
The greatest story ever told! Jesus, the King of Love!

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale, the 30th of September 2023.

The Six Months poem got shared on Revelation TV's
Prayer Time Live show on the 22nd of June 2023.
This is the end of September version of that poem.

Revelation TV: (UK Sky 581, Freesat 692, Freeview 281) ,
or Smart TVs and the Internet Firestick and ROKU boxes.

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Denis Martindale

Saving The Lost At Any Cost!

Recall the Garden of Eden,
Where sacrifice began,
With God's laws not agreed upon
Once Man dismissed that plan.
When blood flowed from an innocent,
Thus pointing to God's Son,
Who from His Throne was Heaven-sent
So something could be done.
Recall the day the Saviour died,
The day Christ paid the cost,
The day when scourged and crucified,
Yet killed to save the lost.
When daylight turned to darkest night!
And then an earthquake came!
That was the day Man gained insight
To why Christ suffered shame.
Yet now, God's light shines on the wise,
On Christians, near and far,
Who see this world with brand new eyes,
No matter where they are.
God's light proves stronger than the rest!
God's Spirit leads the way!
God's Throne, that's where we must get blessed!
So pray! Yes! Pray! Pray! Pray!

Denis Martindale, the 18th of July 2023.

The Gospel poem got shared on Revelation TV's
Prayer Time Live show on the 19th of July 2023.

The title is the poster slogan for the Daniel Chand
Tent Revival Crusade which was explained in the
Tuesday evening Face To Face Gospel show.

Search Google for tentrevival and walkinglikejesus.

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or Smart TVs and the Internet Firestick and ROKU boxes.

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Denis Martindale

Respect The Times!

Respect the times we're living in, for soon they must depart,
With Man at ease to live in sin, as if he thinks he's smart.
With conscience dead, or fast asleep, yet with a beating heart,
Not dwelling on God's laws to keep to sing How Great Thou Art!

Respect the times we're set to lose, with some folks acting fools,
As if without the right to choose what children learn in schools.
Men fight with fury and compete until their hot blood cools,
And drug addicts haunt the high street, despite Man's need for rules!

Respect the times we're bound to face until the Rapture Day,
Not left behind to bear disgrace, like prodigals who stray.
A brave new world looks set to trap, what better time to pray?
God's prophecies provide our map, until we're called away!

Denis Martindale, the 6th of July 2023.

PoemHunter.com

The Gospel poem got shared on Revelation TV's
Prayer Time Live show on the 6th of July 2023.

Denis Martindale

Prayer Is The Highway To Heaven!

Perhaps some Christians dream and pray, and preach for all they're worth,
Perhaps God hears them night and day, and knows they, too, can serve.
When revelation's seen and heard, it kind of changes things,
Ask any saint who loves God's Word and Christ, the King of Kings.

Disciples tried to stay awake as Jesus agonised,
Yet even flesh must take a break, as recognised by Christ.
To pray for good things, now and then, seems what most tend to do,
Yet God knows Christians born again who keep God's Throne in view.

No greater love on Earth was shown to take Man's sins away,
Christ felt such shame no man has known, before or since that day.
Prayer warriors think of the lost, and mourn for such a loss,
To think, Lord Jesus paid the cost, right there upon His Cross.

Denis Martindale, the 27th of June 2023.

PoemHunter.com

The Gospel poem got shared on Revelation TV's
Prayer Time Live show, on the 27th of June 2023
after presenter Nikki Mills' Gospel message about
the Garden of Gethsemane and the Cross of Christ.

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Denis Martindale

Positioned For Purpose!

Forgiveness must not get ignored through Christ, the King of Love,
Behold the blessings of the Lord, God's wisdom from above.
Since the holiness of Jesus took all your sins away,
Focus on His faith and purpose, prepared for just that day!
An angel strengthened Jesus Christ that very night before,
Lord Jesus must get sacrificed to grant grace more and more.

Yes, Jesus must get crucified, as prophecies decreed,
To prove Jesus is on your side, the risen Lord, indeed.
Yet what of you, this very day, and what's left of this year?
Are you positioned just to pray until Christ must appear?
Remember Christ and Calvary! 'Your will and not my will.'
Saints, do you have a destiny, a purpose to fulfil?

Denis Martindale, the 23rd of June 2023.

The Gospel poem got shared on Revelation TV's
Prayer Time Live show on the 23rd of June 2023.

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Denis Martindale

Love Is My Portion!

I preach that love is my portion, my song, my dance and prayer,
By faith, I chose without caution, my Saviour's love to share!

Who else on this Earth could bless me more than God's Son could do?
And thus, as His brother, address me, as if I were brand new?

There are sweet hymns still meant to sing, and poems still to write,
For Jesus Christ is now my King, my love and my delight!

Trust in God's revelation, count it worth more than gold!
The greatest inspiration! The greatest story ever told!

Denis Martindale, the 12th of July 2023.

The Gospel poem got shared on Revelation TV's
R-Mornings, part 2 show, on the 14th of July 2023.

PoemHunter.com

Revelation TV: (UK Sky 581, Freesat 692, Freeview 281) ,
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Denis Martindale

I Have A Dream!

I have a dream worth more than gold, when Wisdom came to me,
And shared her wisdom, known of old, in Proverbs that we see.
Who said, the choice, of course, was mine, and not just to succeed.
God has His own dream that's divine, to share with those in need.

God's Bible proves so highly prized! God's Word for me and you!
Would I invest in Jesus Christ? The Holy Spirit, too?
Evangelists hold their Crusades in stadiums and tents,
And they deserve their accolades for holy sentiments.

Would I share Bibles with the lost, and not just kneel and pray?
Would I agree to pay the cost, to buy then give away?
Help newborn Christians read assured new Bibles on their knees!
Donate new Bibles! Share God's Word at such events as these!

Denis Martindale, the 19th of June 2023.

PoemHunter.com

The Gospel poem got shared on Revelation TV's
Prayer Time Live show on the 29th of June 2023.

Revelation TV: (UK Sky 581, Freesat 692, Freeview 281) ,
or Smart TVs and the Internet Firestick and ROKU boxes.

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UK Sky 581 or check Revelation TV's website for
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Denis Martindale

A Practical Guide To Prayer!

A wise man kneels, before God's Throne, with great humility,
Yet all God's children are well-known because of Calvary.
Adopted through amazing grace, they sing, How Great Thou Art,
Before the Father, bringing praise, as Christ did from the start.
A hundred psalms portray the path that David once decreed,
Declaring that God's rod and staff were blessings he would need.
Psalm 22 enlightens all that God can prophesy,
Outlining every miracle, though Jesus Christ must die.

Disciples learned what happened next, but Thomas sought the truth,
The Saviour knew he was perplexed, and yet provided proof.
Remember Thomas when you pray, when his faith was renewed,
Remember what he had to say, once wisdom changed his mood.
Remember, too, our risen Lord, Jesus of Nazareth,
Remember, and stay overawed, because He conquered death.
By faith, stay faithful every day, like those who get baptised,
Who rise like Jesus, and then pray, still praising God for Christ.

The Holy Spirit guides Mankind toward eternal peace,
Yet grants much more, when He can find, God's children on their knees.

Denis Martindale, the 27th of July 2023.

The Gospel poem is about Olubi Johnson's Christian book,
A Practical Guide To Prayer, that was recommended to the
prayer warriors of Revelation TV's Prayer Time Live show,
as explained in the 26th and the 27th of July 2023 shows.

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Denis Martindale

Prayer Requests!

How simple are the ways to pray, so simple I pray night and day,
I don't go on and on and on, until my faith gets spent then gone.
I think how this world needs God's love, in truth, it just can't get enough,
Yet if we prayed, what would God do, to bless the Gentile and the Jew?
Jerusalem stays on my mind, its peace, of course, will bless Mankind,
Each prayer request's a miracle, that's why I pray for one and all.
To many, prayer brings awesome power, amazing grace for every hour,
Ask those who pray and get rewards, you see, they love the Lord of Lords.
Ask those who pray for precious things, you see, they serve the King of Kings.
Join those who pray for guidance now, that God will help each one somehow.

For such is God, who truly cares, and listens closely to our prayers!

Denis Martindale,31st of August 2023.

The Prayer poem got shared on Revelation TV's
Prayer Time Live show on the 31st of August 2023.

PoemHunter.com

The Prayer poem got shared again on Revelation TV's
Prayer Time Live show on the 21st of June 2024.

Denis Martindale

' Jesus Christ Loves You! '

To think that Jesus died for you and stayed there on the Cross,
This was the thing the King must do, to overcome sin's loss.
To pay the price to set you free, eternal life to give,
Behold the King of Calvary who died so you could live.
To think that Jesus suffered all, determined to the end,
As if His final miracle, to prove He was your friend.
To pay for all the sins you've done, yet not for you alone,
Behold the King of Love, God's Son, now seated on His Throne.
To think that Jesus rose again, that's what the Bible says,
I pray you thank God now and then, as I do in my prayers.
Beyond the signs and wonders found, in Heaven and on Earth,
The love of God can still astound to prove your soul has worth!

Denis Martindale,1st of September 2023.

The co-dot-uk option leads to the Poemhunter poems.

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Easter In Art - Poem Summary!

I recited the poem Easter In Art using the service
offered by audiopen--ai and it provided this text
as the summary shown below and which I split up
into shorter lines for presentation purposes...

'Easter In Art' is a poem by Denis Martindale about Easter.
It tells how artists use their talents to paint scenes of this event,
which can strengthen our faith even when we have doubts.
These paintings show the Lord's journey, from his betrayal
with a kiss to performing miracles.

The poem describes Jesus' suffering and ridicule with vivid imagery.
His mother Mary's tears tell stories of her sorrow.
It also mentions Pontius Pilate washing his hands,
symbolizing him trying to wash away his guilt for Christ's death.

'Easter In Art' suggests that art can touch our hearts deeply,
especially when it portrays Christ's resurrection.
The poet encourages us to appreciate what artists create
before they're gone as their works demonstrate their worth
and enrich our everyday lives.

PoemHunter.com

Easter In Art Poem by Denis Martindale

Easter comes and Easter goes,
Yet pictures paint the scene.
When artists paint, it's then faith grows,
Should Man's doubts intervene.
With talent comes the confidence,
And skills portray the Lord,
Who came with more than sentiments,
And left us overawed.
Easter in Art explains it all,
Betrayal with a kiss,
Yet Christ performed a miracle
In such an hour as this.

The Saviour punished, bleeding fast,

And ridiculed as well.
His mother Mary wept downcast,
What tales those tears could tell.
When Pontius Pilate washed his hands,
He washed away his guilt,
Yet God our Father saw his plans
The day that Christ got killed.
Easter in Art can bless our hearts
Based on our inspection,
With every scene that art imparts
Of Christ's resurrection.

So watch what artists share on earth
Before they pass away,
Because, by faith, they prove their worth
To each of us each day.

Denis Martindale, the 4th of August 2023.

The Prophecy poem got shared on Revelation TV's
Prayer Time Live show on the 4th of August 2023
and it's about a special free-to-view show on Sky UK.

Easter In Art is what to type for Sky search to find it.
Select HD quality option. Download to your Sky box.
So many paintings through the centuries to study...

Revelation TV: (UK Sky 581, Freesat 692, Freeview 281) ,
or Smart TVs and the Internet Firestick and ROKU boxes.

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Denis Martindale

How Thoughtful!

A few special people in my life
have always been there to help me.
When I think of them, I feel inspired
to assist others who might not even ask for it.
It's about being sensitive to their true needs,
beyond just what they say or how they act.

We should strive to do good while we can,
guided by more than just understanding or intuition.
Praying for people instead of merely talking with them
can make a big difference if we seek God's guidance.
If we ask Him for wisdom, He will provide it.

This is different from what man understands
or records for future generations.
Some things can only be truly understood
after the blessing has happened
and then shared as a gift for the future.

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale, the 4th of August 2023.

Here is a quick test I did using audiopen---ai

The text result shared above is based on my
thoughts during the 3-minute test (once I got my
microphone set up on my computer and with the
service) .

I tested again, reciting EASTER IN ART and got
a summary of my lines of poetry that described
the content of the poem. This would be a good
way poets could introduce new poems to others
before their poems get to be read or recited.

Denis Martindale

Easter In Art

Easter comes and Easter goes, yet pictures paint the scene,
When artists paint, it's then faith grows, should Man's doubts intervene.
With talent comes the confidence and skills portray the Lord,
Who came with more than sentiments and left us overawed.
Easter in Art explains it all, betrayal with a kiss,
Yet Christ performed a miracle in such an hour as this.

The Saviour punished, bleeding fast, and ridiculed as well,
His Mother Mary wept downcast, what tales those tears could tell.
When Pontius Pilate washed his hands, he washed away his guilt,
Yet God our Father saw his plans the day that Christ got killed.
Easter in Art can bless our hearts, based on our inspection,
With every scene that art imparts of Christ's resurrection!

So watch what artists share on Earth, before they pass away,
Because, by faith, they prove their worth to each of us each day.

Denis Martindale, the 4th of August 2023.

PoemHunter.com

The Prophecy poem got shared on Revelation TV's
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Denis Martindale

Thank You, Thank You, Thank You!

Some human hearts are cold as ice, yet not are all as cold,
Some human hearts have proved quite nice, and some as good as gold.
Some human hearts change to and fro, in both worlds, as it were,
Some human hearts we'll never know, who knows what will occur?
Yet God knows every heart on Earth, and wishes all were good,
So noble that they prove their worth in ways best understood.
Consider how God guides each day towards far better things,
And that Lord Jesus helps us pray, since He's the King of Kings.

But when we're glad, glad as can be, do we thank God at all?
Do we give thanks for Calvary and Easter's miracle?
And if we read the Bible, too, do we give some away?
Did someone buy one just for you, so that you, too, could pray?
Or did someone bless charities, or ministries of love,
If so, give thanks to those that please, as well as God above.
Yes, count your blessings, one by one, no matter, great or small,
Give thanks to God, who gave His Son, the Saviour for us all.

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale, the 2nd of June 2023.

Lesley Conder, in the R-Times monthly update,
wrote, Thank You! Thank you! Thank you!
to all who supported Revelation TV's ministry
for the first 20 years of Broadcasting Christ.

These years are explained by Gordon Pettie
in his Gospel book, Broadcasting Christ, and
in his Gospel booklet, Life Is Important.

The Gospel poem got shared on Revelation TV's
R-Mornings show on the 8th of June 2023.

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or Smart TVs and the Internet Firestick and ROKU boxes.

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UK Sky 581 or check Revelation TV's website for WATCH LIVE shows and Catch-up TV services.

Denis Martindale

The Jesus Revolution!

There comes a time God only knows, when change affects the Earth,
Each man must reap what each man sows, that's how God proves their worth.
So praise the Lord when mercy shines, far greater than the sun,
And each man's sins God undermines, forgiveness for each one.

When the Jesus Revolution began within God's plans,
God granted His absolution, to each who understands.
And so it was, that Good News spread across the U. S. A.
To share the truth why Jesus bled, to take our sins away.

Regardless of the films we see throughout the years we've lived,
God calls us all to Calvary to share salvation's gift.
No man can boast, except in Christ, His death is proof enough,
God's gifts come through Christ sacrificed, thanks to the King of Love!

Denis Martindale, the 24th of July 2023.

PoemHunter.com

The Gospel poem got shared on Revelation TV's
R-Mornings show on the 26th of July 2023 and is
about the 2023 Gospel film and revival story...

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Denis Martindale

The Call To Calvary!

When Jesus prayed, 'Your will not Mine! ' that was no easy task,
Because His Cross would prove God's sign for mercy still to ask.
It's through Christ's Cross on Calvary that sinners could believe,
Since through Christ's death, for you and me, God's pardon we receive.

And through the stripes on Jesus Christ come healings every day,
Beyond what Jesus sacrificed and what all Christians pray.
Prayer warriors surround God's Throne, petitions to express,
Pilgrims progress by faith alone, in search for happiness.

Join with these saints and God will know that you delight in Him
And then the Saviour's Blood will flow, like wine filled to the brim,
With every kind of miracle, with blessings old and new,
No matter if you're great or small! For YOU! AND YOU! AND YOU!

Denis Martindale, the 27th of July 2023.

PoemHunter.com

The Prayer Warriors' poem got shared on Revelation TV's
Prayer Time Live show, on Friday, the 28th of July 2023.

Revelation TV: (UK Sky 581, Freesat 692, Freeview 281) ,
or Smart TVs and the Internet Firestick and ROKU boxes.

It helps to record live TV shows and repeats on
UK Sky 581 or check Revelation TV's website for
WATCH LIVE shows and Catchup TV services.

Denis Martindale

Support The Superbook!

Wherever there are little hearts, within the little ones,
God knows their needs and then He starts on Earth to gather funds.
That's how the Scriptures come alive as Superbook takes hold,
And then God's blessings soon arrive: the greatest story ever told!
Wherever there are hopes and dreams, ambitions to fulfil,
The Saviour knows the devil's schemes that never serve God's will.

Christ overcomes the sins of Man, that's what the Bible says,
Christ still portrays the Father's plan, through preaching and through prayers!
When Christian children hear and see God's stories many know,
They, too, are called to Calvary, where Jesus had to go!
Consider well, the Superbook that God provides for us!
You'll find the finest when you look! God's Son, the Lord Jesus!

Denis Martindale, the 27th of July 2023.

The Gospel poem got shared on Revelation TV's
Prayer Time Live show on the 27th of July 2023,
promoting the CBN EUROPE ministry to children.

Revelation TV: (UK Sky 581, Freesat 692, Freeview 281) ,
or Smart TVs and the Internet Firestick and ROKU boxes.

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WATCH LIVE shows and Catchup TV services.

Denis Martindale

God Treasures Our Teardrops!

When was the last time that you cried with tears of joy not grief,
As if those tears the Lord supplied, so you could find relief?
Regardless of each past event, please don't live in the past,
Regardless of each sentiment, no matter, first or last.

You're so much more that what you've done, when happy or when sad,
As long as you love Christ, God's Son, God has much more to add.
Who knows the miracles ahead? Who knows the dreams God sends?
Who knows the times you're Spirit-led to find new Christian friends?

Tears of sorrows, tears of fun, and tears through answered prayers!
God saves our teardrops one by one! That's what the Bible says!

Denis Martindale, the 20th of July 2023.

The Gospel poem got shared on Revelation TV's
Prayer Time Live show on the 25th of July 2023.

PoemHunter.com

Revelation TV: (UK Sky 581, Freesat 692, Freeview 281) ,
or Smart TVs and the Internet Firestick and ROKU boxes.

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Denis Martindale

The Millionaire!

On his fifty-eighth birthday,
a businessman checked his bank account.
Exactly one million pounds.
He went to sleep a happy man.
Then he had a dream.
He heard a voice and he knew it was the LORD.
He was told to get a calculator
to add up his earnings for the last forty years.
They added up to one million pounds.
After he had paid his bills,
his business balance was now the same.

He was told to turn on his TV
and to watch a certain TV channel.
He watched, and suddenly the playback stopped,
and the screen displayed details of a Christian charity.
This ministry would get people's donations matched
by the Government's UK AID scheme.
He was told that he had not tithed for forty years,
so this was his best chance
to do what was right in the sight of the Lord.
Then he was told to donate a hundred thousand pounds
so the Government would match that for the charity.

The man woke up, and tried to shrug the message off,
but it would not leave him.
That very day, he donated the exact amount,
as he was told to do.
The next evening,
he was not exactly wanting to go to sleep,
in case he was told to give even more money.
Even so, he soon fell asleep.
In the dream that came to him,
he saw the people that his money would be helping.
Then the Lord told him that he would be blessed as well.
His business went from strength to strength.
But everybody he tells his story to
just smiles, and walks away, laughing in disbelief.
No wonder it is written,

The sin of the world is disbelief...

Denis Martindale, the 25th of July 2023.

The CBN Christian Ministry shares testimonies about
people who decide to tithe and then see wonderful things
thanks to God's promises and Christ, the King of Kings.

PARABLE BASED ON SEVERAL
CBN HAPPY TITHING TESTIMONIES!

The Gospel parable got shared on Revelation TV's
Prayer Time Live show on the 26th of July 2023.

Revelation TV: (UK Sky 581, Freesat 692, Freeview 281) ,
or Smart TVs and the Internet Firestick and ROKU boxes.

It helps to record live TV shows and repeats on
UK Sky 581 or check Revelation TV's website for
WATCH LIVE shows and Catchup TV services.

Denis Martindale

Dear Future Husband,

Is he the one? Is he the one? Or is he someone else?
Who knows when true love has begun that leads to wedding bells?
Who knows which one will take my hand upon some fateful day?
Who knows when everything gets planned, then Dad gives me away?

Without God's guidance, what am I? What wisdom comes to mind?
Will insights come in fresh supply through Scriptures I must find?
Or is my future purely chance, as if based on a whim?
Like on some holiday romance, it could be him, or him?

I must confess, I pause to pray, like spinsters often do,
Before it's time when I must say, Hey, handsome! I love you!
Before I know I've met my match! My soulmate! Oh, so strong!
I pray to God, he's up to scratch! Or else, bye-bye! So long!

Denis Martindale, the 25th of July 2023.

PoemHunter.com

This girly poem's about the book called, Dear Future Husband,
which Cally Logan mentioned in Revelation TV's Impact show,
along with her Big Sister advice book called, Hang In There, Girl.

Revelation TV: (UK Sky 581, Freesat 692, Freeview 281) ,
or Smart TVs and the Internet Firestick and ROKU boxes.

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WATCH LIVE shows and Catchup TV services.

Denis Martindale

Oh, Yeah, I Remember The Rain!

There I was, on the petrol forecourt,
And I had to leave the shop to serve a customer.
The Mini waited by the petrol pump and
Oh, yeah, I remember the rain.
It was a furious flood of rain that greeted me.
I pressed forward to hear the driver say, 'Fill it up! '
So there I was, standing alone in the storm.
I waited for the tank to fill, as I stood still,
Right there, next to the petrol pump.
A minute passed, and then I looked up at the car.
I saw the four guys inside who were laughing,
Yes, they were laughing at me and at my predicament.
I finished what I had to do and went to get the money.
I didn't expect a tip and I sure didn't get one.
What I did get was a morbid, melancholy memory,
A memory that will stay with me,
For all the wrong reasons,
Come rain or shine…

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale, the 24th of July 2023.

Denis Martindale

From Sunset To Sunset!

God grants tomorrow's sunset, magnificent, sublime,
Not all alive today will get to see it one more time,
Tomorrow's sunshine doesn't cease, God made the world to spin,
Each sunset means light must decrease, so other nations win,
For their red roses yet to find their way toward God's sky,
And little children of Mankind to see a butterfly,
Yes, many homes get filled with light till sunset comes in time,
When people praise God with insight, 'Magnificent, sublime! '

Denis Martindale, the 24th of July 2023.

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Tent Revival!

It's thanks to the Holy Bible that Jesus Christ gets shared,
Each time in a tent revival, once truly well prepared.
Saints will preach love everlasting, just as our God has planned,
Beyond their prayers and their fasting, New Testaments at hand.

Imagine Scriptures handed out to new believers gained,
Life is important, without doubt, as God's Word has explained.
Yes, wisdom comes to one and all, each time God's Spirit flows,
Each time in a tent revival, as every preacher knows.

Imagine, just like those preachers, new Christians need to learn,
On that first day, to quote Jesus! His message to discern.
New Testaments shared here and there! Yes, 'Feed My lambs! ' Christ said.
God's precious Word beyond compare makes sure each lamb gets fed!

Denis Martindale, the 18th of July 2023.

PoemHunter.com

The Gospel poem got shared on Revelation TV's
R-Mornings, part 2 show on the 18th of July 2023.
This was immediately following the Daniel Chand
Tent Revival video which will be explained later
in the evening on the Face To Face Gospel show.

Search Google for tentrevival and walkinglikejesus.

Revelation TV: (UK Sky 581, Freesat 692, Freeview 281) ,
or Smart TVs and the Internet Firestick and ROKU boxes.

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UK Sky 581 or check Revelation TV's website for
WATCH LIVE shows and Catchup TV services.

Denis Martindale

Join The Pray Team!

I join the Pray Team now and then, across the whole world wide,
And praise the Lord we're born again, amazing grace supplied.
I pity the fool who just won't pray, no, that isn't clever,
I love it when I see each way God's plan comes together.
God bids us join Him with His Son, the Holy Spirit, too,
That's why we pray for anyone to see what God will do.

We smile that God still hears our thoughts, like whispers round God's Throne,
We smile to hear new praise reports, once healings get made known.
We celebrate when God's first rate, and yet that's no surprise,
Look at what Jesus can create before your very eyes.
Newspapers seek to share bad news, as if God doesn't heal,
And yet I'm glad each time we choose to prove God's really real!

Denis Martindale, the 12th of July 2023.

The Gospel poem got shared on Revelation TV's
Prayer Time Live show on the 12th of July 2023.

The poem's title refers to the TV series The A Team!

Revelation TV: (UK Sky 581, Freesat 692, Freeview 281) ,
or Smart TVs and the Internet Firestick and ROKU boxes.

It helps to record live TV shows and repeats on
UK Sky 581 or check Revelation TV's website for
WATCH LIVE shows and Catch-up TV services.

Denis Martindale

The Search For Beauty!

When I was young, I saw a girl, and fell in love that day,
She was the girl who changed my world in every single way.
No more the child, like other boys, no more the innocent,
No more the need for silly toys, those days behind me went.
On that day, I saw her beauty, like nothing else on Earth,
And I counted it my duty to check upon its worth.
It's true, I'd tremble and stumble, daydreaming of her kiss,
But God's wisdom made me humble to know love's more than this.

For love demands my everything, yes, all I've got to give,
No more a simple wondering of how I'm meant to live.
As a man, I saw God's love for me, and that changed me as well,
Eternal life through Calvary, in Heaven, not in Hell.
And it was at the Cross of Christ, the King of Love I found,
And just like Him, I got baptised, with blessings all around.
Christ's inner beauty made me His, He's worth much more than gold,
The Bible's Good News showed me this, the greatest story ever told!

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale, the 12th of July 2023.

Revelation TV: (UK Sky 581, Freesat 692, Freeview 281) ,
or Smart TVs and the Internet Firestick and ROKU boxes.

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Denis Martindale

Six Months Are Almost Over!

Yes, June must end and soon depart, July must wait its turn,
Then God grants six more months to start, the Gospel still to learn.
For even now, this very year, some still don't know the Lord,
Despite the fact they seem sincere, God's love remains ignored.
Some go to school, or go to work, while some, of course, stay home,
Some scoff at God, and even smirk, so far from God to roam.
Yet God stays patient, for a while, with Christmas still in mind,
Perhaps it's then that God will smile, if some, salvation find.

The labourers are few indeed the Cross of Christ to share,
Yet faith will help each one succeed, through fasting and through prayer.
To preach to each, that's quite a task, to share God's precious Son,
And yet, at times, we're bound to ask, what's left that could be done?
A word of knowledge or a dream? A vision clear as day?
Prophetic words that seem extreme? What wise words should we say?
I sigh at both the young and old dismissing God above!
The greatest story ever told! Jesus, the King of Love!

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale, the 22nd of June 2023.

The Gospel poem got shared on Revelation TV's
Prayer Time Live show on the 22nd of June 2023.

Denis Martindale

Nine Little Letters Can Change Your Life!

Though there are versions here and there, God's Word still saves the lost,
God's answers to each act of prayer, to problems we've all crossed.

The Cross of Christ reveals the pain borne by the King of Love,
Perchance that we get born again, with grace that proves enough.

Amazing Grace, How Great Thou Art and other hymns agree,
Forgiveness comes to every heart through prayers at Calvary.

Yet even more grace must unfold beyond Christ's tragic death,
God's Son released from Death's grim hold, Jesus of Nazareth.

A man once crucified who lives, all power to receive,
A man of mercy who forgives the sinners who believe.

He makes disciples great and small, with gifts each saint can use,
And showed great mercy to Saint Paul, so how could Paul refuse?

Nine letters prove reliable to save your precious soul,
That is why the HOLY BIBLE can truly make you whole.

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale, the 21st of June 2023.

The Gospel poem got shared on Revelation TV's
Prayer Time Live show on the 21st of June 2023.

Denis Martindale

Life Is Important! Praise The Lord!

When God has something to reveal, then revelation starts,
Perhaps with miracles that heal and mend our broken hearts.
No wonder that believers pray, not ceasing in their prayers,
With signs and wonders day by day, just as the Bible says.
Old Testament, New Testament, quote Jesus when you can,
With revelation Heaven-sent, that helps your fellow man.
Consider years of ministry, each morning, noon and night,
Life is important, I agree, we need the Lord's insight.
The psalms still serve as teachers, just as the Gospels do,
If they're good enough for Jesus, they're good enough for YOU!

Denis Martindale, the 14th of June 2023.

The Gospel poem got shared on Revelation TV's
R-Mornings show, on the 14th of June 2023.

The Gospel poem promotes the Gordon Pettie Gospel booklet.
A free copy of Life Is Important can be requested by phoning
Revelation TV's UK Office. Learn about Jesus and Calvary
as the TV presenters and guests share their great testimonies.

Denis Martindale

Let's Pray For A Fresh Anointing!

Let's pray for a fresh anointing! As fresh as morning dew!
God's manna not disappointing! Preserved for me and you!

For Jew and Gentile Christians, beloved by Christ the Lord!
For each who sees and listens, who prays and has adored!

For there's more love than we could find upon this Earth we live,
Reserved for those of all Mankind who truly tithe and give.

God bless us, every one, indeed, like Christmas when it's near!
With God's anointing to succeed to bless us all this year!

Denis Martindale, the 14th of June 2023.

The Gospel poem got shared on Revelation TV's
Prayer Time Live show, on the 14th of June 2023.

PoemHunter.com

Presenter Yemi told the viewers about tithing earlier
in the show and explained this after reading the poem.

There was an anointing of the olive oil on the 15th...

Denis Martindale

A Prayer In Time Proves Quite Sublime!

How sweet the words of holy prayers, when whispered by the saints,
Or gently spoken, when one cares, and then God's answer gains.
Since answered prayer grants more belief, for even greater things,
To bring some stranger fast relief, through Christ, the King of Kings.

To turn around some sorry tale, transforming it to joy,
Through constant love, that cannot fail, to bless each girl and boy.
So whisper, every now and then, or speak the truth in love,
So God will hear you once again, upon His Throne above.

Denis Martindale, the 13th of June 2023.

The Gospel poem got shared on Revelation TV's
Prayer Time Live show, on the 13th of June 2023.

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Faithful Friend Of Israel

He really stood the test of time, a faithful friend and more,
His influence was quite sublime, through miracles galore.

He knew the God-sent destiny that Israel would fulfill,
He also knew of Calvary, according to God's will.

He quoted Scriptures now and then, with words of knowledge, too,
He preached, and saw folks born again, perhaps he preached to you.

What kind of man does kindness make? What mercies from the Lord?
To survive the saddest heartbreak, and yet with faith restored?

I know that he was just a man, yet with a heart of gold,
He preached God has a perfect plan, the greatest story ever told!

Denis Martindale, the 13th of June 2023.

PoemHunter.com

Gospel Tribute poem for Pat Robertson of CBN, the 700 Club,
the Superbook children's video stories as well as Gospel films.
This man of God passed away and many tributes were shared.

The Gospel poem got shared on Revelation TV's
R-Mornings show, part 2, on the 13th of June 2023.
It was to be forwarded to the CBN Gospel Ministry.

The Gospel poem was followed by a wonderful video
tribute on how he has touched the lives of millions and
how he proved himself to be a faithful friend of Israel.

Denis Martindale

Poetic Sky

It's no wonder that I wonder at things that can be found,
Far beyond my fears of thunder and storms that may astound.
The breezes carry flower seeds to fall upon the ground,
Some tinier than necklace beads that swirl and twirl around.

Between the realms of Earth and space, the sky has beauties, too,
Beyond the white clouds that we face when rainbows come in view,
And birds so large, and birds so small, just doing what birds do,
Some high as mountains, oh so tall, just soaring all day through.

I see the sunshine and take heart, though Winter steals some joy,
Yet then see Christmas play its part for every girl and boy.
To increase faith for what's in store that no-one can destroy,
Each New Year's Day draws near once more, with more hope to employ.

I sometimes see clouds move so fast, as if some place to get,
As if no time to look downcast, or cry tears of regret.
God knows the reasons clouds exist beyond us getting wet,
Explained by each evangelist in Churches when we've met.

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale, the 6th of June 2023.

Denis Martindale

Mallard

Behold the colours on this bird,
Take note of all you see,
And by such beauty then get stirred,
When matched by scenery.
For in such settings here alone
He stands out from the crowd,
On centre stage, the stage to own,
Yet humble and not proud.

The mallard sees the mountain tops,
And gently glides on by,
Because for these it seldom stops,
Just flies across the sky.
I gaze at all God's flying things
With envy now and then,
Though wishing that I, too, had wings,
I stay as other men.

So pardon me, if I must gaze,
At birds and bumble bees,
Like Leonardo spending days
Still sketching what would please.
Take note of wonders near and far,
Not just the skies above,
Because the mallard is a star,
Just like the dainty dove.

Denis Martindale, the 5th of June 2023.

The poem is based on the magnificent wildlife
art painting by UK artist Stephen Gayford.

Denis Martindale

Red Crested Pochard

In Nature, there are many names
That modern Man bestows,
And that is why this duck now claims
The present name it shows.
Without a photo on display,
I would not have a clue,
But now I do, what can I say?
Except I never knew!

This little bird is colourful,
With colours all its own,
And thus it looks adorable,
Once it has fully grown.
No wonder artists pause and draw,
To capture such a sight,
So filled with peace none should ignore
Its beauty bathed in light.

The silver streams and rivers, too,
Compel us to come nigh,
From busy days to rest and view
Such birds land from the sky.
They settle down and waddle on,
Then leave behind the grass,
To swim until some time has gone,
To let the hours pass.

Denis Martindale, the 5th of June 2023.

The poem is based on the magnificent wildlife
art painting by UK artist Stephen Gayford.

Denis Martindale

Testing Text To Speech Voices!

When I start writing poetry, I can recite alone,
Beyond the text on lines I see, I can detect the tone.
Yet there are times I contemplate, is there another way,
To hear the words, then meditate, on what I want to say?
When Google offered sound advice, I went to search online,
For spoken voices that sound nice for poems that are mine.

So I set out, to find a few, for English words I wrote,
Text Magic helped in what I do, and that's why I took note.
Male voices, set at slower speeds, worked out for me quite well,
Like Grammarly, when that succeeds, my errors to dispel.
Resources lead to free tools now, so why not test these out?
Then save the link, and thus allow, what's there to talk about.

So save recordings, test each phrase, each syllable and word,
Before you finally embrace the blessings overheard!

Denis Martindale, the 31st of May 2023.

PoemHunter.com

Google points us to many text to speech free services.
Some don't pronounce prophecies and miracles as
they are meant to be spoken, but Text Magic does,
so I like to test the US and UK male voices there.

Some services offer us links and recordings, too.
We can experiment with punctuation and spelling.
We can get a Print Scrn copy of what's on display.
We can, in effect, go the second mile, so to speak...

Denis Martindale

The Supernatural King Of Kings!

While here on Earth, the Saviour cared, compassion was His aim,
His was the journey God prepared, God's glory to proclaim.
Baptised in water, yes, indeed, and by God's Spirit, too,
With miracles now guaranteed, back then and now for you.

Holy and supernatural, no more a common man,
God's guidance now available, according to God's plan.
Yet Jesus prayed for even more than others would believe,
He helped the rich, He helped the poor, so they, too, could receive.

The Saviour knew why He was sent, so we'd get born again,
So Pentecost was His intent, to share God's Spirit then.
The King of Love, the Lord Jesus! No greater love we'll find,
As even now, Christ prays for us, as High Priest for Mankind.

The King who taught us how to pray, gave everything He could,
So that we would get saved someday, and do the things we should.

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale, the 30th of May 2023.

The Gospel poem got shared on Revelation TV's
Prayer Time Live show on the 31st of May 2023,
It refers to Tuesday's Twilight Zone show topic,
The Supernatural Power Of Prayer... and poem.

Denis Martindale

Have You Got Updated?

Sometimes we need updating, too, it's then the gurus guide,
Advising us in what to do and what we should decide.

So let's give thanks, for such as these, so we continue still,
So we can gain what's meant to please, according to God's will.

Applying applications well brings blessings old and new,
And oh, what wondrous tales they tell, to folks like me and you.

So persevere beyond complaints, check on the Internet,
Amazing grace can help the saints in ways not thought of yet.

God knows the setbacks that we face when we get born again,
Recall the phrase to WATCH THIS SPACE! And update now and then!

Denis Martindale, the 30th of May 2023.

PoemHunter.com

The Gospel poem got shared on Revelation TV's
R-Mornings, part 2, on the 30th of May 2023.

The Revelation TV Gospel Ministry has updated
the Revelation TV app on various Internet stream
devices. When some viewers couldn't get the apps
working, the show explained the need to get the
apps updated, so they can get blessed once more.

Denis Martindale

The Supernatural Power Of Prayer!

There's precious power, borne of prayer, beyond Man's common sense,
And this great power proves quite rare to those who aren't God's friends.
Our faith transcends Man's time and space, ascending far beyond,
God's Throne of Grace, Amazing Grace, for there, we truly bond.
United in God's Kingdom there, united evermore,
The supernatural gift of prayer can thrill us to the core.

It goes beyond our hopes and dreams, beyond our doubts and sins,
Beyond the Devil's dreaded schemes, despite his smiles and grins.
The King of Kings and Lord of Lords taught us to kneel and pray,
Taught us to think beyond rewards, and even Judgement Day.
The King of Love redeemed us all, disciples know this well,
Recall Saint Peter and Saint Paul, what miracles to tell.

God's Throne of Grace still bids us near, God's favours to enjoy,
For men and women, loved most dear, and every girl and boy.
There's precious power, borne of prayer, beyond Man's common sense,
God's power that's beyond compare and never, ever ends!

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale, the 30th of May 2023.

The Gospel poem got shared on Revelation TV's
Prayer Time Live on the 30th of May 2023 and helps
promote the Twilight Zone show topic for the week.

Denis Martindale

From Text To Speech!

Who knows the best of what's online,
Of where to get text checked?
Some can provide results divine
And treat words with respect.

That's why I visit now and then
With poems that I wrote,
To see what's worth ten out of ten,
What speed and voice to note.

Sometimes I separate each phrase
For when I should recite,
To learn if that would change the pace
And help my words take flight.

Each poet can explore as well,
As Quora members do,
For words they wrote thought fit to tell,
And so, dear friends, can you.

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale, the 28th of May 2023.

Check Google and Quora for extra recommendations
for natural voices and free online text to speech readers.

Denis Martindale

The Stairway Less Travelled

THE STAIRWAY LESS TRAVELLED

Each poet knows the first embrace as each new poem starts,
The handshake, too, when it takes place, as inspiration parts,
Yet there may be a further time, a journey still to make,
With higher steps, to things sublime, God's breakthrough still to break.
Here is the stairway to God's Throne, when insights spring to mind,
With secrets shared, as yet unknown, yet meant for all Mankind.

Just think of David and his psalms, the prophecies as well,
Each promise, that God soothes and calms, Man's sorrows to dispel.
Just think of Peter, and of Paul, and Gospel writers, too,
To me, each is God's miracle, their words so fresh and new.
There is a stairway, this I know, for great and higher things,
A time to climb, and upward go, to meet the King of Kings.

To study His amazing grace, His Royal Pardon shared,
To ponder on each word and phrase, beyond those first prepared.

So don't give up, and don't give in, recall God's stairway still,
To reach and preach, lost souls to win, and teach God's perfect will.

Denis Martindale, the 28th of May 2023.

Here is a version to help when reciting the poem:

THE STAIRWAY LESS TRAVELLED

Each poet knows the first embrace as each new poem starts,
The handshake, too, when it takes place, as inspiration parts,
Yet there may be a further time, a journey still to make,
With higher steps, to things sublime, God's breakthrough still to break.
Here is the stairway to God's Throne, when insights spring to mind,
With secrets shared, as yet unknown, yet meant for all Mankind.

Just think of David and his psalms, the prophecies as well,
Each promise, that God soothes and calms, Man's sorrows to dispel.
Just think of Peter, and of Paul, and Gospel writers, too,
To me, each is God's miracle, their words so fresh and new.
There is a stairway, this I know, for great and higher things,
A time to climb, and upward go, to meet the King of Kings.

To study His amazing grace, His Royal Pardon shared,
To ponder on each word and phrase, beyond those first prepared.

So don't give up, and don't give in, recall God's stairway still,
To reach and preach, lost souls to win, and teach God's perfect will.

Denis Martindale, the 28th of May 2023.

Here is a version using short lines which could help when reciting the poem:

THE STAIRWAY LESS TRAVELLED

Each poet knows the first embrace
as each new poem starts,
The handshake, too, when it takes place,
as inspiration parts,
Yet there may be a further time,
a journey still to make,
With higher steps, to things sublime,
God's breakthrough still to break.
Here is the stairway to God's Throne,
when insights spring to mind,
With secrets shared, as yet unknown,
yet meant for all Mankind.

Just think of David and his psalms,
the prophecies as well,
Each promise, that God soothes and calms,
Man's sorrows to dispel.
Just think of Peter, and of Paul,
and Gospel writers, too,

To me, each is God's miracle,
their words so fresh and new.
There is a stairway, this I know,
for great and higher things,
A time to climb, and upward go,
to meet the King of Kings.

To study His amazing grace,
His Royal Pardon shared,
To ponder on each word and phrase,
beyond those first prepared.

So don't give up, and don't give in,
recall God's stairway still,
To reach and preach, lost souls to win,
and teach God's perfect will.

Denis Martindale, the 28th of May 2023.

Denis Martindale

Christmas! Easter! Pentecost! And More!

The greatest story ever told is of the King of Kings,
The Son of Man meant to behold, for He, God's Pardon brings,
The young Messiah preached good news until His final breath,
Both for the Gentiles and the Jews: Jesus of Nazareth!
How great Thou art, some pray to God, amazing grace to share,
Accepting Christ's death and Christ's Blood, anointing holy prayer,
Then waiting still for Pentecost, the Holy Spirit's Day,
To preach the Gospel to the lost that none can take away!

Thank God for Peter, and for Paul, disciples to the end,
For every single miracle so Man could comprehend,
The height, the width, and depth of love, God grants for evermore,
Amazing grace that proves enough, with greater still in store.
The greatest story ever told is of the King of Kings,
The Son of God, as good as gold, to whom each angel sings,
God's revelation to proclaim, in Heaven and on Earth,
Salvation in Christ's Holy Name for those who love and serve!

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale, the 11th of May 2023.

Revelation TV: (UK Sky 581, Freesat 692, Freeview 281) ,
or Smart TVs and the Internet Firestick and ROKU boxes.

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UK Sky 581 or check Revelation TV's website for
WATCH LIVE shows and catch-up TV services.

Denis Martindale

God's Gracious Gifts Of Words And Rhymes!

God's gracious gifts of words and rhymes transcend the world we know,
The best of times, the worst of times, according to their flow.

For Man lives as a mortal mind contained within a frame,
So curious it needs to find whatever there's to claim.
That's why some men had faith to fly, applying science well,
Then built machines to take them high with wondrous tales to tell.
And words and rhymes have led the way, once angels were revealed,
Within the Scriptures that men say, with treasures still to yield.

Yes, there are hymns and songs of praise, translated here and there,
How Great Thou Art, Amazing Grace, what songs with these compare?
And if I, too, pick up the pen, composing thoughts and themes,
God knows what blessings happen then, from prophecies and dreams,
From visions and from parables, calligraphy and art,
From fervent prayers and miracles, from love stirred in my heart.

A special lifelong destiny then overspills life's end,
Continuing the legacy that stays as Mankind's friend.
Consider all the greats that were, God's poets of renown,
And all the hearts they chose to stir, each must deserve a crown,
A thank-you from the Lord above, for meditations shared,
A well done from the King of Love to each of these who cared.

The gracious gifts of words and rhymes God gave them one by one,
Until each poet dies then climbs the stairway to God's Son…

Denis Martindale, the 17th of May 2023.

Revelation TV: (UK Sky 581, Freesat 692, Freeview 281) ,
or Smart TVs and the Internet Firestick and ROKU boxes.

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Denis Martindale

What Is The Greatest Poem In The World?

The greatest poem in the world, who knows what it could be?
Upon a scroll, unrolled, unfurled, that tells of Calvary?
Or ancient psalm, professing love, for God and God alone?
Saint Paul found grace more than enough, are his words widely known?
Does Solomon have words to share, recited to this day?
Does Shakespeare stand beyond compare, through words he could relay?

Can Man's translations prove sublime, with every meaning caught?
Expressing truths, transcending time, once captured in each thought?
Are poets of today called best, through their words, or their lines?
Has anyone passed every test that God Himself defines?
Or is it only God who wrote the best words for Mankind?
The Holy Spirit taking note, and keeping Christ in mind?

Or is some Christian poet now composing what proves best?
To preach amazing grace somehow, that means the world gets blessed?
I only know, the words I penned, the legacy I leave,
Have been to me a faithful friend, the best I could receive.
I cannot read a million more my fellow poets share,
Yet what I wrote, I still explore, with thanks to God in prayer.

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale, the 22nd of May 2023.

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or Smart TVs and the Internet Firestick and ROKU boxes.

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Denis Martindale

The Perfect Song!

One Summer's day, I heard a tune, that took my breath away,
Recorded on that afternoon, on my cassette to play.
I played it back, ten times or so, transfixed as in a dream,
Its beauty set to overflow, considered as supreme.

The voice and orchestration blessed my soul, my heart and mind,
As Nat King Cole sang at his best, as if for all Mankind.
As if with wisdom Heaven-sent, direct from God above,
The perfect song, meant as a friend, called When I Fall In Love.

Though decades have both come and gone, I sing this now and then,
To imitate its light that shone, that I found way back when,
When songs were like a miracle, melodic and with style,
When songs were joys, for one and all, enough to make us smile.

When talent simply raised the bar, to set the standard high,
When talent made someone a star, that no-one could deny.
Yes, there are songs I know come close, to this, the perfect song,
Yet here's the song that brings me bliss, enough to sing along.

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale, the 11th of May 2023.

Another tribute poem to Nat King Cole.
See the poems for When I Fall In Love.

Denis Martindale

The Beauty Beyond The Beauty!

There's precious beauty hid from sight, a Christian woman shares,
Beyond the smiles that bring delight and tenderness in prayers,
Beyond the lips that give voice to the hallowed thoughts within,
Beyond the wisdom that comes through that's meant to help her win.

There's gracious beauty in her hair beyond the colours seen,
Like waterfalls beyond compare, so vibrant, yet serene,
Her hair looks worthy of a crown that someday she could own,
A princess in her wedding gown, for her and her alone.

There's outward beauty in her style no man should steal away,
Who falls in love with her cute smile, then wonders what to say,
Yet there's a guy, she'll see walk by, who makes her heart beat fast,
And then, perhaps, she'll pause to sigh, in finding love at last.

Denis Martindale, the 10th of May 2023.

PoemHunter.com

The Gospel poem got shared on Revelation TV's
Prayer Time Live show, on the 20th of June 2023.
The poem made mention of the wearing of a crown
and this was part of the Gospel song afterwards,
entitled as, Let's Go Down In The River And Pray.

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or Smart TVs and the Internet Firestick and ROKU boxes.

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Denis Martindale

The Beauty Of The Little Bear!

The beauty of the little bear was something to behold,
Because it didn't have a care, that's if the truth were told.
Dismissing how its time was spent, with not much to get done.
It had no job, it paid no rent. Why not enjoy the sun?
Its food was here and it was there, so not that far to go,
Sometimes, at clouds it chose to stare, the little so-and-so.
It had the wonder of a child when drinking from the stream,
And after that it looked so mild as it began to dream.

I think back to my childhood years, too young to find a friend,
Yet there were ways to soothe my tears, on that you could depend.
You see, I had my teddy bear, so soft, and cuddly, too,
No other bear could quite compare, because my bear was blue.
I was too young to understand that bears are brown or white,
It was enough to hold its hand to comfort me each night.
I think I'm glad the most of all how teddy bears can smile.
My Christmas gift I still recall. My friend, just for a while.

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale, the 30th of April 2023.

Denis Martindale

Sinister!

Sin is here and sin is there,
Indeed, it is found everywhere!
Never far away, in fact,
In each bad thought, each word, each act.
So that is why some sinners pray
To be forgiven day by day!
Each prayer gets heard by God above!
Royal pardons through the King of Love!

Denis Martindale, the 3rd of May 2023.

An acrostic poem explaining Man's sin and God's Son.

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or Smart TVs and the Internet Firestick and ROKU boxes.

PoemHunter.com

It helps to record live TV shows and repeats on
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Denis Martindale

Research...

Respect the facts,
Extract and learn,
Search out the truths,
Explore, discern.
Access the books,
Read lots of files,
Creating wisdom,
Hope and smiles!

Denis Martindale, the 11th of May 2023.

Acrostic poem with the title word creating the 8-lined verse style.

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

His Only Son!

While Abraham's most famous now, and loved by God as well,
God put him to the test... and how, all doubting to dispel.
God spoke the word, that most would hate, 'Go, sacrifice your son! '
Would Abraham avoid this fate, or would God's will get done?
Amazingly, the choice was made, a mix of fear... and faith,
Since Abraham was sore afraid, yet then chose to be brave.
To give up what was held most dear, that's all this man must do,
And God watched as the day drew near, and every angel, too.
The deadly outcome was at hand, and seemed with no way out,
Except complete what God had planned, to bring this death about.

A trembling man, a trembling son, yet Abraham was spared,
'Hold back your hand! This won't get done! ' God's mercy then declared.
The test was over... faith was shown, that couldn't be denied,
Within God's Scriptures, thus made known, how true faith must abide.

Yes, Abraham survived this trial, but our God couldn't do the same,
His only Son walked the second mile, crucified to bear our shame...

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale, the 8th of May 2023.

The Gospel poem tells the story of the faith of Abraham
and this has been portrayed in the film His Only Son.

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or Smart TVs and the Internet Firestick and ROKU boxes.

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Denis Martindale

Catalyst!

Can change occur beyond the norm,
At faster speed or slow?
To cause something to chill or warm,
And overcome the flow?
List substances that do as such,
Yes, please, I'd like to know!
Someone must tell me! I won't budge,
Till someone tells me so!

Denis Martindale, the 13th of May 2023.

An acrostic poem about things that change things!

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

It Shouldn't Be Allowed!

Within the field I ploughed,
I gazed up to a cloud,
And I began to doubt
Because that cloud did nowt
As I worked hard head bowed!
It shouldn't be allowed!

Denis Martindale, the 3rd of May 2023.

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Coronation Treat!

Let God decide what happens next beyond the Royal Day,
No point in being quite perplexed, it's better just to pray!
The Lord, of course, is in control, His mercies still endure,
So contemplate on your own soul, and what God has in store!
The King of Kings is my concern, the Lord of Lords and love,
And more of Him I seek to learn, whose grace has proved enough!

Denis Martindale, the 5th of May 2023.

20 years of prayers to support Revelation TV Broadcasting Christ.

The Gospel poem got shared on Revelation TV's
R-Mornings, part 2 show, on the 5th of May 2023.

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Denis Martindale

I Pity Those Who Hate To Pray!

I pity those who hate to pray, as if not seeking love,
Condemned to wander, and to stray, when times start getting tough,
With no relationship at all with God upon His Throne,
As if they need no miracle, or Saviour to atone.

Yet I must pray to God on high, whose Son once died for me,
With prayers transcending earth and sky, to seek His Majesty,
To seek His mercy, and His grace, to seek His favour, too,
And when I pray, and seek His face, my friends, I'll pray for you.

Prayer warriors, let's praise the Lord, let's find a common ground,
Beyond the thought of each reward that in the past we found.
This brand new day grants time for prayer, for strangers, and for friends,
For every blessing God would share, since His love never ends.

The harvest of lost souls exists, our duty God makes plain,
So pray like all evangelists, so more get born again!

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale, the 23rd of May 2023.

The Prayer Poem got shared on Revelation TV's
Prayertime Live show on the 25th of May 2023.

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Denis Martindale

Keep An Eternal Perspective!

Keep an eternal perspective! And never let it roam!
It grants you still the will to live and pray within your home.
To see beyond this mortal realm towards God's future plans,
With Jesus boldly at the helm still laying on His hands.
Mankind has seen a billion things upon the Internet,
Yet few have seen the King of Kings and fewer still have met.

Yet those who spoke to Jesus Christ have many truths to share,
No wonder that some stare surprised and quickly turn to prayer.
Evangelists both young and old remind us now and then,
About God's love worth more than gold once we get born again.
Keep an eternal perspective! And never let it go!
God promises He will forgive! Yes, more than you could know!

Denis Martindale, the 12th of April 2023.

The Gospel poem got shared on Revelation TV's
Prayertime Live show on the 13th of April 2023.

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Denis Martindale

How Can You Write About Love?

This poem is about one lonely man's
response to the famous words we
see in the New Testament that the
Apostle Paul wrote about love in
1 Corinthians, chapter 13.

HOW CAN YOU WRITE ABOUT LOVE?

How can you write about love, my friend, as if forever without end,
As if so great it perseveres, regardless of the future years?
How can you write about love, and say it proves enough,
Through times both rough and tough, as if possessing stronger stuff,
And there's nothing that's higher than love?

Oh, how I wish that this proved so, as I recall each strife,
The awful times when brought so low that life seemed less than life.
When falling deeply, so in love, as if she were some turtle-dove,
Or warm to me as if a glove. Yet time revealed her true intents,
For which there's not one recompense, nor signs of one who soon repents.

So love for me's too hard a task, and that's the reason I would ask,
How can you write about love, my friend, as if forever without end,
As if so great it perseveres, regardless of the future years?
How can you write about love? Tell me, tell me, tell me, my friend,
How can you write about love?

Denis Martindale, the 2nd of May 2023.

Denis Martindale

Finding The Finest!

I know for twenty years, and more, God's revelation flows,
In Gospel programmes, that's for sure, and oh, so many shows,
Such that the TV viewers learn great Bible prophecies,
Enabled, so they may discern the truths of war and peace.
The daily papers that we hold create a lot of fear,
Yet still, our God is good as gold, each day throughout the year.
With healings here, and healings there, and words of knowledge, too,
And faithful set times spent in prayer, in Jesus Name, that's who.

With songs anointed by the Lord, such as Amazing Grace,
How Great Thou Art can't be ignored as something to embrace.
Nor can each sacred sacrifice each viewer has supplied,
Yet these should come as no surprise, their love can't be denied.
From month to month, from strength to strength, from each day to the next,
Approaching now, this day at length, through email, and through text.
Together, stronger than apart, in God's Church Without Walls,
God smiles upon each faithful heart bestowing miracles.

On finding the finest to pursue, in Jesus Name we pray,
While God grants time, the faithful few wait for our Rapture Day!

Denis Martindale, the 28th of April 2023.

20 years of prayers to support Revelation TV Broadcasting Christ.

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Denis Martindale

The Long, Long Wait After Easter!

The risen Saviour told His friends to wait until God acts,
Receiving power that never ends, regardless of the facts.
For faith transcends the present truths, for sickness and much more,
So His friends could dismiss such proofs and broken lives restore.
Yet they were told to stay and wait, for God's appointed time,
At Pentecost, to celebrate, God's Spirit so sublime.

Thus miracles were meant to be, with no room left for doubt,
God used the Blood of Calvary to bring such things about.
Forgiveness came upon the crowd that Peter led to Christ,
Forgiveness, when their heads were bowed, and truths were realised.
To think, how God saw Jesus killed, yet through Him saves Mankind,
To kill the awful shame and guilt, with past sins left behind.

While revelation comes and goes according to God's will,
The love of God just overflows and grace continues still.

Denis Martindale, the 20th of April 2023.

PoemHunter.com

The Gospel poem got shared on Revelation TV's
Lunchtime Live show on the 28th of April 2023.

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Denis Martindale

The Power Of Stories!

Prayer warriors love epic tales, with heroes young and old,
When true grit courage never fails and faith's there to behold.
With scenes explained and battles fought and intrigues thus revealed,
Each dream and scheme and inmost thought no longer kept concealed.
Imagine scribes and writers, too, and poets now and then,
And all the editing they do, over and over again.
And characters who don't exist, yet draw us closer still,
Such that by reading we persist more knowledge to instill.
And there are Bible stories shared each day throughout the year,
The likes of which can't be compared when God's truths make things clear.
And blessed are children who learn these, quote Jesus and believe,
Through illustrations meant to please, more beauty to receive.
And think of Gospel films as well, praise God, they've played their part,
If blessed by what great stories tell, tell God, How Great Thou Art!

Denis Martindale, the 27th of April 2023.

PoemHunter.com

The Gospel poem is about Revelation TV's
Bible Topics, The Power Of Stories show on
Sunday, at 7pm on the 30th of April 2023.

The Gospel poem got shared on Revelation TV's
R-Mornings show, part 2, on the 28th of April 2023,
before the Superbook video story of Noah's Ark.

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Denis Martindale

From Faith To Faith!

In Roman times, when gods were rife, with sacrifices made,
No wonder men encountered strife for those to be obeyed.
At times, some men gave their reports, of signs and wonders seen,
Yet God, of course, had other thoughts and blessed a Nazarene.
Beyond a famine of God's word, Lord Jesus preached anew,
So parables were often heard by Gentile and by Jew.
Then miracles from Heaven flowed, anointings of God's love,
Despite the power that these showed, all these proved not enough.

So this man Jesus raised the dead, to prove Himself to be,
The Son of God now Spirit-led, the chosen one to see.
A multitude of people came to listen to the Lord,
Such was the honour of His Name Christ could not be ignored.
But opposition was Man's way that led Christ to His Cross,
Yet Jesus knew He had to stay, right there, to suffer loss.
When Jesus left His darkened tomb, God changed Man's worldly views,
Faith overturned Man's sense of doom, first starting with the Jews.

A Royal Pardon waits for those who seek to get baptised,
Who trust the Saviour who once rose and proved Himself the Christ!

Denis Martindale, the 21st of February 2023.

Revelation TV: on Sky 581, Freesat 692, Freeview 281,
Smart TVs and the Internet Firestick and ROKU boxes.

Denis Martindale

More Precious Than Rubies!

To encounter someone truly more precious than rubies is to see the rest of the world with less favour than before. Even a princess may be compelled to marry a complete stranger for the benefit of the Royal Family and their future as well as the kingdom itself.

A free woman may marry as she pleases yet here it is that the thought of the beloved overshadows all else once thought worthy of fervent desires or hopes and dreams. So it is no wonder that many a sweetheart is the first in focus when memory serves.

Why meditate on the riches of a palace where love has little meaning? All the finery of such a Royal Court cannot disguise the lack of love. People can put on their happy faces and smiles at will yet a wise man sees through all of these. He sighs at the inward distresses of such a madcap misery dressed up in Royal robes.

So it is that a poet is well aware of real happiness that never ever needed a Royal throne or crown. A truly blessed man is never lonely for long because of his sweet memories of his sweetheart. She is his greatest treasure upon this Earth and the first face he wishes to see in Heaven.

Denis Martindale, the 23rd of April 2023.

The poem is based on Sonnet 29 by William Shakespeare.

Denis Martindale

The Poets Mind Their Poetry

The poets mind their poetry some treasure to create,
To mimic God's divinity and thus illuminate,
Perhaps to bring new light to bear upon this earthly sphere,
So those who read may find insight that helps to make things clear.
For life can be a sorry state, a challenge daily faced,
A heavy weight to tolerate as memories are traced.

Yet poetry can act as food that feeds each hungered soul,
A soothing serving switches mood that somehow makes us whole.
A winsome word, a friendly phrase, a whisper or a shout,
Philosophies that can replace the ones that made us doubt.
Some limerick that makes us smile, or tall tale smoothly told,
Exquisite words displaying style with wonders to behold.

And who knows if a poem heals, if show tunes leave us bored,
Perhaps with wisdom that reveals a blessing from the Lord?
Some poets shy away from truths that God would seek to share,
As if they lack the perfect proofs that only come through prayer.
The poets mind their poetry some treasure to create,
Yet God would preach of Calvary before it gets too late.

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale, the 23rd of April 2023.

Denis Martindale

Keep On Being Creative!

How right it is to serve with faith, creative day and night,
How right it is to serve and save, creative through insight.
Consider Nature in its prime, each winsome butterfly,
Each peacock posing so sublime, and certainly not shy.
Consider God designing things, such wonders great and small,
And choosing prophets, scribes and kings, their talents to install.

Consider David and his psalms, the harp to play as well,
Such that sweet music softly calms each sorrow to dispel.
A billion songs have since been penned, a billion poems, too,
And more will come, on that depend, yet dear friend, what of you?
A painting, or a photograph, a book that leads to Christ?
A clever joke to make us laugh, a sculpture highly prized?

When I was but a little child, four lovebirds I portrayed,
A precious painting gently styled with colours that won't fade.
And there's a painting of the Lord I cherish to this day!
Creative joys can't be ignored, so share these, come what may!

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale, the 20th of April 2023.

My poem was written after seeing Christian artist Lisa Wright on
Revelation TV's 700 Club programme on the 19th of April 2023.
Search Google for An artist with a heart for the Spiritual realm.

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Denis Martindale

Prayer Warriors Not Prayer Worriers!

So many times, when times were tough, God didn't seem that close,
And yet, since then, grace proved enough, such that my faith now grows.
Gone are the times and tests of old, defeated one by one,
The greatest story ever told helped me to find God's Son.
The promises that Jesus made stream now from Calvary,
Continuing, because He prayed, for all eternity.

Prayer warriors don't pray alone, they join across the globe,
Their prayers ascend before God's Throne, that's why we pray with hope.
Recall Saint Peter and Saint Paul! And spread Good News around!
Rejoice in each new miracle, so praise reports abound!
Our love proves more than hope or faith, and this love comes from Christ,
The only Saviour who can save! Hosanna in the highest!

Denis Martindale, the 20th of April 2023.

The Love Prayer poem got shared on Revelation TV's Lunchtime Live on the 20th of April 2023 and was followed by presenter Nikki Mills telling viewers how Prayer Warrior and the spelling as Prayer Worrier can lead to some confusion. Several times in the show there were testimonies of some who have experienced worry.

Faith, hope and love, the greatest of these is love, so there will be times that some will be stronger in love, as well as faith and hope, to join with others who are called into a powerful ministry of prayer. Even so, the poem is a request for more praise reports for answered prayers.

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Denis Martindale

Twy, Twy, Twy Again!

Sometimes you slip upon a word,
Sidetracked by thoughts, but then,
That very word gets overheard
And you must twy again!

So why be shy when things go wrong
When you can persevere?
So twy, twy, twy, yes, all day long,
So that you make things clear!

Denis Martindale, the 19th of April 2023.

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Lift Your Dreams To A Higher Level!

To those who dream and also pray, God grants a higher level,
If they do what God has to say to fight against the devil.
The Lord has plans of great increase and noble gifts as well,
Some know His wonders never cease, yes, more than they could tell.

To those who dream and also tithe, God knows each saint by name,
And blesses those so that they thrive, since giving is their aim.
The Bible says so many things of dreams and visions, too,
Because they serve the King of Kings, and so, dear saints, can YOU!

Denis Martindale, the 14th of April 2023.

The Gospel poem got shared on Revelation TV's
Lunchtime Live on the 18th of April 2023.

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Denis Martindale

A Beautiful Report!

How Great Thou Art is one great song, and thus deserves more thought,
Though we don't sing it all day long, it's worthy to be taught...

Yet think of teachers here and there who did the best they could,
Investing time, with love and prayer, thus proving they were good.
A beautiful report indeed, and worthy of acclaim,
Yet God made sure they would succeed, beyond their share of fame.

Though servants come, and servants go, we still accept the loss,
Because they helped so many grow when teaching of the Cross.
God will replace the saints who leave, with teachers yet to be,
To bring us truths we may receive, with thanks for Calvary!

Denis Martindale, the 19th of April 2023.

The Gospel poem got shared on Revelation TV's
R-Mornings, part 2, on the 19th of April 2023.
The poem was written after learning the Gospel
teacher Charles Stanley recently passed away.

My tribute to good teachers has an ironic title in
that it's usually school teachers who write their
reports for our parents or guardians to study.

Revelation TV: (UK Sky 581, Freesat 692, Freeview 281) ,
or Smart TVs and the Internet Firestick and ROKU boxes.

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UK Sky 581 or check Revelation TV's website for
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Denis Martindale

The King, The Crown And The Cross!

Oh, pardon me, that I should tell the Easter Story still,
Of Jesus Christ who saves from Hell because He climbed that hill,
Whereon the Romans crucified and let the crowds watch, too,
Until the victims cried and died, as they were meant to do.
Yet soldiers forced a crown of thorns upon the Saviour there,
While Mother Mary weeps and mourns and pleads to God in prayer.

Oh, pardon me, describing all, as if nobody knows,
Considering the miracle that tells us Jesus rose.
But there's a Royal Pardon, friends, within the Blood of Christ,
For at the Cross of Christ there ends the Saviour sacrificed,
Yet with His death, our sins get waived, by faith, that none should boast,
So, pardon me, and others saved, who truly love Him most.

Denis Martindale, Maundy Thursday, the 6th of April 2023.

The Easter Poem got shared on Revelation TV's
R-Mornings, in part 2 on Maundy Thursday,
the 6th of April 2023. The show included the
Life Is Important Gospel Outreach Booklet's
Easter image of the Cross and the empty tomb.

The Easter hymns shown in the music videos
added to the TV viewers' Easter meditations.

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or Smart TVs and the Internet Firestick and ROKU boxes.

It helps to record live TV shows and repeats on
UK Sky 581 or check Revelation TV's website for
WATCH LIVE shows and Catchup TV services.

Denis Martindale

The Battlefield Of Life!

Genesis to Revelation, upto the present day,
Despite God's great creation, Mankind has lost its way,
Like falling stars from skies above, the soldiers fight and fall,
That's why the wise must seek God's love and each new miracle.

Behold the battlefield of life, the birth, the life, the death,
And then reflect on this world's strife and Jesus of Nazareth.
The Bible says the Prince of Peace can grant us peace within,
We learn God's wonders never cease, so we must not give in.

The young, the old, the in-between, the unborn in the womb,
The Lord of Love has always seen much more than we assume.
That's why God did not spare His Son when Christ was on His Cross,
Through this one act, great things were done, despite the tragic loss.

Christ knows each battlefield of life, yet went to Calvary,
He had the strength to face this strife before God's victory.
So think of Christ and let Him know, you'll do your part as well,
So that Christ's Church will grow and grow and fewer go to Hell.

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale, the 31st of March 2023.

The Gospel Poem got shared on Revelation TV's
Prayertime Live show on the 5th of April 2023.

Revelation TV: (UK Sky 581, Freesat 692, Freeview 281) ,
or Smart TVs and the Internet Firestick and ROKU boxes.

It helps to record live TV shows and repeats on
UK Sky 581 or check Revelation TV's website for
WATCH LIVE shows and Catchup TV services.

Denis Martindale

What Is A Poet?

'What is a poet? ' some would ask, when reading what they wrote,
'And why should they attempt the task, as if we should take note? '
Yet I can answer using rhyme, as millions have before,
That poetry can prove sublime, and thrill us to the core.
From poems sprang the songs of love, and hymns that Christ would sing,
From poems sprang wise words enough, as if new life to bring.
Amazing Grace, How Great Thou Art, were these from Heaven sent?
Each called to somehow play their part, and not by accident?

What is a poet? Think on this. Reflect on thoughts they share.
A poet strives to share the bliss that comes through answered prayer.
Or seeks to challenge mortal man, to strive to do what's right,
That's why they do the things they can, and write by day and night.
While others sleep, and dream awhile, some poets stay awake,
Enwrapped in structure, and in style, new poetry to make.
Such that fresh blessings may ensue, beyond the worth of gold,
Like Christians who would share with you the greatest story ever told!

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale, the 5th of April 2023 for Easter Week Meditations.

Revelation TV: (UK Sky 581, Freesat 692, Freeview 281) ,
or Smart TVs and the Internet Firestick and ROKU boxes.

It helps to record live TV shows and repeats on
UK Sky 581 or check Revelation TV's website for
WATCH LIVE shows and Catchup TV services.

Denis Martindale

Is Today God's Choose Day?

God's Chosen Saviour is made known each Easter of each year,
As Jesus faced God's wrath alone, despite initial fear,
An angel strengthened Christ before God sacrificed His Son,
Such that today we can't ignore what Jesus Christ has done.
He faced the judgements men decreed, rejection then the pain,
Because Christ knew each sinner's need, so each gets born again.
Born of the Holy Spirit's grace, eternal life to share,
Bestowed upon the human race, to those who pause in prayer.

Could it be, today's God's choose day? The day God's Chosen saves?
The day when you don't turn away, as one who misbehaves?
The day when Heaven lets you in, adopted child of love,
The day eternal life you win to spend with God above?
The Chosen King, the Chosen Lord, the Chosen new best friend,
The Son of God as your reward whose love will never end.
A billion prayers have reached God's Throne, for sinners just like you,
To share the greatest love that's known, to last your whole life through.

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale, the 21st of March 2023.

The Gospel poem is written for sharing on a
Tuesday (Choose Day) and it helps to remind
people of the Gospel TV series The Chosen.

Revelation TV: (UK Sky 581, Freesat 692, Freeview 281) ,
or Smart TVs and the Internet Firestick and ROKU boxes.

It helps to record live TV shows and repeats on
UK Sky 581 or check Revelation TV's website for
WATCH LIVE shows and Catchup TV services.

Denis Martindale

A-N-G-E-L-S

As soon as God made angels,
Not all stayed truly blessed,
Good angels stayed, bad angels left,
Each had a choice to make,
Love the Lord, or loathe the Lord,
So many made their mistake!

As soon as Jesus Christ was born,
Not every person cared,
Good shepherds got told by angels
Expressing who God shared,
Listen, you can meet the Messiah!
So the shepherds went to see the Saviour!

And when Jesus rose from the dead,
Next to the tomb were sent,
God's guiding angels to explain,
Encouraging friends of Jesus,
Look not here, for Christ is risen!
Salvation for those who believe!

As soon as Pentecost came,
Now multitudes got saved,
Great is the Lord's mercy,
Each sinner's sins were waived,
Love grew in God's Christian Church!
Salvation by faith in Jesus!

And disciples preached Good News,
Not just to Jews alone,
God wanted to forgive everybody,
Each can approach God's Throne!
Life is one thing, eternal life is everything!
So be thankful for Jesus and His angels!

Denis Martindale, the 29th of March 2023.
Acrostic written in answer to a request on Quora.

Denis Martindale

Face To Face!

How few have seen the Saviour's hands, how few have seen His feet,
While He, with patience, nearby stands, their heartfelt joys to meet,
How few have knelt upon their knees, the Saviour to adore,
How few have kissed the Prince of Peace, and been thrilled to the core!

Yet I know my Redeemer lives, God's Son who died for me,
And all the love the Father gives to bless my ministry,
No greater love that proves sublime, beyond amazing grace,
Indwelling now, until the time, we each meet face to face!

Yet then I'll know tranquillity, unlike I've ever known,
A gentle sweet serenity, no other love has shown,
Transcending all this world has done, to daily put me down,
I'll see the Father, and the Son, the day I wear my crown!

Denis Martindale, the 2nd of April 2023.

PoemHunter.com

The Gospel poem is about Revelation TV's Face To Face
show and the R Times' April 2023 newsletter article by
Tim Vince describing our future appointment with God.

The Gospel poem got shared on Revelation TV's
R-Mornings show, part 1, on the 3rd of April 2023.

Revelation TV: (UK Sky 581, Freesat 692, Freeview 281) ,
or Smart TVs and the Internet Firestick and ROKU boxes.

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UK Sky 581 or check Revelation TV's website for
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Denis Martindale

Three Days That Changed The World!

How tragic was the travesty, the judgement of that time.
To scourge a man for Calvary, and yet what was the crime?
To love with love that cannot die, but fill Mankind with awe?
To preach, proclaim, and prophesy? To heal both rich and poor?
To pour out wisdom from God's Throne meant for lost souls on Earth?
To be the Lamb of God alone, since no-one else had worth?
To stay, upon the Cross of Christ, as Heaven's angels stared?
To stay, and thus get sacrificed, as one who truly cared?

To see His Mother on her knees who knew that He loved still?
To hear His Mother ill at ease, yet trusting in God's will?
But death would be a leap of faith, though some would say Christ slept,
His death the only way to save each sinner who has wept.
Blood once spilling, falling, streaming. Blood surviving, barely showing.
Blood instilling, blood redeeming. Blood reviving, ever flowing.
What God once promised to His Son has changed the world for sure!
Each Easter tells us what was done! Forgiveness and much more!

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale, the 2nd of April 2023.

The Gospel poem is about the Easter Message of the Messiah
as shared by Ron Cantor in the GOD TV Easter letter for 2023.

Denis Martindale

Poetry Coming, Ready Or Not!

The poets are writing quite a lot,
Each human-written, not robot,
Some poems written on-the-spot,
Pay attention and follow the plot.

Some are quite cold, some are quite hot,
Some tie your heartstrings in a knot,
Some sound quite good, some sound pure rot,
Some started well, then went to pot.

Though some of us don't care a jot,
What poems share is all they've got,
Some leave us puzzled asking, WHAT! ?
Poetry coming, ready or not!

Denis Martindale, the 25th of March 2023.

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

How Did You Write A Nice Poem?

I read my poem as I wrote, correcting now and then,
Of each new phrase I thus took note, again, again, again.
I pondered more than once, it's true, on phrases I composed,
I rearranged a line or two, for what I liked the most.
Investing time has proved the key, and that's no secret, friends,
It's just hard graft, no mystery, before each poem ends.
Who knows what blessings may ensue? Could poems turn to songs?
Could I grant insight just for you, as if to right your wrongs?
Or make you smile, or laugh, or cry, or share a sense of awe?
I only know, I've got to try, that's what a poem's for.

Denis Martindale, the 12th of March 2023.

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Dotty About Poetry!

Love songs are rhythms set to rhymes,
Great songs both young and old,
Beyond both happy and sad times,
The silver and the gold,
The precious kisses borne of love,
Are blessings on the way,
Yet even these prove not enough
Upon love's Wedding Day.
Yet gentle poems were the start,
Before love's lyrics came,
Before the yielding of one's heart
To learn a sweetheart's name.
And yes, I've written love songs, too,
Before God took my hand,
And simply told me, I LOVE YOU,
And great things I've got planned.
How Great Thou Art, Amazing Grace,
These were my joy to sing,
And yet new songs I still embrace
That preach of Christ the King.
Some of my words fit hymns of praise
Of common metre lines,
With every syllable and phrase
To bless both hearts and minds.
So why not share on websites, too?
That's what they're surely for,
And when I share my thoughts with you,
Your thoughts add even more.

Denis Martindale, the 25th of March 2023.

Revelation TV: on Sky 581, Freesat 692, Freeview 281,
Smart TVs and the Internet Firestick and ROKU boxes.

Denis Martindale

Try Poetry!

From ancient psalms to hymns and songs, from lullabies to love,
From each lament to righting wrongs, from almost to enough.
From limericks to epic themes, from passions borne of youth,
From acrostics on to daydreams, from fantasies to truth.
If not for poems, what has led the amateurs and triers?
If not for poems, who would wed the one love each admires?
If not for poems, day and night, what would this world become?
And this shows why the poets write, for one and all not some.

Behold the famous of all rhymes, still quoted to this day,
Still meant to lead to happy times, or meant as prayers to pray.
Behold the legacy God gave to poets young and old,
Meant from the cradle to the grave for both the shy and bold.
Behold the prophecies of hope that melt away Man's fears,
That even now still cross the globe explaining future years.
Yet there are poems still to pen, a billion that's for sure,
To help lost souls get born again, to live forever more.

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale, the 25th of March 2023.

Revelation TV: on Sky 581, Freesat 692, Freeview 281,
Smart TVs and the Internet Firestick and ROKU boxes.

Denis Martindale

The Beauty Of Creativity!

If Man responds to the duty, creativity grows,
To transform our lives with beauty, like a resplendent rose!
The Cosmos came when it was time, when God had all things planned,
He reaches out with gifts sublime to save and bless Mankind.
Recall the psalms that kings have shared, with prophecies of Christ,
With such as these, what has compared, or stands more highly prized?
Yet there are Gospels Christians wrote with miracles galore,
Such that a multitude took note and yet, there's more, there's more.

When Paul began his ministry, God's power blessed him, too,
Creating Churches was the key that proved Christ's Gospel true.
The Holy Spirit led the way in many people's lives,
So families could learn to pray, not just husbands and wives.
So many hymns are sung each week, new choruses as well,
New poems add to their mystique, what wondrous tales they tell.
And, oh, what paintings God has blessed, God's treasures never cease,
No wonder that God has impressed, yet may God's gifts increase!

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale, the 20th of March 2023.

For the Revelation TV's Sunday Bible Topics
show about creativity on the 26th of March 2023.

Revelation TV: on Sky 581, Freesat 692, Freeview 281,
Smart TVs and the Internet Firestick and ROKU boxes.

Denis Martindale

Chosen By The Chosen!

Have you been chosen by the Chosen,
The Saviour Jesus Christ,
As the Son of God who rose on
The day He prophesied?
The King of Kings, the Lord of Lords,
The Prince of Peace as well,
The Judge who offers great rewards,
The One who saves from Hell,
Are you chosen and forgiven all,
Adoption to embrace,
Rejoicing in God's miracle
And His amazing grace?
If so, then learn to do what's right,
To love, to give, to serve,
So you can share the Saviour's Light
With everyone on Earth!

Denis Martindale, the 30th of March 2023.

PoemHunter.com

The Chosen is a Gospel TV series about Jesus.
The Gospel poem got shared at the end of
part 2 on Revelation TV's R-Mornings show
on Thursday, the 30th of March 2023.

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Denis Martindale

Lord, Teach Us To Pray!

A teacher asked everyone in her class to write a prayer
so she could read these out to them later that day.
When the teacher sat down to read the prayers,
the class listened until she paused at the final prayer.
Even before the teacher could say a single word,
she was visibly moved and began to weep.

The Christian boy who wrote the prayer knew why.
He stood up immediately and approached her.
He laid a hand on her shoulder to comfort her.
Then the rest of the class stood up and joined him, too.
When so many tiny hands comforted her,
she felt the warmth of true love upon her like never before.
She felt that she was the right person, in the right place,
at the right time, doing the right thing.

I saw this happen in a daydream, when I was at home,
lying on my bed, thinking about the power of prayer.
Then, to my great surprise, I began to weep as well.
I was taken aback by this emotion, until I realised why.
For I remembered how Jesus was on the Cross of Christ.
There He was, the right person, in the right place,
at the right time, doing the right thing.
There He was, for you and for me.
Truly, this man is the King of Love,
and our Saviour, yours and mine.

Denis Martindale, the 28th of March 2023.

Denis Martindale

Greater Expectations Thanks To Jesus!

Pour out the oil as for kings, anointing with God's love,
Since God creates all living things and grants His saints enough.
He listens to my great concerns as one who understands
This mortal frame that daily learns that God has greater plans.
I am this body and this mind, yet I am spirit, too,
Refreshed by God's love for Mankind to do what I must do.

God's expectations go beyond all that I've known before,
And form in me a stronger bond, so that I, too, seek more.
When Jesus stood before His Cross, He didn't run away!
He was prepared to suffer loss, trust God and still obey!
I've never known such love as this, you see, Christ died for me,
To share God's great eternal bliss, Christ died on Calvary!

Oh, Lord, anoint me and my friends, that we may serve You still,
Because on this all love depends and always, always will.

Denis Martindale, the 17th of March 2023.

PoemHunter.com

The Gospel Prayer poem got shared on
Revelation TV's Lunchtime Live prayer
programme on the 17th of March 2023.

There is to be a special anointing of oil to
be held on the 20th of March 2023 show.

Revelation TV: on Sky 581, Freesat 692,
Freeview 281, Smart TVs and Internet's
streaming Firestick and ROKU boxes.

Denis Martindale

The King Of Kings And The Lord Of Lords!

Why serve a king, if just a king, when God proves so much more?
We learn that God made everything that's ever lived before.
From dust we came, to dust we go, yet God remains the same,
Christ has His Kingdom, this we know, and Jesus is His Name.
And when the Saviour of Mankind returns to prove His worth,
No other Saviour should we find, or ruler of this Earth.

It's not too late to trust God now, His Royal Pardon's here,
No wonder that God's angels bow, and serve Him year by year.
Yet what of us, while we yet live, this mortal frame to own?
Should we serve God who would forgive the greatest sins we've known?
Our God grants more than life's rewards! His Son's much more than these!
The King of Kings, the Lord of Lords! Jesus, the Prince of Peace!

Denis Martindale, the 15th of March 2023.

The Gospel poem got shared on Revelation TV's
R-Mornings show on the 16th of March 2023.

Revelation TV: on Sky 581, Freesat 692, Freeview 281,
Smart TVs and the Internet Firestick and ROKU boxes.

Denis Martindale

The Stuff Of Dreams!

When wondrous thoughts are on their way, or themes meant to explore,
That's when I pause, and when I pray, so God helps even more.
The Lord has treasures meant for all, the stuff of dreams, dear friends,
And poetry's His miracle, with love that never ends.
Behold the classic hymns composed and set to righteous rhymes,
And love songs truly loved the most that promise precious times.
Sweet lullabies for children, too, before they sleep in peace,
God has provided these for you, God's wonders never cease.
And there are sermons fit for kings, and common folks as well,
And parables Lord Jesus brings that help save us from Hell.
The Lord has treasures meant for all, the stuff of dreams, dear friends,
And poetry's His miracle, with love that never ends.

Denis Martindale, the 15th of March 2023.

The Gospel poem got shared on Revelation TV's
R-Mornings show on the 15th of March 2023.

PoemHunter.com

Revelation TV: on Sky 581, Freesat 692, Freeview 281,
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Denis Martindale

Start To Write!

If only Christians picked up pens,
Or typed in praise of Christ,
Perhaps they'd make a thousand friends,
Once time gets sacrificed.

Redeem the time, yet serve the Lord,
Express your love each day,
With love sublime, with faith assured,
Beyond the times you pray.

For there are Gospel songs to write
And parables to pen,
So write and share the Gospel's light,
Every now and then!

Denis Martindale, the 10th of March 2023.

PoemHunter.com

Revelation TV's Insight Live show promotes
Christian books as the authors share their
answers with the presenters and the viewers.
Check Google search for websites, images
and discounts. Prices vary, so shop around!

Revelation TV: on Sky 581, Freesat 692, Freeview 281,
Smart TVs and the Internet Firestick and ROKU boxes.

Denis Martindale

New Beginnings

The young giraffe had much to learn,
To stand, then walk, then run,
And yet, in truth, respect to earn,
Right there, from everyone.
Yes, life's a journey to be sure,
Just one day at a time,
And not just growing more and more,
Until one's in one's prime.

And adult life was yet to be,
Of that there was no doubt,
Without the sense of urgency
Before that came about.
And so, just one day, here and now,
No running to and fro,
But passing hours, then somehow,
The sunlight had to go.

The moon, of course, would take its turn,
Its silvered light to shine,
With mysteries none could discern,
Though things would soon be fine.
Life's new beginnings offered much
To those that stayed the course,
The joys of sight, smell, taste and touch,
And blessings God outpours.

Denis Martindale, the 14th of March 2023.

The poem is about the magnificent painting by
UK wildlife artist Stephen Gayford, of a young
giraffe. The picture is called New Beginnings.

Denis Martindale

Giraffe Calf

I remember a small giraffe
So trying hard to stand,
A fragile thing, merely a calf,
And hardly something grand.
Yet every day I watched it grow,
A little higher still,
A little higher yet to go,
According to God's will.

So inch by inch the calf grew tall,
Much higher than I was,
For next to it, I sure looked small,
And yet I wasn't cross.
For it had beauty all its own,
Serenity as well,
And grace in each new step was shown,
As all my photos tell.

It seemed to glide with each new pace,
Contented all the time,
Tranquillity set on its face,
Quite gentle and sublime.
Through every sunny day it went,
Yet taller than before,
And all my photos represent,
What God had still in store.

Denis Martindale, the 14th of March 2023.

The poem is about the magnificent painting by
UK wildlife artist Stephen Gayford, of a young
giraffe that would grow even taller in time...

Denis Martindale

Raquel

She was, to me, a shining light,
Deserving of her fame,
And as a star, when shining bright,
Men loved her form and frame.
Her beauty steadfast, spanning years,
A true celebrity,
Outshining those of short careers,
With fewer films to see.
What memories still come to mind,
A treasure chest, indeed,
A greater beauty hard to find,
So few have disagreed.
Her name, of course, is known full well,
Loved and remembered as Raquel.

Denis Martindale, the 12th of March 2023.

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

First The Parable, Then The Miracle!

God knows before we even speak, or weep, or mourn, or groan,
No wonder that His face we seek, amazing grace to own.
Our God provides the things we need, the land, the sun, the rain,
Yet we provide one mustard seed once we get born again.

Our Saviour gave us parables that grant us His insight,
As well as all His miracles that brought so much delight.
Our God continues day by day to listen to our prayers,
So think about the words we say, because we know God cares.

Christ is the Chosen, this we know! Christ is the King of Kings!
With blessings meant to overflow, to help us in all things.
If you know what I'm getting at, then pray and pray and pray!
Amen to this, Amen to that, then watch God have His way!

Denis Martindale, the 2nd of March 2023.

PoemHunter.com

The Gospel Prayer poem got shared on Revelation TV's
Lunchtime Live prayer programme on the 6th of March 2023.

Revelation TV: on Sky 581, Freesat 692, Freeview 281,
Smart TVs and the Internet Firestick and ROKU boxes.

Denis Martindale

Best Government Ever!

Perhaps, one day, if all goes well,
Good government will come,
Creating Heaven and not Hell,
For all, not just for some,
With leaders who deserve acclaim,
And lovers of the truth,
And not just those who dream of fame,
As those do in their youth.
A government where wisdom guides,
No trace of vanity,
No politician taking sides,
Just doing what must be.
No bribes, no scams, no ill-laid schemes,
No hint of selfish gains,
No half-baked plans then broken dreams,
Then everyone complains.
Perhaps, one day, if all goes well,
Good government will come,
Creating Heaven and not Hell,
For all, not just for some.

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale, the 1st of March 2023.

Denis Martindale

The Duty And The Destiny!

The tiny town of Bethlehem had destiny foretold,
That stretched beyond Jerusalem, that city to behold,
Where duty met the Son of God, outside the city wall,
As Jesus shed each drop of blood to gain a miracle.
The Son of David sacrificed, so sinless and so good,
Upon the holy Cross of Christ, as John and Mary stood.
Where soldiers gambled for Christ's robe they counted having worth,
Lord Jesus suffered without hope for each lost soul on Earth.

But God gave hope upon that day, as one thief showed respect,
That Paradise was on its way, despite this day's neglect.
Lord Jesus promised that poor man upon his cross as well,
Take heart, though death comes when it can, your death won't lead to Hell.
Death has its destiny, that's true, yet Jesus is the Lord,
To bless the Gentile, and the Jew, beyond faith's great reward,
Such that God resurrects the dead, for greater destiny!
And all because Christ's blood was shed, right there, at Calvary!

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale, the 6th of March 2023.

The Gospel poem got shared on Revelation TV's
Lunchtime Live show on the 13th of March 2023.

Revelation TV: on Sky 581, Freesat 692, Freeview 281,
Smart TVs and the Internet Firestick and ROKU boxes.

Denis Martindale

The Timing Of The Climbing!

Right now
Is not the time to climb
That snow-capped mountain.
Spring will arrive soon, and that snow will melt,
And expose the mountain it all its glory.
When Summer comes, I will start the climb,
When the climate is better suited to my purpose.
And if I triumph, and stand atop the mountain,
I will smile at the wisdom of patience.
And if I make my way down, to the plains again,
Surely I will have no further concern or fear.
Life will seem all the sweeter than it is
Right now.

Denis Martindale, the 7th of March 2023.

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Let There Be Light!

LET THERE BE LIGHT!

Come Spring, come Summer,
Daffodils sense the seasons,
Daylight then sunshine!

The 5-7-5 syllable haiku poem was written
in answer to a poem request on QUORA.

Here is the opposite version of a haiku poem
with 3 lines that use 7-5-7 syllables instead,
so I call this the ukiah, UK poem version...

LET THERE BE LIGHT!

Daffodils sense the seasons,
Come Spring, come Summer,
Daylight increases each day!

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale, the 8th of March 2023.

Denis Martindale

Faith Comes By Hearing The Word Of God!

Oh, to hear the God who made the universe and more,
In answer to the prayers I prayed, His answers to explore,
To learn what He desires, too, transformed as insights thrill,
I yearn for blessings old and new, according to His will.
If I must wait a thousand years to hear His sovereign voice,
I'd wait until that time appears, according to His choice,
As those that sleep, who passed away, some centuries ago,
Still dreaming of one fateful day, the voice of God to know.

Yet while I live and testify, the Holy Spirit guides,
Such that I, too, may glorify the fact that He abides,
To comfort and to strengthen me, to use me when He can,
And all because of Calvary, and Christ, the Son of Man.
And so I listen all the time, as one who yearns for gold,
For each encounter thought sublime and worthy to be told.
For blessed are those who prophesy, what must not be ignored,
Before, in time, they, too, must die, before they meet the Lord.

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale, the 28th of February 2023.

The Gospel poem is about the Revelation TV's
Twilight Zone show on the 28th of February 2023,
explaining how believers can hear God regularly.

Revelation TV: on Sky 581, Freesat 692, Freeview 281,
Smart TVs and the Internet Firestick and ROKU boxes.

Denis Martindale

The Holy Bible Word For Word!

For many months, the scholars shared the Scriptures old and new,
So that each verse was then prepared, to guide men what to do.
Interpretations came to mind, when thoughts weren't crystal clear,
The nearest meanings they could find, were cherished as most dear.
And from the skills of penmanship came great calligraphy,
From heart and mind to nib and tip creating artistry.
And as the months turned into years, none thought it wasted time,
From page to page, as each appears, Man's finest and sublime.

Men did their best for this great quest, to save lost souls from Hell,
No greater cause has thus impressed, no greater hope to tell.
To think, the Son of God once died upon the Cross of Christ,
The finest man was crucified, for our sins sacrificed.
Amazing grace for us was shown through sinless blood Christ shed,
Amazing grace from Heaven's Throne raised Jesus from the dead.
The Holy Bible word for word, God's triumph, good as gold,
No wonder millions have been stirred by the greatest story ever told.

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale, the 21st of February 2023.

On the 20th of February 2023, Revelation TV's
R-Mornings topic of the Holy Bible reminded me
of the King James Authorised version once more.

Revelation TV: on Sky 581, Freesat 692, Freeview 281,
Smart TVs and the Internet Firestick and ROKU boxes.

Denis Martindale

The Epitome Of Inspiration!

The quintessential moment,
The fragile fragment of time,
The insight unbidden,
No longer hidden,
Transparent and sublime.
The freshness of awaking,
Right there for the taking,
Behold the inspiration,
Then the celebration.

Look deeper now, for more, somehow,
Draw it out like strands of gold,
Discover what God will allow,
So wondrous things get told.
Yes, play your part and make a start,
For there are treasures to impart,
A song, a poem, a hymn, or a play,
Yes, pretty soon, one's on its way.

PoemHunter.com

What a challenge, what a quest,
Now's your chance to do your best!

Denis Martindale, the 15th of February 2023.

Denis Martindale

Daily Express Your Faith In Christ!

Daily express your faith in Christ, daily mirror His love,
As one Christ saved, now greatly prized, esteemed by God above.
Good News arrives and in good time, so read the Bible, too,
A word of knowledge proves sublime, and visions when in view.

The amazing grace in Scripture shows what Christ once died for,
Though a thousand words a picture, the Cross of Christ says more.
The risen Saviour means so much if we trust what He's done,
More than the healings from His touch, once we learn He's God's Son.

Eternal life, that's on the line, the treasure we must find,
I pray it's yours as well as mine, it's meant for all Mankind.
It's up to you to share Good News that papers have dismissed,
To reach the Gentiles and the Jews as God's evangelist.

I've done my part. Will you do yours? Share Bibles if you can.
God guides our footsteps to this course to help our fellow man.

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale, the 15th of February 2023.

The Gospel poem is about Revelation TV and its
Christian perspective reporting of the news coming
to us from various daily newspapers and TV stations
with extra focus on the UK, USA, Europe and Israel.

The Gospel poem got shared on Revelation TV's
Lunchtime Live show on the 27th of February 2023.

Revelation TV: on Sky 581, Freesat 692, Freeview 281,
Smart TVs and the Internet Firestick and ROKU boxes.

Denis Martindale

Are You Loaded With Revelation?

I'm loaded with revelation, more than my fellow man,
And much more than all creation, aware God has a plan.
I'm partaking of God's mercies, both now and evermore,
Forsaking things that can't grant peace, unworthy to explore.

I'm loaded with revelation, more than I've ever known,
For I've found the Lord's salvation, through Christ who can atone.
His Royal Pardon to receive, once baptised in His Name,
So others, too, will then believe, God's Gospel to proclaim.

I'm loaded with revelation, and prayers that flow like wine,
So I pray for every nation, for miracles divine.
Prayer warriors, let's intercede! Let's praise the Lord above!
Let's show in thought, and word, and deed, we love the King of Love!

Denis Martindale, the 13th of February 2023.

PoemHunter.com

The Gospel poem got shared on Revelation TV's
Lunchtime Live show on the 13th of February 2023.

The Gospel booklet Life Is Important by writer
and TV presenter Gordon Pettie is offered free
when we phone the Revelation TV's UK office.

Revelation TV: on Sky 581, Freesat 692, Freeview 281,
Smart TVs and the Internet Firestick and ROKU boxes.

Denis Martindale

Don't Make Me Have To Come Down There!

Perhaps you've heard that Gospel song, that warning from the Lord?
He always knows what we've done wrong, and nothing gets ignored.
There's not one thought, or bad report, unseen by God above,
Dismissing all the Bible's taught! Perhaps God's seen enough.
When angels kneel before God's Throne, they tell Him what goes on,
And even angels aren't alone, not even when they've gone.
For holy prayers arise on high, from saints on Earth below,
The chosen few, still asking why, as daily troubles grow.

The unborn babes don't know the way to plead their lives get spared,
Nor do they know of Judgement Day when unsaved souls get scared.
Nor is the planet Earth at peace, plucked clean like chickens are,
A mere resource that Man can seize, until Man goes too far.
When I survey the wondrous cross, I see amazing grace,
But unsaved souls must face the loss and shame for what takes place.
When God sends Jesus back again, it's then God's judgements fall,
Unless there's mercy, now, and then, through Easter's miracle.

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale, the 7th of February 2023.

This poem refers to the Gospel song by Dolly Parton
that she wrote upon having a dream, and seeing God
on a mountain, then God saying to the whole world,
Don't make Me have to come down there!

Revelation TV: on Sky 581, Freesat 692, Freeview 281,
Smart TVs and the Internet Firestick and ROKU boxes.

Denis Martindale

Adventurous Faith!

Who's up for a new adventure, eternal life to share,
Enough to thrill you to the core with answers to each prayer,
With miracles, signs and wonders enough to make you swoon,
Like the roaring of God's thunders some Autumn afternoon?
Who's up for God's amazing grace to sing How Great Thou Art,
A brand new life meant to replace the one you live in part,
With fulness overflowing still, no matter, day or night,
And guidance in the Father's will, once blessed with true insight?

Who's up for Bibles to share out, and Gospel booklets, too?
Life is important, without doubt, stay faithful through and through,
And then stay thankful, full of praise, like angels full of love,
Adventurous in all your ways, with grace that proves enough.
Who's up for some great excitement, great expectations now,
Such that God says you can be sent to somewhere soon somehow,
With passport up-to-date as well, with blessings great and small?
To each who saves lost souls from Hell, receive your miracle!

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale, the 7th of February 2023.

This poem refers to the Gospel booklet Life Is Important
by TV presenter and author Gordon Pettie. The booklet is
available free. Phone the UK office team of Revelation TV.

Revelation TV: on Sky 581, Freesat 692, Freeview 281,
Smart TVs and the Internet Firestick and ROKU boxes.

Denis Martindale

The Other Night I Dreampt Of Him!

The other night, I dreampt of Him, the Saviour of my soul,
The Lord adored by seraphim, the King who's in control,
The Son of God none can replace, if Heaven is their goal,
Anointed by amazing grace to play that sovereign role.
The angels waited and received the orders He supplied,
To send to men who still believed, and sought God as their guide,
The saints who preached about the Cross and Jesus crucified,
Evangelists who shared the loss of life the day Christ died.

And then, within the dream I saw, the Saviour looked at me,
As if someone not to ignore, who knew of Calvary,
And bid me near, towards His Throne, towards His majesty,
As one to whom His love was shown, for all His love to see.
And as I walked, within that dream, the stronger I became,
And from my mouth poured out a stream of praises to His Name,
The angels sang in harmony, rejoicing to proclaim,
Amazing grace God shared with me, once Heaven was my aim.

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale, the 12th of February 2023.

The Gospel poem got shared at the very end
of Revelation TV's R-Mornings programme
on Monday, the 13th of February 2023.

Revelation TV: on Sky 581, Freesat 692, Freeview 281,
Smart TVs and the Internet Firestick and ROKU boxes.

Denis Martindale

Lord Of Life, King Of Love!

When Easter comes again this year, so many will get saved,
The Gospel then becomes so clear, so many sins get waived.
Forgiven sins both great and small, perhaps with healings, too,
And yet today's God's miracle, with blessings meant for you.
Prayer warriors are here and there, to intercede with love,
Sincerely showing that they care, as they know times are tough.
God's family abides on Earth, united through Christ's Name,
Let's pray for blessings as we serve with Good News to proclaim.
While there's a battle for each soul that starts again each day,
It's God alone who takes control, when we do things His way!

Denis Martindale, the 18th of February 2023.

The Gospel poem is about Revelation TV's show
Saturday Night Live on the 18th of February 2023.
The main topic was having the expectation for a
future miracle and several Scripture examples were
offered to display faith believing in what God has
done, is doing now and what He will do in the future.

The Gospel poem got shared on Revelation TV's
Lunchtime Live show on the 20th of February 2023.

Revelation TV: on Sky 581, Freesat 692, Freeview 281,
Smart TVs and the Internet Firestick and ROKU boxes.

Denis Martindale

From Fighting To Faith!

Each boxer learns how best to fight, while stamina persists,
Yet not as Christians who delight as God's evangelists.
Like saints with prayer that never stops, who serve the Saviour's plans,
Like saints who pray on mountain tops, or preach in foreign lands.

The Holy Bible mentions wars that prophecies foretell,
Evangelists say God restores, and Jesus saves from Hell.
The finest faith deserves rewards, and Heaven is the aim,
From Jesus Christ, the Lord of Lords, all glory to His Name.

From Christmas we can learn so much, and Easter teaches, too,
Yet we must seek the Saviour's touch, in order to fight through.
The Gospel's on our TVs now, wherever we may roam,
So pray for what God will allow that God may bless each home.

By faith, the pilgrims can progress, by faith, while there's still time,
With signs and wonders that express how God's love proves sublime!

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale, the 4th of February 2023.

The Gospel poem is about Revelation TV's
Impact show on the 4th of February 2023.
Evangelist Daniel Chand shared his life story
that is in the Gospel booklet Life Is Important
by author Gordon Pettie of Revelation TV.

UK Channels Sky 581, Freeview 281, Freesat 692,
Smart TVs, and Firestick and Roku Internet devices.

Denis Martindale

Broadcasting Christ!

Behold the guidance of the Lord, the answers to each prayer,
The harvest promised as reward, the Saviour's love to share,
Each gift that spans eternity, each legacy as well,
Each utterance of prophecy that's meant to save from Hell.
The genesis of gentle thoughts, the Bible to explain,
The genesis of news reports, so folks get born again.
Life stories growing from the start, that spring from heartfelt dreams,
To teach this world that's torn apart because of war's extremes.

And Israel blessed, by friendly tours, and with baptisms, too,
With videos that prove God's course when prophecies came true.
For twenty years, a faithful flock supported week by week,
To overcome the ones who mock what God sees as unique.
Behold this mustard seed of faith and mighty ministry,
That daily shares that Christ can save because of Calvary.
Behold amazing grace, dear friends, as revelation grows,
Because in Christ, love never ends, as every Christian knows!

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale, the 1st of February 2023.

Gordon Pettie's book, Broadcasting Christ, celebrates
the 20th anniversary of Revelation TV and outlines the
highlights only God could have granted across the years.

The Gospel poem got shared on Revelation TV's
R-Mornings show on the 6th of February 2023.

UK Channels Sky 581, Freeview 281, Freesat 692,
Smart TVs, and Firestick and Roku Internet devices.

Denis Martindale

Fully Booked For Saint Valentine's Day!

When searching for a special book, or Bible now and then,
I take the time to take a look, before I buy again.
Then I research without delay, comparisons to view,
In search of better ways to pay, for books both old and new.

When I subscribe, some emails bless, with discounts week by week,
It's like a birthday gift, I guess, with savings I should seek.
With more accounts than just the one, the discounts will increase,
And so, before each month gets done, the blessings never cease.

My Valentine can soon receive the better gifts I've bought,
Thanks to the discounts I retrieve by taking extra thought.
Perhaps I'll get a loving kiss beyond a winsome smile,
Thanks to the discounts I don't miss, going the second mile!

Denis Martindale, the 1st of February 2023.

PoemHunter.com

The Saint Valentine's Day poem reminder got shared on
Revelation TV's R-Mornings show on the 1st of February.

Gordon Pettie's Gospel booklet LIFE IS IMPORTANT
also got to be recommended to the TV channel's viewers.

UK Channels Sky 581, Freeview 281, Freesat 692,
Smart TVs, and Firestick and Roku Internet devices.

Denis Martindale

The Lioness Of Judah!

Seen as beautiful, as always, by those who know her well,
Who see her shine throughout her days, what stories they could tell.
For each one has a legacy of memories galore,
And future hopes for what could be, like those who pray for more.

The lioness of Judah knows the sun, the moon and stars,
Aware that each one shines and glows, as each new day must pass.
With a time of preparation, as if led by God's hand,
That would lead to revelation and precious years God planned.

Behold, then, God's amazing grace, take pride alone in Him,
For signs and wonders that take place, to make us glad not grim.
Seen as beautiful, as always, by those who know God well,
Especially by each who prays, more stories then to tell.

Each testifies that life moves on, as Heaven, too, decrees,
Until, at last, all things are gone, except love, hope and peace.

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale, the 24th of January 2023.

The Gospel poem got shared by Revelation TV's
R-Mornings presenter Nikki Mills and is a tribute to
her faith that God has blessed through the years and
led her to becoming a TV presenter and evangelist.

The poem's title is one of her nicknames because of
shiny golden hair the viewers see when she's on TV.

UK Channels Sky 581, Freesat 692, Freeview 281,
Smart TVs and Internet Devices such as ROKU.

Denis Martindale

Smiley Cyrus!

I've seen a jolly Christian man, a guy who's on TV,
And can he smile? My word, he can! Sometimes he smiles with glee.

And if the viewers need to ask, how come he grins all day?
He will explain, It's no hard task... My God hears when I pray!

And when I join with others, too, it's like we overflow,
And that's why we can pray for you, so Jesus you will know.

We truly pray for greater things, then God grants us rewards,
In fact, we serve the King of Kings, we serve the Lord of Lords!

So when you see that guy called Cy, or Cyrus now and then!
You see, he's got good reasons why! That guy's now BORN AGAIN!

Denis Martindale, the 26th of January 2023.

PoemHunter.com

The Gospel poem is about Revelation TV's
R-Mornings presenter Cyrus who has read the
poem on Thursday, the 26th of January 2023.

The Gospel poem got shared on Revelation TV's
R-Mornings show on the 31st of January 2023.

UK Channels Sky 581, Freesat 692, Freeview 281,
Smart TVs and Internet Devices such as ROKU.

Denis Martindale

Keep Preaching, Keep Teaching!

God blesses those who reach the youth,
The future of Mankind,
Who don't massage the message truth,
Or see it undermined.

God knows the Gospel fully well,
The Good News and the bad,
But not all people go to Hell,
Some go to Heaven glad.

The Gospel preaches mercy now,
As long as people live,
If we show mercy, too, somehow,
True love, if we forgive.

Baptised believers should agree,
And write books now and then,
Thus pointing us to Calvary
So we get born again!

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale, the 26th of January 2023.

The Gospel poem got shared on Revelation TV's
R-Mornings on Thursday, the 26th of January 2023.

UK Channels Sky 581, Freesat 692, Freeview 281,
Smart TVs and Internet Devices such as ROKU.

Denis Martindale

Pray, Pray, Pray!

I know of great evangelists, I've seen them on TV,
And through the years each one persists, and some have prayed for me.
I thank them all, yes, every one, for true love each expressed,
The King of Kings, God's only Son, knows that they did their best.

And now I pray for others, too, compassion drives me on,
So God bless me, and God bless you, more faith to build upon.
More light, more power and more peace, more impact than before,
Such that God's wonders never cease, God's blessings to outpour.

This holy thing that we call prayer, it's more than words we speak,
It proves to be beyond compare, when we, the Lord, would seek.
With hands held tight, or raised above, with eyes opened, or closed,
God looks upon our hearts with love, thanks to the Holy Ghost.

If we remain as living stones, according to God's will,
He intercedes with aching groans, so that we serve God still.

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale, the 30th of January 2023.

The Gospel poem got shared on Revelation TV's
Lunchtime Live show on the 30th of January 2023.

UK Channels Sky 581, Freesat 692, Freeview 281,
Smart TVs and Internet Devices such as ROKU.

Denis Martindale

Revelation Tv's Twenty Years Of Ministry!

Behold a miracle of love, a miracle of faith,
Upheld by grace that proved enough this ministry to save.
Sustained by few, a chosen few, supported year by year,
By viewers who donated, too, whom God has held most dear.
God bless the future we would share across the worldwide globe,
That we, together, bless in prayer, through love and faith and hope.

Denis Martindale, the 15th of January 2023.

The Gospel tribute poem got shared on Revelation TV's
Church Without Walls show on the 15th of January 2023,
1 month, then the 20th anniversary, Saint Valentine's Day!

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Baptise Us In Your Love!

God, grant us love, baptise us so,
Such that Your love will overflow,
A waterfall of perfect love,
Descending power from above.

Yet when it reaches us on Earth,
Let it touch us like cleansing surf,
Warmed-up, refreshing, ever new,
Anointing blessings just from You.

Reminding us, Christ is the link,
So we give thanks and on Christ think,
For Christ alone has borne our sins,
Such that believers' souls He wins.

Just think, Christ is the King of Kings!
He destines us for greater things!
God, grant us love, baptise us so,
Such that Your love will overflow!

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale, the 13th of January 2023.

The Gospel poem got shared on Revelation TV's
Lunchtime Live show on the 13th of January 2023
as the presenters spoke of baptism and God's love.

UK Channels Sky 581, Freesat 692, Freeview 281,
Smart TVs and Internet Devices such as ROKU.

Denis Martindale

God Loves A Cheerful Giver...

How God loves a cheerful giver, no matter, great or small,
For our money can deliver a timely miracle,
Such that the taxman may relent and help some charity,
At times when money's sent or spent in true humility.
Consider well, the widow's mite, Lord Jesus pointed out,
Because she gave with great insight, by faith and not by doubt.
Some people tithe a tenth or more, like clockwork, every time,
While other folks just help the poor, not holding back a dime.
Some even sell their homes as well, donating quite a lot,
God knows the tales such folks could tell, if this proved good or not.

'It's only money! ' some declare, content to do their part,
'For some, it's like an answered prayer when we give from the heart! '
The unemployed may not agree, they live from week to week,
They stay quite poor for all to see, with future's often bleak.
The pensioners complain each year, disabled folks as well,
The Governments are swift to hear, but slow to end their hell.
They just print money now and then, and borrow to the hilt,
Enough to start a war again, with millions more then killed.
Then charities will advertise with TV footage played,
The horrors Mankind can't disguise! The piper must be paid.

So judgement day's soon on its way, of that we can be sure,
And even though some kneel and pray, will we give less or more?

Denis Martindale, Friday, the 13th of January 2023.

The poem is about Revelation TV's Christian channel
sharing of various charity adverts, and the contrasting
times we're living in today, when billions can't or won't
give to charities, as they're in dire need of charity, too.

UK Channels Sky 581, Freesat 692, Freeview 281,
Smart TVs and Internet Devices such as ROKU.

Denis Martindale

Words Of Faith Can Perform A Miracle!

There comes a time when words get shared by writers young and old,
By poets, too, as they prepared their stories to be told.
Yet who can say the ones God blessed of all thoughts that were penned,
Or those that left the Lord impressed, yes, right up to THE END?

But those who cherish Bible books would seem to please God more
Than just the guy who sometimes looks, yet Good News would ignore.
But oh, what treasures God reveals, to students of His Word,
Beyond each error that conceals the wonders God preferred.

The spirit, rather than the law, the blessing, not the curse,
The Christian poet must make sure God's wisdom's in his verse.
Hymnwriter's praise the Lord with love, their worship's so sincere,
Their words are miracles enough that Jesus holds most dear.

How Great Thou Art, Amazing Grace, consider what they tell,
Then gaze upon the Saviour's face! Christ can save you as well...

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale, the 12th of January 2023.

The Gospel poem is about Revelation TV's
The Late Show on the 12th of January 2023
and those believers who sometimes perform
Christian poems, plays, songs and stories.

UK Channels Sky 581, Freesat 692, Freeview 281,
Smart TVs and Internet Devices such as ROKU.

Denis Martindale

The Road To Resurrection!

On the road to resurrection, our Saviour walked by faith,
He was not the crowd's selection, they kept Barabbas safe.
Thus Christ was whipped, almost to death, then hoisted up above,
His name? Jesus of Nazareth, we call the King of Love.

Upon the Cross of Christ He stayed, no angels set Him free,
And yet by faith, He still obeyed, and died on Calvary.
Once taken down, and laid to rest, within a sealed-up tomb,
What soul on Earth could call Him blessed amid such death and doom?

But on the resurrection day, the angels gave God praise,
Despite disciples in dismay, God showed amazing grace.
And yet the Gospel must be shared within this time of ours,
To show how much the Father cared as He revealed His powers.

Forgiveness granted to the lost, eternal life as well,
Because Lord Jesus paid the cost to save lost souls from Hell.

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale, the 12th of January 2023.

The Gospel poem got shared on Revelation TV's
R-Mornings on the 12th of January 2023 and it
followed the Gospel video of How Great Thou Art
which included some scenes of the Cross of Christ.

UK Channels Sky 581, Freesat 692, Freeview 281,
Smart TVs and Internet Devices such as ROKU.

Denis Martindale

Return Of The Gods

The spirits of Man's sinful past still work behind the scenes,
Enough to bring this world down fast, unless God intervenes,
Yet nations that reject the Lord, and all God's prophecies,
Will learn that when they cut the cord, their troubles will increase.
Traditions once held in esteem will swiftly pass away,
And men will walk, as in a dream, towards God's Judgement Day.

Consider revelation gone, consider wisdom, too,
The glory of the Lord that shone departed then from view.
And life itself as meaningless, and hopes smashed to the ground,
For evil spirits never bless the ones not Heaven-bound.
The unsaved souls find no rewards, no treasures that abide,
If they reject the Lord of Lords that once was crucified.

The prophets warned of such a time, when love for God grew cold,
Yet saints with faith that proves sublime will shine as bright as gold.

Denis Martindale, the 5th of January 2023.

PoemHunter.com

The Gospel poem is about Revelation TV's
The Late Show on the 5th of January 2023.
Jonathan Cahn explained in his latest book
about evil spirits once worshipped by men.

UK Channels Sky 581, Freesat 692, Freeview 281,
Smart TVs and Internet Devices such as ROKU.

Denis Martindale

A Christian Perspective

A Christian perspective can bless, if it stays Bible-based,
When Jesus helps us to express some hope with what we're faced.
To see beyond the worldly view, to see what Jesus brings,
To see what He alone can do, as Christ, the King of Kings.

If Godly wisdom's shared on Earth, just think what kindness grows,
If not, we get what we deserve, regardless, friends or foes.
Discernment comes to those who ask, with insights now and then,
Repentance proves the hardest task, we must be born again.

The Holy Spirit shares Good News, ask each evangelist,
Good News for Gentiles and for Jews, but some folks still resist.
A Christian perspective opens eyes beyond what papers say,
When Jesus helps us to stay wise, enough to kneel and pray.

Denis Martindale, the 6th of January 2023.

PoemHunter.com

The Gospel poem is about Revelation TV's
R-Mornings show and presenters sharing a
Christian perspective on the news headlines.

UK Channels Sky 581, Freesat 692, Freeview 281,
Smart TVs and Internet Devices such as ROKU.

Denis Martindale

January, February...

Take heed, guys! A word to the wise! Saint Valentine's is near!
Before it takes you by surprise, which one is held most dear?
Of all the world, is she the one, deserving of your best?
Her smile as dazzling as the sun, deserving to be blessed?

And does she pray for you as well, as if she's preached for years?
And can she cook? Well, time will tell, whatever else appears!
And does she praise God she can live and also preach Good News?
And does she tithe, a tenth to give? Or does she buy more shoes?

I envy those embracing love, yet true love's worth much more,
If you're in love, then sure enough, by now, you know the score.
A present here, a present there, some flowers now and then,
Saint Valentine's the time to share your true love once again!

Denis Martindale, the 5th of January 2023.

The Gospel poem got shared on Revelation TV's
R-Mornings show on the 5th of January 2023.

UK Channels Sky 581, Freesat 692, Freeview 281,
Smart TVs and Internet Devices such as ROKU.

Denis Martindale

Focus On God's Agenda

Jesus grants us revelation
Both now and throughout time,
With blessings for each nation
And miracles sublime.
First focus on God's agenda,
Its aims above all things,
The Lord of Lords so tender!
King of Love! King of Kings!
Prayer warriors are here and there,
They know the Lord so well,
Evangelists beyond compare
Still preach to save from Hell,
And healers, too, reach out with love,
Amazing grace to give,
And all because this proves enough,
No matter where we live.
Praise God His prophets always prayed
Each time they looked ahead!
Let Jesus see our faith displayed!
Stay focussed, Spirit-led!

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale, the 3rd of January 2023.

The Gospel poem got shared on Revelation TV's
R-Mornings show on the 3rd of January 2023.

UK Channels Sky 581, Freesat 692, Freeview 281,
Smart TVs and Internet Devices such as ROKU.

Denis Martindale

New Year! New Life!

Each Christian with a window view has insight there and then,
Yet Daniel prayed what he should do for each new day again.
He knew that God had righteous plans for him and all his friends,
For he had faith that understands beyond this life that ends.

By faith, he lived, and served the Lord, and worshipped when he could,
And this was why God was adored in Daniel's neighbourhood.
Despite what all the cowards chose, he knew God's righteousness,
And chose to stand against his foes, his true faith to confess.

His sacrifice was not in vain, he stood for what was right,
Not just for blessings he could gain, since God was his delight.
Not just for times when things get hard, not just for times of peace,
But always, ever on his guard, with faith that must not cease.

God knows what Christians choose to do, He knows both strong and weak,
God knows of me, God knows of you, yet we are not unique.
A billion Christians pray with love, yet not like Daniel,
Who truly served His Lord above, come Heaven or come Hell...

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale, the 3rd of January 2023.

The Gospel poem got shared on Revelation TV's
Insight Live show on the 3rd of January 2023.

UK Channels Sky 581, Freesat 692, Freeview 281,
Smart TVs and Internet Devices such as ROKU.

Denis Martindale

Duck Waterfowl

I stared upon the wooden frame and at the picture, too,
To focus there, my second aim, the colours meant to view.
The frame itself was neatly done and rarely seen on sale,
The picture seemed a fragile one, yet history told its tale.
Of some bird seen as beautiful, deserving of some love,
As if cute, and adorable, and thus reasons enough.
Yes, the Stephen Gayford study showed details quite sublime,
Just for this day and just for me, through forty years of time.

I'd seen such studies sold before, by sellers from abroad,
Although well-liked, hard to ignore, but too much to afford.
I merely had the photos shown that time had still preserved,
As if to treasure, all my own, a legacy unearthed.
I checked the larger photos shared, then saved their image files,
To join the archives I've prepared of different plumage styles.
It's good to learn how Nature thrives, through changes now and then,
Varieties, so some survive, in ways beyond our ken.

This little duck walked to the right, its colours not concealed,
In fact, they were a pure delight, for many were revealed.
A striking black, a striking blue, with mellow gold and red,
With shiny white stripes noticed, too, one just below the head.
And tiny dots were shown as eyes, so very, very small,
And so much so, with some surprise, these seemed a miracle.
God can design so many things, with colours here and there,
No wonder as the Kings of Kings, the Lord's beyond compare!

Denis Martindale, the 24th of December 2022.

The poem is about the magnificent wildlife art painting by
UK artist Stephen Gayford. Many prints get sold in UK
auctions yet it's rare that prints get sold outside the UK.

Denis Martindale

Are We Too Late To Save The World?

Are we too late to save the world,
Composed of lands and seas?
Or is this fate not overturned
Such that we get no peace?

With Mankind killing every day
The creatures that God made,
Extinction's now or on its way,
Each time we disobeyed.

The fish condemned no more to swim,
The birds no more to fly,
No wonder that God's face looks grim
Each time His creatures die.

Why then should God let Mankind thrive
As if to celebrate?
When other creatures won't survive,
I ask, is it too late?

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale, the 23rd of December 2022.

Denis Martindale

Spontaneous Poetry!

An inkling in the heart and mind and twinkling in the eyes,
A brand new poem for Mankind, to take it by surprise,
A title springing from somewhere, a first line from somehow,
A poem winging on the air, as if to take a bow.
The poet staring at the page, then searching that first rhyme,
That soon propels him to the stage of something thought sublime,
A miracle composed and penned, a mystery supreme,
A vision meant to comprehend that lives outside a dream.
A shadow gliding pensively, that's sliding left to right,
The pen awaiting what must be, as who knows what's in sight?
The poet crossing out a phrase, a new one to install,
The ink still bleeding to replace with wonders great and small.
The verses battling for each spot the poet deems as good,
As if advancing through the plot exactly as each should.
Verse two gets switching to verse three and verse six moves to five,
Until the final poetry at last can come alive.
It's then the poet reads the lines over and over again,
Just scanning, looking for the signs, corrections now and then.
With triumph turning into peace and joy replacing grief,
At last the poet finds release and words beyond belief!

Denis Martindale, the 9th of December 2022.

Denis Martindale

Journey To Freedom!

To think, that God can raise the dead, means He can heal us, too,
So let's think back to what Christ said, despite what sinners do.
There is a wondrous hope in Him the Cross of Christ revealed,
Not borne of fantasy, or whim, nor that God kept concealed.
While some have seen with their own eyes the sorrows of the past,
That haunt their dreams until hope dies within their hearts at last,
God grants Christ's share of perfect love, like sunshine to appear,
God grants sufficient grace enough, such that their troubles clear.
The Father showed Christ crucified, with no man left in doubt
Who loves the Saviour who once died to cast our demons out.
Lord Jesus is the reason for the freedom we received,
Eternally, forevermore, from when we first believed.
Amazing grace worth more than gold enfolds us still somehow,
The greatest story ever told continues even now.

Denis Martindale, the 13th of December 2022.

PoemHunter.com

The Gospel poem got shared on Revelation TV's
R-Mornings show on the 16th of December 2022.

Denis Martindale

Behold The Gift Of Prophecy!

Behold the gift of prophecy that God chose to bestow,
Alerting us of what must be, as Genesis would show.
Forgiveness and Eternity, meant for Mankind to know,
Yet only if Christ would agree and to His Cross would go!

The prophets preached as they were led, in thought and word and deed,
And wrote of what must lay ahead, wise words we're meant to read.
God's promises showed why Christ bled, so God's grace would succeed,
Despite Christ's awful sense of dread, He served the greater need.

So all our sins could be addressed, and overlooking none,
Aware how sinners could be blessed by what must yet be done,
By faith, Christ trusted God knew best, not sparing His Own Son,
That's why believers are impressed, yes, every single one.

Denis Martindale, the 20th of December 2022.

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

If I Glorify

If I find the application, the willingness to try,
Then there's joyful celebration with angels, too, on high.
They praised the Lord, with sweet accord, upon that Christmas Day,
And it's no wonder they adored God's precious Son that way.
To think, they knew what prophets meant, and revelation shared,
To think, that's how the shepherds went, for nothing else compared!
No greater choice, no greater thing, had they prepared to do,
That day, they met their future king, the King of Kings, that's true.
If I find the application, I can praise God if I try,
If I find the inspiration, and if I glorify...
The King of Love and Calvary, the Lord of Lords as well...
To think, that Christ will gaze on me, the one He saved from Hell.
One day, I'll see my Saviour's face, the Lamb of God so brave,
That's if I glorify God's grace, my precious soul to save!

Denis Martindale, the 19th of December 2022.

PoemHunter.com

The Gospel poem got shared on Revelation TV's
R-Mornings show on the 19th of December 2022.

There's a Christian Gospel application called GLORIFY
that's recommended on the live TV programmes and why
the IF I GLORIFY poem includes the word application.

Denis Martindale

What Does ' Christmas ' Mean To You! ?

Is Christmas based on gifts and toys, or snow men, if it snows?
Or on God's Son, and on our choice, so God's grace grows and grows?
Is Christmas based on Santa Claus, and chimneys on our roofs?
Or Christmas cakes we buy in stores, or on God's Gospel truths?

Is Christmas based on holidays, more sweeties, more TV?
Or is time still reserved for praise, recalling Calvary?
Or Christmas parties, oh, so grand, a mistletoe embrace?
Or what the Father's Love has planned through God's amazing grace?

I only know what God has done for Christians near and far,
Who love the Father and the Son, no matter who they are.
They seek the Lord by day and night, they preach Good News to all,
That's why in Christmas I delight, Christ is God's miracle!

The Virgin Birth sets Christ apart! Praise God for Mary's faith!
Praise God that Christ lives in my heart, my precious soul to save!
Evangelists may come and go, like angels that God sends,
Yet Jesus is the King I know whose true love never ends!

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale, the 19th of December 2022.

Revelation TV is asking people this on Social Media.

The Gospel poem got shared on Revelation TV's
Lunchtime Live show on the 19th of December 2022
after the GOD DAY show about Christ and Christmas.

The poem can be sung to God Rest Ye Merry Gentlemen.

Denis Martindale

Believers Are Works In Progress!

Believers are works in progress, as pilgrims need to be,
First finding the Lord's forgiveness, still found at Calvary.
God was angry at us until our Saviour came to town,
Until our Saviour climbed that hill and there to wear a crown.
The King of Kings died on His Cross, and all His Blood was shed,
Yet God determined that such loss must not stay with Christ dead.
Two thousand years have almost gone, yet still the Saviour lives,
Amazing grace has carried on through pardons that God gives.
Believers are works in progress, no matter, young or old,
Still finding hope and happiness in the greatest story ever told!

Denis Martindale, on the 29th of September 2022.

The Gospel poem got shared on Revelation TV's
R-Mornings on the 29th of September 2022.

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

God's Smuggler!

Yes, one man can make a difference, yes, one man with a plan,
Despite the ways that cause offence, doing the good he can.
The Holy Bible to smuggle, the Word of God to spread,
Regardless of each struggle and what could be ahead.
To reach each lost soul was his aim, to save each soul from Hell,
To preach God's love in Jesus Name, God's great Good News to tell.
When this man's story came to mind, I bought some Bibles, too,
So many Bibles for Mankind, for Gentile and for Jew.
I've got some Bibles in my home, right now yet to be shared,
And so, no matter, where they roam, lost souls will learn Christ cared!

Denis Martindale the 28th of September 2022.

A tribute poem that is dedicated to
Brother Andrew who passed away in
September 2022. The Holy Bible poem
got shared on Revelation TV's R-Mornings
show on the 29th of September 2022.

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Our Just Desserts!

The best desserts I ever tried
Were often baked and seldom fried.
The best desserts I ever ate
Were ones my Father would create.
I tried to make a trifle once,
But it turned out I was a dunce.
The icicles were here and there,
The rest was just a mixed nightmare.
I've never tried from that day on,
My cooking days are long since gone!

Denis Martindale, the 1st of November 2022.

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Women And Their Beauty!

HOW LOVELY THEY ARE!
HALLELUYAH!

Denis Martindale, the 30th of October 2022.

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

What Does The Bible Say About Israel?

The ancient writings shared God's Word, His longterm promises,
Even God's prophets overheard of people truly His,
God's own possession for all time, the apple of His eye,
Meant to be holy and sublime, with grace in full supply.
Yet soon God's glory slipped away, until the Romans came,
And Israel fell into decay, a lion now made tame.

Yet God's Messiah left His Throne to live in Mary's womb,
Christ lived until He must atone, once dead, laid in His tomb.
And yet for Israel, life went on, until the Saviour rose!
Disciples found Christ's body gone! Where to? God only knows!
Pentecost proved God's holy start, the Church Age to provide,
Proclaiming still to every heart the Saviour crucified!

Today, God's plans Man can't deny, God's nation thrives somehow!
The centuries have all flown by, and Israel blossoms now!

Denis Martindale, the 28th of October 2022.

PoemHunter.com

The Gospel poem is about Revelation TV's
The Middle East Report show's topic on Israel
shared on Friday, the 28th of October 2022.

Denis Martindale

The Surprising Gift Of Hospitality!

When people knock upon my door, they don't always come in,
I give them chocolates, sometimes more, thanksgiving to begin.
God bless you, some will say to me, that always brings me cheer,
Thanksgiving feels so good to see when visitors come near.
In years gone by, some Christians shared God's Scriptures in their house,
By faith, they lived and truly cared yet none of these had powers.
No signs and wonders were revealed, no miracles in sight,
It was as if they stayed concealed, regardless, day or night.
Yet lovingkindness filled the room, as Jesus was explained,
Christ then removed all thoughts of gloom, so none of these remained.
And when I left, and I was gone, my heart was lifted high,
As if by grace, new light had shone, the kind no man could buy.
A free gift from God's heart to mine, such that more faith got stirred,
So precious since it was divine, as holy as God's Word.
Psalm 22 still comes to mind, revealing Calvary,
The King of Kings died for Mankind, His Blood was shed for me.

Denis Martindale, the 26th of September 2022.

PoemHunter.com

The Gospel poem was about Revelation TV's
Insight Live show on the 27th of September 2022.

Denis Martindale

Keep Thinking Of The King!

God knows the Christians Jesus saved and millions more each day,
The multitude of sins He waived that Jesus took away.
God knows the cheers, God knows the tears, each thought, each word and deed,
God knows each of the coming years, on these most are agreed!

Yet God stays silent when He knows that words won't prove enough,
Amazing grace then overflows with miracles of love.
And Scriptures come to mind once more, God's light to help you shine,
Your precious soul He will restore and then say, YOU ARE MINE!

No wonder that each Christian sings beyond God's great rewards,
Show God you love the King of Kings! Jesus, the Lord of Lords!

Denis Martindale, the 21st of October 2022.

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Money Deception!

Lord Jesus mentioned Caesar's face, that was on coins back then,
Of loyalty that was in place, demanded of all men.
Yet God has tokens of respect nobody should ignore,
Commandments we must not reject, when God outlines each law.
With Bible tales we should announce for all the truths they hold,
And history has its accounts, accounts worth more than gold.
We know that Judas once sold out and Jesus paid the price,
Though crucified, Christ must hold out, awaiting Paradise.

The Last Days come upon us now, before the Lord's return,
And to false gods we need not bow, but steadfastly discern.
Some sell their souls for food or cash, three wishes, so to speak,
Yet why on Earth are they so rash when each lost soul's unique?
Lord Jesus died, each soul to save, to open Heaven's Gates,
God's Royal Pardon, sins to waive, and this the devil hates.
Beware deceptions great or small, despite life's toils and strife,
So that your name God will install in His Lamb's Book of Life!

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale, the 6th of October 2022.

The Gospel poem is about Revelation TV's
The Late Show on the 6th of October 2022.

Denis Martindale

One Lord, One Faith, One Baptism!

Ignore the Gospel, damn your soul! That's what the Bible says!
Your very soul will lose control and God can never bless.
If you repent, then God has sent the Saviour crucified,
It's up to you to comprehend He's now alive to guide!

The Saviour wants to bless the Earth, yet your soul must be saved,
There's no-one else God says has worth, so your sins can be waived!
It's Jesus Christ, and no-one else, one Lord and one alone,
No matter what the devil sells, it's Christ who can atone!

You're in your sins, this very day, yet how long will you live?
Each one of us must find the way, the faith God will forgive!
That's why God's Son was sacrificed! Ask God's evangelists!
Without the Saviour, Jesus Christ, no righteousness exists!

Denis Martindale, the 11th of October 2022.

PoemHunter.com

The Gospel poem is about Revelation TV's
The Twilight Zone, on the 11th of October 2022.
The Gospel poem is about the Last Days topic.

Denis Martindale

Dealing With Depression!

Don't overthink, through fantasies, for millions don't occur,
But rather seek the Prince of Peace, so that your faith may stir.
Don't think that I've not suffered, too, I've had my share and more,
Yet God's Throne I must keep in view, for strength I'm searching for.
Within a vision, centre stage, white light shone from God's Throne,
Through this, I've seen from age to age, no Christian stands alone.
And so I wait upon the Lord, for revelation still,
Since wisdom proves God's great reward, according to His will.
Don't overthink, as folks have done, the battle's never there,
First seek the presence of God's Son each time you kneel in prayer.

Denis Martindale, the 19th of October 2022.

The Gospel poem got shared on Revelation TV's
The Late Show, on the 19th of October 2022.

The Dealing With Depression topic shared ways to
provide helpful counselling advice to reduce the
Covid-Lockdown effects upon our mental health.

Dr Chi-Chi Obuaya, Consultant Psychiatrist
Search for mindandsoulfoundation

Denis Martindale

Damned Politics!

The UK's in a right old mess, finances up the creek!
No future sign of happiness, in fact, the future's bleak!

If people vote and get it wrong, I say, good luck with that,
Yet critics know this all along, but all they do is chat.

So many fear such poverty, and look ahead with dread,
While Christians turn to prophecy, to learn what Jesus said!

When Christians humbly seek God's face, they want Him to react,
But politicians won't embrace God's will... and that's a fact!

Denis Martindale, the 18th of October 2022.

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Go On, Give Us A Smile!

According to the latest news, a blackout's on its way,
Yet not based on a damaged fuse, I had four in one day!

No, this will be a sudden halt, when services close down,
And since some know the guys at fault, no wonder some folks frown.

My telly off, computer stopped, the lights with power gone,
And surfing access also dropped, no emails going on.

No solar panels on my roof, no power from the grid,
But I still smile God gave the Truth in all Lord Jesus did!

This world can't take God's love away though it tries to beguile,
No Amazon, no eBay, yet God still makes me smile!

Denis Martindale, the 4th of October 2022.

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Poetry And The Bliss In This

Is there a poem or a song that nestles in your heart
That blesses you the whole day long as truly wondrous art?
Is there a melody or rhyme, a lullaby you heard,
Or just one phrase that sounds sublime, or aptly-chosen word?
Is there great meaning God relays within some winsome verse,
Found worthy still of Mankind's praise once admiration stirs?
Is there a stirring through insight that you should write as well?
If yes, then I'll pray day and night for stories you could tell.
A little poem sets the scene, a song gives voice to love,
How many poems have there been? Dear friends, not near enough!

Denis Martindale. Thursday, the 6th of October 2022.

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Scummy Scammers!

To get a phone call seems quite nice, a relative or friend?
Yet my blood will soon turn to ice, with scammers on the end.
Their tricks are far too much to bear, yet they don't count the cost,
Perhaps a place in Hell they'll share as soon as life gets lost.
Can we forgive our enemies refusing to repent,
When we've no money to release and we can't pay our rent?
Can we pray for the Lord to save these scummy scammers still?
Yes, even all their sins to waive, according to His will?
Or would we rather curse them all? And think that God agrees?
It's us who needs a miracle, forgiveness to increase!

Denis Martindale.3rd of October 2022.

The Gospel poem is about YouTube videos and
the BBC's Panorama TV show about scammers.

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Praise God! Praise God! Praise God!

God abides in our songs of praise, in the Psalms recited still,
The healing word, and every phrase according to His will.
Praise God for Jesus Christ and every saint baptised.
Praise God, you saints of old, your faith proves good as gold.
Praise God, you Gentiles and Jews, and all those God would choose.
Praise God, you fathers and mothers, praise God, you sisters and brothers.
Praise God, you Church Without Walls, for all God's miracles.
Praise God, we're born again! Amen, Amen and Amen!

Denis Martindale.2nd of October 2022.

The Gospel poem got shared on Revelation TV's
Church Without Walls on the 2nd of October 2022.

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

The Mutual Admiration Society!

Do I like you? My word, I do.
I'm sure that you like me.

But not as much as I like you,
Though you might disagree.

Yet that's just fine, we're not the same,
We're not supposed to be.

Let admiration be our aim
For perfect harmony.

A healing word helps folks like us,
And God's love proves the key.

Believing in the Lord Jesus,
The King of Calvary.

Does Christ like me? My word, that's true.
Yeah, me, eternally.

God's love will always guide us through
In our Society!

Denis Martindale.1st of September 2022.

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Positive Mental Gratitude!

Please keep the big picture in mind and God's eternal plan,
Forgiveness meant for all Mankind bought by the Son of Man.
Faithful Christians will wear a crown because their sins got waived,
Renounce the doubts that drag you down as if you were not saved.

God does not bring to mind your sins, to dwell upon your past,
So you can serve as one who wins God's favour first to last.
Your mind is like the key of faith that turns and opens doors,
This is the gift the Father gave despite your sins and flaws.

Improve your mind the Bible way and meditate on psalms,
You can quote Jesus every day and find His peace that calms.
The Creed reminds us God is love and hymns remind us, too,
Praise Him that God's grace proves enough, for even me and you!

Denis Martindale. Tuesday, the 20th of September 2022.

PoemHunter.com

The Gospel poem is about the Revelation TV's
Insight Live show featuring the Christian book,
The Creed In Slow Motion, by Martin Kochanski.

Denis Martindale

Ambassadors Of Christ

When billions were still grieving Her Majesty had died,
How many have stayed believing in Jesus crucified?
How many lost souls will get saved through scenes upon TV,
Because Her faith has gently paved the walk to Calvary?
She stayed as Christ's Ambassador until the very end,
Evangelistic to the core on that we could depend.
She wore a crown upon this Earth, and yet in Heaven, too,
And Christians will if they deserve, so credit where it's due.

Though most of us aren't rich at all, some know Christ as their King,
Our Saviour is our miracle since Christ is everything!

Denis Martindale. Tuesday, the 20th of September 2022.

Gospel poem about the passing of Her Majesty The Queen.

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Trust Jesus And His Amazing Grace!

When crisis comes and lingers, too, we sometimes pause to pray,
What should I do? What should I do? Yet what has God to say?
The Holy Bible's close at hand with answers on each page,
With answers we can understand beyond our fear or rage.
If lovingkindness waits a while, it's patience that we need,
If words of wisdom make us smile, we still fail or succeed.
But when believers gather round with their support as well,
It's almost like we're Heaven-bound, despite the present Hell.

When love gets offered every day, the big picture gets seen,
Like prophets learning as they pray and God must intervene.
Without God's blessings what are we? What profits can we gain?
So trust the King of Calvary Who also suffered pain.
The Saviour conquered sin and death, and centuries have past,
Trust Jesus Christ of Nazareth until you breathe your last.
In Heaven, we will meet our Lord, our Saviour and our King,
Not thinking of our great reward, but Him... He's everything!

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale.13th of September 2022.

The Gospel poem is about the Revelation TV's show
Insight Live on Tuesday, the 13th of September 2022
about the ways that we can cope with a life crisis...
Find the Philip Yancey book: Companion In Crisis.

Denis Martindale

Here We Go Again!

Another leader offers hope, another chance to thrive,
With promises to help us cope and even to survive.
With every kind of noble scheme the people want to hear,
As if we're living in a dream, that we're all meant to cheer.
With taxes rearranged once more, and workarounds to come,
With subtle changes yet in store, to shock us so we're dumb.

Just wait and see, some years from now, the awful mess we're in,
The kind we can't escape somehow, with no more chance to win.
God still wants tithes, and gifts of love, compassion to take place,
Yet who of us still has enough, such blessings to embrace?
If things don't change and God won't bless, what hope can yet remain?
And yet this truth Christ must impress, YOU MUST BE BORN AGAIN!

Denis Martindale. Wednesday, the 7th of September 2022.

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Financial Harmageddon!

Behind the scenes and politics, behind closed doors as well,
The devil uses all his tricks so humans go to Hell.
If God permits free will to thrive, then humans play their parts,
That's why some humans won't survive because of broken hearts.
Love of money will lead to greed, that no-one can deny,
With selfish love the only need while other humans die.
No wonder Jesus warns us all with solemn prophecies,
Of worldly systems that must fall with humans on their knees.

Can Mankind govern troubled times if God's Word gets ignored?
With rumoured wars, increasing crimes, and judgements then outpoured?
Is there no other way to save the unrepentant souls?
Except to change how they behave when cash has no controls?
A billion pounds, a trillion pounds, the debts keep mounting high,
Though sin abounds, God's grace abounds, yet prophecies don't lie.
Who's gonna save the world? we ask, but tough times lie ahead,
God tells believers, There's one task, share all the Saviour said!

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale. Tuesday, the 6th of September 2022.

Gospel poem about Revelation TV's Late Show topic
Are We Facing Financial Armageddon? on Wednesday
and Thursday, the 7th and the 8th of September 2022.

Denis Martindale

Refers Day!

Today's another 'Refers Day', when Christians preach Good News,
Referring lost souls so they pray and then the Saviour choose.
Who knows if you will pause in prayer with thanks Lord Jesus lives! ?
Who knows if you are called to share the Good News God forgives! ?

Three-minute sermons, maybe more, quote Jesus now and then,
Or prophecies that fill with awe, so some get born again.
Lord Jesus died for all not some, so preach of Calvary!
Who knows what signs and wonders come, God's healings yet to be?

It's hymns of praise and choruses that guide us from the start,
Referring lost souls to Jesus, to sing, 'How Great Thou Art'!
He who wins souls is truly wise! Eternity to bless!
To share the Saviour's Paradise and share His happiness!

Denis Martindale. Thursday, the 6th of October 2022.

PoemHunter.com

The Gospel poem got shared on Revelation TV's
R-Mornings on Thursday, the 6th of October 2022.

It was interesting to learn over 2,200 languages have
yet to be translated and that Wycliffe Translators
have been working hard to get even more Bibles
distributed in these last days before the Rapture.

Denis Martindale

God-Given Assignment?

Do you think there's one assignment, one task you're meant to do,
The only reason you got sent and all God has for you?
A crown could have a single jewel, one diamond that is all,
Yet God is wise and not a fool to grant one miracle.

Oh, no, as fellow saints on Earth, God has a precious plan,
A time for you to prove your worth to help your fellow man.
And opportunities abound, as every year goes by,
With revelation to astound like rainbows in the sky.

The sun and moon provide their light, yet saints reflect God's love,
And walk by faith and not by sight as God's grace proves enough.
So many saints think their job's done, yet God grants so much more,
Another lost soul to be won, of that we can be sure.

So pray while God gives breath to pray, prayer warriors to the end,
God grants assignments every day, be faithful still, my friend.

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale.5th of October 2022.

The Gospel poem got shared on Revelation TV's
The Late Show on the 5th of October 2022 as this
was about Bible accounts of those called by God.

Denis Martindale

Christ Of Saint John Of The Cross

There is a painting of the scene, the day they killed the Nazarene,
As John and Mary, side-by-side, surveyed the Cross on which Christ died.
And yet we see Christ from above, beholding Him, the King of Love,
As if we see the Father's view, of Christ who died for me and you.
Beyond the pathos and the shame, behold the Man who took the blame,
The sorrows of His flesh that day, so Christ could take our sins away.
Yet praise God Jesus rose from death, obtaining life, obtaining breath,
And preach of Christ who shed His Blood, to prove He was the Son of God.
Praise God for John and Mary, too, as witnesses for me and you,
Because their steadfast love persists in all of Christ's evangelists
Who tell us what THE BIBLE SAYS, while we, in wonder, say our prayers...

Denis Martindale, the 2nd of October 2022.

The poem is about the Salvador Dali painting.
See Google search results for websites and images.

The Gospel poem got shared on Revelation TV's
R-Mornings on the 3rd of October 2022 while
displaying the painting upon the TV screen so that
all the viewers could see this incredible painting.

Denis Martindale

The Revelation Of Love!

At first, there's just an inkling that true love's in the air,
It's like when eyes are twinkling with joys beyond compare!
When someone takes your breath away, when someone steals your heart,
Yet not like those who make your day and then they, too, must part!

True love seems prone to linger still, consuming inmost thoughts,
Through fantasies that choose to thrill, according to reports!
Mills and Boon share their romances, just like a Hallmark card,
And their characters take chances, should conscience lose its guard!

But if you're strong, yes, really strong, true love you can resist,
Unless God wants that all along, then blessings won't get missed!
When God guides sweethearts to our hearts, then sweethearts we should be,
To find true love that's off the charts! Like Jesus has for me!

Denis Martindale, the 30th of September 2022.

The Gospel poem got shared on Revelation TV's
Lunchtime Live on the 30th of September 2022.
The poem reminds me of two precious true love songs,
Once I Had A Secret Love AND When I Fall In Love.

Denis Martindale

+++ I Can See Paradise! (Ian Mccormack)

From death to Hell, then darkness felt,
Its evil presence feared,
Enough to make all courage melt
As soon as it appeared...
A beam of light from Heaven came,
Christ's hand was seen and more,
While I was thinking Jesus' Name,
I saw an open door...

Now lifted up, ascending high,
Transported safely out,
In time, I saw that darkness die
And love replaced all doubt...
A tunnel beckoned, thus I went
And through it I was moved,
Until at last I saw the friend
Who all my troubles soothed...

If not for love transcending all,
Forgiving all my sins,
How could I hear my Saviour's call
Or see God's Holy Prince?
Ascending high and travelling
Across both time and space,
The darkness thus unravelling,
Until I see Christ's face...

Uplifting light outshining there,
A wondrous, precious glow,
With matchless love beyond compare,
My sins as white as snow...
And grace beyond my wildest dreams,
Forgiveness through and through
And warmth within, like living streams
And liquid love flowed, too...

Unfolding visions met my eyes,
Explaining life and death,
Such that I can see Paradise,

Jesus of Nazareth...
Perceiving truths few souls have known
And lived to tell the tale,
That proved with God I'm not alone,
His love can never fail...

Behold, a future meant to be,
A new world formed in space,
A new home for eternity,
Just for the Human Race...
God's glory found in every part,
God's presence felt within,
Fulfilling every human heart,
Devoid of death and sin...

If only words could thrill your soul,
The way these sights thrilled mine,
A foretaste of the Lord's control,
His majesty divine...
His untold blessings not revealed,
No eyes or ears can know,
Yet all such secrets stay concealed,
So that our faith may grow...

For what is Man if hope is lost,
Receiving all things now?
Except Lord Jesus paid the cost,
With thorned crown on His brow...
But we must wait and yet abide,
The Good News here to tell,
That lost souls need Christ crucified,
To pardon them from Hell...

That's why I preach as years go by,
Determined, filled with faith,
To share God's Word and let it fly,
For it is strong to save...
The Blood of Jesus shed for me,
In death, Christ paid the price,
That's why I share this mystery...
I can see Paradise!

Denis Martindale.

Ian McCormack's testimony on Revelation TV's
The Late Show, on the 29th of September 2022.

Denis Martindale

Black Buck

The black buck looked at peace, serene,
As tranquil as could be,
With sideways glance at what was seen,
And what he saw was me.
I looked at him and he looked back,
As both of us stayed still,
With neither moving from the track,
As if an act of will.

I liked his markings here and there,
His short horns and his ears,
His thin-shaped legs made me aware
That his form showed no fears.
No forward motion taking flight,
No worries in his eyes,
No sudden cause to give him fright
To take him by surprise.

When Nature makes a man remain,
To gaze and take sights in,
It's like the man has much to gain,
Some new insight to win.
That's why the both of us could stand,
Like statues made of stone,
To comprehend, to understand,
Contentment can be shown.

Denis Martindale, the 28th of September 2022.

The poem is about the magnificent painting
by UK wildlife artist Stephen Gayford which
was an early painting sold at Harrods, London.

Denis Martindale

Increasing Your Revelation!

Increasing your revelation, of course, comes at a cost,
With each new innovation that seeks to save the lost.
Through special meanings words possess, in Hebrew and in Greek,
God clearly means for happiness, since some are quite unique.
Increasing your revelation, that's what God seeks to do,
It's meant for every nation, for Gentile and for Jew.
It's shared out with the young and old, according to their needs,
Through Bible stories that are told to anyone who reads.

Increasing your revelation, so faith and love can grow,
Grants more than God's salvation, more than you'll ever know.
If you invest some extra time, within God's Holy Word,
God shares the secrets most sublime, so that your heart gets stirred.
Increasing your revelation, transforms your destiny,
To become a new creation because of Calvary.
Through Scriptures old and new that please, or guide you on your way,
Through visions, dreams and prophecies God sends to friends each day!

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale.28th of September 2022.

The Gospel poem got shared on Revelation TV's
R-Mornings show on the 28th of September 2022
which followed the teachings of the Conway family
on the Tree of Life show about the Holy Spirit.

Denis Martindale

Faithful Friends: The Presenters Of Christ

Who are the faithful friends of Christ, though servants they stay still?
Who are the saints who sacrificed according to God's will?
Who are the ones who preached and preached across the decades past?
Who are the ones who reached and reached across the globe at last?
I know a few, the chosen few, the fellowship of faith,
And credit where credit is due because they chose to save.

Such saints who truly paid the cost, not far from God to roam,
To save the strangers who got lost, prodigals far from home.
Quote Jesus? Yes, that's what they've done! On route still with the Lord?
Yes, there were setbacks, yet they've won! Deserving of reward.
No wonder Israel calls them friends when visiting that land,
God willing, friendship never ends as each serves hand-in-hand.

Denis Martindale, the 26th of September 2022.

The Gospel poem got shared on Revelation TV's
Lunchtime Live show on the 26th of September 2022.

This Gospel poem follows on from the Life Stories
TV series by Revelation TV's Channel Founder,
Howard Conder up to 2022, almost 20 years later.
There's lots more info on Howard's new website...

Revelation TV has organised several trips to Israel.
More videos about Israel got shared by Howard and
Lesley Conder at the end of the R-Mornings show
and that's the extra reason why this Gospel poem
got shared in the afternoon show, Lunchtime Live.

Quote Jesus refers to the Scriptures on London buses
that Howard Conder has used to share the Gospel.

Denis Martindale

The Divine Adventure!

When God supplies amazing grace, the Lord gets happy, too,
When God lets miracles take place, His heart is on full view.
When God grants strength to weakened souls, this lasts a long, long while,
And when their faith gets full of holes, He helps them so they smile.
If not for Kingdom Love like this, not one of us could stand,
Nor picture Heaven's gift of bliss as Christ walks hand-in-hand.
Yet just as little lambs we grow within our Father's love,
Then preach to others so they know that Christ's grace proves enough.
That's why God's ministries abound and prayers ascend on wings,
We feel God's presence all around, thanks to the King of Kings!
By faith, the saints share beauty still, so that smiles may increase,
According to the Father's will, thanks to the Prince of Peace!
The poets pour out reams of rhymes, the painters share their themes,
The prophets forecast future times and old men dream their dreams.
What will you do? What will you share? What mercies will you send?
Beyond each tender spoken prayer become the Saviour's friend!

Denis Martindale.26th of September 2022.

PoemHunter.com

The Gospel poem got shared today on
Revelation TV's R-Mornings show on
Monday, the 26th of September 2022.

The Divine Adventure show featured on
Revelation TV just before R-Mornings
and this was about the Christian author
Rebecca Friedlander. This new TV series
includes Christian teachings and advice.
Find out more with a quick Google search.

Denis Martindale

Prayers And Praises!

Let prayers and praises intertwine, and intercession flow,
Let true thanksgiving, yours and mine, each sadness overthrow.

Let God be loved and uppermost in thought and word and deed,
Let Jesus and the Holy Ghost help each of us succeed.

Let wisdom be our sovereign guide, let God's light lead us still,
Let good works be what we've supplied in answer to God's will.

For love, compassion, tenderness, are more than words we share,
Each time we seek the Lord to bless, each time we pause in prayer.

Denis Martindale.25th of September 2022.

The Gospel poem got shared on Revelation TV's
Church Without Walls fellowship and worship show
on Sunday, the 25th of September 2022.

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Life Stories!

As Good News Christians, praise the Lord! The Holy Spirit says!
Don't let God's rainbows be ignored! Like us, they're meant to bless!
When we reflect upon the good that God has done for us,
Then praising God is what we should, not simply to discuss.
God grants His blessings old and new because of Calvary!
So praise the Lord! As psalmists do, with great sincerity.
A smiling face ascends to Him just like a thankful heart,
It's the joy of every pilgrim that God grants from the start.
That precious first love for God's Son meant for eternity
Remains with us when life is done for saints like you and me.

Denis Martindale. Friday, the 23rd of September 2022.

The Gospel poem got shared on Revelation TV's
R-Mornings show on Friday, the 23rd of September 2022.

This follows the Howard Conder's Life Stories documentary
on Thursday evening's programme, The Late Show.

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

The Three-Minute Sermon!

Can you explain the Gospel Truth to someone you just met?
Regardless of your strength, or youth, or words not thought of yet?

Just preach in simple terms of love of God's amazing grace,
To state God's grace has proved enough, it's worthy to embrace?

Quote Jesus, and tell how Christ died, to pay the price for sin,
Raised from the dead, as prophesied, so our faith could begin.

The Holy Spirit guides the Church with teachings Jesus shared,
A billion Bibles we can search to help us get prepared.

Three-minute sermons save the lost and guide to Heaven's Throne,
Because our Saviour paid the cost, yet not for us alone.

Denis Martindale. Friday, the 23rd of September 2022.

PoemHunter.com

Gospel poem:
The ultimate sacrifice and the ultimate salvation.
The Gospel poem got shared on Revelation TV's
R-Mornings on Friday, the 23rd of September 2022.

Denis Martindale

When Christians Pray For Israel

Behold the Scriptures old and new, God's mercies page by page,
Consider, too, the chosen few, encompassing each age.
Then think back on the miracle that Israel truly was,
Reflect upon the life of Paul and Christ upon His Cross.
Remember Pentecost as well, the day the Church was born,
The devil's kingdom to dispel, in tatters, battered, torn.
And with reminders such as these, for Israel we should pray,
For wealth and health, and precious peace, beyond the present day.

For young and old, for rich and poor, for wisdom, strength and love,
For signs and wonders by the score, if our prayers prove enough.
If not enough, pray more saints care, as surely as the Lord,
Until God answers prayer by prayer so Israel gets restored.
For on that day, the King of Kings will rule upon His Throne,
A thousand years of blessings brings to those He calls His Own.
Must Jesus ask His saints on Earth to pray for Israel, too?
Let those with love prove they deserve God's love by what they do.

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale. Tuesday, the 6th of September 2022.

The Gospel poem got shared on Revelation TV's
Behind The Headlines show about Peace For Israel,
on Wednesday evening, the 21st of September 2022.

Denis Martindale

What Does The Queen Mean To You?

The Queen of Queens has served her time upon this world God gave,
With such devotion that's sublime, with dignity so brave,
To persevere until the end, almost a hundred years,
Someone on whom we could depend, and now we shed our tears.

While humour helped her on her path, across these decades gone,
Men know the final epitaph are words we build upon.
Her legacy stands unsurpassed, integrity remains,
She was the best, from first to last, regardless of her pains.

Her frailties still come to mind, and yet she played her part,
She served us all, yes, all Mankind, with such a noble heart.
We mourn the passing of her now, dumbfounded yet with awe,
Because, in truth, we know, somehow, God couldn't ask for more...

Denis Martindale.14th of September 2022.

PoemHunter.com

The Royal Tribute Gospel poem is about the
Revelation TV's show, The Late Show, on
Wednesday, the 14th of September 2022.

What Does The Queen Mean To You?

The Royal Tribute Gospel poem got shared
on Revelation TV's R-Mornings show on
Thursday, the 15th of September 2022.

Denis Martindale

The Royal Pardon!

How can it be that grace abounds, and far exceeding sin,
Such that God's love each day surrounds our sinful souls to win?
And through the Holy Blood of Christ, no greater love to see,
To find the Saviour sacrificed, right there on Calvary.
The place where John and Mary mourned beneath the Cross of Christ,
The place where scoffers merely scorned, God's grace not realised.

To think Christ prayed forgiveness still, compassion good as gold,
To think God's Son obeyed God's will, the greatest story ever told.
The Royal Pardon thus was gained that God bestows on Man,
Through Blood that from the Saviour drained according to God's plan.
Behold the Lamb of God and pray, that grace continues on,
Before we, too, must pass away, and even we are gone...

Denis Martindale. Friday, the 9th of September 2022.

Gospel poem: The ultimate sacrifice and the ultimate salvation,
got shared on Revelation TV's R-Mornings show during the
solemn days of mourning when Queen Elizabeth the Second passed away. The Royal Pardon was for royal forgiveness.

Denis Martindale

The Royal Family

Ambassadors, evangelists, proclaimers of God's grace,
Through each new sadness, love persists, like smiles upon Christ's face.
Yet he is wise who still wins souls, and she who wins souls, too,
The Great Commission serves God's goals, through all great things we do.

The precious saints on Earth are told that we are royal, too.
A royal priesthood, young or old, including me and you.
Adopted, grafted into Christ, and He in turn in us,
United when we get baptised, blessed in the Name: JESUS!

Denis Martindale. Friday, the 9th of September 2022.

Gospel poem about the passing of Her Majesty The Queen.
The poem got shared on Revelation TV's programme,
R-Mornings on Friday, the 9th of September 2022.

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

The King Of Kings And The Queen Of Queens

The King of Kings is Jesus Christ, beloved across the globe,
Because of all Christ sacrificed to grant us peace and hope.
The Queen of Queens has passed away, God bless Elizabeth,
She prayed to please God every day and Jesus of Nazareth.
Who could compare with such as these, the gifts our God bestowed?
For each shared precious ministries that daily overflowed.
Respectfully to live one's life, regarding rich or poor,
Humility despite the strife, forgiving more and more.
Reflecting on the state of Man, its flaws, yet kindness, too,
Reflecting on God's noble plan, Christ died for me and you.
Yet living saints, must seize the day, this day won't come again,
Christ's Rapture Day will seize away, the saints that Christ saves then.
So one day, we will meet our King, and Royals great and small,
And so, in spite of everything, recall this miracle!

Denis Martindale. Friday, the 9th of September 2022.

PoemHunter.com

Gospel poem about the passing of Her Majesty The Queen.
The poem got shared on Revelation TV's programme,
R-Mornings on Friday, the 9th of September 2022.

Denis Martindale

The Finest!

Farewell to one who lived by faith,
God grant serenity.
Her Majesty, the Queen God gave,
Was saved at Calvary.
Her messages at Christmastime,
Respected Christ with love,
To most of us that's quite sublime,
Now she's with Christ above.
Unequalled in the decades past,
She prayed to do her best,
Though for a time we'll be downcast,
Praise God that we've been blessed.

Denis Martindale. Thursday, the 8th of September 2022.

Gospel poem about the passing of Her Majesty The Queen.
The poem got shared on Revelation TV's programme,
The Late Show on Thursday, the 8th of September 2022.

Denis Martindale

First Day!

Reflect upon that special day, the day we first believe,
Perhaps to kneel, perhaps to pray, God's Spirit to receive.
Perhaps to speak in tongues as well, or filled with energy,
Baptised for Heaven, saved from Hell, because of Calvary.
God's promises abide within, amazing grace to hold!
God's mercy cleansing us from sin! The greatest story ever told!

Reflect upon that first love when Lord Jesus blessed each one,
Who said, You must be born again, and we knew that was done.
With Scriptures living in each heart, as angels praised the Lord,
Each one of us got a fresh start, our spirits now restored.
Just think of how alive we were, that first love to embrace!
Praise God when memories occur of God's amazing grace!

Denis Martindale. Thursday, the 8th of September 2022.

The Gospel poem got shared on Revelation TV's show
R-Mornings on Thursday, the 8th of September 2022.

Denis Martindale

The New World Order?

The New World Order offers much, but this comes at a price,
Damnation stretching out to touch, demanding sacrifice.

The darkness stirs, yet what occurs? Must darkness conquer all?
Is this the darkness Man prefers? Then answers to its call?

Rejecting God and Jesus, too, the Cross of Christ and more,
Salvation's truth that billions knew, now chosen to ignore.

A great delusion leads astray, the love for God grows cold,
Though God looks down with great dismay at both the young and old.

Though Christ is called the Prince of Peace, the King of Calvary,
I dread to think what Jesus sees with judgements yet to be.

The New World Order offers much, but this comes at a price,
Forsaking Gospel truth is such a waste of Paradise.

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale. Tuesday, the 6th of September 2022.

Gospel poem got shared on Revelation TV's Twilight Zone topic,
the New World Order on Tuesday, the 6th of September 2022.
Part 2 is to be shown on Tuesday, the 13th of September 2022.

Denis Martindale

Flexible Yet Biblical

Across this world, the Cross of Christ brings Good News to Mankind,
By sharing what Christ sacrificed God's grace then comes to mind.
Beyond this life, the Great Beyond, the choice some know full well,
So human hearts can then respond to Heaven or to Hell.

Believe and be baptised to share the destiny God gives,
The Holy Spirit's everywhere, God's guide to each who lives.
How flexible can God's gifts be? For spirit, body, soul.
Each saint has got a destiny that's in the Lord's control.

Beyond success and failure, too, beyond great lessons learned,
Beyond the best dreams in our view or wisdom we discerned.
By faith, the saints explore each day, God's Scriptures close at hand,
As long as insight leads the way, God's love has great things planned!

Denis Martindale. Tuesday, the 6th of September 2022.

PoemHunter.com

Gospel poem about Revelation TV's Insight Live topic about
the flexible Gospel on Tuesday, the 6th of September 2022.

Denis Martindale

Love, Nothing More, Nothing Less Than Love!

When the Lord walked in the garden with Adam and with Eve,
He gave them His Royal Pardon, salvation to receive.
When Jesus died on Calvary, the King of Kings and more,
Christ offered Man's God's clemency, so sinners could be sure.

That if God did not spare His Son, no more love could He give,
In Christ, each lost soul can be won, eternally to live.
The Holy Spirit blesses those Lord Jesus once died for,
So that forgiveness each saint knows, despite each sin and flaw.

Amazing grace, more than enough, once baptised and set free!
Lord Jesus is the King of Love, the King of Calvary!

Denis Martindale. Sunday, the 4th of September 2022.

The Christian Gospel poem got shared on Revelation TV's
Lunchtime Live on Monday, the 5th of September 2022.

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale

God's Purposes For Israel

Try as men might, with all their might, God stays fast to His plans,
He watches this world day and night, the whole world in His hands.

Discernment triggers now and then, until the scales fall down,
To open up the eyes of men, in every single town.

Until that holy time arrives, it's known what sinners do,
God helps, so Israel still survives, with mercies ever new.

His promises seem on the line, yet God knows what must be,
His promises have proved divine, consider prophecy.

The true Messiah waits His turn, when revelation grows,
God's purposes men will discern, yet when God only knows.

Denis Martindale. Friday, the 2nd of September 2022.

PoemHunter.com

Regarding the Middle East Report on Revelation TV
on Friday's programme on the 2nd of September 2022.
Simon Barrett with Len Grates from ICEJ.UK on the
vital importance of getting our theology right on Israel.

Denis Martindale

God's Beautiful Love For Each One Of Us!

Be blessed by love beyond your ken, amazing grace to learn,
Find rest in love for now and then, God's grace you will discern.

God did not spare His Holy Son, the Prince of Peace and more,
NO SACRIFICE TOO GREAT once done brought blessings ever sure.

God's love for Jesus raised the Lord from death upon His Cross,
To grant us faith, to stand assured, to see past every loss.

God's love is beautiful indeed, His eye looks on us still,
He sees the times we weep and bleed, He always, always will.

And yet beyond this mortal life, this phase that soon must leave,
In Heaven, we will see no strife, with more love to receive.

Amazing grace, amazing love, amazing all the time,
And so much so, more than enough, forevermore sublime!

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale. Friday, the 2nd of September 2022.

The Gospel poem got shared on Revelation TV's
Everyday Living on Friday, the 2nd of September 2022.

Denis Martindale

Crisis? What Crisis!

The UK faces great distress as Winter comes to stay,
Finances in an awful mess and getting worse each day.
With those in power up the creek, divided come what may,
And while such times aren't that unique, it's truly time to pray!

For reasons known to God alone, we're really in a bind,
And though He sits upon His Throne, He truly loves Mankind.
To think that He allows free will to wander like the blind,
And lets such sorrows overspill, that truly blows my mind!

Let's not give up on praying now, the Good News we must tell,
With revelation shared somehow, not something we should sell.
So we must pray as Jesus would, for He sees all as well,
Let Him see saints still doing good, still saving souls from Hell.

Denis Martindale. Friday, the 2nd of September 2022.

PoemHunter.com

The Gospel poem got shared on Revelation TV's
R-Mornings on Friday, the 2nd of September 2022.

Denis Martindale

Prefers Day!

Some Christians like to pick and choose when they read Bible text.
That's for the Church! That's for the Jews! No wonder God gets vexed!

Some think that tithes are out-of-date, so they won't give any.
As if God's promise isn't great, they don't give a penny!

And there are those who won't explore by car or coach or train,
And don't care what a passport's for, and won't get on a plane!

The Gospel, that's for other folks, the super saints out there,
The guys who aren't like other blokes, because they're somewhat rare!

Some saints believe in miracles, while others disagree,
No wonder their faith starts then falls, though they love Calvary.

We're on a journey, every one! And each prefers their fate!
Yet can we say to Christ, God's Son, NO SACRIFICE TOO GREAT!

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale. Thursday, the 1st of September 2022.

The Gospel poem got shared on Revelation TV's
R-Mornings on Thursday, the 1st of September 2022.
This was written to promote Gordon Pettie's book
NO SACRIFICE TOO GREAT which explains the
truly amazing ministries of God's missionaries.

Books available by phoning the Revelation TV Office.

Quick intro on Amazon using the Smile Service that
helps provide extra donations to Revelation Foundation.

Denis Martindale

No Sacrifice Too Great!

When saints are moved to save the lost,
They soon depart their homes,
Beyond the time they count the cost,
As each who daily roams.

God calls from Heaven's Throne above,
To many here on Earth,
Who truly know the Saviour's love
And seek to prove their worth.

By faith, their lives they left behind,
By faith, they gave their all,
By faith, as servants of Mankind,
No matter, great or small.

What treasures wait such saints as these?
What crowns of glory stored?
As salt and light, their Lord to please,
Regardless of reward.

PoemHunter.com

Praise God for heroes young and old,
Because they proved first rate!
For the greatest story ever told,
NO SACRIFICE TOO GREAT!

Denis Martindale, the 31st of August 2022.

The Gospel poem got shared on Revelation TV's
R-Mornings on Wednesday, the 31st of August 2022.
This was written to promote Gordon Pettie's book
which explains the ministry of God's missionaries.

Denis Martindale

Bethany's Wedding!

When Bethany agreed to wed,
Great plans, of course, began,
In hopes of all that was ahead
To bless her and her man.
With sunshine almost everywhere,
This one tree gave its shade,
That precious hour in God's care,
Thanks to the prayers they prayed.
She gave her vows, and he gave his,
Unique as they should be,
And then came that momentous kiss
That everyone could see.
With smiles surrounding, there and then,
To celebrate such love,
In truth, beyond this realm of men,
Lord Jesus smiled above.

Denis Martindale.30th of August 2022.

PoemHunter.com

Revelation TV is back after a short break and on
R-Mornings on Tuesday, the 30th of August 2022.

Great news from Howard Conder to start off by
telling us of Bethany Conder's wedding with the
photos sharing both her beauty and her blessings.

The Gospel poem got shared on Revelation TV's
R-Mornings on Wednesday, the 31st of August 2022.

Denis Martindale

Lights! Cameras! Action!

The studio began once more, for all things to restart.
The team on hand, with prayers galore, now spoken from the heart.
New programmes on this brand new day and headlines to explain.
Don't touch that dial! Take time to stay! There's so much still to gain!

The finest thoughts! The finest themes! The Good News to relate!
Such things should stir up holy dreams, so we should celebrate,
Because it's time for REV TV, now back from Summer break!
So make some coffee! Make some tea! And have a slice of cake!

Denis Martindale.30th of August 2022.

The Gospel poem got shared on Revelation TV's
R-Mornings on Tuesday, the 30th of August 2022.
Great news from Howard Conder to start, with the
news headlines and the up-to-date viewers' emails.

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

A Seed Of Faith!

A teeny weeny seed had faith,
I'll grow and be a tree!
The animals thought it was brave,
To have such certainty.
And yet a lion then drew near,
Believe yet patient be!
The teeny weeny seed took cheer
In this great prophecy!

To think a lion proved my friend
And with me would agree
That my great dream he would defend
As if to set me free!
My word, it's like God's on my side,
As if it's meant to be!
Praise God for all the grace supplied,
For this, my destiny!

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale.30th of August 2022.

The Gospel poem got shared on Revelation TV's
Insight Live on Tuesday, the 30th of August 2022.

The poem explains the story by Emma Allen and
Georgina Peters mentioned in the programme.
Google search helps find their illustrated books.

Denis Martindale

Children's Books That Matter!

When I was but a tiny lad, my teacher gave advice,
That there were more joys to be had! And these would make me wise!
The library had books galore that comics could not match,
And I explored these more and more and read these by the batch.
Six books each time were mine to share for children who still cared,
And some were Christian books on prayer so I could get prepared.
The Bible helped me find the Lord in Sunday School one day,
Salvation was my sweet reward that none could steal away.

When I had cash that I could use to share the Gospel, too,
The children's books were there to choose to get the message through.
The Bible's such a superbook when pictures can get seen.
If illustrated, take a look then you'll know what I mean.
What precious treasures God bestows across the world right now,
To help each child that grows and grows in righteous faith somehow.
Take hold of treasures when you can! So that your hearts get blessed!
So you can help your fellow man! Each time you do your best!

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale.30th of August 2022.

The Gospel poem got shared on Revelation TV's
Insight Live on Tuesday, the 30th of August 2022.

The stories by Emma Allen and Georgina Peters
were introduced to viewers in the programme.
Google search helps find their illustrated books.

Denis Martindale

The Revelation Tv Family

Among us, there are fathers, among us, there are mothers,
Among us, there are sisters, among us, there are brothers,
Among us there are leaders, among us there are teachers,
Among us, there are healers, among us, there are preachers,
Among us, there are blessers, among us, there are friends,
Among us, intercessors, and true love that never ends.

Denis Martindale. July 2022.

The Gospel poem shares the faithful fellowship of
those watching and contributing to the ministry of
Revelation TV, shown here in the UK on Sky UK
and Freesat, Roku and on Smart TVs, as well as
the Internet, YouTube and social media platforms.

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Hunt A Poem?

I hunt a poem now and then,
And Google points the way,
And there are even moments when
An image saves the day.
And Google has a site search there,
site: poemhunter d o t c o m
The poet's name helps Google share
And find where words came from...

And the Poemhunter website shares
The text and picture, too,
As if the answer to my prayers
For things I never knew.
And comments often share insights
Beyond their compliments
That help bless all the poet writes
And greets each one as friends.

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale. April 2022.

Change the name to the poet you want to find here on poemhunter or change that word to quora. Poets share poems there along with great feedback, plus useful insights, and a few tricks and tips, too.

Denis Martindale

God's Church Without Walls!

The precious day of Pentecost
Began with miracles,
And these are shared to save the lost
Through God's Church Without Walls!
Let those who pray and intercede
Stay precious in God's sight,
And all believers who would read
God's Bible with delight.
The Saviour smiles on those with faith,
The Father harkens still,
Together, using us to save
According to His will...

Denis Martindale.7th of August 2022.

The Gospel poem shares the Good News story
of Revelation TV's Church Without Walls show.
: :
Amazing Gospel YouTube video... Search for
The Creation Of God's Universe, a poem by Denis Martindale.

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Lunch Break Poem For Lunchtime Live!

Though Lunchtime Live is on right now, we'll soon be on a break!
It's time to get some rest somehow, time off for tea and cake.

A gentle walk outside again upon some mountain track,
Perhaps a coffee now and then, reading a paperback.

Yet we won't cease from precious prayer what God brings to our hearts,
Compassion leading us to care, content when true love starts.

To pray for others still in need, this privilege is ours!
Redeem the time! Let faith succeed! Respect that God has powers!

And oh what love such power brings! What healings God bestows!
We serve with honour the King of Kings! As each prayer warrior knows!

Denis Martindale. August 2022.

The Gospel poem got shared on Revelation TV's
Lunchtime Live show on the 5th of August 2022.

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Foresight! Insight! Hindsight!

Do we fall in love at first sight when we encounter Christ?
Or does love reach its highest height at all He sacrificed?
Or does that come some day or night before we get baptised?

How many blessings can we name beyond forgiven sins?
The King of Love once took the blame! That's how true love begins,
Yet wisdom must then be the aim of each lost soul Christ wins!

Foresight can be our God's intent for prophets called to preach,
Insight can be what our God meant that Bible studies teach,
Hindsight can be what our God sent, His precious gift to each.

You are more than you imagine! More than you claim to be!
Once God's good works in you begin, they bless your destiny!
Stand fast! Stand tall! Stand for what's right! Help people understand!
If you serve God with all your might, you'll love what God has planned!

Denis Martindale. Tuesday, the 26th of July 2022.

PoemHunter.com

The Gospel poem got shared on Revelation TV's
R-Mornings on the 5th of August 2022 during
the discussion topic about God's gift of wisdom.

Denis Martindale

Do Not Forget His Benefits!

When funds are low as bills are high, it's not unknown that we must sigh,
Yet, on His Throne, the Saviour sits! Do not forget His benefits!

When days get hot, when days get cold, we still belong within Christ's fold,
Let's use our faith and use our wits! Do not forget His benefits!

The healing word, the healing Lord, Christ hears each prayer, so stay assured,
And when we're glad, then thrilled to bits! Do not forget His benefits!

Here in the UK, let's rejoice! Then lift to Christ a cheerful voice!
Let's praise the Lord that we're all Brits! Do not forget His benefits!

Denis Martindale. July 2022.

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Poem Of The Strong!

Young Samson had his strength because his faith was in the Lord,
Yet there were times when he got cross and judgments then outpoured.
When fury overtakes the wise, or folly guides their path,
They do what's right in their own eyes, and that's their epitaph.
But there's another kind of strength, and that's called character,
To walk the extra mile at length, though bad things still occur.
That's why I'm proud of Jesus Christ, Jesus of Nazareth,
When on His Cross was sacrificed, until the point of death.

And yet Christ prayed before He died, They know not what they do,
Before His Mother who still cried, and with John weeping, too.
For such as these, and all Mankind, Christ's strength endured it all,
And to His death, Christ was resigned for this great miracle.
Salvation through the Blood He shed, Salvation through His death,
Salvation, that's what laid ahead, stored in His final breath.
So we've got freedom, strength to love, helped by the Holy Ghost,
The Son of Man had strength to serve because He loved us most!

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale. August 2022.

The Gospel poem got shared on Revelation TV's
show Everyday Living on the 4th of August 2022
about several freedom issues we must resolve.

Denis Martindale

Jesus, The Great Gardener!

Lord Jesus can see a garden and knows what must get done,
And it's like a Royal pardon when the gardening war gets won.
The trash gets cleared, then straight away, fresh flowers get their chance,
They blossom there, that very day, with beauty to enhance.
The fruit trees bring their bounty, too, and, yes, they taste so sweet.
The garden seats are brown and blue. The garden looks complete!

Lord Jesus prays a gentle prayer, and robins then draw near,
And sparrows fly across the air, to suddenly appear.
God blesses gardeners who believe in God's amazing grace!
God smiles at all we can achieve once love has taken place!
If I still had the strength and time to make my garden great,
I know that it would look sublime! I hope it's not too late!

Denis Martindale. August 2022.

The gardening poem got shared on Revelation TV's
late night show Insight Live on the 2nd of August 2022
sharing Jo Claire's book: Jesus - The Great Gardener.
Plus a great Rembrandt Jesus and Mary painting, too.

Denis Martindale

Daniel The Determined!

When God made Daniel years ago, God saw fresh hopes begin,
In time, to let His servant know how Jesus saves from sin.
In time, to make a brand new start, eternity to see,
And then to feel deep in his heart the love of Calvary.
The love that let the Saviour die as God spared not His Son,
Amazing grace then to supply the second love had won.
When God made Daniel see the Lord as Christ the King of Kings,
Repentance brought its great reward. That's why he prays and sings.
Great power blesses through God's Word! What preachers we should be!
Determined, so the Gospel's heard, with each lost soul set free.
God knows the future day by day! God's Spirit makes us sure.
We know that Jesus is the Way! Today and evermore.

Denis Martindale. August 2022.

The Gospel poem is about Revelation TV's
late night evangelism show The Twilight Zone
with Daniel Chand on the 2nd of August 2022.

Denis Martindale

With Great Power Comes Great Evangelism!

Evangelists that God would choose go anywhere they're told,
To preach to Gentiles and to Jews, and to the young and old.

A billion Bibles aren't enough to save the lost from Hell,
So preachers preach about God's love before life bids farewell.

So learn from those who seek to preach, so family and friends
Are learning from the ones who teach, as on this all depends.

If we've got gifts, then give God praise, then share the Saviour's grace,
That's why we all must seize these days, the last days to embrace.

Denis Martindale. August 2022.

Watch Daniel Chand as he explains evangelism today!

The Gospel poem got shared on Revelation TV's
R-Mornings on the 2nd of August 2022 and promotes
the Twilight Zone with evangelist Daniel Chand and
Gospel tent crusades events to be attended in 2022.

Denis Martindale

Just Do It!

Just do it! Jesus said to me! I wondered if I could.
Just do it! Yet should I agree? Was I that great or good?

Yet Jesus made the future clear, so that there was no doubt,
And promised that He would stay near and He would help me out.

While all the training done before prepared me for this task,
I felt the need to pray for more, and so I dared to ask.

If there's more wisdom You could give, then don't hold back a thing!
You gave me life that I may live to serve You as my King!

And all at once I felt such love, and with my faith renewed,
Christ told me I had grace enough and then my life reviewed.

Remember when you first believed? When you wept at the Cross?
That was the day My grace received and you loved Me because
Your faith was like a mustard, and you were Spirit-led!
And so today, if you've agreed,

JUST DO IT!

YES, I said!

Denis Martindale. August 2022.

The Gospel poem is about the times we get told what to do
and we're expected to do it. We decide to trust and obey, or
to dither and delay. Over time, we get better at the first part!

The Gospel poem got shared on Revelation TV's
R-Mornings show on the 5th of August 2022.

The title refers to what Jesus said to Howard Conder
in guiding him in what to do and that Howard agreed
and then told the viewers about this earlier this week.

Denis Martindale

If You Want To Stay Full, Be Faithful

When Christians pray, God listens, too,
To words and thoughts of love,
And that's the time He smiles on you,
As He looks from above.
He nods approval when you care,
For more than you alone,
So please stay faithful, faithful in prayer,
As God hears on His Throne.

True love transcends this mortal phase
Before eternity,
Until at last, we see Christ's face,
Behold His Majesty!
God bless you now and day by day,
With blessings ever new!
Praise God when you take time to pray,
Praise God that God loves you!

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale. July 2022.

The Gospel poem got shared on Revelation TV's
Lunchtime Live on the 29th of July 2022 and
especially has the focus on our devoted prayers.

Denis Martindale

Using Your Gift To Create Something Beautiful

When God grants gifts to those on Earth, what blessings will arise,
And thus esteemed to have great worth, more than we realise.
More than the words and music, too, more than the artworks shared,
More than the poets had in view, more than they first prepared.

The singer stands there, centre stage, musicians play the theme,
The words and music on each page transform into a dream,
And others join in to combine their talents to God's cause,
So that God's glory starts to shine, as all His grace outpours.

That's why the writers meditate who sense their destiny,
With wondrous joys to celebrate the Saviour's victory.
Lord Jesus shared His miracles and taught us how to pray!
Share Christ's love through His parables. Quote Jesus every day!

Denis Martindale. July 2022.

PoemHunter.com

This Gospel poem got shared on Revelation TV's
R-Mornings show on the 28th of July 2022, and
included extra YouTube information at that time
as presenter Nikki read the details and the poem.

Revelation TV Viewers may enjoy
this beautiful YouTube video,
The Creation Of God's Universe,
poem by Denis Martindale.

Denis Martindale

Choose Days!

The greatest days in history are days we choose God's will,
And that applies to Calvary when Jesus climbed that hill,
For there, the Lord was crucified, and died to pay the cost,
Despite the fact that Mary cried, the Lord must save the lost!

And after breathing His last breath, Christ went to Paradise,
Our Saviour, Jesus of Nazareth, who knew that He would rise,
To breathe again and smile again, and lift His hands in praise,
That's why I'm thankful, now and then, for days I call Choose Days!

Denis Martindale. Tuesday, the 26th of July 2022.

The Gospel poem shared on Revelation TV's R-Mornings was another Tuesday poem. This time the focus was on Jesus choosing to go to Calvary and the Cross of Christ. The decision relied upon the faith of Jesus that He would rise from the dead just as He prophesied...

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

The Healing Word! The Healing Lord!

The healing Word! The healing Lord! Both teach us how to pray,
Beyond the thoughts of some reward, compassion leads the way.

In those times, we pray for others, not for ourselves alone,
Fathers, mothers, sisters, brothers, and others that we've known.

We even pray for strangers, too, not knowing all their needs,
Both for the Gentile and the Jew, for we know prayer succeeds.

God has blessed this world with teachers, so children understand,
God has blessed this world with preachers, so we can hold Christ's hand.
God has blessed this world with pastors, who love to give advice,
To find our Lord and Master so we find Paradise!

Denis Martindale. July 2022.

The Gospel poem got shared on Revelation TV's
The Healing Word show on the 25th of July 2022
after the Bethel Music Song Raise A Hallelujah!

Denis Martindale

Travel Light!

I pity those with riches still,
Each time they see the Saviour's hill,
For Christ gave all that He possessed,
So that each sinner could get blessed.

Will rich men give away their all,
In some way bring a miracle,
While here on Earth, where sorrow grows,
Just like a weed and not a rose?

Will rich men sacrifice so much,
Whenever conscience comes to touch,
When blind and lame, and deaf and dumb,
Need so much money still to come?

Will rich men get to find God's love,
And meet Lord Jesus up above,
Rejoice with Him when they were poor
Whenever they gave more and more?

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale.25th of July 2022.

The poem got written after watching the Revelation TV teaching by presenter Yemi about rich people and possessions that could stop them from getting forgiven and saved by the power of the Cross. Believers should store up treasure in Heaven rather than on Earth.

To get blessed is one thing, yet the Lord Jesus teaches us that to bless others is everything.

Denis Martindale

Think Positive!

Sigh if you want when things get tough,
Sigh every now and then,
Yet I will smile for God is love,
And I've been born again.

Sigh if you want when money's low,
Sigh when you feel alone,
Yet I will smile because I know
That God rules on His Throne.

Sigh if you want when things go wrong,
Sigh when at your wit's end,
Yet I will raise my voice in song,
Lord Jesus is my friend!

Sigh if you want, that helps a while,
Sigh every time you fail,
Yet I, with rosy cheeks, will smile,
I'm Denis Martindale...

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale. July 2022.

The Gospel poem, shared on Revelation TV's R-Mornings show on the 25th of July 2022, was included after presenter Nikki (who has the nickname Rosy Cheeks) taught REV TV viewers about God caring for His sheep...

Cy is the nickname for presenter Cyrus who sometimes co-presents with Nikki... hence the word sigh being included in each verse...

Denis Martindale

You Must Have A Quiet Time!

Yes, you must have a QUIET time,
Every now and then,
If you require things sublime
Once you've been born again!
And yet it's good to sing God's praise,
Just as the angels do,
So have a CHOIR time some days
And sing to you know who!

Denis Martindale. July 2022.

This Gospel poem got shared on Revelation TV's
Lunchtime Live show on the 22nd of July 2022.
It was immediately followed by the Gospel Song
I Saw The Light! Wow, what an upbeat song!
Another Gospel song was included at the end
of the programme, All My Hope Is In Jesus!

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

And Here He Is! Elvis Presley!

When Elvis heard the Gospel song, his spirit came alive,
Because its power was so strong and meant to help him thrive,
Just like a rose that seeks the sun to blossom in its time,
Young Elvis sensed what God had done and that it was sublime.
When Elvis started his career, he sang there, centre stage,
The audience began to cheer at songs that never age.
He danced like he was Fred Astaire, just like a dynamo,
He went as far as he could dare, you should have seen him go!

When Hollywood, at last, took note, he did the best he could,
Performing songs that writers wrote while acting as he should.
In private life, he loved to bless his friends and family,
Such that his gifts brought happiness and also loyalty.
With Gospel albums now and then he set the bar real high,
How Great Thou Art still blesses men and also Who Am I?
And that's how I will still recall the King of Rock and Roll,
Because he was a miracle who truly blessed my soul.

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale. July 2022.

The poem is about the new Elvis film.

Denis Martindale

Watch Revelation!

God has answers that have reasons, despite our short-term views,
And results come in their seasons, beyond what Man could choose.
With examples in the Scriptures, in prophecies and more,
In our dreams, and vision pictures and parables galore.
We often wonder when we pray, what God still wants from us,
The Bible says a lot each day, thanks to the Lord Jesus.
Some words of knowledge soon appear, yet patience helps us grow!
Keep praying, saints, and keep good cheer! Watch revelation flow!
Quotations often guide the wise to greater wisdom still,
More blessed are those who exercise their rights to learn God's will.
God grants His saints both great and small new insights shared through Christ!
And in His Name each miracle! Hosanna in the Highest!

Denis Martindale. July 2022.

The Gospel poem shared on Revelation TV's
R-Mornings on the 4th of July 2022 is to help
encourage believers to find out what God wants.

Denis Martindale

Poem-Hunter.com

The Revelation Of The Goodness Of God!

Each borough has the witnesses, the Christians who declare,
Lord Jesus and His promises we see revealed through prayer.
We turned towards the left some days but found that wasn't right,
Yet once we choose to mend our ways, God grants us new insight.
Why send that insight to our hearts and then renew our minds?
Why send the wisdom that imparts new blessings that each finds?

God only knows the future path, the perfect plan prepared,
And though at times, at this we laugh, the perfect Father cared.
Enough to persevere with us, more goodness to express,
And if faithful to Lord Jesus, we share His happiness!
And despite Man's sinful blunders encountered on the road,
God has shared His signs and wonders to ease Man's heavy load.

By revelation, here, somehow, what precious things we gain!
Yet there's much more than even now God's eager to explain!

Denis Martindale. June 2022.

PoemHunter.com

The title of this Gospel poem came from a phrase
heard in Revelation TV's God Day programme on
Wednesday afternoon on the 29th of June 2022.

Goodness isn't solely material things, as it includes
spiritual blessings and insights from God to Man.

Insight Live is another Revelation TV programme
that shares Christian topics for today's believers.

Denis Martindale

The Heavenly Choice!

The Christian closed her eyes in prayer, went up to Heaven unaware,
With opened eyes began to stare at Jesus Christ now waiting there.
The Saviour showed her what took place, the time that she got saved by grace,
The Holy Gospel to embrace yet both of them now face-to-face.
The King of Kings asked straight away, Will you return? Or choose to stay?
To live in Heaven day-by-day? Or preach and save the lost who stray?

Yet she ignored each unsaved soul, determined not to play her role,
Preferring Heaven, on the whole, not knowing of the dreadful toll.
As she gave Christ a loving kiss, she smiled that she had chosen bliss,
The Lord of Lords agreed to this yet wept at blessings each would miss.
The Christian woke up from her dream, with her tears flowing like a stream,
Love must be wise and not extreme, with more to her choice than would seem.

I love You, Lord, with all my heart, and why I chose not to depart,
I'm back on Earth, so bid me start to share that hymn, How Great Thou Art!
Think of the blessings meant for each of those lost souls that I could reach!
Grant me the Good News still to preach, more Bible studies still to teach!
And so, upon the Earth, she stayed. How faithfully she preached and prayed!
While time in Heaven got delayed, how wonderful that she obeyed!

Denis Martindale. June 2022.

Some visitors to Heaven got asked what they wanted, Whether to return to Earth or to stay in Heaven with Jesus, the King of Love!

Even Saint Paul felt compelled to stay on Earth to preach and help the unsaved sinners come to the Cross of Christ. Yes, that is how important the Gospel of Jesus is to evangelists.

Heaven is getting discussed on Revelation TV's evening programmes called Insight Live and The Twilight Zone on the 28th of June 2022.

On Wednesday morning, on the 29th of June 2022,

the Gospel poem was shared on Revelation TV's R-Mornings show by presenter Lesley Conder.

Denis Martindale

The Bible Says

The Bible says Christ knelt and prayed
Upon the very night betrayed,
And even though Christ was afraid,
We have a Saviour who obeyed.

The Bible says Christ kept His word,
Despite the lies He overheard,
By enemies with hatred stirred,
The day God's prophecies occurred.

The Bible says Christ faced each test,
He wore a crown with thorns compressed,
Yet all our sins Christ now addressed,
Upon that hill now cursed, not blessed.

The Bible says Christ took the pain,
And persevered despite the strain
To seek the lost souls He would gain!
Behold the Lamb of God once slain!

PoemHunter.com

The Bible says Christ crucified
Proves God the Father's on our side,
Forgiving us through Christ who died,
So we could be the Saviour's bride.

Denis Martindale. June 2022.

The evangelist Billy Graham was famous for saying
THE BIBLE SAYS. He did this more and more rather
than sharing life stories, anecdotes, or wisdom pictures.

Here is a faithful saying to each Christian evangelist,
The main thing is to keep the main thing the main thing!

The Gospel poem shared on Revelation TV's
R-Mornings on the 27th of June 2022 served as
a tribute to Christian evangelist Billy Graham.

Denis Martindale

Find God! Thank God!

Don't stay like Scrooge in darkness still,
Both outside and within,
With fears so huge they break your will
And then you turn to sin.
It's not too late to mend your ways,
To turn around again!
Find God! Thank God! Be filled with praise!
Keep praying now and then!
Since Calvary was where God's Son
Once died to set things right,
A thousand good works can get done
When sinners see the light.
And in His Name, come miracles
And holy gifts galore,
Think of Saint Peter's and Saint Paul's
And still today there's more.
Find God! Thank God! Then say your prayers!
Your future you must choose!
Don't stay like Scrooge when faith declares
Lord Jesus brings Good News!
When God proclaims it's party time
It's time to celebrate,
In Heaven, things will be sublime,
Fantastic! Super! Great!

Denis Martindale. June 2022.

This Gospel poem was shared on Revelation TV's
Everyday Living show on the 23rd of June 2022
and has been updated to this party poem here...
The topics of the evening were parties and the
parable of the prodigal son Lord Jesus shared.

Denis Martindale

Thirst Day!

While many adults on this Earth will toast and drink champagne,
Some children lack what they deserve, clean water, not just rain.
In many lands, rain doesn't fall abundantly as such,
Clean water's like a miracle that they pray for so much.

Clean water doesn't grow on trees, yet fresh fruits ease their thirst,
Clean water always brings them peace, the finest not the worst.
Clean water comes from taps they know, like kitchen taps we share,
Our children see it overflow, yet how did it get there?

Compassion helps us all decide to share gifts unafraid,
Donations spring from love supplied then actions get displayed.
And so we must wait patiently to learn what must get done,
Because we know technology would help them one by one.

Then came new photos of success when children looked so glad,
Clean water brought them happiness like none they ever had.
Yet other children wait their chance in villages elsewhere,
Clean water helps their lives advance if even more would care.

The TV adverts come and go, do something if you can,
In ways that God alone could know, please help your fellow man.
Each thirst day, ask what you can do to ease more children's needs,
Please give to save the children, too, so water aid succeeds!

Denis Martindale. June 2022.

Perhaps we know about the children in many
countries who cannot drink clean water unless we
donate to the charities such as Water Aid providing
all the resources for pipes and taps to be installed.

The TV adverts that we see can remind us of the
urgent needs of others, yet can we donate or not?

Unclean water is polluted and infested, and many
children will suffer or die if we do not donate.

Denis Martindale

Choose Day!

Today's the day of salvation for thousands here on Earth,
When receiving revelation and they know what it's worth.

Perhaps through Scriptures, or through prayers, or even prophecies,
There comes a time they know God cares and seeks to grant them peace.

And that's why we call it Choose Day when lost souls find the Lord,
When prodigals return and stay and live in sweet accord.

Some new believers get baptised upon this very day
Just as their Bibles tell of Christ, deciding to obey.

The Holy Spirit guides them all to blessings old and new,
The Gospel's like a miracle, a perfect dream come true.

Evangelists rejoice again in God and in His Son,
And every Kingdom citizen with good works to be done.

For there's a harvest still to find, each Choose Day that God gives,
And blessed are those of all Mankind who know that Jesus lives!

Denis Martindale. June 2022.

The Gospel poem shared on Revelation TV's
R-Mornings show on the 21st of June 2022
refers to the verse, Today is the day of salvation.
The poem also mentions baptism because that
happened on the day of Pentecost and new
believers today sometimes get baptised, too.

Denis Martindale

A Prayer In Time Saves Nine!

There was a young evangelist with crusades on his mind,
Yet so intent that he had missed nine lost souls in a bind!

So God was quick to point them out! Tell them the Gospel, too,
Convince them all beyond all doubt! Tell each one God loves YOU!

And so the young man shared the Cross because that must get done,
He said Lord Jesus died because He chose to as God's Son.

No other Saviour did God send since Jesus did it all,
Yet there, the Gospel doesn't end! God did a miracle!

He raised Lord Jesus from the dead with power from above,
To take away our sin and dread through Christ, the King of Love.

Because the nine believed God's Word, they teach as preachers do,
I wonder if your faith's now stirred to be a preacher, too?

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale. June 2022.

The Gospel poem shared on Revelation TV's
Lunchtime Live on the 20th of June 2022 referred
to the faithful earnest prayers of the evangelist.

Even so, here's the UPDATED version for Poemhunter.

Lunchtime Live is a show devoted to the emailed
prayer requests of the Revelation TV viewers.

Denis Martindale

Everyday Living For Jesus!

From Monday to Friday and more,
That's how true love must be,
With further blessings still in store
Because of Calvary.
At least another billion prayers,
Ascending to God's Throne,
To cast our burdens and our cares
Thanks to the love He's shown.

From Monday to Friday and more,
That's all that God would ask,
Each with a mission to explore
Beyond each holy task.
Each with a destiny to serve,
Beyond gifts and rewards,
To reach the unsaved on this Earth,
To share the Lord of Lords.

From Monday to Friday and more
And not just now and then,
The King of King's worth living for
Once we've been born again.
We're Heaven-bound as preachers,
And teachers, once baptised,
Everyday living for Jesus,
Evangelists for Christ!

Denis Martindale. June 2022.

The Gospel poem shared on Revelation TV's
R-Mornings on the 20th of June 2022 refers
to the TV programme called Everyday Living.

Denis Martindale

Do Not Neglect Your Gift!

Oh, please! Do not neglect your gift, to do what God calls good.
Nor let it fall, nor fade, or drift from blessings that you could.

A pilgrim knows the vanities this tainted world can give,
Distracting from great things that please and help the spirit live.
Good works abound when Grace abounds, and this God still supplies,
Words of wisdom and pleasant sounds in hymns that still surprise.
Amazing Grace, shared by a child, can bless the oldest man,
Such that he can get reconciled and understand God's plan.
To see the Saviour's love anew, though Easters came and went,
To gently preach, Christ died for you, for He was Heaven-sent.
Reflect on signs and wonders, friends, and talents God provides.
Our faith in these sometimes depends. They serve as constant guides.

So, please! Do not neglect your gift. Just do what God calls good,
Who knows what sorrows you may lift when you do what you should?

Denis Martindale. June 2022.

PoemHunter.com

This poem is about Revelation TV's
programme Everyday Living and the
Gospel topic Do Not Neglect Your Gift.

The Gospel poem tells of the young girl
Madison Taylor Baez who sang the hymn
Amazing Grace. Search YouTube videos.

Denis Martindale

Behind The Headlines!

Behind the headlines papers share
Are Christians praying now,
Prayer warriors who kneel in prayer
Still asking why and how,
Yet students of God's prophecies
Still seek the Lord's return,
The Saviour called the Prince of Peace
In ways Man's yet to learn.

Behind the headlines printed large
Are stories never told,
Despite the fact that God took charge
And healed both young and old,
Though Good News sometimes comes to light,
There's so much more unsaid,
Yes, even when the nations fight,
God raises from the dead.

Though Israel often gets ignored
For all the good that's done,
Each Christian saint who serves the Lord
Must see lost souls get won.
The best that God has for this Earth
Has always been Good News,
Eternal life through second birth
For Gentiles and for Jews.

The papers may not even care
Since profits are their aim,
Yet God loves Christians everywhere
Who preach in Jesus Name!

Denis Martindale. June 2022.

The Gospel poem shared on Revelation TV's
R-Mornings on the 16th of June 2022 helped to
explain the discussions about the papers today.

Behind The Headlines is a show on Revelation TV which reports on specific issues in the news with a Scriptural viewpoint which sometimes will include prophecies in the Holy Bible about the nations and the return of Jesus Christ as the King of Kings...

Denis Martindale

Never The Same In Jesus' Name!

Never the same in Jesus' Name, each preacher should declare,
Yes, every preacher should proclaim the reason for each prayer.
For without Christ, Man's sins would stay. Christ is the Lamb of God
Who died to take Man's sins away the day Christ shed His Blood.

Never the same in Jesus' Name, each preacher should express,
Yes, every preacher, without shame, for only Christ can bless.
Christ is the Son of God and more, the ever-shining light,
The King of Kings who fills with awe the faithful in His sight.

Never the same in Jesus' Name, each preacher preaches still,
Yes, every preacher who once came to learn the Father's will.
For there's one Saviour and one Lord, Who died yet conquered death,
Triumphant still, loved and adored, JESUS OF NAZARETH!

Denis Martindale. June 2022.

PoemHunter.com

The Gospel poem refers to The Twilight Zone
on Revelation TV on the 14th of June 2022.
Evangelist Daniel Chand repeated the phrase,
NEVER THE SAME IN JESUS NAME!

The Gospel poem shared on Revelation TV's
R-Mornings on the 15th of June 2022 helped
promote Daniel's evangelistic preaching as
well as his tent crusades planned for 2022.

Denis Martindale

Dare To Be A Daniel

Will you dare to be a Daniel outside your comfort zone,
To preach of Heaven and of Hell, to make Lord Jesus known?

Will you dare to a Daniel outside of worldly ways,
Content that on your knees you fell in worship, full of praise?

Will you dare to be a Daniel outside yet set apart,
By Jesus Christ, who knows you well, enough to bless your heart?

Will you dare to be a Daniel outside your tiny home,
To reveal Christ's healing Gospel where God sends you to roam?

Will you dare to be a Daniel on fire for the Lord?
If so, don't hide inside your shell! Be bold and stand assured!

God's grace abounds in life and death, yet Heaven's waiting, too!
So is Jesus of Nazareth, the King who died for you!

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale. June 2022.

The Gospel poem shared on Revelation TV's
The Twilight Zone show on the 14th of June 2022
promoted the Gospel ministry and tent crusades of
Daniel Chand as well as his own Gospel TV shows.

Denis Martindale

Fifteen Years?

If God would grant fifteen years more to old folks such as I,
Our hearts would be thrilled to the core before our time to die.
Yet Jesus Christ could come today, the Bible says right now,
To snatch the Church of Christ away before the world knows how.

So either option God allows, we each must be agreed,
That whosoever kneels or bows prays to the Lord in need.
That God alone has prophecy, decrees He must declare,
Just as God did when Calvary was on Christ's heart in prayer.

To learn God's will can be sublime, though ignorance seems bliss,
But oh, the blessings time by time and miracles we miss.
So keep on praying to the Lord, the Lord's Prayer still to pray,
Before we leave in one accord upon our Rapture Day!

Denis Martindale. June 2022.

PoemHunter.com

The Gospel poem above is the updated version of the poem shared on Revelation TV's R-Mornings show on the 14th of June 2022. Grammarly is where fellow poets can get their text checked. The theme of this poem was the Scripture reading of the day: 2 Kings 20: 1-4,5-8. King Hezekiah, informed of his coming death, prayed to God, who then granted him 15 more years to live. God may not promise this to us as today's believers awaiting the Rapture, yet those who love the return of King Jesus will receive a crown for their devotion to Him.

Denis Martindale

How Many Bibles Did I Share?

How many Bibles did I share before I passed away,
Before that time and final prayer upon that fateful day?
Before my loved ones faced distress and I lost my last breath,
How many people did I bless before God viewed my death?

How many lives did I improve before God's time marched on,
Before God made my spirit move, my time on Earth then gone?
How many lost souls did I reach before I reached no more,
Before I lost the chance to preach and teach and thus restore?

The Father's Son came from above to be both seen and heard
As Jesus Christ, the King of Love and Saviour in God's Word.
How many Bibles did I share before I passed away?
Dear friends, I could not leave it there! No wonder I still pray!

Yes, this I pray, that from my will, God grants a great release,
Bestowing Bibles that can thrill a multitude to please.
This legacy is all I leave, the Word of God to share,
With thousands more who might receive the mighty Lord through prayer.

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale. June 2022.

The Gospel poem is for those who
want to get a will sorted before
they pass away, especially those
who love to share the Holy Bible.

The Gospel poem was introduced
on Revelation TV's R-Mornings
show on the 13th of June 2022.

Denis Martindale

Seven Principles Of Breakthrough

God starts each breakthrough He imparts, that truth we can't ignore,
God shares more love, to grant our hearts a vision for much more.

Let's cultivate a childlike faith, like Jesus now and then,
Let's find the courage to be brave, once we've been born again.

Lord Jesus chose His sacrifice, despite the grief and pain,
As saints, we're called to pay the price so that lost souls may gain.

God knows the times to kneel and wait, or take some action now,
Else where's the chance to celebrate if nothing's done somehow?

Should opposition rise in force, each battle must be fought,
Let's battle on and stay on course in Christ as we've been taught.

The Holy Spirit guides us through more breakthroughs on their way,
Hold fast to God and Jesus, too, and pray and pray and pray.

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale. June 2022.

This Gospel poem shares the breakthrough teachings of
Rabbi Schneider, who is the Revelation TV presenter of
the Bible Studies show Discovering The Jewish Jesus.

Denis Martindale

God's Calling You To Calvary!

God's calling everyone on Earth, not one soul gets dismissed,
Towards the Saviour you deserve through each evangelist.

The Bible says this on each page, from Genesis and more,
To bring to you at every stage salvation still in store.

No other Saviour can you trust, but Jesus Christ alone,
Christ is the reason that you must approach the Father's Throne.

The Saviour gave His life and death, remember Calvary,
Trust Him, Jesus of Nazareth, for your eternity!

God's calling you, as if you were, the only person here,
So that your new life can occur, yes, now, this very year.

No greater love can Mankind know, nor gifts from God above,
Except to Calvary you go to see the King of Love...

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale. June 2022.

The Gospel poem was shared on Revelation TV's show R-Mornings on the 9th of June 2022. It promotes the upcoming Christian show Everyday Living to be shown that evening about the discussion topic God's Calling.

Denis Martindale

This Day Will Never Come Again!

This day will never come again, and morning is soon gone,
This afternoon arrives but then, this evening carries on.
It's wise to pray each time we can, as God will always hear,
It's wise to help our fellow man, not just those loved most dear.

To think, that dreamers also pray to seek the Father's love,
Though few of us know what they say, or what God hears above.
Prayer warriors may seldom meet, but God cares just the same,
Yet I believe, it's more complete when sharing is our aim.

To join as one united force, toward the Father's Throne,
Is like a million opened doors, with revelations shown.
With more insights, and more decrees, and proclamations, too,
For others that God seeks to please, not just for me and you.

So gather round in one accord, don't be a Martha now,
Like Mary was close to the Lord, perhaps to kneel or bow.
This day will never come again, choose best to spend your time,
In prayer, we find the moments when God proves Himself sublime!

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale. June 2022.

The Gospel poem was shared on Revelation TV's
show Lunchtime Live on the 10th of June 2022.

Denis Martindale

Are You A Mary Or A Martha?

When Jesus comes and says, Hello, can you spare Him some time,
As if this was your chance to grow, that could become sublime?

Or do your quickly carry on, regardless of the Lord,
Until the Savior's love has gone and Christ has been ignored?

Did you sit still and hear Him speak, take in His peace and love,
Did you see Jesus as unique, with grace that proves enough?

Did you work here, did you work there, around but not so close?
Christ wants to make this one thing clear, He knows, He knows, He knows!

Denis Martindale.8th of June 2022.

The Gospel poem was shared by presenter Nikki Mills on Revelation TV on the R-Mornings TV after she told viewers of her upcoming God Day show about two sisters who were divided on how they met Jesus and what they should be doing then. It is shown that Mary's devotion to Jesus was pleasing to Him at that time.

Presenter Nikki Mills' God Day show will ask the viewers, Are You A Mary Or A Martha? So I quickly wrote the poem and emailed it to the studio for her to read it on the R-Mornings TV show before it finished...

I liked this freebibleimages-dot-org image,
thanks to some quick google search results!

Denis Martindale

Daniel Chand Unchained

Despite the day that Jesus bled, the Lord raised Jesus from the dead!
The King of Kings, whose Gospel spread, abides in saints now spirit-led.
When God smiles on His saints on Earth, their faith grants them God's second birth,
In time saints grow to prove their worth, so golden crowns they each deserve.

As God seeks even more to please, it's true His wonders never cease!
Deliverance means God's release! His perfect love brings perfect peace!
Walking with Jesus stays supreme when saints defeat what looks extreme,
Beyond what even demons dream, God's Spirit forms a mighty team!

Praise God for such amazing grace that fell upon young Daniel's face,
Unchained, set free, meant to embrace the signs and wonders that take place.
When God anoints a chosen man, God sets in motion His great plan,
To do the very best He can that even demons cannot ban.

When God provides the shield of faith, this often makes a Christian brave,
To preach God's pardon! Sins to waive! To reach lost souls that Christ must save!

PoemHunter.com

Unchained disciples seize the land! God's harvest grows and looks so grand
When those most blessed can understand the Lord who leads them by the hand.

Denis Martindale. June 2022.

Revelation TV's The Twilight Zone featured the Christian testimony and ministry of UK evangelist Daniel Chand on Tuesday, the 7th of June 2022, which included some videos explaining the UK Gospel Crusades in 2022.

The Gospel poem was shared by The Twilight Zone presenters on Revelation TV's R-Mornings show on the 8th of June 2022.

Denis Martindale

The Significance Of Our Saviour!

The Bible says God made us all who live upon this Earth,
That each life is a miracle before each one has birth,
That from the start unto the end, each has a destiny,
That Jesus was the Sinners' Friend who died on Calvary.
Beyond the time when crucified, when Christ was at death's door,
Beyond the day that Jesus died were prophecies galore,
Beyond the tomb, Christ's body laid, with soldiers still on guard,
Beyond believers now dismayed, all hopes then to discard.
God knew the outcomes yet to stir, and death was not the end,
God knew the blessings to occur on that you can depend.

Christ's resurrection came in time once Sunday came again,
And thus, that truth remains sublime as God's sign to all men,
For those who trust His sacrifice, God's answer to each prayer,
As proof, Lord Jesus paid the price, eternal life to share.
God's Royal Pardon we embrace - Jesus of Nazareth,
Forgiveness through amazing grace, Christ's life, His blood and death.
So pardon us if we hold fast to all that Jesus gives,
Accept it, too, when not downcast, for we know Jesus lives,
Now baptised as our Saviour was, with blessings He affords.
All thanks to Christ! Recall the Cross! King of Kings and Lord of Lords!

Denis Martindale. June 2022.

Denis Martindale

I C U

I was watching Nikki on Revelation TV at the end of the Lunchtime Live show on UK Sky channel 581 on Monday, the 6th of June 2022. I noticed something amazing as she was praying with her eyes closed.

I saw the letters JC upon her eyes and eyebrows as a beautiful spiritual sign: J for Jesus and C for Christ.

WOW! That's what God sees when people pray.

Denis Martindale. June 2022.

See Revelation TV Yemi's closing prayer and then to the side of the Cross symbol seen on screen, Nikki's closing prayer during the final minutes of Lunchtime Live on Monday, the 6th of June 2022.

Nikki's picture about this was shared on R Mornings on Revelation TV on the 7th of June 2022, thanks to Cyrus and the Studio staff sharing my email update.

Denis Martindale

The Mightiness Of God!

When God created things to be across both time and space,
He gave all things their destiny, their purpose to embrace.
Life could not thrive without the Lord since He chose each design,
No wonder Man gets overawed at all truths thought divine.
Yet God planned more and far ahead for planets far away,
As through the Milky Way, they sped, and even to this day.
On seeing great signs in the sky, wise men, of course, take note,
They strive to learn the reasons why, beyond what prophets wrote.

Can Man ignore his destiny to travel far from Earth,
While telescopes help him to see Man's future still has worth?
Beyond the solar system's stars are wonders great and small,
Surpassing Jupiter and Mars, each one a miracle.
As if to tell Mankind God cares beyond all we could know,
That He is worthy of Man's prayers as each through life must go.
God grants more than this life alone as Heaven's angels sing,
While God is seated on His Throne, with more life still to bring.

At His command, the dead get raised, a second chance received,
And some in Heaven will get placed and praise God they believed.
The Holy Bible shares God's Word and tells us of God's Son,
And says through Him our faith gets stirred, Who prayed, 'Thy will be done! '
Christ shed His blood to pay the cost that we might praise the Lord,
Enough to die to save the lost, so sinners get restored.
Yet saints have good works still to do, upon this Earth Christ trod,
Relying on what sees us through, the mightiness of God!

Denis Martindale. June 2022.

Denis Martindale

Happiness In Nature Takes Time

HAPPINESS IN NATURE TAKES TIME

Happiness in Nature takes time,
Appreciation, too,
But not all things seem thought sublime,
That is my point of view.
I have loved both my dogs and cats,
And creatures great and small,
But as for fleas and snakes and bats,
I have no love at all.
While Nature fashions scenery
That takes my breath away,
Keep cold locations far from me,
No matter night or day.
Give me one God-blessed sunny morn,
When garden birds arrive,
How can my mood then stay forlorn,
To see each one alive?
I stare with joy as dolphins leap,
And horses race for miles,
And tiny puppies when they sleep,
And purring cats, all smiles.
But most of all, I like cartoons,
When animals get shown,
You know the sort, those crazy loons,
The funniest ever known!

Denis Martindale. May 2022.

Denis Martindale

Kicking Up The Dust

An elephant has much to learn
And that takes time, of course,
The way to walk, or run and turn
Since Nature has her laws.
While balance is a wondrous thing,
Long tusks get in the way,
And even large ears tend to swing
Such that they sometimes sway.

While limbs are handy day and night,
An elephant takes care,
Just think of all that weight and height,
So hard now to compare.
The sun beats down and makes things hot
And tempers take their toll,
While elephants endure a lot,
Sometimes they lose control.

While Nature knows such times occur,
What will the future hold?
Will global warming challenge her,
Affecting young and old?
Can Man reduce the damage done
To slow down or reverse?
Is it too late? Has it begun
Now turning bad to worse?

Denis Martindale. May 2022.

The poem is about the
magnificent painting
Kicking Up The Dust
by the UK wildlife artist
Stephen Gayford.

The poem reflects on how this
world's changing climate will

affect Nature as a whole. So it's not just about how Mankind will survive rising temperatures as more land erodes into deserts.

Denis Martindale

Keep Up The God Work!

You're ready, willing and able, and now set for each task,
You bring a lot to the table and just the Lord to ask.
Yet also help the saints who slipped who need a miracle,
Although they're silent and tight-lipped, the Father loves them all.
Who knows the headway that you'll make to ease their loneliness?
Perhaps the breakthrough they could take that God would grant to bless.
Did Peter always please the Lord? Or did he go astray?
At Pentecost, he preached assured upon that fateful day.

God's power came to bless Christ's friends, with not one saint left out,
Upon such grace, each saint depends as faith replaces doubt.
When God forgave them through His Son, despite their dismal past,
It showed the way God gets things done when saints still looked downcast.
When God refreshes mortal frames, of course, we praise the Lord,
When God revives God-given aims, He also grants reward.
Who knows the measure of His love? His patience blossoms still.
God knows the future well enough and works things to His will.

Though armies come and armies go, GOD WORKS behind the scenes,
Such empires He can overthrow each time He intervenes.
Jews learn the truth the saints have known through Jesus Christ, God's Son.
Though Israel seems to stand alone, God's perfect will gets done!
Think of the blessings God will share upon that fateful day!
Keep up the GOD WORK! Then by prayer, God's power comes to stay.
Keep up the GOD WORK! Then you'll find how Christ's grace proves enough,
Because it's shared to bless Mankind with God's eternal love.

Denis Martindale. May 2022.

GOD WORKS are the best good works we can ever do.

Denis Martindale

You've Been Resurrected!

Oh, please explain what happened, friend, once on the other side!
You thought that life came to an end, yet more was then supplied!
You met Lord Jesus! Tell us, please! Come on, what did He say?
Some call God's Son the Prince of Peace. What of your peace that day?

Did Christ review your life and more, decisions that you made,
Discussing every sin or flaw, or when you disobeyed?
Did you confess your guilt and shame? Did you repent enough?
Did Christ excuse you of all blame since He's the King of Love?

Did Jesus share some prophecy of future things to come?
Or sad events that soon must be, for millions, not just some?
Did Jesus promise miracles for many saints on Earth?
Just as Saint Peter's and Saint Paul's, much more than we deserve?

Did angels play their harps up there? Did other saints arrive?
Must you write books to sell or share now you've returned alive?
So many questions I would ask if I met Jesus Christ,
As soon as I could face that task when being so surprised.

I'd ask, why was I born so poor and stayed that way so long?
I'd ask the Lord to grant me more and hope that wasn't wrong!
I praise God for your ministry to bless Gentile and Jew,
Yet humbly ask, please pray for me, and I will pray for you.

Denis Martindale. May 2022.

YouTube has testimonies of near-death experiences,
and meetings with Jesus Christ in Heaven, so there's a lot
of things to think about concerning Christ's prophecies.

Denis Martindale

Greater Works!

The servants of the Saviour King get blessed beyond compare,
Once power grants them everything, each time, right then and there.
The Holy Spirit guiding still, to strengthen and to heal,
According to the Father's will, new mercies to reveal.

Believe and be baptised, AMEN! Prayer warriors increase!
Hands held together now and then! God's wonders never cease!
Behold the prophecies unfold, as every angel sings,
Of miracles worth more than gold, through Christ, the King of Kings!

God grants His power to the wise, discernment to express,
Beyond the sights before their eyes, saints pray for happiness.
By faith and by the Blood of Christ, by love transcending all,
By faith in what Christ sacrificed, receive each miracle.

Behold the spirit and the soul, each powered by the heart,
And called upon to play its role, compassion to impart.
God's miracles are just a sign, like mustard seeds, no more,
With God declaring, 'You are Mine! ' with love you can't ignore.

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale. May 2022.

Jesus promised His disciples, 'Greater works shall you do...'

Denis Martindale

Technology!

Take the greatest minds on Earth,
Expect the very best!
Creatively, they prove their worth,
Helping us to get blessed!
Next comes designers, one by one,
Our futures changed each time!
Life gets improved by what they've done,
Our dreams turn out sublime!
God guides the greatest of the wise,
Yes, please, Lord, open their eyes!

Denis Martindale. May 2022.

Here is an acrostic poem for the word
TECHNOLOGY and yet also a prayer for
this world's blessings at their very best!

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

God Loves You Tour

The Bible says that God loves you
Enough to send His Son,
To do what only Christ could do,
Till Christ said, 'It is done! '
Those were the words upon the Cross
Where Christ was crucified,
Christ suffered death and all because
Our sins we could not hide.

God sees our sins by day and night,
Yet God can still forgive,
And this God does with all His might
Throughout the lives we live.
Lord Jesus paid the price for sin,
God's grace on Christ relies,
No hope of Heaven can we win
Except that Jesus dies.

The Bible says that God loves you
The risen Lord proves this,
For every Gentile, every Jew,
So that not one should miss.
Great preachers help us share God's love,
Salvation can be yours,
There is no greater love enough
Than God's grace that restores!

Denis Martindale. May 2022.

The poem is about the
GOD LOVES YOU TOUR
here in the UK for May 2022.

Denis Martindale

Mother Indian Tiger

She was a stunning sight to see,
With powers all her own,
Outshining all the scenery,
Just walking there alone.
Yet Nature purposed her to breed,
For new life to exist
And Nature knew how to succeed
For species to persist.

And so it comes as no surprise,
Once we are in the know,
That one day there, before her eyes,
A suitor said hello.
Then life began inside of her,
Until one sunny morn,
When life within began to stir
Until the cubs were born.

That day was like no other day,
It was a miracle,
With feelings Nature caused to stay
And never leave at all.
This miracle of life was theirs,
Their time of destiny,
And worthy of a thousand prayers,
Including some from me.

Denis Martindale. May 2022.

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
of a Tigress, entitled Mother Indian Tiger Portrait,
by UK wildlife artist, Stephen Gayford.

Google search my wildlife poems using the
search phrase Stephen Gayford poems.

Denis Martindale

The Name Above All Others

Above the Saviour's cross, I saw
A message plain to see,
That shared His Name and so much more
Right there on Calvary.
Declaring Jesus as a king
Who came from Nazareth,
This man of whom God's angels sing,
Remembering His death.

God had a plan beyond the cross
And this the Saviour knew,
By faith, He suffered shame and loss
For both Gentile and Jew.
And for the ones who wished Him dead,
He interceded there,
They know not what they do! He said,
Still showing love in prayer.

No angels came to save the day,
Since none of these got sent,
The Father kept them all at bay,
Forgiveness to present.
Christ knew His Kingdom would arise,
And one thief trusted, too,
That thief had wisdom that proved wise
As would the chosen few.

Each Easter comes, each Easter goes,
Though sorrows each one brings,
Yet through God's grace, this world now knows
Of Jesus, King of Kings!

Denis Martindale. May 2022.

I wrote this after seeing a cross on a necklace
that had the name of Jesus engraved on it and
that reminded me of the sign above the cross
of Christ telling the people about our Saviour:

Jesus of Nazareth. King of the Jews.

Denis Martindale

What Makes A Poem A Poem?

What makes a poem what it is and recognised as such?
Is it announcing joy or bliss, as if these count so much?
Is it a sense of savoir faire, a touch of elegance,
A precious phrase beyond compare, of perfect eloquence?
Is it a theme based on a dream, a tall tale told one night,
Or edited to an extreme until it was just right?
Is it a few puns now and then or wordplay thought divine,
Or merely picking up a pen to write some Valentine?
Is it a form of prophecy before sad times must come,
Or subtle forms of mockery like limericks to some?

What makes a poem what it is with words meant to recite,
Is it by chance or hit and miss in what most poets write?
Is it some thoughts that must be shared, considered somewhat deep,
Or just expressing that we cared for friendships we must keep?
Is it to share our share of faith when Christmas makes us smile,
Or lessons helping us behave or overcome some trial?
Is it to show some happiness each time we fall in love,
Or to proclaim how God can bless with grace more than enough?
What makes a poem what it is, its rhythm or its rhyme?
My only answer, friends, is this: it has to be sublime!

Denis Martindale. May 2022.

The poem image is the Calibri font size 18
in bold and italic and the green text colour
for the poem to be clearly seen and recited.

Denis Martindale

Youthful

The youthful lion stood there proud,
Aware of gazing eyes,
Yet in his heart, he daily vowed
That he would gain the prize.
He chose to be the alpha male
Regardless of the cost,
Determined that he must not fail
Or join the ones that lost.

So he maintained his physique well,
With cunning ways and guile,
So playful that no one could tell,
The reason for his smile.
Yet in his heart, he still recalled,
The fights of ages past,
Observing how short battles stalled
When strength gave out at last.

So he was running every day,
As if his strength to test,
And not like those who whiled away
The gentle times of rest.
His nature helped him not give in
And thus achieve his dream,
When his day came to fight and win,
As alpha male supreme.

Denis Martindale. May 2022.

The poem is based on the magnificent wildlife painting of a young lion, entitled Youthful, by Stephen Gayford. Google search my poems using the search phrase Stephen Gayford.

Denis Martindale

Maharaja

How rare this tiger looked that day,
As I with camera stood,
Thrilled at the colours on display,
I did all that I could.
For all the pictures I might get
To bring some happiness,
The zoom was then precisely set,
As he stayed motionless.

If beauty is our chief concern,
And nothing more than this,
There is a lesson we should learn
Before things go amiss.
Both young and old must contemplate,
And weigh the matters well,
Then choose the wisest turn of fate,
The best that we can tell.

White tigers such as these seem blessed
Of all upon the Earth,
Superior to all the rest,
Esteemed to have great worth.
Saved from extinction in this age,
Preserved by God and Man,
As time gets moving page by page,
As part of Heaven's plan.

Denis Martindale. May 2022.

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
of a beautiful White Tiger, entitled Maharaja,
by Stephen Gayford. Google search my poems
using the search phrase Stephen Gayford.

Denis Martindale

Indian Marharajah

The tiger seemed a noble lord,
So dignified to me,
I know that I felt overawed,
At all that he could be.
I kept my distance to be safe
While taking photos fast,
Just keeping still while somewhat brave
As precious chances last.

The tiger basked there in the sun,
Flat out, yet still aware,
Not chasing after anyone
Or creature in despair.
So I was glad he posed at peace,
Content to rest alone,
As if his conscience were at ease,
As if no sins to own.

Yet who was I to criticise
These hunters Nature makes,
Environments to supervise,
Controlled for all their sakes?
So I remained until the time
As best seemed right to me,
Then left with photos so sublime
Meant for posterity.

Denis Martindale. May 2022.

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
of a Bengal Tiger, entitled Indian Marharajah,
by Stephen Gayford. Google search my poems
using the search phrase Stephen Gayford.

Denis Martindale

Who Is My Favourite Poet?

Who is my favourite poet? That would be me, of course!
I wrote each poem and know it, so each is mine, not yours.
I started a long time ago, with just a basic pen,
And caused the rhymes to overflow to bless me now and then.
So I rejoiced through what I wrote as inspiration came,
As poems are an antidote when Good News is the aim.
A source of joy, a source of peace, with wisdom through the years,
As if God's wonders never cease, since every prayer He hears.
For there are poets who rely upon His sovereign grace,
Despite the others who deny His mercies to embrace.
I praise God for my learning curve like each evangelist,
As fitting poets who would serve through times when rhymes persist.

When upbeat dreams come to my heart and then come to my mind,
Each fashions themes I may impart to share art with Mankind.
While there are some anthologies and poems on TV,
A lot of websites aim to please and share my poetry.
A thousand here, a thousand there, and then a thousand more,
So that is why I must declare what choices made me sure.
For I recited every line, each rhyme and lyric, too,
With fancy fonts that looked so fine each time I shared anew.
And I uploaded every verse and emailed when I should,
Investing years, as each occurs, to share the good I could.
With fancy phrases that take flight through tales that I unfold,
Or common words meant to recite, to bless the young and old.

The double blessing falls on me to write what I believe,
Then share my works of poetry for others to receive.
For such as these, I pause in prayer, and those that wait in store,
A thousand here, a thousand there, and then a thousand more.

Denis Martindale. May 2022.

Denis Martindale

The Wild Ones!

Wild animals from start to end,
Two wolves worked as a team,
Combining strength, that fatal blend,
In ways Man calls extreme.
When hunger comes, they think ahead,
Regardless of the cost,
Survival means they must get fed,
Though other lives get lost.

Was it from such as these wild ones
That breeds of dogs arose?
How fast the racing greyhound runs
As that is what Man chose.
So many breeds and sizes, too,
In black and white and brown,
Across the whole wide world to view,
Almost in every town.

Yet wolves still roam by day and night,
Untamed, unfettered still,
No little leads to hold them tight
As they howl on a hill.
No throwing sticks or treats supplied,
No tinned food fresh or stale,
No muzzled mouths their teeth to hide,
No freedoms to curtail.

Denis Martindale. May 2022.

The poem is based on the magnificent wildlife painting of two wolves, entitled The Wild Ones, by Stephen Gayford. Google search my poems using the search phrase Stephen Gayford.

Denis Martindale

Lora

On Internet Explorer,
I found a girl called Lora,
She even had a blog for all to see.
So how could I ignore her,
If hoping to assure her,
That she showed talent in her poetry?

While she did much more than this,
I still hoped she wouldn't miss
Combining every skill towards success.
Making money leads to bliss,
As that's just the way life is,
If there's a single chance of happiness!

Denis Martindale. May 2022.

The poem is nice to see when using the
font called LORA with bold and italic.
I like using this font in text colour green
displayed against the white background
of the computer program Wordpad...

It creates small file size copies of my
poems and I can also get a screenshot
image and edit that and then upload
it with my latest poemhunter poem.

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Baby Gorilla

The baby's little heart was glad
That he shared company,
He had no reason to feel sad,
True love was there to see.
Tranquillity still sensed by all,
And peace was everywhere,
And though, to me, his world seemed small,
His world had much to share.

The sun was shining up above,
A gentle breeze was near,
Companions lavished him with love
Such that he felt no fear.
He stared with wonder on his face
As he surveyed the sky,
And moved at such a gentle pace,
While watching clouds roll by.

At times, he stared at both his hands,
Amazed at what he saw,
Without the knowledge of God's plans
Yet life held so much more.
Was he at peace with all he had?
Yes, thankful all the time,
And yet I'm puzzled he felt glad,
He didn't have a dime!

Denis Martindale. May 2022.

The poem is about me feeling puzzled by a picture.
Puzzled is the back panel title of the magnificent
wildlife painting by UK artist Stephen Gayford.

Denis Martindale

Cheetah Cubs

While cheetah cubs can look as cute
As little kittens do,
We know that we must stay astute
Beyond this point of view.
For cubs are on their learning curve
Through every passing day,
Thus more attention they deserve
As Nature has its way.

The cubs soon grow and learn to run
And change direction fast,
No longer playing in the sun
For such times never last.
They know how adult cheetahs stand,
Much taller than they are,
So elegant and somewhat grand
Like everyone's a star.

Young cheetah cubs have high hopes, too,
They sense their day must come,
Beyond the fact that others grew,
Not jealous, sad or glum.
When adults run, they lose no time
As they're fast on their feet,
As noble creatures in their prime,
Supreme and now complete.

Denis Martindale. May 2022.

Cheetah Cubs is the title of the magnificent
wildlife painting by UK artist Stephen Gayford.

Denis Martindale

The Beauty Of Poetry!

Share the beauty of poetry that Heaven would bestow,
As if the gift of harmony upon the Earth below,
Such that God's angels get to hear the thoughts that bless the heart,
Through rhymes or phrases that appear with wonders to impart.

Share the beauty of poetry when it becomes a song,
That adults sing so happily when children sing along,
Such that God's angels get impressed with lyrics writers penned,
Because they tried to do their best before their lives must end.

Share the beauty of poetry reciting line by line,
Such that you speak with clarity the meanings to define,
For when great poems can get heard, you share their destiny,
Whenever human hearts get stirred, as God meant them to be!

Denis Martindale. April 2022.

PoemHunter.com

One of the ladies who recites famous poems on the
poemhunter-dot-com website is Blessed Sheriff...

Denis Martindale

Batman And The Princess

When Bruce Wayne gazed across the room, he saw her standing there,
He knew the name of her perfume, the shampoo for her hair,
The labels on the dress she wore, the company she kept,
The hideaway, the hidden door, the bed on which she slept.
He knew her choice of weapons, too, the training every day,
He catalogued each point of view when called upon to say.
He checked his social calendar so that they seldom met,
Yet there were times he thought of her and sometimes felt regret.

It's true she dated now and then, but only for a while,
She looked for something more in men beyond a winning smile,
Beyond what riches they possessed, beyond their share of fame,
Beyond the men she had impressed, who played the dating game.
She wanted something more than love and all that it could bring,
Such men as these proved not enough, not like a prince or king,
She sensed the Dark Knight stole her heart the night he saved her life,
Yet could romance now play a part so she could be his wife?

Was he now jealous of the guys she dated week by week?
Would he at last soon claim his prize as if she were unique?
Would he advance to centre stage as though a candidate?
Show joy or passion, fear or rage, or choose to hesitate?
No other man had thrilled her so. She owed her life to him.
Was he married? She didn't know. Her chances seemed so slim.
One day she joined the Justice League and met him once again,
And found the love she hoped to seek with Batman now and then.

Denis Martindale. April 2022.

Denis Martindale

Prayer Of Remembrance

Remind me, Lord, by day and night,
Of blessings old and new,
And then renew me with insight
And miracles You do.
If not for You, then I, at length,
Would hardly reconcile,
For what am I without Your strength,
Your patience or Your smile?

While stars shine in Your skies above,
While dolphins swim Your seas,
While children look to You with love,
Or pray upon their knees,
Let there be signs and wonders, too,
Through saints' prayers, healings shared,
Let love stay fresh like morning dew,
Declaring that You cared.

And may Your love abide within,
Compassion shared abroad,
Not just another soul to win,
But pleasing You, my Lord.
My Saviour lived and died for me,
And Jesus is His Name,
My Saviour went to Calvary,
My lost soul to reclaim.

Lord, let me not forget Mankind,
Remind me why Christ died,
Guide me so other souls will find
God's grace that Christ supplied.
For what is Man without Your Son?
The King of Love for sure,
The Prince of Peace in all He's done,
Loved now and evermore.

Amen.

(Sing the prayer to the hymn tune

of God Rest Ye Merry Gentlemen.)

Remember that G.R.A.C.E. stands for
God's Riches At Christ's Expense.

Denis Martindale. April 2022.

Denis Martindale

Blessed Beyond Belief...

There's a talented lady, whose name is Blessed Sheriff,
She can recite some poetry in ways beyond belief.

She savours every single word and lingers on each line,
To stay assured that words get heard, their meanings to define.

On poemhunter's website are poems here and there
And she brings out each insight in ways beyond compare.

So when I write new poetry, I imitate her style,
Reciting oh so slowly can often make me smile.

To emphasise the verses, one often reads again,
As if one still rehearses, improving now and then.

And second nature takes what's learned, absorbing what seems best,
As if the thoughts get overturned, and what's left has impressed.

The poet's talents aren't enough at every single stage,
So recitations add some love to text upon a page.

That's why great actors prove their worth reciting poems, too,
To bless the people of this Earth through poems old and new.

If poets took some extra time employing Grammarly,
There should be ways to bless each rhyme and line of poetry.

I've seen the lessons that get taught, changed phrases when I could,
To aid in each initial thought to make it understood.

Yes, Grammarly can bless each day when getting text correct,
So that reciting can portray the poems we respect.

Denis Martindale. April 2022.

Denis Martindale

One Miracle After Another

One miracle after another,
Father, Mother, Sister, Brother,
My life began within the home,
From which I seldom chose to roam.
Yet school was next in line for me,
Thus parted from my family,
Then work, of course, assumed control,
To dominate and take its toll.

And sickness splattered now and then,
This life's white canvas once again,
No more the pristine state it was,
No wonder I, at times, was cross.
Then old age bid my youth goodbye,
Disabled years caused me to sigh,
Then sixty-five years limped around,
Before my time when Heaven-bound.

Yet in-between, the Twilight Years,
The damaged eyes, the damaged ears,
The damaged teeth, the damaged neck,
The damaged life, the damaged deck.
The joys for me were few and small,
Sometimes life drove me up the wall,
No wife, no child, no friend at all,
Still waiting for a miracle.

Denis Martindale. April 2022.

Denis Martindale

Our Poems On Poemfull-Dot-Com

Google, please show me the websites
My poems have been shared,
To find that others shared delights
In ways I'd never dared.

Perhaps there are no images
Or photos to be found,
Yet in truth each website reaches
More visitors around.

Some of the poems that I wrote
Are there for those to see,
So that in turn they may take note
Of more than poetry.

Yet are your poems also there?
In ways that please you, too?
Should you make other folks aware?
I guess that's up to YOU!

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale. April 2022.

Denis Martindale

Developing Focus

Man stares at himself.
Man stares at the planet Earth.
Man stares at the stars!

Denis Martindale. April 2022.

Haiku poem based on Man's history.

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Documenting The Dark...

Man sends up probes to outer space to test the depths and heights,
From nations of the Human Race, for even more insights.
While curiosity persists, with worlds spread all about,
To verify that life exists and prove beyond all doubt.
The dark side of the moon intrigues, so near and yet so far,
So this, at first, is what Man seeks before the nearest star.
And to this challenge must respond, as if this were his right,
Exploring then the dark beyond, as if with all his might.
Instead of comets round and round with not much else to do,
If found, dark matter could astound as wonders speeding through.
Amid the gaps and in-betweens, the dark holds sole domain,
Where light so seldom intervenes, a new foothold to gain.
Yet there are claims that life lives there, in microscopic ways,
Quite alien and unaware of passing nights and days.
Despite the centuries that fade and stars that lose their shine,
The dark seems somewhat Heaven-made, with purposes divine.

Denis Martindale. March 2022.

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale

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Denis Martindale. March 2022.

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale

Why Do I Love Writing Poetry?

Could it be faith, the challenge set, the quest to prove my worth,
The venture faced without regret, a poem to give birth?
The fashioning of eloquence, the forming of each phrase,
The passion for its elegance, anointing it with grace?

The imitation of the Lord, Who said, Let there be light!
The fascination, overawed by truths I choose to write?
Could it be for the editing, the angst that it portrays,
Or sudden joys it tends to bring, thus lightening my days?

My destiny, my favoured fate, my birthright from the start,
God's gift that I might celebrate, my heart transformed by art?
Or am I driven to express the twists and turns of life,
The holiness and happiness, the sorrow and the strife?

Or seeing beauty in a rose that buds as though for me,
And gently sways as if to pose, just for my poetry?
Or merely penned to please a girl, a sweetheart I would love,
As if to set her heart a-whirl, should my verse prove enough?

Is writing now my legacy, my gift to all Mankind,
And not just for posterity, as thoughts I leave behind?
Perhaps one day, when I am gone, God helps me understand,
The reasons I wrote on and on were blessings that He planned.

Denis Martindale. March 2022.

My poems use the 8-6-8-6 syllables style of hymns
such as God Rest Ye Merry Gentlemen and I sing
my verses to that hymn to test how they sound.

Denis Martindale

Last Will Or Won't...

ALL THOSE WHO LIVED AND DID THEIR BEST

DESERVE THEIR SHARE OF LONG-TERM REST!

GOD KNEW THEIR HEARTS AND MINDS WERE GOOD,

AS THEY DID WHAT THEY COULD AND SHOULD!

HE NOW HOPES OTHERS TRY AS WELL,

BUT THOSE WHO DON'T CAN GO TO

TOMBSTONE EPITAPH
DENIS MARTINDALE. MARCH 2022.

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Spring Forward To Spring!

Four seasons, that's all -
Winter, Spring, Summer and Fall.
Change clocks on the wall!

Denis Martindale. March 2022.

In March, we must remember to change
watches and clocks to make sure they
get changed to spring forward an hour!

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Data Gathering!

Day after day, alas, dear friends,
As each website takes hold,
The quest for data never ends
As they search for some gold.
Getting our details when they can,
And selling, who knows where?
They take and take from every man,
Harvesting here and there.
Expect no mercy from their kind,
Respect for us gets spurned.
Intent on selling all they find,
No matter what they learned.
God knows that website threats exist,
Disgusting as they are.
As data partners they enlist,
To search both near and far.
As time goes by, our profiles grow,
Greater yet never still.
And companies stay in the know,
To track us, good or ill.
Here comes another tracker now,
Each website takes its share.
Rejoicing what the laws allow,
In truth, some hardly care.
New techniques help the gatherers,
Greedy grabbers, for better or worse.

Denis Martindale. March 2022.

Here is an acrostic poem about the Internet.

Denis Martindale

Creativity In Poetry

When God made Man, His plans were good, with more good things in mind,
If only Man did what he should, in all things wise and kind,
And though Man fell from perfect grace, God still had thoughtful plans,
For planet Earth, the Human Race, and truths Man understands.

And thus, through stories prophets shared, and language at its best,
There, too, came poets who prepared the words that God has blessed.
Creative in so many ways, with melodies and more,
Then came the playwrights and their plays, the dramas we adore.

While not all poets will get paid, each noble soul still writes,
With all heart sentiments portrayed, their portions of delights,
Each legacy in poetry, each treasure from on high,
Because this is their destiny, the reason they still try.

Thus decades pass, Good News persists, and holy prayers ascend,
From psalmists and evangelists to Christ, the Sinner's Friend,
Who one day went to Calvary, proclaimed King of the Jews,
Through Pontius Pilate's sign to see the King who they refuse.

His words had power at that time, to challenge one and all,
Outstanding words can prove sublime and work a miracle,
That's why the poets still endure and share what they proclaim,
The very future to ensure, with poems of Christ's fame.

Yet not all poems preach the Word or share sweet Valentines,
Or help explain truths seen or heard with pleasant rhyming lines,
But with a freedom and a flair, through phrases long and short,
We read what poets choose to share as they reveal each thought.

And some are writers of renown, and some just signed ANON,
They live in every kind of town until their lives are gone,
Yet only God knows where they go, beyond their time on Earth,
And only God knows what we owe to poems that have worth.

Denis Martindale. February 2022.

Denis Martindale

How Can I Write For A Loved One?

How can I write for a loved one? Since those I love have died.
With their sweet lives on Earth now done and I felt crucified,
And mourning took my words away, such that I could not speak,
Nor think of words that I should pray when life itself looked bleak.

How can I write for a loved one? Love favours few so old.
Once gloom replaced my sense of fun, then ice replaced the gold,
And memories began to blur when faith and hope felt lost,
And feeble thoughts began to stir and made me count the cost.

How can I write for a loved one? For even puppies die.
Of all my pets, I now see none, once their short lives passed by,
When midnight dreams are all God grants, I stroke them tenderly,
And thank Him for the precious chance to learn that they loved me.

How can I write for a loved one? Since old age takes its toll.
When my worn face stares at the sun each time I take a stroll,
Yet with no girlfriend at my side, no wife to hold most dear,
No child of mine that I might guide throughout another year.

How can I write for a loved one? For no one loves me, too.
So old that now I dare not run and good times left are few,
And every bill eats me alive with much less cash to spare,
When all I do is to survive and plead with God in prayer.

And yet, in fact, I sense this truth, that I am not alone,
Like others, I have lost my youth and good friends I have known,
We stand apart from all Mankind, the lonely and ignored,
Apart from God, no friend to find, just waiting on the Lord.

Denis Martindale. February 2022.

Denis Martindale

The Most Important Study Of Poetry

The most important of the lot is when we take exams,
It's then we study theme or plot, and when each student crams,
To learn the structured styles of verse and rhyming schemes as well,
Perhaps reciting to rehearse as poems cast their spell.

The to and fro of fashioned thoughts, the wordplay now and then,
The memories of school reports that haunt us once again,
Who knows which students have agreed with all the guidelines made?
Who knows which students will succeed and get the highest grade?

But do the modern students care what poems have to say?
Do they write poems they would share, emotions to relay?
Yet out of students on this Earth will come a legacy,
Of brand new poems finding worth throughout eternity.

The future masters of the art that spans the centuries,
Will challenge every noble heart, with rhythms meant to please,
Through psalms and songs, God helps them write, outshining all before,
If they but study with delight, until God grants them more.

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale. February 2022.

Denis Martindale

Catalyst

Cups contain all my sweetest drinks,
And yet they stay the same!
Take time as one who sips and thinks,
And every sweet drop claim.
Life needs a coffee to perk up
Your sleeping way too soon!
Start making coffee in a cup!
Thank God! Now, where's my spoon?

Denis Martindale. March 2022.

Some like to drink tea, and yet others
who tasted tea want to stick to coffee!

Here is my acrostic poem for those who do.

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Ask And Ye Shall Receive!

To those most favoured of us all, the Lord grants favour still,
Through every brand new miracle, according to His will,
Such that the devil quakes in fear regarding holy men
Beloved by God and held most dear, in ways beyond our ken.
Who counts the signs and wonders seen, or heard about at length,
Or praises God when He proves keen to demonstrate His strength?

Who kneels in prayer and full of faith requesting God to move,
To act with love and then to save lost souls that must improve?
Yet there are multitudes right now, unseen, their names unknown,
Who to the Lord will daily bow, approaching Heaven's Throne.
And those upon the Lord still smiles receive as they believe
Despite the evil that beguiles each person to deceive.

When God responds, with utmost grace, who then stands in His way?
And that is why the Human Race has some who love to pray.

Denis Martindale. March 2022.

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale

Writing Anxiety! Writing Anxiety!

Ever tried writing on the spot?
You start but then can't write a lot!
You scratch your head impatiently,
Perhaps to seek God's sympathy.
Is it by faith you write some more,
Or did God help your mind explore?
Could you agree God helped at all
And granted you a miracle?
One day, God's poets face the Lord,
That day receiving their reward,
Agreeing how He helped them out
By ending every single doubt.
But until then, some poets pause
And hesitate to share applause,
Yet who on Earth grants such advice
To poets yet not charge a price,
Or ends writing anxiety
For folks like you and folks like me?

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale. March 2022.

Denis Martindale

Lunch Break, Too

When elephants have walked and walked,
The hunger starts inside,
When elephants have talked and talked,
The hunger they can't hide...
The tall ones look for food to eat,
The small ones tag along,
For food is something you can't beat
When hunger pains are strong...

The mother and her foal were glad
When food was found at last,
They munched away all food they had
Until their lunch break passed...
Filled up for hours, they walked on,
Content to be alive,
You see, their hunger pains had gone,
They knew they would survive...

But what if all food disappeared?
If lunch break wasn't there?
If by Mankind the land was cleared,
The dry earth standing bare?
How long before the majesty
Of elephants and more
Was lost because of infamy?
How long? We can't be sure...

Denis Martindale, copyright, July 2013.

The poem is about the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Lunch Break II'.

Denis Martindale

Mountain Splendour, Too

Snow leopards see the snow all day!
It's here, there, everywhere!
It hardly ever goes away!
It's white beyond compare!
It's dazzling, white, it's total white,
It really, really is!
It's safe to say that it's too bright!
It's not something they'd miss...

Snow leopards sit the whole day long
On snow, snow, snow, snow, snow...
It's sometimes nice, don't get me wrong,
But doesn't that stuff glow! ?
It's freezing cold, no good at all...
And bores them all to tears...
They hate it when new snowflakes fall
And tickle both their ears!

Snow leopards wait for food to eat...
They wait, wait, wait, wait, wait...
They take things slow, they tap their feet...
And think life's just great!
They can't hum tunes as humans do...
Remembering each rhyme...
They just sit down, enjoy the view...
And... while... away... the... time...

Denis Martindale, copyright, November 2010.

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Mountain Splendour II'.

Denis Martindale

There Goes The Neighbourhood!

When God gave Man the planet Earth,
As Genesis declares,
Man sinned, no longer proving worth,
Despite a billion prayers,
So even now, within this age,
Man sins at Earth's expense,
Such that Man stagnates at this stage,
When life does not make sense.

When God gave Man the gift of life,
As Genesis explains,
And then gave Eve to be his wife,
That meant two minds and brains,
So two opinions then began
Deciding what to choose,
Then sabotaged God's perfect plan,
Such that sin was let loose.

When God gave Man the gift of love,
As Genesis proclaims,
Somehow Man thought that not enough,
For Man had higher aims,
To know as only God could know,
To rule and not to serve,
But from such choices, all sins grow,
And taint the planet Earth.

Thus wars are fought, then peace returns,
But sorrows fester on,
Then comes one truth each person learns,
At times, all hopes have gone,
Unless Man changes for the best,
This world will suffer more,
Without the money to invest,
Greed proves the final straw.

The politicians must decide,
Then changes Man must make,
Alas, the money seems to hide,

Not giving Earth a break,
And so the oceans fill with waste,
The forests disappear,
Until the time the truth is faced,
Man's final days are here.

Denis Martindale. January 2022.

Denis Martindale

If At First You Don't Succeed, Write, Write, Write Again!

Yes, if at first, you don't succeed,
You're not alone at all,
Yet writers know what thoughts to heed
When each one pays a call.
Don't think fast thoughts! Let each draw near,
Don't rush from line to line,
Or else the best could disappear
Without a single sign.
We walk a single street each time
And talk a single word,
We contemplate a single rhyme
Before a phrase gets heard.
Recite the verses one by one,
Yet not fast as we can,
While editing must still get done,
We've got the time to plan.
To some, I know, it's somewhat strange,
When editing takes hold,
And many poets rearrange
What first seemed good as gold.
It's good if we write on the spot,
Or quickly type words out,
Reciting lines improves a lot,
Of that, there proves no doubt.
Yet Grammarly can underline
Some query now and then,
Perchance to make a poem shine
In ways beyond our ken.
So that's the reason and the rhyme,
The process I best choose,
Towards success, time after time,
Each time I share Good News!

Denis Martindale.3rd February 2022.

Denis Martindale

No Money, No Upvotes? Thanks, But No Thanks!

Some writers write by day and night,
Unloved, unthanked, unpaid,
That's how they lose their appetite
And then end up dismayed.
Some writers choose to do their best,
Regardless of reward,
And thus continue in their quest,
If costs they can afford.
Some readers go from page to page,
On websites here and there,
Without one comment at each stage,
As if they just don't care.
But add a photo of a star
Of film, stage or TV,
And upvotes come from near and far
For each celebrity.
A picture says a thousand words,
While sentences say few,
As if they're shared by nerds for nerds,
Not always for us, too.
But would it hurt a thousand souls
To thank folks now and then,
To put aside their heartfelt goals
And upvote once again?
How busy do we have to be?
One second that is all!
Why should it seem a mystery?
Or take a miracle?

Denis Martindale. January 2022.

Denis Martindale

Skyward And Beyond!

Men conquer the sky!
Men orbit the Earth above!
Men walk on the Moon!

Denis Martindale. January 2022.

This is another haiku poem that shows a dramatic development in the history of Mankind and to such a degree that people could credit everything to men alone and yet much of the mathematical equations proved not to have been calculated just by men and the introduction of computers. The fact is, it can be clearly stated that such amazing progress wasn't exclusively restricted to men and to technology. Genius is readily available just as much as integrity and courage. Even so, what use are such as these without the taxpayers who funded such exploits?

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Portrait Of The Prince Of Peace

When Jesus walked and talked with men,
They sensed His destiny,
Yet few of these looked back again
Upon His Majesty.
God's truth takes time since men take time,
To learn God's lessons well,
To find what God esteems sublime,
So they, His truths, could tell.

That's why men dream and visions see
And pause to kneel in prayer,
Beyond the sudden mystery,
For truths beyond compare.
And nowadays, when talents thrive,
Anointed artists know,
Of brand new visions that arrive
Though more years come and go.

And when one artist starts to paint
On canvas with insight,
Some critics think of this as quaint,
As if the light to fight.
But if each artist stands their ground
And paints despite such gloom,
Then that's the time when hopes surround
Each canvas in each room.

When faith abides, great love abides,
To see the painting done,
And none more clearly when grace guides
The portrait of God's Son.
The artist started first by faith,
Of that remains no doubt,
The vision's portrait thus to save,
Until it's come about.

That's how each brushstroke slowly brought
The Saviour's face to shine,
Conveying every noble thought

As if to underline.
The background first, as black as coal,
Then Jesus standing still,
With eyes that look into each soul,
All emptiness to fill.

To some, no high and mighty stare,
But knowing what we are,
And knowing that life's so unfair,
No matter, near or far.
God sent His Son to change the past,
To change the present, too,
To change the future so at last
God's wish would then come true.

A better world for families,
As never known before,
Through Jesus Christ, the Prince of Peace,
Then blessed, forever sure.
God's truth takes time since men take time
And few will find the way,
That's why Lord Jesus had to climb
To Calvary one day.

And there to suffer for Mankind,
Passover Lamb of Love,
No other Saviour would God find
Since Jesus proved enough.
And through Christ's death, we see our sins,
As plain as plain can be,
Although it took God's sovereign Prince
To die for you and me.

The portrait shows Christ's peace within,
Because He did His best,
Once born again, our lives begin,
As soon as we get blessed.
With Royal pardons to each heart
That loves what God has done,
Who knows that Christ fulfilled each part
As God's beloved Son!

Denis Martindale. January 2022.

There are several videos on the YouTube website about Akiane and her family with inspiring details about the famous Jesus painting, Prince Of Peace.

Denis Martindale

Study Notes: Portrait Of A Prince

PORTRAIT OF A PRINCE

Behold the tiger's face up close,
With all its deep-etched lines.
Like charcoal ridges by his nose,
How clearly each defines.

Behold the tiger's ears erect,
Aware of all that breathes,
With mental filters that select
The rustling of the leaves.

Behold the tiger's eyes that stare,
As if right through your soul,
To challenge you, be wise, beware,
Take care who's in control...

Behold the tiger's nose below,
It tells him distant facts,
Though out of sight, he's in the know,
So watch out if he acts...

Behold the tiger's tight-lipped mouth,
He hides his daggers well...
His top set north, his dropped set south,
What tales those teeth could tell.

Behold the tiger's neck so still
And poised with regal grace,
Portraying here the prince's will,
Despite the human race...

Behold the tiger's sovereign style,
His sense of who he is...
His wicked ways, his covering guile,
His final parting kiss...

Behold the tiger's treachery!

PoemHunter.com

Flee from his handsome grin!
For in a race, I think you'll see,
That tigers always win!

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Portrait Of A Prince'.

Denis Martindale.

Denis Martindale

Is Poetry The Food Of Love?

When poets fall in love once more,
They feed on dreams at night
About their sweethearts and amour,
With hopes, things turn out right.
Time marches on as thoughts ensue,
And hunger pains take hold,
They think of rhymes for I LOVE YOU!
Love stories to be told.
They pick up pens as titles come
And first lines follow on,
No longer feeling quite as glum,
Like some whose love has gone.
The tributes flow like mellowed wine,
Perchance for sweet success,
With heartfelt rhymes on which to dine
That merit happiness.
Thus poets strive with great intent,
Expressing how they feel,
While feeding on each sentiment,
Mixed feelings to reveal.
New poems stir the pot, you see,
They feed the appetite,
When lonely hearts share poetry
With ones who brought delight.
For those who warmed their broken hearts,
For those who changed their lives,
And wedding days when true love starts
For husbands and their wives.

Denis Martindale. January 2022.

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Nature On Earth And Beyond!

God's first-made creatures stayed unseen
By many living things,
Though coloured red or blue or green
And even those with wings.

Beneath the waves where darkness reigns,
Beneath the sailing boats,
Within God's kingdoms and domains
Each creature swims or floats.

Above the mountains and the hills,
Are birds that glide or fly,
Where even more life overspills,
As days and nights pass by.

What of the moon that shines above?
Men talked and walked there, too,
The world itself was not enough,
Men saw their challenge through.

PoemHunter.com

What of the planets and the stars,
Will Man find life beyond?
Perhaps on Jupiter or Mars,
In some blessed stream or pond.

Yet Man himself will not stop there!
The Cosmos still awaits!
With wonders far beyond compare
With all that God creates!

Denis Martindale. January 2022.

Denis Martindale

King Of Kings, Too

Behold the lion in his prime, serene and full of grace,
No challengers to waste his time, or face him face-to-face,
Or linger posing as a threat, or posing mockingly,
Giving as good as they would get against his majesty.
Each stood in awe, as cowards do, confronted by this beast,
Always to keep him in their view while keeping him appeased.
For he stood tall once he arose, then stared at one and all,
As if those lions were his foes, regardless, great or small.

The days are sometimes slow to pass when challenges are few,
Just lying still upon the grass, with not much else to do,
Facing a challenge, he lets loose with all that he has got,
With every scratch and bite and bruise, he hurts and hurts a lot.
The others glare at what they've seen, while he looks good as gold,
When he stands still and quite serene, their hot blood then runs cold,
Such are the laws that Nature sets, strong fighters take control,
Regardless of how cruel it gets, survival stays the goal.

He sets the pace, the ebb, the flow, his kingdom still to gain,
He knows his place and keeps it so, defending his domain,
For if defeated, he would be the saddest of his kind,
A sorry sight for all to see, with scars left to remind.
The years, of course, will slow him down, like those that lost before,
And one day he will lose his crown, his royal blood will pour,
But not today, and not real soon, but someday without doubt,
Then he must face his last high noon when Nature casts him out.

Denis Martindale. January 2022.

The poem is about the magnificent
wildlife painting King Of Kings by
UK wildlife artist Stephen Gayford.

Denis Martindale

What's The Precise Process Of Prose?

Is there some process shown involved in prose or poetry
Until one version stands resolved in perfect harmony?
Because each poem represents some wisdom or insight,
Must years pass by until we sense perfection makes things right?
Beyond the rhymes that end each line, contrived or otherwise,
Is there some method to define beyond the truths and lies?
The phrases in our first drafts stay unless we change our minds,
Or Grammarly comes into play for errors that it finds,
Like editors improving text when we submit each verse
Or leave us vexed or plain perplexed or make the poems worse.
Perhaps we leave our thoughts a while, returning hopefully
To finish off and then to smile at precious poetry.
Perfection directs the process, the quest each poet takes,
The earnest search for happiness once inspiration breaks,
Reciting, pausing to compare each syllable expressed,
Until we choose what thoughts to share, we thought the very best!

Denis Martindale. January 2022.

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale

Love Melts Away Our Tears Of Grief

Regardless of a well-lived life, we know death comes to all,
Father, Mother, Husband and Wife, yes, even the mighty fall,
Then burdens bring us solemn tears, from when death comes to call,
Our struggles stay throughout the years, regardless, great or small.

The grim-faced tight-jawed grimace greets the ones expressing grief,
And sucks out joy from every face regardless of belief,
Yet love transcends beyond the aches, within each mortal frame,
In contemplating what death takes the second that it came.

Though tears subside, our smiles return, at first with shallow laughs,
Beyond each truth that our hearts learn, beyond the epitaphs,
Beyond the words that mourners speak, beyond the midnight dreams,
Beyond our thoughts esteemed unique, then hope that shines and gleams.

Yes, life goes on, the good, the bad, then memories increase,
Reflecting on the love we had, tranquillity and peace,
The gentle touches now and then that trigger tears anew,
Each sacrifice beyond our ken, and words like, 'I LOVE YOU! '

The birthday gifts both to and fro, as each new year passed by,
So many treasured things to know, no wonder we still cry,
But tears release the inmost thought unto its uppermost,
Enforced by every good report of which we, too, could boast.

To think of loved ones here no more restrains our selfishness,
And grants to us an open door through which we, too, can bless.
Take good examples from the past, good deeds to emulate,
And so through these, peace comes at last, each kindness to create.

For life proves nothing without love, ask anyone with friends,
So let us love all things above until our own life ends,
While life grants time, while grace abounds, while health endures a spell,
In these, love shows through sights and sounds beyond each last farewell.

Denis Martindale. December 2021.

Denis Martindale

Ambitions Create Our Destiny!

Caterpillars walk,
Butterflies stretch forth their wings,
Mankind builds spaceships…

Denis Martindale. December 2021.

This haiku poem is used to show how
unique Mankind is among all creation.

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Thanksgiving On Christmas Day!

Each year for over a decade, in which I lived alone,
My Christmas joy begins to fade when I wake on my own,
Few Christmas cards had I received, few tokens of respect,
No wonder part of me still grieved at thoughts of such neglect.
And while fatigued, I still arose, for coffee once again,
To face the day God only knows and quite beyond my ken.
The silent house, the empty rooms, the kitchen cold as ice,
Another day one first assumes, and hardly Paradise.
I drink the coffee and reflect on those who passed away,
Nobody here who could direct the hours left this day.
With not one cook or feast at hand, no presents by a tree,
Just this old guy with nothing planned, yes, that old guy was me.
A Christmas card arrived on cue as such a timely treat
From one guy that I barely knew who lived across the street.
And soon a knock upon the door with one boy bringing gifts,
My heart arose from off the floor as one whose spirit lifts.
We spoke a while, then had to laugh, then we shook hands as well,
I got some gloves, a tartan scarf, so things were going swell.
I'm not as lonely as I was and loved my chocolates, too.
So here's to a Merry Christmas! God bless me and bless you!

Denis Martindale

Christmas Haiku

MERRY CHRISTMAS SANTA HAPPY NEW YEAR!

God bless Christmas time,
So all children may rejoice,
Loved ones, girls and boys!

Denis Martindale. December 2021.

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Tiger Family

When tigers do what tigers do,
Then offspring gather round,
The sun and moon above to view,
As cubs walk on the ground.
The countryside is their domain,
As parents teach them all,
For there are skills that each must gain,
Not just to fight and brawl.

Both tiger cubs have much to learn,
More than to eat and drink,
For there are lessons to discern,
And wondrous thoughts to think.
How parents help each cub to live
For more than just today,
And times to take and times to give,
No matter, come what may.

The seasons change, yet life goes on,
In Winter, streams are cold,
Cubs drink until their thirst has gone,
Not needing to be told.
But when the years have vanished, too,
The cubs are cubs no more,
No longer doing what cubs do,
As tigers now for sure!

Denis Martindale. December 2021.

The poem is about the magnificent
wildlife painting Tiger Family by the UK
wildlife artist Stephen Gayford.

Denis Martindale

Behind The Mask!

For years, I've never worn a mask, for seldom was there need,
Nobody else would stop to ask about some rules to heed,
In foreign lands, such things were done yet not in my homeland,
So as for masks, if needing one, I'd quickly raise my hand.

My mouth kept covered for a while until life carried on,
And pretty soon, I'd gently smile another cold had gone,
I'd take some sick leave now and then, returning in a week,
Now safe for me to drive again, though Winter days were bleak.

But now I see how times have changed, restrictions here and there,
With many loved ones now estranged, with loneliness to bear,
I've lived alone ten years and more, no longer in my prime,
Yet as to masks, I'm not quite sure to wear one all the time.

The dustmen come yet they aren't ill, no covering in place,
I see the postman working still, no mask upon his face,
The supermarket food arrives, each guy unmasked as well,
I ask, how come that each survives, as far as I can tell?

The TV's on, and folks I see walk down the City street,
I don't see one in misery talk to the folks they meet,
The TV ads show virus facts. It's floating in our rooms!
Invisible, so none reacts! We're safe! Each one assumes.

Stay in your homes yet ventilate! Keep all risks at the least!
At Christmas, who should congregate with turkey at the feast?
Who should embrace? Or touch or kiss? Or stand close to a friend?
Will Santa come? It's hit and miss! Is Christmas at an end?

How long before the world regains its missed normality,
Such that from masks each one refrains with utmost certainty,
And hugs and kisses can return to bless us every day,
Not just for those in love who yearn and love to share this way?

Denis Martindale. December 2021.

Denis Martindale

Academic Attributes

A certain sense of savoire faire
Can grant some confidence,
And helps presenters when they share
Determined excellence.
Each stays aware of classic rules,
Mistakes they must avoid,
Increasing students' skills in schools
Can help them get employed.
Attaining knowledge for the best
Transforms the students' minds
To fix their thoughts, since they're impressed,
Recounting what each finds.
It's true a trusted anecdote
Brings curiosity,
Unfolding as each group takes note,
Transfixed by empathy.
Exploring each blessed attribute
Should help presenters stay astute!

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale. December 2021.

This is an acrostic poem that helps us see what
academics should require to teach and motivate
their students with future employment in mind.

Denis Martindale

The Ironies Of Human Rights

I wonder if I dare to write of human rights at all,
When there are those content to fight, enough to make me fall,
And those who strive to change the laws to steal our rights away,
Regardless of so many flaws, no matter what I say.
I wonder if I dare to think, or go to sleep to dream,
When others wouldn't stop to blink before they crushed each scheme,
Or take the credit for each task, yes, every single time,
And each suggestion, when folks ask, that they believed sublime.
I wonder if I dare to move, some other place to go,
When governments can disapprove, the second that they know,
With those who march from state to state, as one strong show of force,
To demonstrate how much they hate the thought of open doors.
I wonder if the Lord above regards my human rights,
When there are rules, more than enough for all my days and nights,
For your good, child, I hear Him say, and thus I comprehend,
As if He tells me when I pray, your Father, not your friend.
I wonder if I, too, would change, if I should have a son,
As if his life to rearrange, with new rules one by one,
I'm not content to let that be, to reign upon a throne,
Since married life won't do for me, I choose to live alone.

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale. December 2021.

Denis Martindale

Season's Greetings!

Praise God for them all…
Winter, Spring, Summer and Fall!
Christmas to enthral…

Denis Martindale. December 2021.

This is a short haiku style poem with the names
of the four seasons and with God's beautiful
Christmas conclusion to every brand new year.

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

The Persevering Poet!

The poet seldom scratched his head in finding his first line,
It simply came to him instead, without a single sign,
One moment born of memory as if a twinkling star,
To aid in starting poetry, and yet not leading far.

The poet had some cause to pause that second verse to show,
Because he saw no opened doors or rooms that he could go,
Yet he recalled the poems done upon each leap of faith,
And carried on in search of fun, content his thoughts were safe.

A treasure chest came to his mind, the hope of what to share,
Like gold, once processed and refined, the answer to his prayer,
Though some see prose as just a game that marks the passing time,
Each poet reaches up to claim the rhyme that proves sublime.

While true that not all lines are great or set in stone at all,
The Lord still smiles on those who wait for their next miracle,
Despite no clue what God would bring, he found God on his side,
Discernment led to editing, with all good things supplied.

The poet smiled when finally, with editing complete,
He had his newfound poetry, the rhythm and the beat,
So think again, while love endures beyond each poet's pen,
God grants each gift which then ensures us poems now and then!

Denis Martindale. December 2021.

Denis Martindale

I'm Off!

Today was the worst day of my life.
I was on my weekend nature walk as usual,
When I saw strange opaque, shape-shifting, twinkling figures,
Each transmitting their weak lights in the distance.
I'd seen similar figures on the Weird Or What? show.
That's the paranormal TV series on Freeview.
I was immediately concerned for my safety.
I can assure you that I didn't stick around.
The hairs on the back of my neck indicated how terrified I was.
Even though I had my camera with me, I swiftly turned around
And ran away as fast as I could towards my car.
Believe me, I drove away like a bat out of Hell…
And I ain't never going back!

Denis Martindale. December 2021.

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

King Kong!

The natives saw him when he stood, above the tallest trees,
Then worshipped him, as if they should, and not one to displease.
To him, such men sought not to harm, no weapons firmly raised,
They sang soft songs that kept him calm as if their god they praised.

Then strangers came and chained him tight, their captive for a while,
Until he fought with all his might so that they ran a mile.
Amid the strangers, he saw one and held her in his hand,
Yet who could save her? There was none! What rescue could get planned?

But then he gazed upon her face, as rage began to dim,
Until compassion then took place, right there inside of him.
She tamed the beast with sudden peace, without a single fear,
To get his wonder to release, as long as she was near.

And this, I hold in high regard, not swayed by size or strength,
But that, by faith, each can discard all fears that come at length.
To overcome, to rise above, not judging to condemn,
Nor trusting others who lack love or imitating them.

PoemHunter.com

Somehow a bond had formed that day, a friendship rarely known,
Not thoughts of evil to repay to get back on her own.
And so King Kong had found a friend, a woman showing worth,
And cared for her until the end! As no one else on Earth!

So don't dismiss a woman's power, her beauty or her life,
As a mere object every hour, not even if your wife.
Nor undermine each life she's blessed, no matter, young or old,
Because each time she does her best, she's worth much more than gold!

Denis Martindale. November 2021.

Denis Martindale

The Definition Of Fine Poetry

Since God made Man, let Him define, who formed the Universe,
The legacies of every line wherever each occurs.
How many colours can exist beyond red, white and blue,
Each like a poem to enlist what God has planned for you?

Can Man define the noble art that spans a billion themes,
Or limit love within the heart and dwells in nightly dreams,
Or list the genres one by one when new styles join their throng,
Or judge the poems not yet done in verse, or rhyme, or song?

Can Man, with all his savoir-faire, decide things by himself,
When God has secrets here and there beyond Man's worldly wealth,
Each Masterpiece He sometimes grants to prophets now and then,
Or secret code meant to enhance humility in men?

Can Man deny the poet's skill when he has prayed a while,
The one who seeks the Father's will, enough to make God smile,
Or preachers, when they study things and put such truths in rhyme,
To glorify the King of Kings in hymns that sound sublime?

The Father blesses near and far, as centuries declare,
It doesn't matter who you are the day God hears your prayer,
The rainbow's such a wondrous sight, just like fine poetry,
Which visits every heart with light, God's love, and harmony!

Denis Martindale. November 2021.

Denis Martindale

Phenomenal Wonder Woman!

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PoemHunter.com
From ages past, I came to be a baby, nothing more,
Yet I have aged progressively, with trophies by the score,
A princess and yet truly brave, though I might fight alone,
With skills that Amazons would crave, with beauty all my own.

The first defence against the foes that even march from Hell,
A noble soul I have been called, by those who know me well,
Yet even I succumb to love and feel its warm embrace,
With happiness more than enough each time true love takes place.

And I have found a worldly man who thrills my heart and soul,
Who does strange things no other can, once justice takes control,
Who stays tight-lipped, defiant still against all-female wiles,
Such that I wonder if he will outlast a thousand smiles.

What gifts for him could I provide to further my campaign,
Worth more than all this love inside, this love that will not wane?
It seems that patience is the key, not flirting with that guy,

That man is my true destiny, that man who makes me sigh.

My smiles can make men sway and swoon, but he remains aloof,
Yet I scheme for my honeymoon if I confess the truth.
He will be mine, one day I know, although his will is strong,
So I must wait for love to grow, all day and all night long.

Denis Martindale. November 2021.

Denis Martindale

Frozen In Time!

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Winter, time-loop world,
Distant sun, dwindling power,
Too cold for comfort.

Denis Martindale. November 2021.

Haiku style poem describing a frozen planet.

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

We Remember All

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Heroes we recall,
Winter, Spring, Summer and Fall,
We remember all.

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Each season we reflect and recall
How heroes died to save us all.
Days of Remembrance for those we knew,
Yet praying still, as people do,
Both the Gentile and the Jew.

Denis Martindale. November 2021.

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

God's Creation!

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God's energies of long ago He harnessed one by one,
Such that the Lord released their flow outshining every sun,
Such that all matter formed within the Cosmos duly made,
As sun and moon and Earth begin and life is then displayed.
The galaxies then fashioned stars that shine each night above
Yet even more time had to pass until God brought forth love.
When God used dust in making Man and Adam's spirit lived
The Lord had yet another plan, with Eve now Adam's gift.

In charge of all that they surveyed, yet knowledge was their aim,
And so these two then disobeyed with judgements thus to claim.
While promised pardons could be shared, as Cain and Abel knew,
God proved to Cain that He still cared when he, his brother, slew.
There followed generations still, Mankind both bad and good,
Until Christ died upon that hill, as only Jesus could.
But Easter is not everything. Check Pentecost as well,
When Peter preached of Christ as King, the Lord who saves from Hell.

PoemHunter.com

A new creation started then, the Holy Spirit came,
To lost souls who were born again, baptised in Jesus' Name.
This new creation has endured through centuries Christ blessed,
Such that believers get restored once their sins get confessed.
So night and day and day and night God grants these times pass by,
Until the raptured souls take flight and meet Christ in the sky.
That is the Holy Bible's theme, with prophecies galore,
Eternal life is not a dream, but God's gift evermore!

Denis Martindale. November 2021.

Denis Martindale

The Doctor Who Stole My Heart!

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I saved the Doctor's life one day!
I held her in my arms!
Then she stood up and walked away,
Not knowing of her charms.
Of how her perfume filled the air,
Then suddenly was gone,
Yet leaving dreams beyond compare,
With her still walking on.

But then she stopped mid-step and turned,
To walk straight back to me,
While I stood waiting, feeling spurned,
Yet wondering what would be.
She asked if I was now in love!
I grinned and then said, yes!
If you love me, we share enough
To find some happiness!

PoemHunter.com

She told me that she felt the same,
Yet fought it for a while,
Then she revealed her secret name!
We kissed and paused to smile.
The Tardis took my breath away,
Yet this would be our home,
For months ahead as every day,
The Cosmos we would roam.

The Tardis let us live and love,
A time-out, nothing more,
Forgotten were the legends of
The Doctor when at war.
But one day, sadness filled her eyes
As duty called her back
Beyond our love-filled paradise,
More Daleks to attack.

The Tardis whirred to life again,
With its door opened wide,
The Doctor ran out there and then!
She left me locked inside!
She had no time to say goodbye,
Farewells never stating,
And day by day, I stay and sigh,
Waiting, waiting, waiting.

Denis Martindale. November 2021.

Denis Martindale

How Do I Write Eloquently! ?

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PoemHunter.com
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How do I write eloquently? Each syllable its best,
Creating perfect poetry such that it has impressed?
Editing phrases from thin air, as each glides to my mind,
As though each thought they bid me share, imparting to Mankind?
If not for patience, all is lost, yet diligence is all,
Each one gets called to count the cost, to make that miracle.
That poetry that spans the globe, as Shakespeare did before,
Transcending words to prayers of hope that thrill us to the core.
Or merely as a whisper drifts between one mouth and ear,
As I love you, each heartache lifts, three gentle words, so clear.
The range expands each passing day, expressions newly-formed,
As poets seek a better way, such that each heart gets warmed.
As upbeat as a Christmas song, triumphantly proclaimed,
Wherever true believers throng, their praise to Heaven aimed.
Recited rhythms rise above once writers take the time,
Creating wondrous words we love, with rhymes that prove sublime!

Denis Martindale. November 2021.

I wrote this new poem on the spot and in just a few minutes.
The grammarly-dot-com website helped to get the text checked.
Think how much better the best poets can create beauty.
The poem states they must count the cost and act with diligence.
They should take their time even if the words don't rhyme.
Then they decide to share what they can when they can.
Otherwise, what is the point of writing eloquently at all?

Denis Martindale

How Do I Write Eloquently?

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PoemHunter.com
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Denis Martindale

Jaguar...

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PoemHunter.com
The jaguar had walked and stopped,
With just her head in view,
And when I saw her, my jaw dropped,
I wondered what to do.
Yet in the seconds that soon passed,
I stared at what I saw,
No longer frightened or aghast,
But hoping to see more.

Her head was sleek like statues are,
Fine details here and there,
My camera caught the jaguar,
Up close, beyond compare.
In colours black and white and gold,
And orange for her nose,
She stood so strikingly and bold
As if God kept that pose.

I wondered, could she be my pet,
A friend within my home,
Instead of here, her food to get,
As she would freely roam?
If as Goliath I stood tall,
What would I need to fear?
At home, this big cat would look small,
But lose her freedom here.

Denis Martindale. November 2021.

The poem is about the magnificent painting
by UK wildlife artist Stephen Gayford.

While the Jaguar portrait has the title Jaguar,
the back panel identifies this as Mother Jaguar.
That title has already been written about with
mention of the second one, Jaguar Cub.

Denis Martindale

Every Poppy Counts

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It's true that every poppy counts, recalling sacrifice,
And though each weighs less than an ounce, that comes as no surprise.
The dainty flowers known and worn, by both the young and old,
Help us reflect on those we mourn and gets their stories told.
Man's history gets taught in schools and on our TV screens,
As wars turn wise men into fools until God intervenes.
For even wars must come and go until some peace returns,
Until the next war comes to show the little that Man learns.

PoemHunter.com

And oh, the pity of it all, the tragedy and shame,
Life's not esteemed a miracle, regarded as a game.
I dare you this! I dare you that! I challenge you to fight!
And then they start, right where they're at, to hurt with all their might.
And all for what? We're bound to ask, for peace proves blessed indeed,
Yet keeping peace still proves a task, as shown by those that bleed.
As shown by those that went to war, defending all they had,
Sometimes for pride and not much more, how wicked and how sad.

If you wear your poppy with pride, your charity gets shown,
Outside your heart that beats inside where all great love gets known.
You walk and talk of times gone by, not of donations shared,
Yet even words stop when you cry, at thoughts that prove you cared.
For conscience lingers in our minds, then in our tears as well,
In memories that each one finds, of times some went through Hell!
Yes, we remember soldiers still, though wars we would renounce.
To those that fight, for good or ill, yes, every poppy counts!

Denis Martindale. November 2021.

This poem is to support the Poppy Appeal
with thanks to the Royal British Legion.

Denis Martindale

Politics, Follyticks!

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PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale

The Posh-Nosh Teacher

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He only attended luncheons
At the poshest functions,
Always with his relations,
At such celebrations.
In the end, it added up,
Each time they went to sup,
Thus their savings multiplied
Equating to food supplied.
They never cleaned a single plate,
Except for scoffing what they ate,
And so they all got fatter,
But that's another matter.

Denis Martindale. October 2021.

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale

Determine Then The Way To Live

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PoemHunter.com
Just imagine the future years,
And what these may entail,
Zealous for all the joys, not tears,
Young people must prevail!
Living for one day at a time,
Believing for the best,
Mostly thinking that life's sublime,
Or praying to be blessed!
Nestled within the human heart,
Teachings that lead the way,
Intent on wisdom to impart,
Love guiding night and day!
Determine then the way to live,
Each to believe, receive and give!

Denis Martindale. October 2021.

Denis Martindale

Selfish-Portrait

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PoemHunter.com
What has this thoughtful man achieved?
What greatness of renown?
What good if he had not believed
To turn things upside down?

No songs, no tales, no poetry,
No gifts to those in need,
No hope for those in poverty
If he succumbed to greed.

But God showed mercy now and then,
And scriptures by the score,
So that I could get born again,
And then, like Scrooge, give more.

Denis Martindale. October 2021.

denismartindale—co—uk

The poem is akin to a self-portrait that explains
how I became a Christian believer and was then
able to donate to various charities, to emulate
the character of Scrooge, who changed into a
new man, a man who celebrated life and love
and showed compassion to others near and far.

In my case, I donate to the UK AID scheme that
matches my donations to specific charities and
their ongoing projects. I receive news from those
charities of what the money has done to help men,
women and children who cannot help themselves!
I discovered UK AID financial support got reduced.
That won't stop me from donating in the future!

Denis Martindale

To Write Or Not To Write?

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Without the coffee here within,
My eyelids would descend,
And pretty soon, I would give in,
And go to bed, my friend.
But should a dream then come to mind,
Must I then write it down?
Or seek another dream to find,
No thought to fret or frown?
Computer left on, no excuse,
No power cut at all,
Just walk downstairs if I should choose,
Or leave my bed and crawl.
When things are great, the poems flow,
The text arrives on time,
When things aren't great, the thoughts are slow,
And not quite thought sublime.
The typos turn up now and then,

PoemHunter.com

The grammar's up the creek,
The punctuation's gone again,
The editing's turned weak.
So pardon me, if I should rest,
And take a time-out, too,
Until I wake refreshed and blessed,
To bless me, then bless you!

Denis Martindale. October 2021.

Denis Martindale

Chasing The Sun, Too

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PoemHunter.com
Two meerkats saw the rising sun,
Which they had seen before,
And yet they daily watched each one,
Which thrilled them to the core.
How does it rest there with no wings?
How does it cross the sky?
From where comes all the light it brings,
With some warmth to supply?

How can its colour change up there?
Orange and yellow, too?
Then sometime later chill the air,
When moonlight they must view?
The meerkats pondered every day,
United, side-by-side,
The other meerkats walked away,
No further thoughts to guide.

Yet everywhere the close friends went,
They felt a precious peace,
As if their hearts were quite content,
Since wonders never cease.
If only Man could find his place
Within God's universe,
All pleasant wonders to embrace
However each occurs.

Denis Martindale. October 2021.

The poem is about the magnificent
wildlife painting Chasing The Sun II
by UK wildlife artist Stephen Gayford.

Denis Martindale

G-B-I-V-O-R-Y

Green fills our gardens, just like the grass.
Blue fills the sky and that's first class.
Indigo, alas, few people would know.
Violet is a flower that we can grow.
Orange is tasty, yet not quite a meal.
Red is for Red Nose Charity Appeal.
Yellow? That's the gold at the rainbow's end!

Denis Martindale. October 2021.

G-B-I-V-O-R-Y spells out the colours of the rainbow.

Search the poemhunter—com website for
acrostic poetry that has been shared online.

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

In Awe Of Audrey

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Her face, her voice, her style, her smile,
I'm still in awe of Audrey.
Sought-after laughter and lips that beguile,
I'm still in awe of Audrey.
That gentle twinkle in her eyes,
That subtle flirting with the guys,
The talents shared that never strayed,
The mighty mystery she stayed.
How wonderful is she to me,
I'm still in awe of Audrey.

Denis Martindale. October 2021.

A poem about the awesome
filmstar Audrey Hepburn...

Denis Martindale

Sees The Day!

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PoemHunter.com
When the melted midnights mellow,
And stars vacate the scene,
Then behold the golden yellow
Upon the fields serene,
And swaying flowers in the breeze,
From reds to pinks in view,
Then tell me, if that stirs new peace,
Within the heart of you.
When gazing at such scenery,
It takes my breath away,
And fills me with tranquillity,
At this, the break of day.
Before the sunshine warms the earth,
And rain perchance should fall,
I cherish this as if new birth!
This is a miracle!

Denis Martindale. October 2021.

Denis Martindale

Greenfinch

The greenfinch landed on the snow,
Upon the twig to stand,
And looked as if no place to go,
With nothing firmly planned.
The snow had settled far and wide
On gardens in the street,
As though it hoped fresh food to hide,
Just frozen scraps to eat.

The greenfinch looked both left and right
For neighbours to be kind,
Before it turned as black as night,
Kindness not brought to mind.
But I had planned for such a day,
With bird food, I had bought,
For cleaned-off table and a tray,
As other neighbours taught.

And pretty soon, the greenfinch came,
With other finches, too,
So many colours, not the same,
As if to grant a clue.
No longer just a selfish child,
I blessed the neighbourhood,
On Christmas Day, I smiled and smiled,
And did the good I should!

Denis Martindale. October 2021.

A poem based on a magnificent wildlife painting,
by UK wildlife artist Stephen Gayford celebrating
birds still 'free as birds' studied across the world.

Denis Martindale

Coal Tit...

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PoemHunter.com
The tiny bird stayed gently perched,
Still unidentified,
Until its plumage gets researched,
From photos seen worldwide.
Its head, of course, looks black as coal,
Distinctive in its way,
Like other birds, it plays its role,
Its nature to obey.

Its front is black as coal as well,
White cheeks adorn its face,
Then meet the white chest for a spell,
Then beige comes to replace.
The legs and feet are grey in tone,
Just as the wings and tail,
Upon that bird perched on its own,
A dainty thing so frail.

And yet, to me, this bird is new,
As one not seen before,
Put on my list of birds I view,
To thus increase my score.
I take a photo suddenly,
And smile at God's design,
Until that bird then flies from me,
For food on which to dine.

Denis Martindale. October 2021.

A poem based on a magnificent wildlife painting,
by UK wildlife artist Stephen Gayford celebrating
birds still 'free as birds' studied across the world.

Denis Martindale

Blue Tit...

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PoemHunter.com
How blessed he looks with his blue crown,
His face both black and white,
And with such plumage soft as down,
A sight meant to delight.
And he looks a cheerful fellow,
With charms that never fail,
With his chest a mustard yellow,
And beige near to the tail.

His upper back is somewhat green,
His wings both white and blue,
Such that he stays so clearly seen
When he flies into view.
His feet form tridents when he lands
To help him balance there,
And these are how he gently stands,
As if without a care.

His short blue beak seeks tiny food
That some kind folks supply,
No doubt to brighten up his mood
Before he has to fly.
Because of him, more birds dine, too,
Once he feeds on the ground,
And thanks to him, not one feels blue
When they see him around.

Denis Martindale. October 2021.

A poem based on a magnificent wildlife painting,
by UK wildlife artist Stephen Gayford celebrating
birds still 'free as birds' studied across the world.

Denis Martindale

White Majesty, Too

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PoemHunter.com
The white wolf stares at all he sees,
His kingdom to protect
And like all royal majesties,
He, too, commands respect...
So if alone or in a pack,
He does what he must do.
To go without, some food to lack,
That's not his point of view...

The days are cold, the nights are cold,
He must endure them all.
No wonder, then, at night's he's bold,
To howl and fear install.
Condemned to prowl, new meals to find,
He doesn't beg like some.
Such thoughts like these don't come to mind,
Not even for one crumb...

He knows his place upon this Earth,
Beneath the sun and stars
And in his realm, he proves his worth,
Despite the wounds and scars.
For him, there's no sweet home from home,
No comforts meek and mild...
His majesty was born to roam,
To live life in the wild...

Denis Martindale, copyright, January 2011.

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'White Majesty II'.

More Stephen Gayford poems here:
denis-martindale-dot-blogspot-dot-com

Denis Martindale

Football Crazy!

One season ticket,
Then you'll hate the referees,
Most are blind as bats!

Denis Martindale. October 2021.

This short haiku poem tells it like it is,
football ain't fair, just saying, that's all.

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

The Beach Rocks!

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PoemHunter.com
The rambler ventured to the beach,
With empty bags in case,
Then picked up rocks and looked at each,
His hobby to embrace.
For there, upon the pebbled shore,
Were diamonds in the rough,
To others, simply rocks, no more,
But he would show them love.
As years rolled by, rocks filled his home,
Displayed for all to see,
Examples of the joys to roam,
Some shone like jewellery.
While other rocks he couldn't use
As fine art meant to share,
The rocks he chose he had to choose
When quite beyond compare.
So those who visit see the best
That God meant him to find,

And marvel at this noble quest
That blessed his heart and mind.

Denis Martindale. October 2021.

Denis Martindale

B.I.O.D.I.V.E.R.S.I.T.Y.

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PoemHunter.com

Behold the life that lives on Earth
In every single part,
Of all that breathes and proves its worth,
Determined from the start.
In terms of spreading far and wide,
Vacating lands once known,
Each creature finds the food supplied,
Respecting when it's shown.
Some creatures never stray too far,
If life for them seems blessed,
They still survive the way they are,
Yet Man strives for the best.

Denis Martindale. October 2021.

Here's an acrostic poem about BIODIVERSITY.
Each of the species on Earth either stays in its local environment, migrates, or explores. So the totality

of life in each part of the planet can change.

Man's an entrepreneur who explores in search of the best, but he's also quickly using up the best that the planet has available!

Conservation's of such importance that many governments are pressing towards reversing the damage Man has done whenever possible. That's why some animals get called endangered species!

Thankfully, many conservation charities provide websites, and TV adverts, promoting ways to help protect the species most at risk before it's too late!

Names of animals? Check alphabetimals website!
Here's another acrostic idea about BIODIVERSITY:

BIODIVERSITY! ?

Beaver,
Impala,
Owl,
Dolphin,
Ibis,
Vole,
Eagle,
Reindeer,
Swan,
Iguana,
Tiger,
Yak.

Denis Martindale. October 2021.

Denis Martindale

A Seasoned Englishman

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PoemHunter.com

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I'm an Englishman,
Winter, Spring, Summer and Fall,
Just saying, that's all…

Denis Martindale. October 2021.

This is a haiku poem about National Identity.

Denis Martindale

¦ Portrait Of A Princess

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Reflect upon her noble face,
Its smile shines like the sun,
Dazzling beauty and gentle grace,
Delighting everyone.
Her hair cascading gently down
In such a wondrous way,
She doesn't need to wear a crown
Her status to portray.
And here am I, in wonder still,
Resplendent smiles to see,
My very heart and mind to fill
And love eternally.

Denis Martindale. October 2021.

A YouTube video, with teacher Riddhi Sharma's review
of the tiger poem, Portrait Of A Prince, as written by

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale about a painting by Stephen Gayford.
Class 8 poem. English Literature. Video: AMR Kartavya.

Portrait Of A Princess is a short acrostic love poem that
uses all 12 letters of the teacher's name, Riddhi Sharma.

Denis Martindale

* Portrait Of A Princess *

Reflect upon her noble face,
Its smile shines like the sun,
Dazzling beauty and gentle grace,
Delighting everyone.
Her hair cascading gently down
In such a wondrous way,
She doesn't need to wear a crown
Her status to portray.
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Denis Martindale

Portrait Of A Princess...

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Its smile shines like the sun,
Dazzling beauty and gentle grace,
Delighting everyone.
Her hair cascading gently down
In such a wondrous way,
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Class 8 poem. English Literature. Video: AMR Kartavya.
Portrait Of A Princess is a short acrostic love poem that
uses all 12 letters of the teacher's name, Riddhi Sharma.

Denis Martindale

Celebrity Girl Names Haiku

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CELEBRITY GIRL NAMES HAIKU

I love May and June,
I love August and Summer,
Christmas and Winter.

Denis Martindale. October 2021.

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Adverts! Adverts! Adverts!

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PoemHunter.com

One advert I can tolerate,
But many more I tend to hate,
And those repeated make me sad,
Except for discounts, then I'm glad.
Most of the adverts waste my time,
Though some contain their share of rhyme,
It's then I listen to their style,
While hoping they can make me smile.

Sometimes they won't, sometimes they will,
Sometimes like rap these overkill,
Yet there's still talent to be found,
And even skills that can astound.
I like the songs the adverts use,
But some of these I'd never choose,
Some are too fast, with some too slow,
Some are from years so long ago.

Celebrities get often seen,
In adverts on my TV screen,
Young girls with teeth that shine like pearls
And fluffed-up hair with styling curls.
The sci-fi adverts make my day,
The cartoon adverts are OK,
But most of all, great discounts win,
As times are hard and times are lean.

Like Scrooge, I've found I love to save,
My life, without this, would be grave,
As I can't buy the stuff they sell
Unless I keep spare cash as well.
When Christmas comes, I save a lot,
With items bought upon the spot,
From all the cash saved every year,
Comes Christmas gifts and Christmas cheer!

Denis Martindale

Chasing The Sun

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PoemHunter.com
Two meerkats stood beneath the sun
That gently strode the sky,
Until another day had run,
Majestic, gliding high.
The meerkats watched it day by day,
Amazed at what they saw,
Aware that it could never stray,
Nor wander on its tour.

That shining golden yellow eye
Was seldom one to blink,
And yet one day it seemed to die,
Becoming black as ink.
The meerkats watched that great event,
The first eclipse to view,
Astonished at how dark it went,
As this was something new.

But soon enough, the sun returned,
As if reborn, transformed,
The meerkats glad at what they learned,
Somehow, their hearts felt warmed.
To think that even suns and stars
Have moments set in time,
Beyond the years that slowly pass,
That's something quite sublime!

Denis Martindale. October 2021.

The poem is about the magnificent wildlife painting
Chasing The Sun by UK wildlife artist Stephen Gayford.

Denis Martindale

Fast N' Loud

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At first, you have to have the urge
Before you buy a car,
And Richard has been known to search
And then to travel far!
To brave the sunshine, rain and snow,
To haggle for a deal,
Then on the trailer cars must go,
And sometimes for a steal!

When Richard gets the team to start,
They cut away the rust,
They carve away, down to the heart,
That really is a must!
New wheels, new seats, new colours, too,
With deadlines firmly set,
Until the team can then review
The masterpiece they get!

And only with the magic done,
That car gets put on show,
Because at last, with battles won,
Once sold, that car must go!
The buyer haggles, Richard frowns,
And compromise then guides,
And yet despite such ups and downs,
Sometimes a coin decides!

The paperwork gets done as well,
The transfer stands complete,
Gas Monkeys helped the car to sell
And made it look so sweet!
The Interweb gets searched again,
For that next car to buy,
And Richard just can't wait till then!
Buy low and then sell HIGH!

Denis Martindale. September 2021.

The poem is about the US TV series called Fast N' Loud
and this involves car buying and selling, and then the
Gas Monkeys crew and their teamwork efforts to help
restore classic cars and trucks to their former glory...
and beyond! We get the buying and selling details and
the amazing journey in-between. So buckle up, fellas,
as it's going to be a bumpy ride, Gas Monkeys style!

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Denis Martindale

Cooling Off

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PoemHunter.com
The tiger took his precious time
With just one thought in mind,
He knew a spot that was sublime,
A place he could unwind.
A paradise on Earth indeed,
A pleasant Shangri-La,
With healing for his present need
And thankfully not far.

The heat was heavy on the air,
A blanket clinging close,
Its presence somewhat hard to bear,
And that fact he well knows.
But pretty soon he found the stream,
A sight beyond belief,
The answer to a tiger's dream,
Relief instead of grief.

He waded in with gentle grace,

And savoured how he felt,
With every step new joys to face,
His tensions thus to melt.
The water rippled to and fro
As silver bubbles moved,
And every muscle told him so,
Things couldn't be improved!

Denis Martindale. September 2021.

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
Cooling Off by UK wildlife artist Stephen Gayford.

Denis Martindale

My Tribute To Poetry And Literature!

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PoemHunter.com

When I began my poetry, I wandered like a cloud,
Among the styles unknown to me, like strangers in a crowd.
When publishers showed how to write I really learnt a lot,
I faced new styles with fresh delight and wrote some on the spot.

You Bid Me Try helped me to start, though short that poem was,
Through this, I had a change of heart, as if a bridge to cross.
I wrote a sonnet now and then, a psalm or two as well,
With fancy phrases once again, as if they cast their spell.

Reflecting on the authors, too, with tales on my TV,
I learnt more skills to share with you as if my legacy.
The Internet turned life around, a wondrous world to share,
With precious websites that astound and some beyond compare.

A second learning curve began, with websites of my own,
Exploring God, exploring Man, through this, the Writing Zone.
Three thousand poems have been penned, or typed out one by one,

I know that soon such things must end, yet I am not yet done.

From tales of old and tales of gold, from poems old and new,
There's just so much you can behold that God meant to bless you!

Denis Martindale. September 2021.

Denis Martindale

Reading Poems Out Loud!

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PoemHunter.com
It sure bodes well when we rehearse each syllable we speak
As we recite a brand new verse that shares something unique.

The sun, the moon, the stars above, each has a tale to tell,
Just like a poem we can love that casts its special spell.

For poems come with elegance, finesse in every phrase,
Content to share their eloquence so blessings can take place.

As such, the one who speaks out loud starts sharing every word,
So that each meaning's then endowed to help us as it's heard.

For soon the next line must begin, the rhythm to maintain,
Perhaps to make us smile or grin, or share another's pain.

The language that I write today gets written on the spot,
With eloquence that's here to stay regardless of the plot.

Regardless of the story told and wordplay now and then,
The sequence chosen must unfold for adults and children.

So young minds also catch the theme, the beauty to reveal,
Beyond the poem's rhyming scheme are feelings we can feel.

A question mark displays a change to statements here and there,
Though punctuation can seem strange, it still deserves some care.

Reciting slowly may seem odd, yet savour words like wine,
And more so when they speak of God or grant us thoughts divine.

A limerick seems just a verse, a throwaway at best,
Yet even this we should rehearse, thus passing every test.

From thoughts to phrases, words relayed, the poets take their time,
The first reciters who have prayed for every single rhyme...

Denis Martindale. September 2021.

Notice the poem's pattern using 8 syllables then 6,8 then 6,

as the pattern's based on common metre hymns and I use the

hymn God Rest Ye Merry Gentlemen to test if the phrases fit.

I sing the new poem to that hymn to help speed up the reciting.

Notice that the poem gets divided into a two-line verse style,

as this printed poem helps those who recite poetry by keeping

the gaps between the sentences. It's easier than just seeing

one line after another after another. The whole purpose of

reciting a poem must be to recite it from start to finish in the

best way possible. Great poetry websites feature talented people who recite poems well to help visitors appreciate the poetry even more than before. Talent writes, talent recites! Poemhunter's website features Blessed Sheriff and I've written poems about her talent to promote reciting poetry.

Denis Martindale

Unsplash And Pixabay Photos!

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PoemHunter.com
I was on the Quora website
And learned of websites there,
Free photos filled me with delight
With some beyond compare.
I used these for my poetry,
To help the words I wrote,
And you can do that just like me,
As soon as you take note!

Denis Martindale. August 2021.

Denis Martindale

Two's Company, Too

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Two tiny meerkats stayed alert
To those that might cause harm,
Not wishing for one meerkat hurt
When raising the alarm.
In warning of murder, most foul,
All meerkats to rescue,
When predators are on the prowl,
What else should meerkats do?

The meerkats stared both left and right,
Fixated in their quest,
To focus on each brand new sight,
They stayed and did their best.
The first defence is safety first,
No lounging in the sun,
But striving to avert the worst
They stayed to see that done.

PoemHunter.com

But passing time soon takes its toll,
Eyes do not see as well,
And so, before they lose control,
The meerkats rest a spell.
Then two more meerkats take their place,
Protecting one and all,
Defiance there, upon each face,
Two meerkats, standing tall.

Denis Martindale. August 2021.

This poem is about the magnificent painting
created by wildlife artist Stephen Gayford
which has the title as Two's Company II.

Denis Martindale

Stephen Gayford's One-Man Show!

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Imagine a long time ago,
An artist set for fame,
Before the paintings that we know,
Or even knew his name.
A one-man show of fine art shared,
A showcase and debut,
When skills and talents get compared,
Through what that man could do.

Investments for a later time?
Or bought for all they were?
Considered simply as sublime,
Such that they caused a stir?
The start of one man's enterprise,
His destiny alone,
Made manifest before his eyes,
His future fate to own.

PoemHunter.com

And seeing as the years rolled by
A million prints for sale,
And canvasses in full supply,
With beauty off the scale.
With hundreds shown on eBay still,
YouTube and Google, too,
By those who search and search until
Some buy more than a few!

Denis Martindale. August 2021.

This poem is about the magnificent paintings
created by wildlife artist Stephen Gayford.

Denis Martindale

Devotion, Too

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PoemHunter.com
Devotion is a two-way street
As many lions know,
The bonds they share are hard to beat
As through their lives they go.
The lion cub begins to see
A mother's love is pure,
And who of us could disagree
When that cub knows for sure?

He nestles close next to her side
As if without a qualm,
Beneath her chin then to abide
With thoughts of peace, not harm.
And she in turn has no concern
As they rest there entwined,
And so from this, we all can learn
And gently bring to mind.

For life is not a constant fight,
For each heart needs to give,
To gain a measure of insight
Of wisdom how to live.
And Nature offers wise advice,
Examples how to share,
Beyond God's birds of paradise
And creatures here and there.

Denis Martindale. August 2021.

This poem is about the magnificent painting
Devotion II by wildlife artist Stephen Gayford.

Denis Martindale

Cool Retreat

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The big wild cats can soon be named,
Their fame has reached worldwide,
Yet each of these can soon be tamed
When from the heat they hide.
They search for streams and rivers, too,
Cool waters to partake,
Yet these resources are so few
That they can't form a lake.

And so big cats get what they can,
Content to bathe at last,
Because they've got no other plan
Until the heat has passed.
While birds above still sing in trees,
The big cats bide their time,
And in such waters take their ease,
Each moment thought sublime.

PoemHunter.com

And many artists choose such scenes
When big cats are at rest,
When sunshine comes and intervenes,
Then water makes them blessed.
Such artists sketch the details shown
Of how the water glows,
Such that from paintings more gets known
And admiration grows.

Denis Martindale. August 2021.

This poem is about the magnificent painting
Cool Retreat by wildlife artist Stephen Gayford.

Denis Martindale

She Is In A Class Of Her Own!

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Our teacher is a pretty one,
Of that, no one would doubt,
The kind so kind and so much fun
Most guys would ask her out.
Much more than cute, much more than kind,
To me, so beautiful,
While some remind love can be blind,
She is adorable.

Should I tell her she is the best,
The apple of my eye,
Who makes me see myself as blessed
Each time she comes nearby?

Should I reveal my feelings now,
Or keep them secretly,
When so in love and hooked, somehow,
On writing poetry?

Composing poems by the score,
As my emotions stir,
There seems no way to show love more,
With each one meant for her.
I guess they must stay on the shelf,
Like every unshared poem,
My secret love kept to myself,
And courage left at home.

Denis Martindale. July 2021.

Denis Martindale

What Makes It So Powerful?

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The poet reaches for his pen, thoughts trembling to be free,
Determined just like other men who shared their poetry.
He gulps because he has no plan, no structure for his verse,
Just flames and flickers now to fan with no time to rehearse.
The words are there, and sentiments, yet lines he must release,
To fashion these with common sense, until at last, they cease.
And then to edit here and there, his vision still to paint,
For something that's beyond compare, not commonplace or quaint.

Then suddenly, he stops to pray, for wisdom from above,
Beyond what poems could relay if shown the Father's love.
"Grant me Your insights, even now! Enrich, enhance, renew!
Show me the blessings that allow Your wisdom to shine through! "
And all at once, the verses change, verse two becomes verse four,
With that last verse to rearrange with power and much more!
And finally, the poem's done, with beauty all its own,
And fancy phrasing meant to stun, transformed by God alone!

Denis Martindale. July 2021.

Denis Martindale

Beauty Isn't Everything!

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There was a girl called Carole
Who wore such fine apparel,
And though she was quite zealous,
She turned out to be jealous,
Of any girl who looked as cute as Daryl.

There was a girl called Daryl,
Who sold her fine apparel,
When made homeless for a while,
Was so jealous of the style,
As worn by her best friend, whose name is Carole.

Denis Martindale. July 2021.

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

How Can I Teach Someone What Love Is?

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Though thought the wisest of the wise,
Or named the nicest of the nice,
Then even I would still think twice,
In teaching what love is.
In essence, love means more to me,
Beyond the cosmic stars I see,
And yet, is it my destiny,
In teaching what love is?

I am a poet with a heart,
With daily wisdom to impart,
And yet, I wonder, am I smart,
In teaching what love is?
While true that I still fall in love,
And can write rhymes about this stuff,
I have to ask, are these enough,
In teaching what love is?

PoemHunter.com

The King of Love is my King, too,
And Jesus shared His point of view,
And so, I point Him out to you,
In teaching what love is.
The Saviour went to Calvary,
And died for sins to set us free,
He died for you, and died for me,
In teaching what love is.

So while love can mean anything,
Within the love songs that we sing,
I introduce you to the King
In teaching what love is.

Denis Martindale. July 2021.

Denis Martindale

The Avengers

Their great adventures would begin,
Mrs Peel, we're needed.
Then Mr Steed and she would win
Once they interceded.

Sometimes her beauty set the tone,
The glamour of it all,
Sometimes she saved him on her own
As if a miracle.

And there were times when Mrs Peel
Was sexy, not demure,
When she, her figure, would reveal,
Thus adding some allure.

Yet I recall her winsome smiles,
Her courage and her skills,
Her fashion sense and sporty styles,
Her fight scenes, fears and thrills.

Would she be better than the rest?
Or kidnapped now and then?
Have insights so that she impressed?
Outwit the evil men?

Young Emma fought with all her might
To do what she must do,
Yet if some ladies she must fight,
Would she defeat them, too?

Beyond her great agility,
Beyond her sense of style,
Beyond such beauty I could see,
I loved to see her smile!

Denis Martindale. July 2021.

Denis Martindale

There Is Such A Fine Line

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Between the conversation style,
Things thought out, tongue-in-cheek,
The limericks that helped us smile,
The sagas termed unique,
The prophets with each future sign,
The children with their own,
There has always been a fine line,
As poets must have known.

Should poets aim to simplify,
Or complicate the text,
Enhance it, or to magnify,
So readers stay perplexed?
Should poets strive for excellence,
In keeping with the best,
And seek a noble elegance,
As if the final quest?

PoemHunter.com

Should poets write for children, too,
Or adults in their prime,
For those who seek the in-depth view,
Or those with much less time?
To earn the wisdom to discern
The full spectrum or range,
Perhaps each poet needs to learn
Each style that he must change?

The grammar skills we all should gain,
The disciplines to choose,
The only words that must remain,
The only words to lose.
The editing that must get done,
The first draft that must go,
The final battle faith has won,
Such truths great poets know!

Denis Martindale. July 2021.

Denis Martindale

Carolina Wood Duck

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PoemHunter.com
When I first saw this coloured bird,
The heart in me felt quickly stirred,
To paint its beauty there and then,
Parading it before all men.
Observing beauty on its own,
This man's respect for life has grown,
To share that with more eyes than mine,
Became thought as a gift divine.

Its tiny chest had snowflakes shown,
As if from yonder skies had flown,
And underneath and on its sides,
More markings streamed and served as guides.
For these are how birds recognise
Their very own before their eyes,
And celebrate each noble breed,
And even help it to succeed.

Man, too, has learnt to understand,
Beyond the shaking of a hand,
Beyond the colour of the hair,
Beyond what others could compare.
True love still proves the centrepiece,
Because our eyes serve us as keys,
With insights foremost in control,
Our eyes are windows to the soul.

Denis Martindale. July 2021.

The poem is about the UK wildlife artist,
Stephen Gayford, who painted hundreds
of magnificent paintings, with many still
being sold on the eBay UK website today.

Denis Martindale

Shelduck

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PoemHunter.com
The Shelduck seems a noble bird, red, green, white, brown, and black,
And every time it's overheard, it always says, 'Quack, quack! '
Yes, like each duck, it says a lot, regardless of the need!
It only stops still on the spot when it finds time to feed.
First walking back and forth right there upon its orange feet,
Yet suddenly, it's in the air each time I tried to meet.
I'd get up close, then off it's gone! My photos must be blurred!
It gets to be a carry-on for photos of that bird!

I crossed the wet expanse that day, each time for one more try,
He waited in one place to stay, saw me, then chose to fly.
Each time he quacked excitedly! As if to mock me there,
As if he'd seen the last of me while flying through the air.
And while, I, too, had cause to doubt, each time when I walked far,
I had all day to mess about with my old camera.
Though pretty soon, I saw the moon that meant my plans must stall,
I vowed to get some pictures soon, not giving up at all.

The next day, I returned once more, dressed now in camouflage!
So I got closer than before, some photos to enlarge.
When I took pictures, I was pleased, and then made my retreat,
All worries that I had then ceased! I thought I had it beat!
When I got home, to my surprise, most pictures seen were black,
The fault was mine, I realise, that's why I'm going back,
For photos on the Internet! Up close and crystal clear!
I'll get that blurred bird's pictures yet! This week! This month! This year!

Denis Martindale. July 2021.

The poem is about the UK wildlife artist,
Stephen Gayford, who painted hundreds
of magnificent paintings, with many still
being sold on the eBay UK website today.

Denis Martindale

What Determines The Choice?

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WHAT DETERMINES THE CHOICE OF WORDS?

What determines the choices made
For words or rhymes in verse,
The process so each gets displayed,
When inspiration stirs,
Such that one word seems better used
Than that word used before,
Such that the first word gets refused
As something to ignore?

What determines the better choice,
The first draft to dismiss,
Such that the poet then employs
Far greater thoughts than this,
Beyond the vision that began,
Momentum to increase,

Until there proved a change of plan,
More wisdom to release?

All I can state, from years and years,
Is that a poet's blessed,
Each time he casts off all his fears,
In his quest for the best.
And if that means more editing,
An hour more, or two,
He should find something more fitting,
That helps himself and you.

God, let that be his highest aim,
The purpose of his prose,
And not the wealth and not the fame,
As many would suppose.

Denis Martindale. July 2021.

Denis Martindale

Nothing Can Stop You Now!

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PoemHunter.com
Whenever I check Grammarly,
It offers me advice,
And some of it is plain to see,
And this makes me think twice!
Percentage-wise I must improve,
For greater clarity,
And editing provides that proof
Throughout the poetry!

Correctness is the only aim,
The great job shared at last,
Before the chance to add my name,
Before the die is cast!
As if it were a magic spell
Most fitting to the plot,
Delivery gets checked as well,
Is it now right or not?

I plough my way through rhyming lines,
And feel I'm getting close,
When Grammarly ends all its signs
And confidence then grows!
No issues found, not one at all,
Can I believe my eyes?
It's like a Christmas miracle,
When things have turned out nice!

One more poem's improved again,
And I survived somehow!
All-clear, it seems to tell me then!
Nothing can stop you now!

Denis Martindale. July 2021.

Denis Martindale

Wot, Me, Rhyme?

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PoemHunter.com
Say wot! ? Me, rhyme? Well, tell me how,
As I'm all ears and starting now!
Just reel them off so one-by-one
I can join in and have some fun!
As I've got ideas by the score,
Perhaps a million, maybe more!
Poet Laureate? Maybe not,
But when I start, I'll write a lot!

So don't hold back if skills I lack,
But please be kind! Cut me some slack!
I want to learn, my word, I do,
No pressure, friend! It's up to you!
Teach me a thing or two to write,
Then I'll start writing day and night!
I'll be like Denis Martindale!
His rhymes are really off the scale!

He writes enthusiastically!
Enthusiasm! That's the key!
Who knows the poems I may pen?
Teach me to write like gentlemen
Who wrote of love and scenery,
Like they invented poetry!
I don't ask much, and that's the truth,
This first attempt serves well as proof!

Denis Martindale. July 2021.

Denis Martindale

Wild About Art!

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PoemHunter.com
Wild about art, and young at heart, with talents on the go,
A brand new painting now to start, with insights in full flow,
Just as the paint that mixes well new colours to create,
I, too, must cast my magic spell to make my picture great.
I could paint fast and miss a lot, but details are my thing,
Right down to every tiny dot, reality to bring,
And thus set forth the miracle, in blue and brown and green,
Wildlife, as known by one and all, that my two eyes have seen.

Behold the plumage of each bird, from swallows to macaws,
Behold their wings once they have stirred, their eyes, their beaks, their claws,
Behold their nests they weave from sticks, the eggs they lay within,
Behold the raising of their chicks, and thus new lives begin.
Yes, there is beauty here and there, at many levels, too,
Upon the land, the sea, the air, beyond the local zoo.
Out there where wildlife stays unbound, uncaged in any way,
And where I travelled, and I found reality each day.

White tigers, not just brown and black, white tigers, with blue eyes,
And white wolves gathered in a pack, and white owls, oh so wise,
From meerkats up to elephants and dolphins in their prime,
For such as these, I must enhance what God has made sublime.
God gave me sights that few have known, penguins and polar bears,
And eagles that have overflown, and leopards in their lairs,
So in your homes, you could acquaint yourselves with these I saw,
The wildlife God helped me to paint, where no man has gone before!

Denis Martindale. July 2021.

The poem is about the UK wildlife artist,
Stephen Gayford, who painted hundreds
of magnificent paintings, with many still
being sold on the eBay UK website today.

Denis Martindale

Poemhunter Poems On Parade!

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PoemHunter.com
I like to share my poetry because it makes my day,
I get some help from Grammarly, and edit come what may,
And I recite the verses through, to edit there and then,
As if this were the final view before I share again.

The poem may not be the same as that first draft I wrote,
When people see it with my name as if just mine to note,
And that free photo underneath was found upon the net,
That Unsplash helped me to retrieve from pictures I could get.

And Pixabay has helped as well, with their selection, too,
The stories that these two can tell are free to share with you.
So I give thanks for such as these and other sites I've found,
With all their talents meant to please and often to astound.

The net shares more than magazines, and movies, and TV,
Right there upon our PC screens, we view our poetry,
So Poemhunter helps us write each day throughout the year,

And that is reason to delight when poets visit here!

Denis Martindale. July 2021.

Denis Martindale

Written On The Spot, That's What!

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PoemHunter.com
When challenged, as some poets are, for poems on the spot,
Perhaps, at times, I prove a star, as I sit down and jot,
Or type away left-handedly, on white keyboards at home,
For something new in poetry, perhaps a rhyming poem.

My verses may be long or short, yet editing awaits,
When Grammarly corrects each thought, then something new creates.
So there I sit, a humbled soul, rewriting bit by bit,
As if still striving for control to reach the end of it.

All joy has gone until, at last, the editing gets done.
So I can't say that I write fast or that it all was fun.
And yet a sense of sweet relief pours over me like wine,
And gratitude replaces grief for suddenly I'm fine.

As if the whole thing to rehearse, with nothing left that's grim,
I then recite each finished verse or sing these to a hymn.
Now thought complete, our work gets shared upon the Internet,

Among the poems that folks meet and poems that they've met.

Denis Martindale. July 2021.

Denis Martindale

The Spirit!

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PoemHunter.com
A dead man walking day and night, for Death held him no more,
There was a battle left to fight, perhaps to end the war.
In Central City, crime held fast. No wonder he was sad.
Determined to outlive the past, he fought with all he had.

The City was his constant guide, providing weapons still,
Preventing him before he died while arming for the kill.
Outnumbered time and time again, The Spirit persevered,
Reflexes taught to fight the men that other men had feared.

The Spirit fought with all his might until he could not move,
To do the things he thought were right, his City to improve.
Black hat, black mask, black coat, white shirt, red tie yet heart of gold,
Regardless of the times when hurt, still fearless and still bold.

His enemies were callous souls and ruthless to the end,
For these, he searched on his patrols, though few cops proved his friend.
And every clue was at a price bought by the blood of some,

And Death was near to claim its prize as it knew it would come.

The Spirit had a second chance, few mortals understood,
Yet at the cost of true romance, in favour of the good.
The City was his prime concern. Compassion urged him on.
Not sure each time he must return or die with hope then gone.

He uses every trick he can! He leaps from wall to wall!
He either has a clever plan or has nothing at all!
He does whatever he thinks right regardless of the cost,
And though the hero day and night, is his soul saved? Or lost?

Denis Martindale. July 2021.

The poem is about a superhero called The Spirit.
His epic story is told in the 2008 action-packed film.
Violence is everywhere. The Police are doing what
they can for Central City, but The Spirit is more
than a man, and does what they can't or won't do.

Denis Martindale

What Is A Person Who Writes A Poem?

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PoemHunter.com
When first the sounds of lullabies descended on his ears,
The infant listened with surprise at each new word he hears,
And choruses repeat each phrase and melted all his fears,
Such that a smile showed on his face, then with it, hope appears.
At school, he heard a limerick and laughed at what it told,
For each line had a little trick with truths it could unfold,
That helped him to respect each rhyme with rhythms they unrolled,
Although not one cost him a dime for none of these got sold.

His hymnbook shared a treasure trove of praises to the Lord,
As writers with their talents strove to share Good News abroad,
And music matched their songs of praise with strength or sweet accord,
To grant Man hope through nights and days with many souls restored.
Then came the pantomimes as well, when Christmas came again,
The musicals with tales to tell, of women, loved by men,
And masterpieces loved by all, somehow beyond our ken,
And every one a miracle, still cherished now and then.

And from the likes of these and more, this poet now who writes,
Presents both to the rich and poor his share of such delights,
That sprang forth from his heart and mind composed through days and nights,
Whatever joys that he could find that grants Man his insights.
And should he share them far and wide, as many poets do,
In hearts and minds, they may abide in other poets, too,
And readers who recite something, and thrill at all things new,
Rejoicing in what poems bring to you, and you, and you!

Denis Martindale. July 2021.

Denis Martindale

Little Grebe

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The little grebe is not well-known,
Its name is rarely heard,
A classic creature that has flown
Like another other bird.
A fragile thing compared to most,
Not proud as peacocks are,
So not the kind to gloat or boast,
As if it were a star.

It has its place in Nature's plan,
Bedecked in plain attire,
And yet it does what each grebe can,
Though not much to admire.
It flies, it floats, then paddles, too,
As other birds nearby,
Yet does what only grebes can do,
No more than this to try.

Just like a man who has no thought
Of how he could improve,
Who always does the things he ought,
Yet makes no greater move.
Just coasts throughout his long-lived life,
As if a grebe instead,
Avoiding strife and homely wife,
No dreams of getting wed!

Denis Martindale. June 2021.

This small bird poem is about the
magnificent painting Little Grebe by
UK wildlife artist Stephen Gayford.

Find Little Grebe info on rspb---org---uk
A to Z listings for Birds and Wildlife.

Denis Martindale

Just Snoozing...

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PoemHunter.com
The jaguar had found a spot
He called his very own,
In fact, he liked it quite a lot,
As if it were his throne.
He had a little look around
Before he made his claim,
Then settled there close to the ground,
So very glad he came.

The rugged branch was strong enough
So it would bear his weight,
All things considered, lots to love,
And nothing there to hate.
He settled there without a care,
Contented as can be,
Yet soon the heat was hard to bear
Despite the harmony.

And all at once, his muscles eased,
His tail then dangled low,
His concentration then decreased,
His heartbeat going slow.
His eyes began to close on cue,
He nodded to himself,
Then nodded off without a clue,
As if left on the shelf...

Denis Martindale. June 2021.

This black jaguar poem is about the magnificent painting Just Snoozing by UK wildlife artist Stephen Gayford.

Denis Martindale

The Cathedral

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PoemHunter.com
I had visited the cathedral many times before.
I had seen the giant cross many times before.
I had seen Jesus on that cross many times before.
But one day was completely different.
The day I became a Christian believer.
Jesus was more real to me than the cathedral,
The cross and the figure of Jesus on that cross.
He was alive, no longer crucified, and no longer dead.
He was now more than a man to me and every believer
And yet that figure on that cross affected me deeply,
Making me weep for the very first time.
I was standing there alone, as far as I could tell.
Even if surrounded by other people at that time,
My tears would still have fallen from my eyes.
The sore lump in my throat reinforced the emotions
While time passed by so slowly until I recovered again.
The strange thing was that I could not move.
I looked at my legs because I had lost control of them,

But then a gentle peace came over me suddenly.
Only then was I able to walk out of the cathedral.
As I turned around, I realised the irony of it all,
For my life had been turned around, too.
I never returned to the cathedral again.
I felt no need to attend there as I once did.
Jesus had moved on.
So had I.

Denis Martindale. June 2021.

Denis Martindale

A Perfect Smile

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PoemHunter.com

How may a poem prove enough to win a maiden's heart,
Beyond proclaiming one man's love, that soon may yet depart?
It lives within him day and night, but how long will that last
Before it melts and fades from sight, and then lives in the past?
Yet when I see her smile again, I fall in love anew,
And imitate all smitten men because such lovers do.
And God knows, too, my hopes and dreams, the sighs I often make,
The foolishness of best-laid schemes that fail through one mistake.
The girl who waves each time we meet, the girl I long to see,
The girl whose smile is oh so sweet, is she the girl for me?
So here I am, confessing all, perplexed in every way,
While she stays as the miracle now prayed for night and day.
Men fall in love as easily as any Romeo,
Yet she is worth the world to me, and that is all I know.

Denis Martindale. June 2021.

Denis Martindale

Fantastic Four!

Man strives within this Universe to find what he may learn,
Yet some good luck can prove a curse, advantages to turn,
So even though the best arrive, and plan for each new day,
There is no way that all survive, not even though they pray.

Some pioneers will take a chance, and even risk their all,
Some wondrous research to advance that seems a miracle,
As if their lives to gladly give, if Man could profit still,
As if more than the dreams they live, not merely for a thrill.

And so it was strange energy beyond what Man had known
Came on those people and to bond within the flesh and bone,
Transforming every single one, no longer quite the same,
Their brand new lives had just begun! With one, a burning flame!

Another was invisible! With extra powers, too!
Another seemed invincible! What things the Thing could do!
Another stretched his body far! Like human plasticine!
Fantastic Four! That's who they are! And none could intervene!

While superheroes come and go, they stood the test of time,
The kind that we are proud to know, for each has proved sublime!
United as a team, of course, against what bad guys plan,
Fantastic Four upholds Man's laws, as long as each one can!

Denis Martindale. June 2021.

This poem is about the superheroes
collectively called the Fantastic Four!

Denis Martindale

Regal, Too! !

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PoemHunter.com
Behold the tiger, searching still,
Bedecked in black and white,
With blue eyes hiding what he will,
Prepared for all in sight.
His steady, stealthy way serves well,
Ahead of hunting time,
Before his prey is known by smell,
Behold him in his prime.

For now, he seems to glide along,
As if contentedly,
As if there could be nothing wrong
With his philosophy.
He merely hunts to stay alive,
To live another day,
The game, of course, is to survive,
To win, and not just play.

But out there, somewhere, life must end,
Whatever he can find,
With little chance it can defend,
Or leave him far behind.
Although the tiger's beautiful,
He shows no clemency
Though regal and adorable,
Beware his majesty.

Denis Martindale. June 2021.

This poem is about the magnificent painting
Regal II by UK wildlife art Stephen Gayford.

Denis Martindale

Do The Right Thing When You Do The Write Thing!

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PoemHunter.com
Sum fink they dew there writin rite
Yet I sea there mistaches
Dont get me wrong, there in plane site
Jest as a novice makes
There grammers up the creak as well
There spellinks reely bad
Like when goin threw a bad spell
The salt dat I once had
I can forgiff a phew off thees
Four sum write on the spott
Butt whey to menny can displeeze
The rest off us alot
Sew try a little ardour frends
Jest dew the best yew can
Yule fined dat dis pace dividends
Hand alps yore fellow man

Denis Martindale. June 2021.

Denis Martindale

The Champions!

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PoemHunter.com
The Champions reminded me
What telepaths could know,
Three human minds in harmony,
Their thoughts in perfect flow.
Perhaps a message crossed the globe,
A picture that one saw,
With urgent details meant to probe,
So three minds knew the score.

Superpowers! Through self-control!
Surprising every day!
To bless the spirit, body, soul!
What more is there to say?
When one in sudden pain relayed
That burden to a friend,
Or some success for which they prayed
Proved all their fears could end.

Three telepaths, one train of thought,
Adventures at their best,
Their only hope should they get caught,
Though others never guessed.
It was their secret, theirs alone,
And never to be told!
The greatest secret they had known,
And worth much more than gold!

The Bible tells us when we pray,
God blesses all we do!
God harkens to the words we say
And even our thoughts, too.
To think, what gifts we could receive
And not just prophecy,
God's miracles when we believe
Because of Calvary.

Denis Martindale. June 2021.

The poem is about the superheroes
UK TV series called The Champions.

Denis Martindale

J.O.U.R.N.A.L.I.S.T.

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Judge for yourself based on the facts,
Or else you go astray,
Use your resources and contacts,
Reach out to them each day.
Nice compliments don't cost a lot,
And each pays dividends,
Let conscience guide you on the spot,
Instead of those thought friends.
Stay true to who you know you are,
Trust truth no matter near or far.

Denis Martindale. June 2021.

Acrostic style poetry.

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale

Creativity, The Genesis Of Excellence!

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Creativity is the nativity of something new,
And anything personally or jointly-fashioned
That could be regarded as practical or artistic,
Such that the finished results have come about
As if from nowhere, suddenly brought into being,
Or have involved developmental stages,
Such as editing, enriching, and enhancing,
And even the elegance of eloquence,
Towards what the creators would like to call
Wonderful and well and truly done!

Denis Martindale.10th of June 2021.

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

E.N.T.R.E.P.R.E.N.E.U.R.!

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PoemHunter.com

Exercising your brain, my friend,
Now that's the way to start!
Taking life's lessons that never end,
Recalling every part!
Enterprising adventures come,
Perhaps they'll come today!
Respecting each of these, not some,
Each has something to say!
Niche markets turn up now and then,
Endeavour to progress!
Use wisdom just like famous men!
Reflect on happiness!

Denis Martindale. June 2021.

Here is a short acrostic poem about the
‘Only Fools And Horses Work' TV comedy!

Quote:

‘THIS TIME NEXT YEAR,
WE'LL BE MILLIONAIRES! '

Denis Martindale

Our Poemhunter Poetry Pictures!

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PoemHunter.com
Perhaps a photo soon gets found
Wise poets wish to share,
A girl with beauty can astound
If she's beyond compare.

Romantics write their poems down,
Which photos could they use?
A girl with hair cascading down,
The girl a guy would choose?

And there are waterfalls as well
In forests far and wide.
Wildflowers butterflies can smell
While fragrances abide.

And dolphins leaping as they do,
And poppies in a field,
And mountains keeping all in view

That God once kept concealed.

I also check for scenery
From seascapes to the skies,
Sometimes for brilliant fantasy
That takes me by surprise.

And I love wallpaper websites,
Celebrities and such,
Each film and TV show delights
Through each tale loved so much.

I like a superhero's smile
As he comes to our aid.
And Wonder Woman, she's got style!
With beauty that won't fade!

And Bond, James Bond, the gadget guy,
For this, he's quite renowned.
He'll kiss the blonde then say goodbye!
He really gets around!

Some photos really make me laugh!
Some photos touch my heart!
The close-up face of some giraffe!
Or Renoir's winsome art!

If each best thing in life is free,
Why not explore today?
Free photos for your poetry!
Find what to use! Okay?

When I create new poetry,
I search for photos, too,
Unsplash is where I find what's free,
And so, dear friends, can you!

I also check on pixabay.
I search there now and then,
With hope, to find what's right today
To suit my words again!

Denis Martindale. June 2021.

Denis Martindale

Thank God For England!

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PoemHunter.com

I care not for another land while England holds me close,
Nor fight against what God has planned for all His friends or foes,
Nor strive against the rain, or snow, or dark and stormy night,
Since the Lord has shared His rainbow that outshines every sight.

I care not for another shore bedecked with grains of sand,
Nor pray for more and more and more because I understand
That England is a rainbow, too, the classic colours known,
And more than this, I say to you, a small part here I own.

I care not to depart my home within this peaceful street,
To leave for Italy and Rome and strangers there to meet,
Nor trade what blessings I received that others choose to sell,
You see, the Gospel I believed, so things are going well.

While others like to moan and groan, what need have I for these?
Throughout the years that I have known, God's wonders never cease.
This pensioner, of course, must prove what lengths God took to save,

Beyond the times at home that soothe and mercies my God gave.

To think, the millions of this land took in some millions more,
On such a scale, I call it grand and truth not to ignore.
So black, or white, or in-between, God bless the good they do,
They are the rainbow I have seen, not just red, white and blue.

With this, the country of my birth, and English that I speak,
My noble heritage has worth that my heart calls unique.
So pardon me, if I should boast, of all that I possess!
An Englishman, I humbly toast my God-blessed happiness!

Denis Martindale. June 2021.

Denis Martindale

Just Watch It, That's All!

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A TV show had to explain why people get fatigued,
The food inside they can't contain because some food has leaked!
The stomach lining was at fault, yet certain foods help out,
And so in time, they bring a halt, to turn things roundabout!
A healthy gut is what we need, so eat more yoghurts, please!
Bacteria help us succeed and bring our stomachs peace.
Check Google for the foods out there that bless you day by day,
And pretty soon, you'll stay aware, awake and be Okay!

Denis Martindale. June 2021.

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Doing What We Should!

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PoemHunter.com

Whichever way we look at life, we know both good and bad,
And have our share of joy and strife when we were glad or sad,
What is the point in thinking great, fantastic, or sublime?
Though life we often celebrate, who does that all the time?
As years go by, we laugh and cry, then Christmas says adieu,
Another year is there to try, more wisdom to pursue
And yet we travel near and far, regardless, come what may,
We even aim at yonder star so very far away.

Technology is everywhere, but tragedies are, too,
We know some people do not care. Must that remain their view?
We know despite the falling snow that Spring is coming soon,
The sun still shines as rainbows glow, while evenings bring the moon.
In dreams, we wander endlessly, like drunkards in the street,
Or think as athletes that should be the hardest ones to beat,
Yet even as we seek the best and try to win them all,
Each of our lives is but a quest that needs a miracle.

While millions pray to God and hope for blessings yet to give,
In every land across the globe, some ask each day they live.
And yet more blessed are those who love, such that they give as well,
With faithful giving proved enough so one and all can tell
That many choose to stay steadfast, though rainbows come and go,
As lifelong friends, from first to last, as their donations grow.
Life is an opportunity to turn bad things around,
God showed us that through Calvary in ways that would astound.

While Man has always been two teams, one evil and one good,
Our charity fulfils our dreams of doing what we should.

Denis Martindale. June 2021.

This poem supports the Leprosy Mission charity and
every time that UK AID can match our gift donations.

Denis Martindale

The Poet's Proper Priorities!

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PoemHunter.com
By this example I now give, I hope you see the truth,
The life you live is yours to live, enjoying strength and youth.
Your girlfriend is adorable, fantastic, and so fair,
I know that she is beautiful and love her chestnut hair.
Proclaim she sets your heart aflame while I kiss your Louise!
I only need to hear her name to feel a sense of peace.
While new rhymes you may discover, I kiss and then propose.
As I tell her that I love her with you still writing prose.
Though that fact you may be dreading if you still stay at home,
I will be there at my wedding while you work on your poem!

Denis Martindale. June 2021.

Denis Martindale

Poetry, Smoetry!

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PoemHunter.com

Why bother me with poetry? That's not my scene at all.
Forget the rhymes A B A B that drive me up the wall.
The haiku poems seem too short. I don't get what they mean.
Three lines for someone's half-baked thought, they hardly set the scene.
With Shakespeare probably the worst that school kids want to learn,
As if their brains are fit to burst. As if their stomachs churn.
Then there are nonsense rhymes as well. They jibber-jabber on,
With many words so hard to tell, with all my patience gone.
A friend of mine was kind to write my sentiments all down.
He worked on it by day and night, so much it made him frown.
By reading out his poem now, I share my point of view.
If you love poetry somehow, I guess it helps you through!
Just give me pop songs any time, then I will sing and dance,
But keep your poems and your rhyme as they deserve no chance!

Denis Martindale. June 2021.

Denis Martindale

Eye See

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PoemHunter.com
From memories of decades past, this toddler understood,
The wondrous sights he saw, at last, so many fine and good.
The knife, and fork, and spoon as well, the plate of food, and more,
And watching TV for a spell, then dreaming as before.
And in my dreams of decades since, the boy became a man,
With revelations to convince what my God has in plan.
So many great things prophesied before they came to be,
Seen through the eyes that lived inside the very heart of me.
My eyes have seen much better days than these that I now live,
When eyesight dimmed down to a haze, my glasses helped me give.
Yet only now, in my old age, I see my dreams reveal
The truth and this now later stage my dreams cannot conceal.
The grey-haired man with glasses on, still typing each new day,
For poetry has never gone and shall not go astray.
Yes, here I sit, and here I write, yes, every chance I get,
With eyes that see by day and night, such that I need not fret.
The Internet helps me survive with food delivered soon,
While other goods, of course, arrive from July until June.

Yet there's no wife who I may kiss, or children of our own,
These are the blessings that I miss as I now live alone.
Yet I still give to charities so others can get blessed,
With future hope, and health, and peace when I get laid to rest.
These eyes of mine have blessed theirs, too, by seeing their sad fate,
Then knowing, yes, I can help you through what I can donate.
Inflation changes every year when high costs take their toll,
Yet revelation makes things clear so I can take control.
When money leaves my credit card, I see it wave goodbye,
Perhaps it's held in high regard when God sees me on high.
If not, I still give what I can to many still in need,
For I still see ahead to plan, by faith, so they succeed.
While charities await my gifts, their updates I receive,
My faithful giving never drifts, since God, I still believe.
For God made me, with eyes to see, the things that must get done,
Thanks to the love of Calvary, I see in Christ His Son.

Denis Martindale. June 2021.

Denis Martindale

Poetry, Feelings, Emotions!

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PoemHunter.com

Poetry, feelings, emotions! The mixture's so sublime,
There's no need for magic potions, just lines and lines of rhyme,
A perfect recitation proves the height of eloquence,
No wonder it excites or soothes each time it makes new friends.
The poets pass the beacon on when their time comes to leave,
When knowing that their gifts are gone so others may receive.
Life comes and goes, yet Man holds fast though generations fade,
As children learn from poems past and new ones freshly-made.
They may not write as well, of course, yet give them time to grow,
They may write poems none ignores someday for all we know.
Our feelings run like streams and dreams, emotions rise and fall,
While poets pen rhymes by the reams as if a miracle.
For God has purposed Man to write, to let his feelings out,
Expressing faith that shines so bright or dimming dark by doubt.
The sun shines still, just as the moon, the silver snowflakes flow,
With Christmas gone or coming soon, the Christmas trees still glow.
As long as Man holds on to love, to hope and wisdom, too,
Then poetry will prove enough to help and guide us through.

Find all the best the poets wrote, take heed of what you read,
For in these are the antidote that helps you to succeed.
Great poems help to motivate as if Man's foremost quest,
But only if it's not too late for us to do our best.

Denis Martindale. The last day of May 2021.

Denis Martindale

The Treasure Trove Awaits!

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PoemHunter.com
The elegance of eloquence, the path to the perfect phrase.
The sentimental and the lyrical, and then the miracle.
Choose what you will of anything wistful, or wise,
winsome, wandering, or wishful.
Somewhere and at some time,
a poet has penned that poem just for you.
Among the millions of such meanderings,
the treasure trove awaits
and soon will cast its subtle spell upon the hearts and minds
of those prepared for pleasures.
Such pleasures are reserved for the seekers alone
and not for those merely enjoying the passing of time.
Come one, come all,
let the critics cast their eagle eyes upon the truths and the lies,
for poetry isn't restricted to just the telling of truths.

From such a simple theme as a rose
could soon come a new poem

that will enchant hundreds, thousands and millions.
Or create a song that could reach billions
or create a hymn such that even God will smile.
So why limit ourselves to the rhymes alone?
If we chase after words that fly like birds,
we cast our nets up high.
God knows what next comes tumbling down to earth.
So why expect every poem to gather the best
of all the words created?
Why expect the most fanciful?
Why shy away from simply saying I LOVE YOU
when I LOVE YOU is just fine as it is?
Or choose to switch that to French, Spanish or Italian
and maybe gain a few extra poetry fans along the way.

If there are no hard and fast rules,
then we should explore when and wherever we can
because, in truth, the treasure trove awaits.
That's mainly because most poets
haven't charged anyone a single penny for their poems.
How noble or how feeble that may be, the fact remains,
they love to write new poetry.
The caring is in the sharing, and the loving is in the giving.
God grant them the freedom to follow their dreams.

Denis Martindale. The last day of May 2021.

Denis Martindale

As Beautiful As Supergirl!

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PoemHunter.com
I am one of the few who truly saw her beauty,
and when called upon to describe her,
I suddenly pause in utmost reflection.
Hollywood at its best could not compete with her.
To call her cute would be a grievous insult.
She was perfect.
No hairdresser could improve upon her hair,
No dentist could improve her teeth,
No fashion designer could improve her stature.
If she leaned against a wall then she would make it holy.
If she wrote a song then it would be cherished everywhere.
If she penned a poem then it would be memorised.
If she sang a song then the listeners would feel blessed.
If she prayed then the angels would listen, too.

And if she kissed me then I do not know that I would survive,
yet that kiss haunts me with the longing for it.
Her face radiated love yet what man was worthy of that love?

Who would she marry of all presented to her?
She was not a queen or a princess, nor baroness or lady,
yet men loved her just the same.
The pity is that none of these really got to know her.
I stand alone in this truth, for I knew her.
I knew what made her smile,
I knew what made her laugh.
I knew what only my fellow prophets knew.
She would not live a long life,
but oh, what a life she could have lived.
Her beauty was a gracious gift to Mankind,
yet Mankind was not God's gift to her.
I alone knew her beauty,
and in truth she was graceful,
and for that, I will be eternally grateful.

Denis Martindale. May 2021.

To illustrate a beauty contest here's
Alexandra Tydings as Aphrodite in
the Hercules Adventures TV series.

Denis Martindale

Energy!

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PoemHunter.com
Extending from the Father's Throne,
Newly-created power,
Experienced by Man alone,
Reaching out hour-by-hour.
God granting grace, goodness and love,
Yes, power comes from God above.

Ever onwards, until this day,
Now seeking to express,
Each blessing when we pause to pray,
Regardless of success.
God still cares about the poor,
Yet tells us that we can do more.

Each has a precious destiny,
New power yet to claim,
Each called because of Calvary,
Respecting Jesus as Christ's Name.

God pours out power so divine,
Yet still, the choice is yours and mine.

Denis Martindale. May 2021.

This is an acrostic poem that refers to the
power of the Trinity in action as each verse
portrays the Father, the Son and the Holy Spirit.

Denis Martindale

Elvis, The King!

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PoemHunter.com
Yes, they say I'm good at singing! It's really true, I am!
And thanks to the joy I'm bringing, I really love to jam.
The guitars play and start to strum, the dancers join the beat,
The drummer strikes upon each drum, the stage is now complete.
I sing out loud and sing out clear, I let the rhythm flow,
So everyone can truly hear the lyrics that I know.
I memorised them line by line, I know them off by heart,
That's how I know I'm doing fine and that I played my part.
My record's in the Hit Parade, my video's on screen,
I hope my voice will never fade from all it's ever been.
I praise the Lord for Gospel songs, for hymns that children sing,
For here my talent still belongs, that's why I'm called the King!
God grant a second chance to me, to sing before His Throne,
In awesome perfect harmony more than I've ever known.
To me, there's nothing more supreme, than this one prayer I pray,
This is my hope, this is my dream, what more is left to say?

Denis Martindale. May 2021.

Denis Martindale

Carry On Composing

It helps if you write on the spot,
As that was how I wrote a lot,
I praise the Lord for all I got,
In spite of others who do not!

Denis Martindale. May 2021.

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

How To Recite A Poem!

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When there was a competition reciting poetry,

The judges liked repetition, to test the quality,

So the same lines were repeated, recited quick and slow,

Until everyone competed to let the judges know.

Decisions followed thick and fast the winner to reveal,

And that young lady stood at last and said, ‘Just keep it real.'

By that, she meant to stay sincere, respect the written word,

Recite lines well so they are clear and everything is heard.

Pause here and there for great effect, don't rush along at speed,

Do some research and don't neglect the ways you can succeed.

Just think about the phrases first, the meanings that they hold,

With silver tongue create a thirst for all the poet's gold,

Let words spring forth upon the air, to dance and set the tone,

Let images bring thoughts to bear, yet not for one alone.

The poem has a chance to shine to make the poet proud,

Don't let your voice become a whine, too soft or way too loud,

For there are techniques to improve, the gently-spoken themes,

As well as witty words so smooth they melt within our dreams.

It's wonderful to do your best, yet learn from others, too,

For that is how you'll pass each test in everything you do!

Denis Martindale. May 2021.

The poem is dedicated to the young lady

Blessed Sheriff who recites some of the

famous poems on the poemhunter website.

Denis Martindale

I Have A Dream...

I have a dream
that one night a dream will make sense,
and not be a swift switch of scenery,
or seeing people I worked with decades ago,
or playing chess yet not seeing all of the pieces,
or looking forward to falling in love again,
or climbing a hill, looking down, running down,
and with a leap of faith flying along,
gliding along, just inches above the ground.

I have a dream
that one night I will sleep the whole night,
and not get woken by a bright light being turned on,
or birds twittering away at the first sign of dawn,
or some car being driven away as the music beats, beats and beats,
or I turn over in bed and fall off onto the floor,
or my pillows move and fall off the bed instead.

I have a dream,
an impossible dream, an implausible dream,
but just tell me why I can't profit from a dream?
Would it hurt to get rich dreaming lottery numbers?
Think of all the good I could do with all that loverly money.
But no, I dream about the strange,
the short, the sweet and the silly,
or the epitome of extended follies,
stretched out until I awake once more.
But then again, as has often been asked of us,
what is life without whimsy?

Denis Martindale. May 2021.

Denis Martindale

The Most Beautiful?

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PoemHunter.com
To me, she is most beautiful, most wonderful of all,
To others, she is merely cool, in love they do not fall,
And yet I love the one I found to be the very best,
While there are beauties all around, I know she beats the rest.

Her hair shines like the sun on high, to frame her smiling face,
She smiles with ease, no need to try, for she has inner grace.
Her beauty beckons in her voice, not just the clothes she wears,
Her beauty helps her make the choice to strive as one who cares.

She wants the best for everyone, no matter who they are,
Though we in life have just begun, she always proved a star.
For she decided long ago the role she was to play,
To leave the childlike faith we know and live life day by day.

She faced each problem as it came, yet knew each could not last,
Embracing love, embracing fame, not living in the past.
To me, that makes her beautiful, beyond the outward form,

Though in itself adorable, she weathered every storm.

A certain mindset sets the tone, of how we may react,
When pressures come, we stand alone, that often proves a fact.
But she has friends and fans worldwide who celebrate with her,
And from the courage she supplied, who knows what may occur?

If life is just a gentle dream, no doubt we all could smile,
But life is sometimes quite extreme, enough to seem a trial.
You may be rich, you may be poor, you may write books and stuff,
Yet she, of course, is so much more, yes, so much more to love.

God knows her final legacy, her imitators, too,
She is the only one for me, no matter what they do.
"What is her name? " I hear you ask, I told you more or less,
And should that prove too hard a task, I wonder, can you guess?

Denis Martindale. May 2021.

Denis Martindale

Nothing Ventured, Nothing Gained!

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I know a girl who loved a boy
and she had difficulties sharing
the really beautiful feelings of liking someone.
For the joy she felt when she saw him,
when they shared a joke or two,
the way he laughed, the way he smiled
and that ever so cheeky grin of his.
The way he seemed to care, too,
the gentle looks he gave her,
and the way he changed because of her.
I heard that she sent him a letter,
yet maybe a poem was better,
maybe, just maybe…
He had changed her, too,
just by being so near,
what was she going to say this time,
what questions would help them both

PoemHunter.com

and how long would her love continue?
She wanted forever, not just the here and now,
you see, her love was as real as a sunny day,
as real as a rainbow, as real as the midnight moon.
In a world half full of guys, was he the only guy for her?
Was she the only girl for him?
Was this the beginning, the middle, or the end of love?
Was this a rehearsal for a future love as yet unknown?
This was as real as it gets for now,
as wondrous as a red, red rose,
as sensual as the blushing of her cheeks,
the tingling in her fingertips,
the gulp of fear in her throat should things fade,
for who would want a fair maiden's dream to end?
Time would tell… but in the meantime,
the uncertainty of love remained,
nothing ventured, nothing gained…

Denis Martindale. May 2021.

Denis Martindale

From A Smirk To A Smile

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PoemHunter.com
When we first met, I saw her smirk like Emma Watson,
But later on, she smiled like Lynda Carter,
You know, that Wonder Woman, Diana Prince smile.
I still can't figure out what changed her mind about me.
At first, quite distanced from me,
Just short replies to my questions,
Hardly paying attention or sharing a little of herself.
I told her about my life as she listened patiently,
But I didn't tell her any jokes as some guys would.
I didn't even compliment her on her looks.
Sure, she looked cute, but would a smile hurt?
Perhaps she had been hurt by love, so I spoke gently.
Sometimes a soft voice compels a person to draw closer.
Then something happened to me.
I wanted so much to kiss her on the lips.
I resisted it and just carried on the conversation.
Something had to happen to make that kiss possible,
But that wasn't the right time.

Minutes later, I realised she was ready to move on,
Back to her Spring cleaning and gardening once again.
So I accepted that typical farewell, "I must get on! "
And then she smiled cheerfully and walked away.
I smiled at the thought of it,
That she had taken my heart with her,
Until some other time, we would talk again,
Yet even now, I wish that I'd kissed her.
Oh, dear. What a pity. Never mind.

Denis Martindale. May 2021.

Denis Martindale

A Reminder Of Excellence

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PoemHunter.com
I sometimes see other people's writing
as a form of poetry because
I hear the words and can recognise these
as having a quality all of their own.
So that is why I appreciate those
who can recite poetry so well
that you would want to do just as well
in reciting your poetry, too.

The example of the poemhunter website
shows us how Blessed Sheriff uses her style
of speaking the poetry slowly
and enriching it and enhancing it,
as if I can hear the original text afresh,
as she brings out such beauty to me.
Beauty can be in the ear of the listener
just as joy transforms what we read and recite.

When talent combines with talent
we perceive something of a miracle happening,
as can be seen so much in the way
great singers can take song lyrics
to the highest measure of perfection,
just as musical orchestration
can elevate the most basic musical notes.

Every time I hear Nat King Cole
singing the song When I Fall In Love
I can listen to something of a miracle once again.
The orchestra playing, Nat King Cole singing,
and somehow the lyrics are brought to life,
and these words now live in my heart and mind,
as a reminder of excellence.

Denis Martindale. May 2021.

Denis Martindale

Keep Up The Good Work!

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PoemHunter.com

I really get the desire of poetry expression, as a fellow poet who can stop suddenly,
as if life is put on hold to set free the writer within.
The creative buzz stirs a flight of fancy beyond common thought,
and the impulsive elevation to seek out significant sayings and profound phrases
as if imitating the writings of Saint Paul who would take a single thought
and explore it as if it held a treasure trove of hidden gems.
Unlock the heart and mind and suddenly
the spirit and the soul arise as if on angels' wings.
The way that words once shared can bless others is called the double blessing.
It transcends the innermost imaginings as if compelled to raise the spirits of one and all.
Thus the writer within becomes the explorer and eventually the encourager.
To edify oneself is merely the beginning, yet to bless others
is what makes a writer a real writer and the poet more powerful than the dreamer
who says nothing, does nothing and merely dreams the following night.
If you are a writer, then you seek to write right now, and that's what drives you on

with words of wisdom, and your devotions that serve to delight the readers, even if they don't pause a minute to say, THANK YOU!
So, on their behalf, I offer you a portion of thanksgiving.
Keep up the good work!

Denis Martindale. April 2021.

Denis Martindale

Who Prays For The Writers?

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PoemHunter.com
Right now, somebody is praying,
To end your writer's block,
To complete your long delaying
Still ticking on the clock.

You have words remaining hidden,
As if not close-at-hand,
Yet some thoughts must come unbidden,
To help you understand.

For writing comes to those who wait
With patience now and then,
Not to the ones who hesitate,
Who fumble once again.

The time will come, your time will come,
Faith grows in silence, too,
Faith does not need to bang a drum,

To prove itself to you.

Fresh dreams still fly within the mind,
As butterflies above,
Until you leave them all behind
When new thoughts are enough.

So manage every precious thought,
And focus on the best,
Discarding others as you ought,
So greatness gets expressed.

Your discipline must set the tone,
Before you stake your claim,
Though prayers mean you are not alone,
Just play the waiting game.

Denis Martindale. April 2021.

Denis Martindale

When Is Enough Enough?

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PoemHunter.com
We've had so many wars, and yet
Diseases killed some more,
When I turn on my TV set,
I sometimes see the gore.
I see a world dragged down in debt
That leaders still ignore,
And here am I, filled with regret,
As if life's such a chore.
Man's had his share of accidents,
And beds in hospitals,
Read prophecies of mad events
Despite God's miracles,
A world war comes, yet none repents,
Men stare as each bomb falls,
This wicked world has lost all sense
No wonder it appals.

Denis Martindale. April 2021.

Denis Martindale

Seize Today!

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PoemHunter.com
Today's the day, it's sometimes said as if we didn't know,
Perhaps our last and then we're dead, and it's our time to go,
Or just today with many more, God willing, still to live,
Yet, come what may, we know the score, it's up to God to give.
Yes, I'm still breathing in and out, from midnight on and now,
Aware of all that life's about, surviving it somehow,
But others came and others went, yes, kings and princes, too,
Yet few to Heaven's Throne were sent, now called the chosen few.
So seize today and all it's got that's truly good to get,
The rest proves damned, not worth a lot, and best it's never met.
And love's the only game in town, the essence of it all,
No matter if you wear a crown, love stays a miracle.
But death can separate the soul, and leave the blood behind,
To wrench away Man's full control, each thought within his mind.
So seize today, this precious day, this portion and this time,
This segment even stars obey, though sunshine proves sublime.
This day, of course, won't come again, new birthdays still await,

With yet more blessings now and then, regardless, small or great.
But mortal Man, choose peace not war, as war ain't worth a damn,
So seize today and many more, don't treat life like a sham.
While there are paintings yet to do, and music to compose,
And poetry that's ever new, and love that overflows,
Redeem the time that God supplies, pray for good plans and schemes,
Before each midnight fills the skies, use well your hopes and dreams.

Denis Martindale.17th of April 2021.

This poem has 24 lines representing the 24 hours of today.

Denis Martindale

Q-U-O-R-A

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Q if for Quora where questions exist
U is for useful if we all persist
O is for options in all that we give
R is for rewards as long as we live
A is for answers too many to list

Denis Martindale. April 2021.

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Stephen Gayford And His Wildlife Art Paintings

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PoemHunter.com
Stephen Gayford painted hundreds of paintings,
and the eBay website still sells these,
as prints and canvasses, and it's thanks to these
that I was able to write about 700 poems
for the poemhunter website.
This journey began because of the
wildlife art gallery shows on bid tv
and price-drop tv on UK Freeview and Sky.
I was able to see just how detailed
these paintings were for the adults
as well as their young ones.
So many different creatures
such that the big cats had their tales to tell,
as did the dolphins, the pandas, the meerkats,
the macaws, the eagles, the owls,
and so many more.
At times, the scenery was magnificent as well,
so it's no wonder, that as a poet,

I should write about such creatures,
as if the shared wonders of the world,
before any of these become extinct,
and are lost forever...

Denis Martindale. April 2021.

Denis Martindale

P.E.R.S.O.N.

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PoemHunter.com
Press on, press on and persevere,
Express yourself in prayer,
Reach up to God for He will hear,
Seek Him for every care.
Of all the guidance Christ has given,
None greater than to live for Heaven.

Denis Martindale. April 2021.

P.E.R.S.O.N. is an acrostic poem about faith
in the Son of God who told disciples to pray,
Our Father who art in Heaven…

Denis Martindale

Deepest Condolences

A final day has come again,
For one more soul on Earth,
A noble prince now missed by men,
Because he proved his worth.
Such that he steered the family
Across the decades past,
With strength, and charm, and dignity,
With tributes that will last.
For he was steadfast year-by-year,
Determined in his way,
Yet now's the time to shed a tear,
Upon his final day...

Denis Martindale.9th of April,2021.

The Royal Family needs our prayers
for the sad loss of Prince Philip and
yet his life's legacy endures forever.

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

The Mountaineers!

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One day, there was an advert in a national newspaper
And it said that a businessman had a special offer,
As he promised to pay the costs of the mountaineering gear
For 100 climbers if they climbed the mountain with him.
Within days, it was a matter of 'challenge accepted',
And once all the mountaineers were ready,
Together, the 100 men followed their leader,
Up, up and up that mountain they stepped,
Together, facing the blizzards that blew.
After some considerable time, his whole team succeeded,
And managed to stand at the top of the mountain,
Thankful for their achievement despite their difficulties.
Then the leader congratulated them all, yet suddenly,
Before their very eyes, they saw him grow wings.
'Good luck with that! ' he said as he flew away,
Leaving them standing bewildered and amazed.
Then the team decided they must climb back down,
But, just as suddenly, everything changed,
Their mountaineering gear disappeared,
And they stood there in their underwear,
Getting colder and colder and colder,

Afraid for their lives, realising the horror of the situation.
Would they survive? Would they live to tell the tale?
And who would believe them anyway?

Denis Martindale. April 2021.

Denis Martindale

Poetry Is Forever With Us

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Poetry is forever with us,
As long as thoughts become words,
Phrases and sentences.
As long as sentences become paragraphs,
Separated into lines, should they rhyme or not,
And if that means the poetry is the epitome
Of the elegance of eloquence,
Then great blessings must surely follow.
Therefore poetry is forever with us,
As long as the human heart experiences
Both joy and sorrow and even love or hate,
For in this world which we live,
We see it full of contrasts and comparisons,
Worthy of a poet's final hour of life to share
Before that long-slept sleep
Takes charge of the mortal frame
And bids both soul and spirit enter
The greatness of that realm beyond
That Man has called Eternity.

Denis Martindale. April 2021.

Denis Martindale

The Winding Of The Whispering Wind

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Behold the essence that remains, as I go on my way,
The bending twigs, as each tree strains, upon the ground to stay,
And raindrops falling, left to right, instead of dropping down,
And dark clouds gliding, day and night, that wander town to town.

I am the whisper, and the howl, and every sound between,
Beyond the cooing dove and owl, that Man has heard and seen,
I am the breeze. I am the storm. My power passing through,
The essence of both cold and warm when felt surrounding you.

And think of seeds migrating still, to other homes to live,
For I transport them by God's will to places God will give,
Yet every breath Mankind has known I brought to you each hour,
Then blessed you so that you have grown, just as I blessed each flower.

And thus to me, you owe a debt, a thank-you now and then,
As proof of grace, not to forget, that God bestows on men,
To serve Him is my great reward, until, I, too, must die,
A trusted servant of the Lord, like angels flying high.

Denis Martindale. April 2021.

Denis Martindale

Improving Memory?

Can you recall this poem's text, its rhythms, themes, and rhymes,
Or will they leave you quite perplexed and vexed in future times,
Such that you struggle with each word, each phrase within each line,
Though by this challenge, new thoughts stirred, by puzzles such as mine?
I've written poems by the score, yet can't recite them all,
Perhaps I'll write a thousand more before my final fall.
I can't recall I've written this. Is this my first time now?
While some say ignorance is bliss, I can't agree somehow.
A pensioner recalls a lot, yet yesterday's a blur,
Like pages missing from a plot that I meant to occur.
Time goes so fast, each day flies by, like dreams that come and go,
So what's the point in asking why when some things we can't know?
Sufficient, then, the memories that often come to mind
Of pleasant times of joy or peace that let us each unwind,
Yet videos and photos prove reminders now and then,
Such that blocked thoughts begin to move with tales of way-back-when.
So use those precious images, protect them one-by-one,
And cherish them as your bridges to memories of fun.
Life passes like a flying kite, or like a shooting star,
Be thankful when each day and night, you know just who you are.
One day, I saw my father lose his way when we walked home,
Within his world, without the clues, went onward still to roam.
I made him stop, turned him about, then called the doctor round,
The fault, of course, beyond all doubt, yet cured once quickly found.
The longer I can stay just me, the longer I feel glad,
Regardless of that memory, what happened to my Dad.

Denis Martindale. March 2021.

Denis Martindale

Just A Raven?

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At first, you're just another bird I see when walking by,
Yet suddenly, emotions stirred as we stared eye-to-eye,
For in one moment thoughts appeared, unbidden, were they yours,
Or just the dread that quickly steered my breath to stop and pause?
As I continued further on, I saw your head turn, too,
As if to watch when I was gone, completely out of view.
Instead, I stopped and turned around, still staring at your gaze,
To face these thoughts that I had found and wanted to replace.
Was it the darkness of your wings, your body and your head,
Or just the challenge each eye brings that made me turn instead?
As I approached across the grass next to the trees that day,
Time stopped for me and would not pass. My legs would not obey,
Then time began as you flew near in one straight line to me,
I dare not blink because of fear and grave uncertainty.
Just as the eagle soars above, in seconds, you gained height,
To scratch my head with force enough to cause a sudden fright.
I turned to see you flying high, not looking back at all,
And since that day, I wonder why the thought makes my skin crawl.
Since then, each raven that I meet just quickly turns and flies,
While you alone scratched with your feet with hate that never dies.

Denis Martindale. March 2021.

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Denis Martindale

Mother's Day Tribute

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It is because you are
who you are
and what you are
that I can't help
but to look up to you
and to say
that I hope to become
just like you
each and every day.

Denis Martindale. March 2021.

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

What Need Have We For Poetry?

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What need have we for poetry in such a year as this,
Another poem yet to see as real-life goes amiss,
When bad news comes such that it stays as people sigh and weep,
While God hears everyone who prays before they fall asleep?

What need have we for poetry in such a time as now,
Another poem yet to see as life crawls on somehow,
And medicines are brought to bear, yet not the final cure,
While God in Heaven knows we care, how can we know the score?

What need have we for poetry as if it answers all,
Another poem yet to see, as if a miracle,
While God observes the fools on Earth and judges every sin,
How many poems still have worth if none on Earth can win?

No wonder men still go astray, as sheep within a field,
While wolf-like devils seek their prey and victims' wounds aren't healed,
Yet I declare and thus decree, as prophets have before,
That God sees all of history with nothing to ignore.

It's Man to blame for sins exist, wherever there's a home,
Wherever sorrows can persist, wherever sinners roam,
A billion poems tried to warn, but Man can still repent,
Just don't dismiss or treat with scorn each poem Heaven-sent.

Denis Martindale. March 2021.

Denis Martindale

What Makes A Poem Good Or Bad?

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What makes a poem good or bad? And who sets standards now?
Must such a poem make me glad? Or make me sad somehow?
A billion poems to peruse, to view some once again,
And if from these to find you choose a good one now and then.
Or must some winner from them all be judged to beat the rest,
As if to let the others fall, as if we're not impressed?
Or is there one distinctive theme that casts each vote that way,
Some prayer or lovesong thought supreme there's nothing left to say?
Or could it be so eloquent that it was bound to please,
Believed that this was Heaven-sent, so everyone agrees?
What if the Saviour wrote such things seen in the Gospels now?
Our Saviour, called the King of Kings, to whom each knee must bow?
Yet God has caused a billion souls to share their words on Earth,
Because of this, they played their roles until each proved their worth.
They all wrote both the bad and good, such that they learned so much,
So give respect to those you should, if still your hearts they touch.

Denis Martindale. March 2021.

Denis Martindale

What's The Value Of A Poem?

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What's the value of a poem once written by a kid,
Or one that's written on a whim that some poor poet did?
The value lies in truths revealed, both insights new and old,
Not in some sweet financial yield of silver coin or gold.
For money comes and money goes, yet every truth abides,
Far longer than each star that glows, as wisdom always guides.
To think that poets live and die yet leave their legacies,
Beyond their questions asking why and constant calls for peace.
And then there's love when sweethearts share, with promises galore,
And those who kneel to say a prayer to Christ, whom they adore,
And those who stir the hearts of men to courage not to fear,
And those who prophesy again of what must yet appear.
No wonder God loves poetry and likes it taught in schools,
With patterns there for all to see, their rhythms and their rules,
Their elegance of eloquence, with poems made to rhyme,
And students sharing with their friends how poets spent their time.
Investing in humanity the gift of poetry
Displays a certain chivalry to those with eyes to see.

Denis Martindale. March 2021.

Denis Martindale

True Grit

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A man can rise, a man can fall,
Or choose to hide behind a wall,
To take a stand or merely stall,
Accept his fate or not at all.
A man can walk, a man can run,
To choose to talk or get things done,
To carry on, slim chance or none,
Until he knows the battle's won.
A man can laugh or question why,
Defend the weak and not just try,
A man can weep or merely sigh,
A man can choose to live or die.
Yet such as these apply to me,
Each chance I choose what I would be,
A man of great integrity!
Or just a man, no more to see!

Denis Martindale. March 2021.

Denis Martindale

Footprints In The Sand Summary

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Jesus offered Himself on the Cross of Christ such that once resurrected, He offered Himself to believers as their King, Lord and Saviour, to fellowship with them throughout their lives on Earth.

So it was that one person reflected on all the times when in need and not while still walking along with Jesus every day, but then noticed the change when sorrows came when only one set of footsteps remained.

The shock made that person question the promise of Jesus never to leave or forsake, so what had happened?

Jesus explained some sorrows were so grievous that He had to carry those who could not continue, or when God does not heal immediately, for when we suffer, we may learn compassion for others.

Yes, that person doubted the promise of Jesus, yet now loved the Saviour as the Good Shepherd, with even greater love and shared the story with you and I and those willing to hear and who will take such truths to heart.

Denis Martindale. February 2021.

Denis Martindale

Tenacity Gets Ten Out Of Ten!

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When I consider life itself,
And study books upon my shelf,
And take the best of all advice,
I pause in wonder and think twice.
Thank God for times when I have grown,
And love that God Himself has shown,
With prayers for blessings, waiting still,
According to His sovereign will.

Tenacity abides within,
And grants to me a hearty grin,
To think of all things I achieved,
When the Gospel I received.
Eternal life. Forgiveness, too.
A brand new life with lots to do,
Though some may see an idle soul,
I was quite busy on the whole.

Tenacity, my constant guide,
To all the love I hold inside,
Though I grow weary with the years,
I face my setbacks and my tears.
Folks can't keep track of all I write,
The poems typed out day and night,
The little sermons now and then,
So others, too, get born again.

I do what's right and not just wise,
Supporting charity supplies,
That help this world where pain persists,
Just as God's evangelists.
Tenacity, that's grace enough,
So I may serve the King of Love.
As long as there's still breath in me,
You'll also find tenacity!

Denis Martindale. February 2021.

Denis Martindale

Blessed Sheriff

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A billion poems would get blessed
When one voice gets employed
That softly cooed, then passed each test,
Such that it gets enjoyed,
Beyond the essence of each line
And theme of each new verse,
Pure sentiments thus to define,
Emotions to disperse.

A billion poems could get blessed
Through that one voice I heard,
Which made more than my heart impressed,
Once admiration stirred,
Such that I welcomed her soft tones,
Each pause of silence, too,
Her subtleties like twilight zones,
Her mellowed points of view.

A billion poems should get blessed.
I'm hoping some are mine,
Three thousand poems, then the rest,
As that would be just fine!
Through this one voice of excellence,
Through this one voice sublime!
Thanks to her spoken eloquence,
Time after time after time!

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale. February 2021.

This poem celebrates the Poemhunter voice-of-choice, Blessed Sheriff. She has recited many famous poems on the Poemhunter website. The first time I heard her voice, I checked on Google, and that's why I wanted to express how wonderful Blessed Sheriff is.

Live long and prosper, as they say, live long and prosper.

Denis Martindale

Bullet Points...

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The bully didn't give a damn should victims get abused,
Repentance shut tight as a clam as if no more amused,
But sometimes bullies go too far such that revenge gets planned,
One victim's Daddy drove his car with one gun in his hand.
He found that bully pretty quick and dragged him to one side,
Though terrified and feeling sick, his death no more denied.
Two bullets took his life away, as Daddy left him there,
The bully had no more to say, no insults still to share.
When Daddy faced his punishment, he didn't give a damn,
And so to prison, he was sent, still thinking life's a sham.
Yet bullies still exist, of course, with victims as their toys,
The bigger kids have many flaws well-known by smaller boys!
Since there are Daddies good and bad, and teachers just the same,
Schooldays won't be the best we've had if such facts stay the same!

Denis Martindale. February 2021.

Denis Martindale

Brain Cells!

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Beautiful she truly is!
Right now is when I want to kiss
And yet inside her head remains,
Impressive cells for human brains!
Not a sight most want to see,
Could anybody disagree?
Except that she is quite a catch,
Lovely and so hard to match.
Lots of laughter now and then,
So I'll kiss her and smile again!

Denis Martindale. February 2021.

This is an acrostic poem, just in case
you had second thoughts about it.

Denis Martindale

U F O

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The spaceship came from far away, its mission yet unknown,
With Earth's defences forced to stay and tensions there had grown,
Was this the chance long waited for, to capture all they could,
Was this the prize, an opened door, that UFO in that wood?
Tank teams arrived, reported in, then orders quickly came,
One team then saw strange lights begin, just like a candle's flame.
A beam of light attacked the tank so that it must retreat,
Then more blasts meant that all hopes sank, the damage so complete.
A second tank advanced in turn, and armed men went outside,
Not knowing what was left to learn, behind the trees to hide,
One alien fell to the ground as dead as dead could be,
The three men had to look around, but no-one else could see.
Another astronaut was there and fired on the men,
They fired back, not yet aware of what must happen then,
He was outnumbered and was caught and suddenly attacked,
But then the spaceship hushed each thought before its final act.
Exploding like a dying star, not glowing as before,
With fragile flying fragments cast afar so that it was no more.
That alien was soon to die though surgeons sought to save,
A few more secrets to supply before he met his grave.
So Earth's defences must await more UFO visits still,
Not knowing what may be Man's fate, perhaps Man never will.

Denis Martindale. February 2021.

This poem is about the UK sci-fi UFO TV series.

Dailymotion's video: UFO # 02 - Computer Affair. The framed image is by artist Morgan JT as shown in her Quora Share Your Art posts. The title is Morning Lights and her blog is eattravelsketch.

Denis Martindale

God's Grandeur, Grace And Glory!

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The Sun shines brightly in the sky, which God made eyes to see,
Yet God makes each man question why and how things came to be,
Such that the Sun and Moon and stars exist so far away,
While God counts seasons as they pass, and we still ask each day.
True love shines brighter than the Sun, with grandeur and with grace,
Despite the sins each man has done, forgiveness can take place,
And this through Christ and prophecy of Him from long before.
The King of Kings and Calvary. The Lord of Lords and more.

I climbed up mountains in my youth and saw the sights below,
I studied love and life and truth, more blessings still to know,
Beyond my love for planet Earth, I cherish more than gold,
To dream of Jesus and observe His wonders to behold.
While Nature grants us medicines, the Saviour cures the soul,
Beyond the noble disciplines that lead to self-control,
My Jesus came to grant rewards and crowns of glory, too,
Just think that Christ, the Lord of Lords, could offer these to you.

I see the peacock spread his wings and find such beauty there,
Yet looking on the King of Kings, they pale beyond compare,
While there are mountains hard to climb, God's Heaven's open wide,
All thanks to that momentous time, the day that Jesus died.
If not for what occurred that day, all hopes would die instead,
If not through Christ who chose to stay, His precious blood to shed,
I see this world with brand new eyes, for sin is here and there,
Some men are fools, while some are wise, steadfast and still in prayer.

No wonder, based on all I know, God means much more to me,
Than all on Earth, and all below, all things to hear and see,
Because I sense time running out, like each evangelist,
Who waits for what must come about while kingdoms still resist.
Enjoy this world each day you can, through prayers to carry on,
And strive to bless your fellow man, until you, too, have gone,
Your time is now to live and breathe, by grace, not by reward,
So that the Gospel you believe before you meet the Lord.

Denis Martindale. February 2021.

Denis Martindale

T ' Pol

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She served for years the Vulcan way, the only way she could,
And came to Earth's space to survey, just as the Vulcans would,
Don't interfere and don't get caught, safe distance yet not far,
So no-one gives a second's thought to see a shooting star.
The ship was damaged and left her as one who takes command,
To land the ship and then prefer to keep things well in hand,
Supplies were low, yet towns were near, so she agreed to go,
She settled in despite her fear that humans soon would know.
Three aliens right here on Earth with Carbon Creek their home,
And finding jobs to prove their worth yet never far to roam,
Just acting like they're human, too, just waiting patiently,
Their rescue ship to come in view, then leave, yet leave no clue.
And with that done, she served again, soon on the Enterprise,
A ship from Earth with human men with starlight in their eyes,
For they had faith and hopes and dreams, like those who press ahead,
Despite the dangers and extremes that other humans dread.
T'Pol was there to share advice, to stand and fight as well,
For space proved not Man's Paradise, but sometimes more like Hell,
And yet the humans would explore and cause her great concern,
But time helped her respect them more, not seeking to return.
And when love stirred, she loved that, too, and yet still in her way,
Not quite as other Vulcans do who meditate or pray,
Her loyalty most men recall beyond her self-control,
Except, of course, when some men fall for Vulcans like T'Pol.

Denis Martindale. February 2021.

The poem is about the Enterprise TV series and Vulcan T'Pol and starts with her story about her visiting Earth and then leads on to her time on the Enterprise with Captain Archer and crew.

Denis Martindale

How Do I Get Creative Rhymes?

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How do I get creative rhymes such that my poems shine?
As one to Heaven gently climbs, each step a brand new line,
Each brilliant white and pure delight, a tonic for the soul,
With punctuation that proves right, and perfect on the whole?

The Internet can help with that if patient I would be,
In finding where great words are at, more wisdom yet to see,
Yet those great words must be spot on, with each one understood,
So that each meaning has not gone, and everything looks good.

So I believe I should avoid a somewhat fancy phrase,
That makes some readers quite annoyed, such that their eyeballs glaze,
Why make up odd rhymes that complex my brand new poetry?
Much better if I do not vex their sensitivity.

I know that Google helped before and it can help again,
With great results not to ignore, sometimes ten out of ten,
Yet I search through the alphabet for words that sound the same,
With bet and get and better yet until I reach my aim.

And if I visit Grammarly, I know some lines must change,
Each time I edit poetry and sometimes rearrange,
Yet once this battle I have won, I stop and start to smile.
Because I know what I have done, I went the extra mile.

I know that I have more to learn, new notions to compose,
And subtleties I must discern no other poet knows,

Like writing love songs now and then and not just limericks,
But modern monologues again, with added photo picks.

Let others share their complex prose without a single rhyme,
Use ancient words nobody knows though these may sound sublime,
Yet I prefer a gentle prayer and kind philosophy,
And stay aware that I must share, the best inside of ME!

Denis Martindale. February 2021.

Denis Martindale

The Light At The End Of The Tunnel

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The caterpillar has never seen itself as a butterfly
yet it follows its instincts to become the butterfly later.
The mystery has not yet unfolded
just as the butterfly's wings have not yet unfolded
and then expanded to become wings of exquisite beauty
and with the capacity of flight that follows.
So it is that Man sleeps and accepts the future time of awakening
to switch from temporary hibernation to revitalisation.
The light at the end of the tunnel is often more associated
not just with hope in the solving of life's problems
but the hour of the death experience
and the transfer from this realm to the spiritual realm instead,
such that the brilliant bright light is the destination point
and what follows next is what follows next
because that existence differs
from soul to soul and from spirit to spirit.

Denis Martindale. February 2021.

Denis Martindale

Oh, What Joy To Be Inspired!

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Oh, what joy to be inspired and fired up anew,
As if employed and hired with something great to do,
To tell a tale, or paint a scene, or sculpt a statuette,
With no folks near to intervene or get me quite upset.
Serenity when all alone, no critics watching me,
I write the new words I get shown, then share my poetry,
But hesitate to punctuate, because that stops the flow,
Once written down, and not too late, I choose to have a go.
I share my poems now and then for all the world to read,
Who knows what God will do again as I then intercede?
For prayer and praise go hand-in-hand and always prove sublime,
Just as the poets in each land each time they choose to rhyme.
Dead poets helped me learn a lot for sixty years and more,
And writers helped me with each plot they caused me to explore.
Calligraphy showed me the best that writing could display,
So that's the reason I'm impressed, yes, even to this day.
I like to find a fancy style, a font that shows finesse,
A font that makes me pause to smile, then use it well to bless.
For sometimes beauty fits the phrase and short quotation, too,
So inspiration then takes place within the heart of YOU.

Denis Martindale. February 2021.

Denis Martindale

For We Also Are His Offspring

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When God created all there was, He also made Mankind,
And even saw the Saviour's Cross, so Jesus we could find,
Ahead of our outpouring time, as grains of sand that fall,
God's hourglass, pristine, sublime, remains His miracle.
The Lord has seen the whole parade, the theme of every thought,
With signs in Heaven still displayed, with lessons to be taught,
And prophecies that come to be of Mary giving birth,
Then Bethlehem to Calvary to prove the Saviour's worth.

From Genesis to Malachi, Mankind must still await,
Until God's Son, He would supply, magnificent and great,
And holy, just as Adam was, God's Son proved Himself, too,
Such that Christ suffered on His Cross, the King who died for you.
Would Christ have suffered without cause, to die upon that day,
If every man obeyed God's laws without one thought to stray?
Amazing love, amazing grace, as never seen before,
Christ died to save the human race, of that we can be sure.

Our Father raised the Son of Man, so much more could get done,
His witness to His perfect plan, through Jesus Christ His Son,
Such that Mankind would have the choice, no matter, young or old,
Yes, even to the girls and boys, the Gospel still gets told.
Just think, eternal life can start, as offered by the Lord,
In each believer's noble heart, as if Mankind's reward.
The first day each gets born again, the time each gets baptised,
With confirmed blessings, way back when, as they accepted Christ.

Yes, saved by faith, not works or tithes, nor battle victories,
But just through Jesus, each arrives and loves the Prince of Peace.
Least of the brethren loved the same as mighty lords and kings,
By Jesus Christ who knows each name, and sweet forgiveness brings.
We are the children God has saved, no matter, high or low,
And in His love each gently bathed, beloved, and that we know,
For God is love and welcomes those that kneel before His throne,
Where angels' worship overflows and all true love gets shown.

So why dismiss the prophecies, or promises of love,
Or finding God's eternal peace, or grace that proves enough,
Or wisdom, and discernment, too, or ministries divine,
Or Jesus, who once died for you, declaring, 'You are Mine! '?
Man has no greater destiny, nor fame, nor fashioned fate,
Than finding Christ and Calvary before it gets too late!
How many billions will God spare before God's Judgement Day?
I only know God hears your prayer, so choose well what you pray!

Denis Martindale.
St Valentine's Day, February the 14th,2021.

Acts 17: 28:
For in Him we live and move and have our being,
as also some of your own poets have said,
'For we are also His offspring.'

Denis Martindale

The Martian!

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One day, a Martian came to Earth! He travelled to and fro.
He searched all wisdom of great worth and thus searched high and low,
Disguised as just another man, he went to libraries,
To research books that he could scan for wisdom to increase.
One book transformed him to the core as he began to read,
Through Genesis and even more, his very soul in need,
But could he be forgiven, too, just like the human race?
He was a Martian, not a Jew, and asked could this take place,
When he read Matthew's words as well, his need grew greater still,
He learnt of Heaven, sin and Hell, and Man's faith and freewill.
Could he escape the sins he'd done? Could he find Paradise?
He pondered Christ's Cross and God's Son and needed more advice.

He found a book of poetry that gave enlightenment,
Explaining Christ and Calvary, and reasons Christ was sent,
Yet only humans could be saved by Jesus and His love,
Yes, only humans had sins waived, by grace that proved enough.
But not for Martians, none at all, no Saviour for their kind,
No mercy and no miracle available to find,
That's when the Martian chose to pray, yet not one word he heard,
No promise came to him that day, and so great anger stirred.
He went to Mars and told his wife, his son and daughter, too,
The Martian King swore on his life to do all he could do,
He raised an army in a year to start a war on Earth,
But God made his small heart to fear so that he lost his nerve.

For in a dream God warned him there, `Be wise and leave alone!

For if you do, then I will spare your Kingdom and your throne! '
The Martian King agreed, of course, that's why Mars still exists,
He didn't take Man's world by force, so that's why Mars persists,
Then God told him his world was safe, and Martians would be blessed,
As long as Martians would behave, and every sin confessed.
And as years passed, more Martians prayed, and God heard every prayer,
While Christians preached what God has shared to humans everywhere,
While saving humans from their sins, with Heaven His reward,
No other planets to convince of mercy from the Lord.
Do good, if Martian, or if not, and let God sort things out,
Do good, and give it all you've got, as that's what life's about!

Denis Martindale. February 2021.

Denis Martindale

Suddenly, There She Was: The Love Of My Life!

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I stood transfixed as if bewitched by her beauty,
Acting like any other lovesick fool,
Experiencing that magical miracle of that ever-so-sweet
First glimpse of the newly-beloved.

The vision of her intensely highlighted,
Yet brought into the stark contrast,
Of the dark-spotted light
Set in the halo of a dazzlingly bright day.

Then I felt my heartbeat calm that little bit slower,
As if a mellow serenity had engulfed me,
As if there remained not one single doubt,
I had encountered the presence of my sweetheart,
And the insight that she was the love of my life.

Courage triumphed over my thankful spirit,
Else I would have stood my ground,
Unable to speak, unable to move.
Somehow I spoke to her,
Such that our eyes met, as did our hearts.

We knew as only lovers do,
Here was the one,
The answer to our prayers,
The most beloved and more.

Denis Martindale. February 2021.

Denis Martindale

Who, What, When, Where And Why?

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Who came to Earth from Heaven's Throne,
As promised by the Lord?
Who came to Earth and could atone,
Forgive us and reward?

What would it cost the One God sent?
A life of holiness,
To reach the lost who would repent,
And ask the Lord to bless.

When Jesus died, Death had not won,
God raised Christ from the dead,
Yes, that was when we learnt God's Son
Saves through the blood He shed.

Where must Christ's Gospel thus be shared,
Except first to each Jew?
Yet Gentiles, too, God has declared,
Will join God's chosen few.

Why was it then as prophesied,
Lord Jesus had to die?
Arrested, whipped and crucified!
Behold Man's sins! That's why.

Denis Martindale. February 2021.

A Gospel hymn to be sung to the hymn
Oh, God, Our Help In Ages Past.

Denis Martindale

Marilyn, My One And Only Star!

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MARILYN, DON'T YOU KNOW
HOW MUCH OF A STAR YOU ARE?

At first, I gaze upon you and I sense
I am seeing a jaded version instead,
As if someone sold you out,
Left you alone, to fend for yourself,
And while you are recovering,
You wear a mask to disguise the pain within.

Yet I have seen the star within that twinkles still,
Call it stardust, fairy dust or sparkling glitter,
A divine hand remains upon your life and destiny.
For now, but a lost soul, amid the dark void of space,
Yet time heals the broken heart and the bruised spirit,
So let time work its miracle and soothe your lost soul, too.

Believe as I do, that you are a star,
For that is what you really are.
Let time reveal your real self even to you.
How magnificent, how special, how radiant,
How majestic in form and fashion,
Fit for the centre stage, standing in the limelight,
Shining as only a superstar can.

Songs will be written especially for you,
Dancers will strut their stuff around you,

Special effects will bamboozle the audience,
Yet your beauty at its best outshines them all.

If I can imagine it, so can you! And why not?
Others have and went on to dazzle millions!
Why not you? Precious one! Why not you?

I believe in you, now more than ever before.
Remember that a divine hand can guide you.
Remember that your successes await you.
Remember that you are my one and only star.
My first star. My last star. Yes, that's how lovely you are.

You are Marilyn Monroe… the one and only…
My one and only love…

Denis Martindale. February 2021.

Denis Martindale

Long-Distance Longing

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Some say that true love cannot last when far too far apart,
With cause enough to stay downcast and saddened in my heart,
Such that I must expect the worst should you find someone new,
Yet I know I would be the first to wish good luck to you!

Because you travel foreign lands, I cannot kiss your lips,
Embrace, or even hold your hands, or touch your fingertips,
Yet I can dream, as lovers must, and also say my prayers,
And love you with continued trust, as one who truly cares!

My heartfelt prayer is your return, at your appointed time,
The time of blessing you discern as totally sublime,
If you miss me as time goes by, with every day and night,
Then God will hear your every sigh, and make things turn out right!

Let patience be our faithful friend, as true love is our star,
If we have these, love cannot end, no matter, near or far,
I cherish all you mean to me: God's gift that proves divine,
His gift for all eternity, and each year's Valentine!

Denis Martindale. February 2021.

Denis Martindale

Me! ?

ME! ?
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What? You want me to do that?
You couldn't afford the danger money!
I'm not getting on that horse!
He doesn't like me.
Find me another horse.
There's got to be a better horse than him.
Have you seen the way he looks at me?
I offered him a carrot and he nearly bit my thumb off.
You can't kid me that he likes me.
I don't care what his name is.
Gentle Joey he ain't…
Go on, you try to put the saddle on him.
I'll stand over here. I'll video this for YouTube.
Let's see how many views I get!
I'm not getting on that horse!
He doesn't like me!
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Denis Martindale. February 2021.

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale

How Hard Is It To Make A Poem?

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How hard a thing to write some verse, composing rhyme again,
And for each reader to immerse, reciting now and then,
Or share it with some other folks, who love it just as much,
Or care enough to see its jokes or graceful, gentle touch?

Some artistry, some fine finesse, some talent for a while,
Philosophy first meant to bless, some whimsy for a smile,
Some majesty, some irony, some pathos at its end,
Some travesty, some infamy, betrayal by a friend?

Or rhythms at its very heart, that copy beat-by-beat,
Or subtleties that still impart some message incomplete.
Or inspiration that can lift the darkness borne of grief,
Or prophecy that proves God's gift rekindling firm belief?

The spectrum of the rainbow's range is proof enough for me,
From lovelorn topics to the strange, outlandish, fancy-free,
The elegance of eloquence, the pomp and circumstance,
Enchantments are the poets' friends, unbidden, some by chance.

So don't condemn the precious prose, the teaching of the Word,
The righteous phrase that overflows with valiant spirits stirred,
Nor crush the spirit of the bard, or new kid on the block,
Or humble tiny greeting card that's preaching to the flock.

While there are poems meant for you that other folks regret,
They smile at poems old and new shared on the Internet.

I've written thousands, and I know the ease of writing rhyme,
But editing is often slow, enhancing time-by-time.

But oh, what treasures yet to find, what secrets still await,
Before there comes true peace of mind, and cause to celebrate.
When all gets done, the journey ends, all mysteries unfold!
When poets and poems make friends, their worth proves more than gold!

Denis Martindale. February 2021.

Denis Martindale

Markus, The Greatest Poet Who Ever Lived!

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Imagine little Markus there,
Anointed by the Lord,
To write new thoughts beyond compare
That rhyme with sweet accord.
Such that he counts the syllables,
8-6-8-6 each verse,
When he composes miracles,
His wise thoughts to disperse.
I envy that his heart's so blessed,
I've written thousands, too,
But shall I ever beat the best?
And that, Markus, is YOU!
Your standards thrash me every time,
Your rhythms oh so deep,
I'm always thinking of a rhyme,
Yet end up all a heap.
I won't give up and won't give in,
I'll write rhymes every day,
If there's one chance that I can win,
I'll even fast and pray!
You're just too good! Can I compete?
Will editing enhance?
I know that you're the one to beat,
Yet do I stand a chance?
But must I write three thousand more,
To match your height of fame?
You see, most poets folks ignore!

I'm Denis Wossisname!

Denis Martindale February 2021.

Denis Martindale

The Invitation

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When Christmas comes, the children sing great carols old and new,
When Easter comes, then greater love is on display to view,
Beyond the life and death of Christ, the fame of Jesus grew,
The Shepherd had been sacrificed, yet had more work to do.
The Holy Spirit shared God's love to preach both far and wide,
The invitation proof enough through Christ once crucified,
To show Him as God's only Son, salvation to provide,
Who shed His blood, the world to stun, to make us look inside.

For when we look within the soul, the spirit and the mind,
It's there we see how sins control, take hold and firmly bind,
Yet God showed love beyond the norm, each sinner's heart to find,
With love so perfect, tender, warm, all sins to leave behind.
That's how the Church had love to share, through miracles galore,
With preachers praying everywhere, intent on seeking more,
As labourers and servants, too, the Saviour to adore,
Their faith and strength helped see things through, to serve both rich and poor.

That's how disciples were baptised, blessed by amazing grace,
Eternity once realised, beyond all taking place,
Then seeking God on Heaven's Throne, to gaze upon His face,
To know each Christian's not alone, but thankful, showing praise.
The centuries have come and gone, as shooting stars on high,
As little clouds that glide upon the cherished changing sky,
And snowflakes, track the pass of time, as generations fly,
Yet Christ remains, steadfast, sublime, and His return is nigh.

Ten thousand hymns a man may hear before he comes to Christ,
Far better, when a child draws near, believes and is baptised,
The invitation holding tight, the passport highly prized,
Who wisely prays by day and night, hosanna in the highest.
The invitation our God gives means knowing Jesus well,
With love enough, as each one lives, and truthful tales to tell,
With memories worth more than gold, each setback to dispel,
With fruitful works, though growing old, while warning still of Hell.

For this is Man without the Lord, defiant to the end,
Nor trusting God, without reward, no Saviour, Lord or friend,
Nor seeking peace in Paradise, no grace that God would send,
Oh, let it be, that each thinks twice, in time to comprehend.
For none has shed his blood to save each sinner but the Lord,
Or faced their tomb, their tomb or grave, with sinners thus restored,
Or rose from death, ascending high, disciples overawed,
Responding to Man's questions why that Man might stand assured.

The invitation stands today, in this one life we live,
The gift God says not to delay if we but choose to live,
A life of service yet to be, a blessing now and then,
Both now and for eternity, once we are born again.

Denis Martindale. February 2021.

The Gospel poem is about the ministry of God TV and 2021
as the year of God's Invitation, to be blessed by entering a real
relationship with the Father, the Son and the Holy Spirit.

Denis Martindale

My School Is Forcing Me To Do Poetry!

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Oh, the shame and the infamy,
To sit still in a room,
While teacher shares some poetry
That fills me full of gloom,
And presses down upon my heart,
My spirit and my soul,
Some ancient wisdom to impart,
My whole life to control.
Oh, the shame and the infamy,
When homework keeps me home,
When teacher wants my poetry,
And Dad won't let me roam,
And every single line I write,
My teacher doesn't like,
I'd rather play outside each night,
And ride upon my bike.
Oh, the shame and the infamy,
When tested every week,
Reciting someone's poetry
With rhymes so hard to speak,
Alliterations here and there,
And phrases stern and strange,
No wonder I think life's unfair,
But teacher hates to change.

They're paying him to teach this stuff,
Yet no-one's paying me!

PoemHunter.com

Well, mark my words, I've had enough!
I can't stand poetry!

Denis Martindale. February 2021.

Denis Martindale

Pray For Howard

How hard life hits our Christian friend, the one who shares so much,
Throughout this life until the end, no more our hands to touch,
When praying hands stay far apart, not as we prayed before,
Nor gentle beating of the heart, from where prayers start for sure.
A Christian heart stays full of love and God's amazing grace,
Content that Christ's grace proves enough, though setbacks can take place,
To steal away the hopes within, the joy that nestles there,
To sabotage, like mortal sin, that brings the heart despair.
When pains can linger like a cloud that hides the sun on high,
Such that we pray, with our heads bowed, perhaps just asking, WHY?
How hard life gets for great and small, before our very eyes,
While life is still God's miracle, he who wins souls is wise,
For there remains eternity, with Jesus as our friend,
And those we prayed for faithfully, on that we can depend.
Yet in the meantime, saints still pray, for ministers on Earth,
For congregations night and day, for ministries of worth,
For all who share Christ's Cross worldwide, for all both young and old,
Because Christ lives, though crucified! The greatest story ever told!
So pray for every pioneer, faithful in little things,
And knights in armour year-by-year, who serve the King of Kings.

Denis Martindale. January 2021.

This poem is a prayer for Howard Conder
and family and friends of Revelation TV's
Christian ministry on UK Sky channel 581.

Denis Martindale

Three Thousand Poems!

Each poet has to do the biz,
Before he proves that he's a wiz!
If not, then what's the point of this,
When that first written draft's amiss?
Enough to make the critics hiss,
Because those words were left as is,
Unedited, not granting bliss,
Not even worthy of a kiss!

Each poet learns the way to write,
To first inform and then excite,
Such that each reader finds delight!
Once writers write with all their might
Compressing themes with wise insight,
In sharing dreams to keep things bright!
Still telling truths in black and white,
And reaching for the highest height!

Each poet's shared what's thought his best,
Through words called from God's treasure chest,
Beyond first poems that addressed
Romantic rhymes! First loves confessed!
Past loneliness that finds no rest,
Far greater poems that impressed,
When true love's proof that hearts were blessed!
Three thousand poems! Who'd have guessed?

Denis Martindale. January 2021.

Denis Martindale

Seven Ages Of Starlight

There came a time of secrecy when research opened wide
A Superdrug supremacy that gave new powers inside,
When comic tales and mad extremes like atoms would collide,
That then brought nightmares, not just dreams, too great that none could hide.

A little girl with super strength and eyes like stars that shone,
Felt glad she stood out from the crowd that gladly cheered her on,
Would wear her costume feeling proud, her dreams to build upon,
Become a woman, yet at length, her innocence was gone.

But then so deep she fell from grace and lost her poise and style,
Compelled that solemn truth to face that stole her pretty smile,
And lingered, like fresh wounds that stay, and not just for a while,
But still, she fought against dismay and went the extra mile.

She met somebody else who cared, who listened patiently,
Yet he had secrets not yet shared, his tale of misery,
For tragedy had struck him, too, so he used subtlety,
To fight the enemies he knew, as long as he stayed free.

Manipulated now and then, she held back all her fears,
Of what had happened, where and when, to sometimes shed her tears,
And wear a mask that others wore protecting their careers,
Regardless of the daily chore that stretched across the years.

But finally, the stage now set: two sides, no longer one,
Surviving days despite regret, and everything they've done,
Pretending when a battle starts, then posing when it's won,
For who can mend their broken hearts, or show them where to run?

Injustice was the fatal chain that bound each one so tight,
And conscience was the tragic strain that haunted day and night,
As superheroes hide each crime, not seeking what proves right,
Perhaps, by God's grace, comes the time when good comes by Starlight.

Denis Martindale. January 2021.

The poem is about the superheroine, Starlight,
Annie January, played by the beautiful actress,
Erin Moriarty, in The Boys superheroes TV series.

Denis Martindale

Underneath The Sky

Underneath the sky, so high, the lands and seas remained,
And yet these sights must make God sigh, for some by blood were stained,
Men fought battles and men fought wars as if by these they gained,
Beyond the whys and the wherefores, when hate becomes ingrained.

From rocks to arrows, cast by bows, then came the spear and shield,
Yet from then on, God only knows, the deaths upon each field,
Then sweethearts, widows and Mothers, their hearts to sorrows yield,
For the fathers, sons and brothers, with tombstones now revealed.

It mattered not, if night or day, for armies still fought on,
Through win or lose, and come what may, until each life was gone,
Since war demands each drop of blood, each ray of hope that shone,
Dead armies, lifeless, mixed with mud, the stars must stare thereon.

Underneath the sky, so high, raindrops and snowflakes fall,
As if the Lord must sadly cry to get through to us all,
That war brings nought but pain and death to both the great and small,
To steal that final fading breath, that fleeting miracle.

PoemHunter.com

No wonder poets mourn the loss of good men young and old,
As each, in turn, they pass across life's threshold warm then cold,
To lose the body's heart and mind, death's secrets to behold,
To leave their loved ones here to find life's worth much more than gold.

Denis Martindale. January 2021.

Denis Martindale

Starlight

A little girl looks up at the stars,
Sees them as the twinkles in her Mother's eyes,
As ballerinas twirling upon the darkness of the stage,
As flickering flames above invisible candles,
As pearls cut loose from a necklace,
As snowballs splattered against a cosmic canvas.

A little girl looks up at the stars,
Sees them as tiny Tinker Bells waving Good-Night,
As bowling balls ready to be played,
As musical notes fit for a symphony,
As dolphins leaping across the firmament,
As beacons of hope, spinning and spanning the Universe.

Starlight shines amid the sadness, even for this broken world,
And hope is our superpower, our thanks for the gift of love,
With the sharing of each other from age-to-age,
A fitting example of courage for one and all,
With beauty everlasting amid uncertainty,
Undiminished except that sunlight outshines the night.

Starlight, be my friend, as you have befriended others,
And I will be your friend, wishing you well,
Looking out for you, looking up to you,
Giving thanks to God for you,
For what can compare to Starlight?

Denis Martindale. January 2021.

While the poem is about the stars at night,
it is also about the superheroine, Starlight,
Annie January, played by the beautiful actress,
Erin Moriarty, in The Boys superheroes TV series.

Denis Martindale

The Invention Of Poetry!

There came a time, one man used rhyme, to please a girl he met,
And all at once, with words sublime, came words not to forget,
As if he cast a magic spell, his true love to impart,
Before she chose to bid farewell, he sought to win her heart.
There were no roses close at hand, no candy he could share,
So he chose words he loved and planned to win that lady fair.

He told her she had sparkling eyes. Her lips were ruby red.
He told her she had brought him sighs. Perhaps they should be wed.
He told her he had money, too, enough to bring her joy,
If they got wed, then saw it through, to have a girl and boy.
That day, he swept her off her feet, because he was sincere,
Thank God she made his life complete from year-to-year-to-year.

He taught his son some poetry to help him find a wife,
So he could start a family and live a happy life,
His son wrote love songs now and then that neighbours overheard,
And pretty soon the other men were writing down each word.
From that time on, Man wrote and wrote, to share true love and more,
So if you, too, seek love, take note. Write poems by the score!

Denis Martindale. December 2020.

Denis Martindale

The Positive Power Of Prose!

The positive power of prose
Transcends both space and time,
Such that it speaks and overflows
Beyond the choice of rhyme,
And thus it has so much to share
When poets join the team,
For then it travels here and there,
As if within a dream.

The positive power of prose
Can challenge, or grant peace,
To praise our friends, despise our foes,
Whichever choices please,
To entertain, or educate,
Or merely set the scene,
To stimulate, or elevate
Great stories, evergreen.

The positive power of prose
Gets taught in schools each year,
And when that ends nobody knows,
Whatever may appear,
And while the poets do their best,
The readers must do, too,
Send cash to me, once you feel blessed,
By my prose just for YOU!

Denis Martindale. December 2020.

Denis Martindale

Random Rhythm And Rhyme

A poet sat and thought a while before he wrote again,
For random words had cramped his style as would a broken pen,
Yes, they had left him unimpressed, the little so-and-sos,
I must improve, the man confessed, as he surveyed his prose.

The writing books that he had seen had not helped him at all.
Although he proved himself quite keen to find some miracle,
Perhaps a prayer that God would bless would grant him fewer fears,
A simple shortcut to success could save him years of tears.

By faith, God's grace would then supply great truths he might impart,
Yes, words of wisdom from on high directed to his heart.
God knows the measure of a man, the things that he could share,
The destiny the Lord could plan anointed through such prayer.

The man remained until at last God's grace had proved sublime,
Revitalised, no more downcast, now writing all the time!

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale. Christmas Day 2020.

Denis Martindale

The Quality Street Tin Conundrum!

Though Christmas was just days away, a special treat, I got!
A tin of sweets! Should I delay? Or quickly scoff the lot?
Temptation grew each passing hour! Could I hold out for long?
Did I possess some greater power? Would I be weak or strong?
Must I hide sweets in the attic? Or in the garden shed?
Or eat them all? And then be sick? Alone at home in bed?
Or give that tin to someone else? Intact, unopened still?
Avoiding different chocolate smells that always brought a thrill?

Suffice to say I kept them all, each with its wrapper on,
Until, at last, no cause to stall, once Christmas Eve had gone.
One minute after midnight came! Thank God for Christmas Day!
I scoffed a dozen without shame then put the rest away.
Nobody came to visit me so in the afternoon,
I ate another twenty-three, quite slowly, not too soon.
I watched the telly on my own, contented at my feast,
Despite my belly, which had grown, another pound at least.

When I saw my belly button had dropped an inch or two,
I confessed I was a glutton, yet that was nothing new.
I'd been a naughty so-and-so, but learnt from my mistake,
And with that lesson there to know, ignored my Christmas cake.
But at the weekend that had gone, and all sweets left as well,
The empty tin now brightly shone, no more to cast its spell.
I know my weight won't stay the same with no treats left about!
My clothes won't fit my shrinking frame yet my teeth won't fall out!

I'll diet so that I lose weight! No tiny treats for me!
Until that day, I celebrate to weigh what I should be!
Next year, I'll pace myself for sure, just one sweet now and then,
Instead of two, or three, or four, or seven, eight, nine, ten!

Denis Martindale. December 2020.

Denis Martindale

Wateraid

The TV advert came on screen, its new appeal to share
With tender hearts not seen as mean, but precious hearts that care,
Each with a conscience spurred by love, compassion driving all,
To finance what might prove enough to bring a miracle.

Clean water can transform each life, grant hope where there was none,
Preserve the drinkers from such strife diseases have begun,
And aid the young and old as well, once water is on tap,
So it tastes good and doesn't smell and children smile and clap.

Here in the UK, there's GIFT AID, yet UK AID helps, too,
Such that I can increase my gift beyond what it can do,
So WaterAid gets blessed beyond donations that I give,
When children don't drink from a pond to risk what lives they live.

If I can give from year-to-year, or one-offs now and then,
I help bring waters crystal clear in ways beyond my ken,
As engineers and experts bless the future for Mankind,
I'll know I brought some happiness from water that they find.

That's why I give from what I save, content to prove I cared,
So others drink and also bathe, as finances were shared,
And in my prayers I tell the Lord, 'My love's all thanks to You,
While knowing You proves my reward, help me, there's more to do.'

Denis Martindale. December 2020.

The UK AID scheme matches UK donations
for specified dates shown now and then.
The UK AID logo is displayed to confirm
this on the charity's dot- org website.

Denis Martindale

Thank God For Christmas!

Thank God for Christmas! Yes, indeed, this miracle of grace,
For Man's salvation to succeed across the human race,
Such that the Christmas star declared the coming King of Kings,
So that the wise men came prepared with all their precious things.
Each came with gifts like Santa Claus before that man was born,
Each heart fulfilled its noble cause to worship Christ that morn,
And bless the Virgin Mary, too, the Mother of God's child,
Who carried Him for nine months through, and now was reconciled.
To think she went the extra mile with faith exceeding all,
To think she loved the Saviour's smile, God's mighty miracle,
And prayed for Him with utmost love no other mother's known,
Such that God's grace still proved enough with yet more wonders shown.
No wonder that believers sense that God, in turn, loves us,
To state, we're children not just friends when we trust Lord Jesus,
So celebrate the Saviour's birth, find faith as you rejoice,
Let children know that each has worth as little girls and boys.
While it may rain or even snow when Christmas comes along,
It's then the Saviour we can know in every Christmas song.
Thank God for Christmas! Yes, believe this miracle of grace,
For Man's salvation to receive across the human race!

Denis Martindale. December 2020.

Denis Martindale

It's Beginning To Look A Lot Like Christmas!

It started in September,
Yet with Halloween in tow,
Then October, then November,
Then that first sign of snow.
Some costs went up, stayed still, went down,
With bargains now and then,
Some people fret, some people frown,
Yet children smile again.

The credit cards are in full force,
And charities do well,
And Santa's on his sleigh, of course,
Along with Tinker Bell.
And elves are so well-organised,
With fairies flying high,
And Christmas films are rightly prized,
What magic they supply.

And even Jesus gets recalled,
In hymns both old and new,
Though every sceptic stays appalled,
As if without a clue.
Yet Christmas goes from year-to-year,
The Gospel to reveal,
The precious reasons for such cheer
That everyone should feel.

While those who love each Christmas time,
Embrace the season's joys,
Which God intends to be sublime
To bless both girls and boys.
Wrapped presents, and cool Christmas cards,
And chocolates here and there,
With kind folks sending their regards
And love beyond compare.

But don't forget the Saviour's love,
The reason for His day,
The King of Kings with grace enough,

To whom believers pray.
Without Him, Winter's cold and bleak,
Yet with Him, so much fun,
Give thanks to God as Christ's unique,
God's one and only Son!

Denis Martindale. December 2020.

Denis Martindale

Sightsavers!

The poem that you read today concerns the gift of sight,
Disease can steal that gift away. Donations ease that plight.
Healthcare's not like an equal share that spans across the globe,
Sightsavers asks that we should care and give the gift of hope.

Donations change the bad to good, that's just the way it is,
By blessing every neighbourhood, with love, that's like a kiss.
If we let conscience be our guide, we help our fellow man,
And every child who sat and cried not knowing what we plan.

We are their heroes when we give, no matter near or far,
We grant them better lives to live, no matter where they are.
Sightsavers paves the way to peace, so keep that thought in view.
Together we can fight disease. If I can, so can YOU!

Denis Martindale. December 2020.

PoemHunter.com

See sightsavers-dot-org to
see more about this charity.

Denis Martindale

Revolution Of The Daleks!

The Daleks think they've won the day,
The Master Race Man must obey,
The Doctor strives to find a way
To change the course of time.
When Daleks seek to seize control,
Their revolution takes its toll,
And that's when heroes play their role,
Yet heroes bide their time.

Companions come, companions go,
Yet once again they face the foe,
The battle rages to and fro,
To change the course of time.
When Daleks cheat and Daleks lie,
Their weapons soon make people die,
And courage seems in rare supply,
Yet heroes bide their time.

Stay strong and strive to be the best,
When darkness reigns and minds are stressed,
Despite the measure of the test
To change the course of time.
When Daleks glide and Daleks fly,
Nobody's safe on earth or sky,
And people pray and ask God, 'Why? '
Yet heroes bide their time.

No wonder people pray again,
And longer than just now and then,
For heroes and that moment when
They change the course of time.
Heroes unite to make their stand,
Each plays their part and lends a hand,
It's win or lose on hopes they've planned,
Time after time after time.

Denis Martindale. November 2020.

The poem is about Doctor Who
and Revolution of the Daleks.

Denis Martindale

Hermione, I Love You.

Her heart seems like an open book of all sweethearts you'll find,
It matters not how long you look, who knows what's on her mind?
You'll sit a spell with her in view, her lips too far away,
And that's my sad dilemma, too. Yes, every single day.
She's sometimes called a know-it-all because she studies much,
Her memory's a miracle, and yet she's out-of-touch.
She doesn't see the way I stare, each time she's walking by,
She doesn't see the love I share or hear my gentle sigh.
When she's gone, I miss Miss Granger, the girl who knows a lot,
But to her, I'm just a stranger, yet not that hard to spot.

I know I'm not the chosen one, the chosen one for her,
That's why when each school day's long done, to her, I'm just a blur.
A face within the crowd, no more, while we all potter round,
Not that one guy she's looking for, who makes her heart to pound,
And yet my heart makes me confess, my love is oh so real,
Her love's my wish for happiness, yet not with spells that steal.
So I must wait the time that's right, the time she smiles at me,
And I smile, too, with love's delight, that she, at last, can see.
If only that would come today, and all my dreams came true,
The day I hold her hand and say, Hermione, I love you.

Denis Martindale. November 2020.

The poem is about Hermione Granger, the Hogwart's hottie,
famously portrayed by Emma Watson in Harry Potter films.
Hermione has a secret admirer with true love each day for her.
He's just another boy in the crowd of boys she studies with,
just another boy with a schoolboy's crush, totally smitten with
Hermione, patiently biding his time, worshipping her from afar.

Denis Martindale

Get Googling!

When poets share their poetry
On poemhunter's site,
Then Google soon turns up to see
The wondrous words you write.

It's keeping track nothing to lack,
It's sharing what it can,
And pretty soon it's coming back
As if it's your best fan.

As years pass by, your readers share
On sites that Google finds,
It's up to you to stay aware
Of what's on people's minds.

Does YouTube share your poems, too?
Who's there to tell you so?
Dear poets, think! It's up to you,
Search Google, then you'll know.

PoemHunter.com

I've found my poems now and then,
And sometimes I'm amazed,
I checked today and once again
This matter must be raised.

Just think of all the good you do
That Google could unfold,
On sites beyond the ones you view,
And some are good as gold.

Stay in the know, use keywords tell,
Get Googling and get wise,
You'll say my, my and say well, well,
That's opened up my eyes!

Denis Martindale. November 2020.

Denis Martindale

Siberian Siblings

Two tiger cubs, what do they know?
Just siblings side-by-side,
And in the cold, and on the snow
That stretched out far and wide.
They saw it fall from skies above,
So white and crystal clear,
And once considered just enough,
It wouldn't disappear.

So those two cubs then walked around
Upon the settled snow,
Which made a gentle crunching sound
Each step the cubs would go.
The novelty, of course, wore thin,
And so the two laid still,
Not seeing why they should begin
To climb that nearby hill.

The slope would be quite slippery,
A challenge, yet no more,
With nothing but white scenery,
And that now seemed a bore.
Accepting things as they occur,
Content with life as such,
The two cubs settled where they were...
They don't get out that much!

Denis Martindale. November 2020.

This poem is about the magnificent
painting of two Siberian tiger cubs
by wildlife artist Stephen Gayford.

Denis Martindale

Against The Tide

By faith, the saints must overcome, as there's no other way,
As there's no future staying glum, that's why we kneel and pray,
That's why the Lord still oversees what Mankind must decide,
To stop the storm and grant us peace, to act against the tide.

By faith, the saints observe the times, as watchmen night and day,
And how the poets write their rhymes, in search of what to say,
That's why the Lord still shares such gifts that faith may still abide,
To stop the strife, His blessing lifts, to act against the tide.

By faith, the saints, both rich and poor, continue, come what may,
As long as there's an open door, to preach to those that stray,
That's why the Lord still sends us signs, beyond Christ crucified,
To stir the strength in hearts and minds, to act against the tide.

By faith, the saints must count the cost, to serve, trust and obey,
Put on God's armour, save the lost, salvation to portray,
That's why the Lord extends His love to all He calls His bride,
To strive to stand, with grace enough, to act against the tide.

For what is Man without the Lord? No blessings from on high,
No chance to truly be assured, just asking questions why,
To calculate, evaluate, to measure and assess,
Yet lacking faith there's nothing great that grants Man happiness.

Just moments here and moments there, a life without rewards,
Instead of what God has to share, through Christ, the Lord of Lords,
The King of Kings through Calvary, the Saviour of us all,
The author of eternity and every miracle.

The pity is, not all believe, so judgements still remain,
Beyond this life, when loved ones grieve, for those not born again,
That's why the Gospel shares God's Word and faith that grants us hope,
Beyond each sorrow that's occurred to Man across the globe.

The Scriptures wait each reader's gaze before they take effect,
Before the final end of days, such that we can reflect,
On prophecies that came to pass, on miracles divine,
His saints whose faith has proved first-class, as if an extra sign.

So why dismiss such evidence as if the wisest choice?
Man strays until he comprehends and hears God's inner voice.
The Holy Spirit strives with Man, until that final breath!
Who is the Saviour in God's plan? Jesus of Nazareth!

Denis Martindale. November 2020.

The poem is about a Gospel film called Against The Tide.

Denis Martindale

Out Of The Shadows

His eyes looked left and slowly right, beyond his tusks of grey,
Then up towards the clouds of white upon that sunny day,
And there was gratitude within, the joy of life and more,
That innocence that has no sin, that blessing without flaw.
Out of the shadows, he stood there, as he surveyed the scene,
Content to stand and gently stare, majestic yet serene,
As if he knew an inward peace, serenity sublime,
To partake of that Summer breeze that marked the pass of time.

And when I saw him take each stride, I saw tranquillity,
Despite the wrinkles on his hide, he showed no frowns, you see,
The legacy that he had built could rival all Mankind.
Just placid thoughts. No trace of guilt. No burdens left to find.
Yes, life was good, for him at least, so why not take a stroll?
And so that calm yet mighty beast walked to the waterhole,
And there to drink and there to bathe, to watch the world go by,
While unaware of God who gave the land, the sea, the sky.

I knew the Lord who made it all, and filled this world with life,
Such that each day's a miracle, despite Man's share of strife,
And like that elephant, I saw without a single care,
He lived a long life, that's for sure, without a single prayer.
But thankful more than any man that I had ever met,
Despite the lack of any plan or treasures he could get!
Yet I found more, thanks to God's love and that's worth living for,
Yet if you think you've found enough, there's more! There's more! There's more!

Denis Martindale. November 2020.

This poem is about the magnificent painting of
an elephant by wildlife artist Stephen Gayford.

Denis Martindale

What I Have Written, I Have Written

While true, as Pontius Pilate said,
Concerning words he wrote,
There was no cause to be misled,
But rather to take note.
And so today, when some would doubt,
A writer must declare,
And take that doubt and cast it out,
So all become aware.
When proofs display what has been done,
In good faith now and then,
The evidence shows everyone
The heart and mind again.
Across the years, from then to now,
The songs and poems came,
While each was shared some time, somehow,
My name remains the same.

Denis Martindale. October 2020.

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale

The Toad Less Travelled!

I had a dream, and saw a toad, quite motionless, in fact,
Such that it never crossed the road and chose not to react,
A little blob that looked at me yet meant me no offence,
But then again, quite plain to see, it sought not to be friends.
I understood its point of view and hardly said a word,
Just kept my distance, as you do, that's why it seldom stirred,
It kept its beady eyes alert, not looking left or right,
And merely stayed upon the dirt, not seeking greater height,
While I was over five foot tall, the toad showed me no fear,
To me, that seemed a miracle, as I stood standing here.
'How long do you intend to stay? ' I asked that tiny thing.
It told me straight, without delay, I was imagining!

'Why not go back, inside your home? You hardly leave it now.
You stay inside and never roam. No time, no way, no how.
We're quite a pair, the two of us, I sit here all day long,
But when did you last take the bus? Tell me, is something wrong? '
So I explained the way things are, here in twenty-twenty,
And why, in lockdown, won't go far, in fact, I told it plenty.
At first, it thought this was some joke, but learnt that's not the case,
And so it nodded as I spoke, a sad look on its face.
'Oh, well, at last, I've come to know, so I'll be moving on! '
And all at once, was on the go, and with three hops was gone,
To leave me lonely, suddenly, outside, and on the road,
Walking home, once more, to safety, still jealous of that toad!

Denis Martindale. October 2020

Denis Martindale

What A Great Idea!

Blessed is the poet now and then who sits down still and waits,
With patience for that moment when the poem activates,
And suddenly, that first line pens, as if without a care,
Remaining faithful as God's friends who seek the Lord in prayer.
With softness as a little dove, that pen begins its flow,
A pristine source of utmost love will guide it to and fro,
Such that each line stays crystal clear, with penmanship supreme,
With outlined thoughts for that idea, as if to share a dream.

Reflecting on the sights and sounds when mellowed in one's mind,
Inspecting treasure that astounds God meant for all Mankind,
And none can tell its reach at all across this Earthly globe,
For it's borne of a miracle, once fashioned full of hope.
It's then the poet knows what's next, for every single page,
The editing that once perplexed returns to centre stage,
And there persists, tenaciously, while patience bides its time,
Together, forming poetry, exquisitely sublime.

So poets of the world unite, God knows your talents well,
Just think of what's still left to write, and then sit down a spell,
Blessed is the poet who recites the lines repeatedly,
For further wisdom and insights that others never see,
Such that when shared, that poem shines, as brightly as a star,
Then comes the thought to readers' minds, how wonderful you are!
A touch of class, a touch of style, no wonder I feel blessed,
You made my day, then made me smile, and set my heart at rest!

Though sadness comes and sometimes blurs our faith so many ways,
God shared the treasure trove of verse, the psalms and hymns of praise!
So catch each idea as it starts, for each is our reward,
The Scriptures nestle in our hearts, like love songs from the Lord.
If we but share each noble thought, then readers stay content,
That's why in schools, each truth gets taught if each one's Heaven-sent!
Great poems come to those who sense what poetry can do,
It's why great poems stay like friends, and why God sent them, too!

Denis Martindale. October 2020.

Denis Martindale

By His Hand

From first to last, the Lord holds fast to all that He has planned,
Resources cast across the past determined by His hand,
As mortals choose their destinies, whatever fate allows,
With times of wars and times of peace, signed treaties, spoken vows.
Humanity within God's gaze, no matter, day or night,
And by His hand, He points out ways, with wisdom and insight.

While planets spin, like Earth and Mars, each with their grains of sand,
Behold the sun, the moon and stars grant light to understand,
So challenge God at every turn, and you find nought to gain,
Without humility to learn, and all complaints restrain,
For what is Man, once born of dust, that he could know God's best?
Without the Lord, who could we trust, and make sure we are blessed?

Can kings command the stars to move or comets near the Earth?
Or stop the sun, as if to prove Man's darkness has some worth?
Or heal the air, the lands, the seas that Man pollutes each year?
Or grant souls everlasting peace and wipe away each tear?
Yet God gives Man some time to pray, beseeching if he will,
Requesting time to live God's way, for God is faithful still.

The Lord will hear the humble heart, the broken heart as well,
And grant each one a brand new start, redeeming souls from Hell.
Praise God, give thanks, for preachers preach to billions far and wide,
The Saviour, Jesus, came to teach and yet was crucified,
Christ shed His blood with love because His death meant sin was gone,
When left to die upon the Cross, as Mary still looked on.

With one hand left, and one hand right, each nailed and held above,
Christ proved that He had won the fight, behold the King of Love,
The reign of evil overthrown, Jesus had risen, indeed,
God's pardon seen, by His hand shown, as promised, now decreed.
Behold the Lord's amazing grace, pristine, refined like gold!
No wonder that we should embrace the greatest story ever told!

Denis Martindale. October 2020.

This Gospel poem is a tribute to GOD TV's 25 years of sharing the Gospel Of Jesus across the world and the TV shows called By His Hand shown on the GOD TV channel in October 2020.

Denis Martindale

Stargirl!

Some girls aren't known as heroines, as they must go to school,
Until their destiny begins and has to overrule,
And then things change, when truths get told, when secrets come to light,
When plans and schemes and dreams unfold each passing day and night.

That's how she went from all she knew to see what heroes are,
Yet not until that time was due, to wish upon a star,
To contemplate her share of fate, her legacy and more,
When stars align and congregate for her like none before.

Then all at once, her heart embraced her chance to set things right,
Such that the tragic past was faced when heroes stood to fight,
When justice fought and paid the cost, then came the sacrifice,
When heroes died, their battle lost, with death the final price.

Then years went by until the time appointed to occur,
And Stargirl stood supreme, sublime, alone, none helping her.
But that was not the end at all, with new skills brought to bear,
She had to train, and then stand tall, then find friends here and there.

From such as these, she saw the good that lived within their hearts,
And that's a gift when understood, for that's how courage starts.
With relics from the past at hand, more heroes joined as well,
When justice formed and crossed the land, adventures yet to tell.

While there's such beauty in her smile, her precious golden hair,
Her costume has that star-blessed style, so she looks debonair,
Put to the test Stargirl stays tough, that's just the way it is,
Yet she's a dream girl full of love, the kind a guy should kiss.

So if you see a shooting star across the sky one night,
That could be Stargirl flying far until she's out of sight,
To speed across from here to there, wherever she must go,
With beauty that's beyond compare, more than you'll ever know!

Denis Martindale. October 2020.

Denis Martindale

How Heavy Was The Jesus Cross?

How heavy was the Jesus Cross, those men forced Christ to bear?
That fateful Cross despised because of pains Christ had to share,
That sapped His strength upon His path to Calvary and death,
To end up as His epitaph, Jesus of Nazareth?
How heavy was the Jesus Cross, those men forced Christ to hold?
That awful Cross that brought such loss, to Him, worth more than gold,
To Him, who made that very tree, its roots and branches, too,
For that one day, and Calvary, prepared to die for you?
How heavy was the Jesus Cross, those men forced Christ to brave?
That bloodied Cross where scoffers toss their insults, will God save?
To Him, who knew no sin at all, to Him, who chose to die,
Not asking for a miracle, the crowd still asking why?
That chosen Cross, it weighed so much, upon the King of Kings,
Yes, this we know, its weight was such, men trembled at such things,
Too much for Him that some despaired because Christ could have died,
So soldiers from this burden spared, yet then Christ crucified.
So think again, how weak Christ was, once whipped, and body scourged,
Then hoisted high upon that Cross, for that His people urged.
Christ interceded even then, 'They know not what they do',
Psalm twenty-two foretold this when the Saviour died for you.

Denis Martindale. October 2020.

Denis Martindale

Think! Think! ! Think! ! !

Stand back, gangway! I'm coming through,
With one more poem just for you!
I'm writing it, right now, in fact,
Sometimes that's how my thoughts react!
So here it is, and here it goes,
When writing on-the-spot who knows?
It could be good or even great,
If so, it's time to celebrate.
A gentle rhythm for each line,
Most times it's eight instead of nine,
So syllables help me write verse,
Next line gets six as I immerse,
Then back to eight and six again,
Just as hymn writers way back when.
I've written thousands in this style,
Some made me laugh and made me smile.
This poem's switched, each line has eight,
No wonder that I'm in a state,
Yet I thank God I chose this road,
For poetry that's gently flowed,
Then shared on poemhunter, too.
So why not go and read a few?
My e-book's there for visitors,
Who like a poem's rhyming verse.
The e-book's free, yet worth a mint,
And that's the reason why I'm skint!

Denis Martindale. October 2020.

Denis Martindale

She's Everywhere!

He told me, I can close my eyes, and yet still see her face!
That came to me as no surprise, as miracles take place.
He showed her photo then to me, and then I fell for her,
Her precious face is all I see, and all else is a blur.
Now all my past loves ever known are distanced from my heart,
I love her now and her alone, for love has played its part.
My friend and I must now compete and she, of course, must choose,
My friend is now the man to beat, and someone has to lose.

And yet I must refrain from this, my friendship means so much,
It's worth much more than her sweet kiss and soft caressing touch.
No double dating for a while, to meet her now and then,
No hopes of waiting for her smile then pining once again.
I've got to keep safe distance now and wear a mask as well,
And hope the passing weeks allow my secret not to tell.
My friend deserves a better friend than I could ever be,
I'm praying that my love will end and somehow set me free.

And yet that girl is beautiful, and so hard to forget,
And every bit adorable, and everywhere and yet,
My friend has helped me through the years, like no-one else I've known,
And for his sake, I'll face my fears, with tears when I'm alone.
A few more weeks, to let love fade, until this love has gone,
Then I can meet him unafraid, as friendship carries on.
Who knows? He might yet marry her and raise a family.
So I must let her image blur within each part of me.

Denis Martindale. October 2020.

Denis Martindale

Should I Follow My Dream?

When as a dreamer, you asked this, Should I follow my dream?
This chance persists, too great to miss, think good thoughts not extreme,
For if a poet you would be, as millions have before,
Pick up your pen for poetry, for poetry galore.
The blood that flows within your veins is precious in God's sight,
Imagination still remains, within your mind tonight,
Tomorrow, it will still be there, a treasure trove at hand,
A treasure trove beyond compare, placed there to understand.
It's yours alone to sift and sort, with phrases old and new,
It's like a Summer breeze once caught that fills you through and through.

A Summer breeze yet not a storm that shakes your very soul,
A Summer breeze that keeps you warm, as poems you control.
Yes, Summer fruits are here and there, upon the Poet Tree,
Their taste so sweet, if you but share, as is your destiny.
So why deny that better part that nestles deep within,
Or raise a shield upon your heart, as if not meant to win?
A poem's not a novel, friend, composed of many lines,
You edit and then reach the end until that poem shines.
I've written thousands through the years to leave my legacy,
I overcame all kinds of fears blessed by my poetry.

I made folks laugh, and made folks smile, and made some think anew,
I even went the extra mile, for poets just like you.
And yet your choice arrives each day, as strange as that may seem,
To write a poem on your way, if that is still your dream.
A little time and energy, a portion of God's grace,
A prayer for poems yet to be so poems can take place.
The challenge to explore, my friend, is all you seem to need,
Just read the poems that I've penned, as they helped me succeed.
I'm proof enough of what could be, with each new verse I get,
And poems that were on TV and now the Internet.

Denis Martindale. October 2020.

Denis Martindale

O.K., What Was Your Last Poem?

Now, don't be shy, we're all friends here,
Recite the words you wrote,
We'll have a laugh or shed a tear,
As everyone takes note.
Make sure each word sounds crystal clear,
It's now your chance to shine,
So stand up straight and be a dear,
Let's hear it line-by-line.

Tell us your tales, your joys, your aches,
As that's what poets do,
Once done, that's when all silence breaks,
We'll clap and smile at you.
We'll know that you've got what it takes,
The way you edit stuff,
Took extra care for all our sakes,
To share the things you love.

We promise not to cough or sneeze,
So everything gets heard,
And sit quite still, put you at ease,
Reflect upon each word.
No twiddling thumbs, no jangling keys,
No ceiling stares, dear friend,
Just rapt attention, perfect peace,
Until the very end!

Denis Martindale. October 2020.

Denis Martindale

Broken But Not Beaten!

Before I walked back home again to gently shut the door,
I had to stop the moment when a butterfly I saw,
And followed it to watch its wings, to see the patterns there,
As God through Nature shows me things if I but stop and stare.
Two wings I saw, one further down, just three brown wings so small,
Yet it had flown across the town, was this a miracle?
This broken creature made me pause, such that I had to stay,
For not all creatures have such flaws, good fortune stripped away.

It seemed as if it posed for me, that I must learn again,
The cost life asks for flying free, the damage now and then.
Though just a brown-winged butterfly, not red, or white or blue,
It made me sad and made me sigh for what else could I do?
And so I followed it once more before it left the scene,
Despite the fact it had this flaw, in truth, it looked serene,
No sign of pain or anguish shown, no faltering at all,
And it was this I sensed alone, the greater miracle.

For not all suffer such a loss, and choose to carry on,
Some face their sorrows as their cross as if all hope has gone.
That butterfly will never know the lessons it had taught,
Before at last, it had to go, what wonders it had brought.
And yet I know, in my old age, the setbacks time presents,
I've faced each one at every stage, with faith as my defence!
While I've got faith, in full supply, to help my fellow man,
I'll think of that brave butterfly, and do the best I can!

Denis Martindale. October 2020.

Denis Martindale

Portrait Of A Prince - Study Notes

There are times I write some verses
And wish I'd taken notes.
There are times God grants His mercies,
And these prove antidotes.
So now I can make updates known,
Explaining here and there.
When I explore the Writing Zone,
Another time to share...

Denis Martindale. September 2020.

This poem is written about the magnificent paintings by UK artist Stephen Gayford in response to the close-up tiger painting Portrait of a Prince. The poem about that painting is included in English poetry studies shown in YouTube teaching videos.

PoemHunter.com

I wrote some notes to explain the poem and created these as an image below the poem and included the original painting image...

Search poemhunter for Portrait Of A Prince.

Denis Martindale

The Perfect Peace Of Poetry!

My poetry stays on my mind, just like a faithful friend,
And so I write for all Mankind until my life must end,
Though I used to watch the telly, and check the papers, too,
Now I only stop for coffee, my word, I drank a few,
Then I return and sit once more, another verse to write,
Perhaps a poem still in store before I sleep tonight.

So I stare at the P.C. screen, so white before my eyes,
My life as it has always been and that is no surprise,
Just stay at home day-after-day, so seldom to go out,
No holidays, or trips away, of that there is no doubt,
So either sleep or poetry, no girlfriend here in sight,
And yet I wonder what would be if I had one tonight.

Would I keep writing poems here, or go out on a date,
Too busy saying, yes, my dear, new love to celebrate,
Or choose to stick to what I know, and live a peaceful life,
Not watch my money go, go, go because I had a wife,
Just keep the house, and keep the peace, and keep my poetry,
Or should I pay those lawyer fees as if my destiny?

With no cuddles and no kisses, no sweetheart ring to wear,
With no wedding and no Missus, no honeymoon to share,
It could be best to carry on until I'm old and grey,
Until my very life has gone, or God calls me away,
No daily problems facing me, and no divorce or worse,
Just perfect, peaceful harmony, my universe of verse.

Denis Martindale. September 2020.

Denis Martindale

Research!

Respect resources far and wide, no matter old or new,
Express your thanks for all who tried, perhaps upvote a few.
Seek out the best that you can find, for that pays dividends,
Extending knowledge to Mankind, that's bound to make more friends.
And think of things that you can share upon the Internet,
Reflect upon what you do there, leave others in your debt.
Choose what to write, then edit well, as all researchers should,
Hate every lie that casts a spell, and seek the common good.

Denis Martindale. September 2020.

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Love Spell

A is for Ami, my latest girlfriend,
B is for Bella, sweetheart to the end.
C is for Cleo, the girl on the Nile,
D is for Deirdre, the girl with the smile.
E is for Emma, with what's on her mind,
F is for Fifi, that girl left behind.
G is for Geri, that spicy young girl,
H is for Holly, her hair in a twirl.
I is for Ingrid, a pretty film star,
J is for Jenny, but she went too far.
K is for Katie, still watched on TV,
L is for Linsey, the dreamgirl for me.
M is for Mandy, not dated somehow,
N is for Nikki, who I miss right now.
O is for Olive, who Popeye loved, too,
P is for Patty, the things she could do.
Q is for Queenie if that was her name,
R is for Raquel, that figure's her fame.
S is for Sarah, for which love lives on,
T is for Traci, who woke, then was gone.
U is for Una, so kind, and so sweet,
V is for Vicki, so quick on her feet.
W is for Wonder, both Woman, and Girl,
X is for Xena, that Princess, that pearl.
Y is for Yvonne, who lived up the hill,
Z is for Zenda, oh, man, what a thrill.

Denis Martindale. September 2020.

Denis Martindale

Let's Cling To Recycling!

So many species fading fast, we won't see these again,
Endangered species may not last, just lastly seen by men.
Recycling is the better path, in oh so many ways,
Else God will read Man's epitaph, without one hint of praise.
When businesses are going great, with profits everywhere,
They leave this sad world in a state when acting without care.
With rubbish landfill sites galore, with oceans full of waste,
With poisons that we all deplore, some traced, yet not erased.
Man plays the savage now and then, as he cuts forests down,
He first sees profits, counts to ten, then really goes to town,
Yet thankfully, some people seek to plant trees when they can,
If not for these, the future's bleak, as there's no other plan.

We can't all leave this world behind, escaping what we've done,
That's not the future for Mankind that then saves everyone,
To wander near and wander far, across the void of space,
Perhaps to find some twinkling star, to grant us extra grace.
Nor does it resurrect the dead, the creatures we've destroyed,
No wonder, when we look ahead, we know that God's annoyed.
Yet if we change, like Scrooge once chose, at least we'd make a start,
But that depends on us, God knows, we need a change of heart.
If not for stewards acting now, we've no more heroes left,
This world will go to Hell somehow, to leave Mankind bereft.
Recycling changes everything when common sense occurs,
And to its wisdom, we should cling, or else Mankind gets worse.

Let's fight for all our future dreams, not nightmares borne of greed.
Recycling helps reduce extremes, and truly meets the need,
Then more recycling, even more, before we're just too late,
Else this old world will die for sure because of Mankind's fate.

Denis Martindale. September 2020.

Denis Martindale

The Creator

I stare at stars that shine above,
and ask if these are proof enough,
that God made everything to plan.

I stare with eyes my God has made,
and suddenly I see doubts fade,
as I, this universe, might scan.

And with my ears, I hear birds sing,
and, oh, what happiness they bring,
for I, too, whistle, as they can.

Designed to be a miracle,
God made my face quite capable,
and God knows I'm a grateful man!

Denis Martindale. September 2020.

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Before The Wrath

Behold the Scriptures one-by-one before life says goodbye,
For they explain about God's Son, and why Christ had to die,
And why the risen Lord has gone for centuries and more,
And why the Church must carry on, the Gospel to ensure.
The Bride awaits her special day, with good works here and there,
Before the Lord takes her away to safety that's elsewhere,
The day the world will not forget, that's when the nations mourn,
The day the world will taste regret upon that fateful dawn.
From ancient times, the Scriptures taught, through prophecies revealed,
From Revelations' last report, few secrets left concealed,
Then evidence amounted still, kept safe until the end,
Prepared for those who served God's will, the Gospel to defend.
The last days come, then last days go, until God's special day,
The Saviour comes, and saints will know, there's no time left to stay.
The world has had its time to choose, and now its grace has lost,
Amazing grace, thus to refuse, and so they pay the cost.
What will God do, once that day's done, to save lost souls at all,
To hold back judgements from each one who mocked each miracle,
Or thought that Heaven was a lie, a tale they could dismiss,
No future home when people die, no Paradise or bliss?
I mourn for sceptics young and old, the unforgiven souls,
Those proved as foolish, proud and bold, their theories full of holes.
Yet God will judge each heart and mind, each motive good or bad,
For every person left behind, and every chance they had.

Denis Martindale. September 2020.

This poem is regarding the
Last Days film documentary,
narrated by actor Kevin Sorbo,
called, Before The Wrath.

Denis Martindale

Supergirl And Superman: Stronger Together!

Take time to study when you can,
Heed what advice there is,
Experts will help their fellow man,
Point out what others miss.
Reach out to mentors you can trust,
Or lose their insights, too,
For wisdom comes with truths discussed,
Expressing points of view.
Since amateurs stay amateurs,
Strive not to stay that way,
It's overcoming what occurs,
Or else lose out each day.
Nothing changes unless it's blessed,
And God prepares your hearts,
Life's lessons help become the best,
So that's when teamwork starts!

Denis Martindale. September 2020.

PoemHunter.com

This is an acrostic style poem
that spells out THE PROFESSIONALS.

Denis Martindale

Education New Normal Style 2020

The children leave their homes once more, the new term to embrace,
With brand new lessons to explore, each other now to face,
And who knows if they show more care, or wash their hands at all,
Or if a cough will cause a scare as they walk down the hall?

If all goes well, their lives are safe, and teachers praise the Lord,
If not, then who knows who stays brave, should health risks be ignored?
No wife or children, yes, I know, I'm free from such concerns,
But parents watch their children go and hope that each one learns.

Yet what is education worth, if risks are all around,
When everywhere, upon this Earth, such risks have still been found?
When rumours spread for such disease, statistics prove these true,
And they're not likely to bring peace when seeking what to do.

Will children sing the hymns we sang in schools so long ago,
When faith in little hearts once sprang, when hopes began to grow,
When teachers had respect and more, when lessons taught a lot,
Or will high standards prove a chore, as blessings they forgot?

No wonder that the mothers pray, with questions on their minds,
Not knowing what will come each day, or what tomorrow finds,
But this I know, of all things known, be vigilant and wise,
Else each prolongs this Twilight Zone, surprise, surprise, surprise.

Denis Martindale. September 2020.

Denis Martindale

The Passion Of The Christ: Resurrection

Christ's body lowered from His cross, placed in the tomb to lay,
Dead to the world Christ's body was, upon that fateful day,
As friends wept for the friend they lost, not thinking He would rise,
Because they saw what death had cost, before their very eyes.

God set forth plans of forgiving, through holy blood Christ shed,
Christ was cut off from the living, just as the Scriptures said,
The sacrifice of innocence, shown faithful to the end,
Thought greater than Man comprehends that God, His Son, would send.

Despite God's kingdom at Christ's feet, the Romans held on tight,
They know that they were hard to beat and fought with all their might,
Lord Jesus now the proof of that, the Romans smiled once more,
They guarded where the tomb was at, so people knew the score.

No resurrection promise kept, no Jesus standing tall,
Just Jesus, as His body slept, no future miracle,
Yet God saw where His Son remained, and chose to bide His time,
For many lost souls would be gained, through prophecies sublime.

For prophecies must wait their turn, fulfilling Calvary,
Then far beyond what Man could learn, fulfilling destiny,
Amazing grace now called enough, God's power proved a fact,
God's angels witnessed from above, now was their time to act.

That's when disciples gathered near, their mission to restore,
With each one having faith, not fear, and miracles galore,
To see the proof with their own eyes, to hear with their own ears,
To praise God as they realise each blessing that appears.

Behold Christ's resurrection day, disciples of the Lord,
For you will see Him walk your way, and talk with you assured,
Christ's resurrection miracle is something to behold,
Because God shared with one and all the greatest story ever told.

Denis Martindale. September 2020.

This Gospel poem is regarding the future Gospel
film sequel, The Passion Of The Christ: Resurrection.

Denis Martindale

The Good-And-Beautiful Poem!

The good-and-beautiful poem can come to us one night,
Or visit us upon a whim, perchance that we might write,
Else glide away to find someone with wisdom and insight,
Who has a noble sense of fun and seeks to stay polite.

For there are writers who don't care and treat life with disdain,
The cynics who don't strive to share and with their thoughts remain,
And poets prone to dark despair, with sorrows on the brain,
And that, of course, is their affair, if they won't write again.

Yet seek me out, when I awake, from dreams that offer nought,
Yes, seek me out, for goodness sake, recalling truths I taught,
And let me in on what to do, then guide me deep in thought,
That I may write and thus please you, by writing what I ought.

My life is coming to an end, so grant me some reprise,
Extending life, as would a friend, bestowing inner peace,
To use the hours left to spend, so beauty I release,
To share whatever God may send, Whose wonders never cease.

Is this too much, too hard a task, to get a second chance?
Is this too great for me to ask good poems to enhance?
Great expectations grow in me just like red roses do!
So why not bless my poetry? I'd do the same for you!

Denis Martindale. September 2020.

Denis Martindale

God-Blessed Creativity!

Without my mind and memory, how can I still create,
To write beyond reality, my destiny and fate,
To fashion phrases, thoughts, and things, with rhythms, and their rhymes,
To let them rise, on eagles' wings, in search of better times?
Without my prayers, what would I be? Alone, myself to blame,
Yet God grants visions I can see, so life's no more the same,
And God grants dreams that come by night, and daydreams for each day,
And God grants gifts that helped me write, no matter, come what may.
I learnt the craft like those before, from other writers' pens,
For they've created books galore, as such, these stayed my friends.
I've gathered ideas from afar, from those in different lands,
I've followed every rising star, whatever life demands.
I've risen from a night of sleep, then written on-the-spot,
Then edited what's good to keep, with thanks for what I've got,
Then taken that and sharedupon the Internet,
Then praying that it turned out fine, that's what I seem to get.
So if I can, then you can, too. Have you the time to spare?
Have you the poet's heart in you, the choice to care and share?
Have you the wisdom to respect what writing rules can mean?
Have you the challenge to accept, the chance to set the scene?
For there are days when ideas stray, and thoughts are deadly slow,
And setbacks cause us more delay until their time to go,
Yet when they go, it's time once more, that's when new hopes take hold,
The Writing Zone's an open door, with tales as good as gold.
So study well, and do your best, each time you pause to try,
As if this proved your holy quest until life says goodbye.
It's what a poet's called to do, regardless, day or night!
The choice, of course, remains with you, each chance you get to write!

Denis Martindale. September 2020.

Denis Martindale

The Challenge Of Choice!

Behold the poem that I write, the choice of words to speak.
It's user-friendly, upbeat, bright, its eloquence unique.
Vivacious as a shooting star, and lightning flashes, too,
And graciously, like poems are, it shares my point of view.

The dictionary proves the key, the treasure trove at hand.
The visionary? Well, that's me. I strive to understand.
For words, as rainbows set the scene, each colour sets the tone.
The readers must know what I mean, or else I stand alone.

That's why I pick and choose the best, then edit with my pen,
And when complete, it's time to rest, and thank God once again.
Great poems help our spirits lift, like pure gold once refined,
For poems are God's precious gift, anointed for Mankind.

Denis Martindale. September 2020.

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

The Twenty-Twenty Twilight Zone!

I don't shake hands, like months before, or pat friends on the back,
Or kiss upon the cheek and more, and feel I'm losing track.
I smile and wave then say, 'I'm fine! God bless for asking me! '
It's after that, I draw the line then exit gracefully.
Lock up the door for lockdown mode, watch TV now and then.
For me, that's not some heavy load as known by other men.
A pensioner like me stays still, what use is there to roam?
Just stay inside and don't get ill, stay safe and stay at home.
I've got my old computer here with email news and such,
And tell the friends that I hold dear, it's nice to stay in touch!
My twenty-twenty twilight zone means that I must be brave,
Because this living home alone feels silent as the grave.
So I persist, and persevere, as others seek the cure,
Not knowing if it will appear, yet striving to endure.
The Internet's got loads of news, and updates day-by-day,
Statistics, and more points of views, as experts have their say.
The children have to go to school, with all that this entails,
As someone somewhere made that rule, and that rule tipped the scales.
October's soon, then Halloween, with parties planned for weeks,
Despite the deaths we've known not seen, there'll still be zombie freaks!
With Christmas Day to follow, too, and presents to and fro!
Will we survive, will I, will you? My friends, I just don't know!

Denis Martindale. September 2020.

Denis Martindale

How Will I Create A Poem?

How will I create a poem expressing who I am?
Do I go out upon a limb like I don't give a damn?
Or do I sit awhile and muse upon my past and more,
As if the very words I choose would be the final score?
I see much further than this life, to what I leave behind,
Beyond the setbacks, and the strife encountered by Mankind.
There's much more when a poet writes, or artists paint for frames,
Investing many days and nights, that having talent claims.
The shifting sands of time must move, and age must take its toll,
Yet all the while, can I improve, and thus maintain my role?
The portion that God gave to me may one day reach its end,
And when I face eternity, will I still be His friend?
Or just a servant in a crowd including great and small,
Someone amazing grace allowed, thanks to God's miracle?
To make the numbers up that day, just there through charity?
Just for the prayers, I chose to pray, not for my poetry?
How can I know the Lord's intent, for no-one understands?
Yet I know what Christ's love has meant, and leave things in God's hands.
That's why I write my poems out and share them far and wide,
To shield such hearts and minds from doubt, to let true faith abide.
And should I make some laugh or cry, I know why I still write,
As each new day perhaps I'll die, beholding Death's dark night.
So why not write a poem now? I've nothing much to lose.
Just press ahead and share somehow with Gentiles and with Jews.
To write for young and old as well, before I must depart,
Since I've got things still left to tell, and some are off the chart!

Denis Martindale. September 2020.

Denis Martindale

My Favrit Skool Teecher!

Joan wos my Inglish teecher
As pritty as kood be
And yet so hart to reecher
As she wos six foot free
And wuns I allmost kissed her
The day I got reel close
But wen she mooved I missed her
And we tutched noze to noze
She staired at me I staired at her
A site hart to injoy
Wile I hoped she woodunt matter
She sed you norty boy
Off corse I tride to play fings cool
But then to my sirprize
Heddmarster kicked me outa skool
And that opunned my eyes
Ill nevver kiss a lady
Ill nevver kiss a girl
Id fite them if they made me
Id kringe as my feet kerl
I fink Id rarver live a loan
My yeers wiv out a wife
Allthow Im still in love wiv Joan
Ill love her all my life

Denis Martindale. September 2020.

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

If Only!

If we but study IF again, will we see something new?
Beyond those decades, way back when, and what folks chose to do?
The way they sought to rise above the common man as such,
And yet remain so full of love they sought to stay in touch.
The way that discipline was all, despite when rules proved hard.
Amazing grace! God's miracle! Quite joyful to regard.
The way that good luck stays a while, then off it goes in time,
To bring a man a happy smile, as if things were sublime.
The way that bad luck brings him down, and brings his hopes to nought,
And yet he nods, despite his frown, and seeks more noble thought.
The way that folks unite as one, enjoying life once more,
With evening parties full of fun, regardless, peace or war.
The way that courage turns the tide, rebuilding on what's left,
When faith renews, new hopes abide, no more to feel bereft.
The way that wisdom thinks of things, like what would Father say?
Yet who knows what the future brings? No wonder we should pray.
The way that time can heal our cares, that's wondrous to behold,
And how it deals with Man's affairs, that's worth much more than gold.
For wealth can grow, just like a tree, until the lightning strikes,
So be the best a man can be, not acting as he likes.
The way ahead stays lost from sight, just as the morning sun,
So think ahead for future's bright, that's how each battle's won.
That's what the poem's all about, it blesses one and all,
Faith overcomes the darkest doubt, just like a miracle.
It sees beyond the tragic day, it sees beyond the tears,
It sees beyond the times we stray, as we survive the years.
Mankind was made to scan the skies, to map the world as well,
To plan again for Paradise, for Heaven and not Hell.
To live one's life with all one's might, humility on show.
That's why a Father cared to write, to share what Fathers know,
To overcome the setbacks shown, is that too much to ask?
Yet each has friends. We're not alone. As one, we face the task.
And should friends fail, we should forgive, and call them friends again.
With that thought, Denis Martindale, it's time, lay down your pen.

Denis Martindale. September 2020.

This IF ONLY poem is about the famous poem IF
and the special sentiments of a Father to a Son...

Denis Martindale

Add 'em, Adam!

Add 'em, Adam, and calculate, because of these God gave no mate,
Not one with which to reproduce, so even now, you've no excuse.
For it takes two to make Mankind, not one until someone you find.
Of all the creatures that you view, not one was fashioned just for you.
While nothing stings like loneliness, it's happiness that's meant to bless,
And that's delayed until it's time, but when it comes, it proves sublime.
For there she stands, two legs, two arms, two eyes, two lips fulfil her charms,
Two thumbs, eight fingers, and ten toes, each well-designed, so she could pose.
As God created her so well, far greater than mere words could tell,
No greater gift could God suggest, that could help you be more impressed
Than what you see with your two eyes, which just for you the Lord supplies.
Although she stands three feet away, in truth she's made to make your day,
And so you stand amazed, engrossed because, of all things, she's the most.
As waterfalls, her hair cascades, and so that memory never fades
But lingers as you sleep at night because she's such a wondrous sight.
Of all the sights you'll ever see, you'll count them so much less than she.
A thousand stars may shine above, yet none outshines the eyes of love!
But that's the great divide, of course! That led you two to break God's laws!
Cast out from Eden long ago! It's too late now! But that you know!

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale. September 2020.

Denis Martindale

Lord, How Do I Write Like Saint Paul?

Lord, how do I write like Saint Paul, anointed as he was?
I know I'd need a miracle to preach about the Cross.
Christ said His grace was quite enough, granting Paul His favour,
Who wrote of Him, the King of Love, Jesus Christ, our Saviour.
Yet Paul was quite the scholar, too, and blameless to the law,
So credit there, where it was due, for who could ask for more?
Yet You gave more, and more besides. Is there some left for me?
If so, the Holy Spirit guides with truth and prophecy,
Such that the Heavens split apart, and Paradise awaits.
If You but heal this broken heart, to enter Heaven's Gates.
To let me walk with saints You chose to write like Paul as well,
To preach, before their lives must close, to save lost souls from Hell.
If I but study what Paul shared, I'd imitate each phrase.
I'd stimulate, so others cared, to sing the Saviour's praise.
I'd fashion phrases to impress the doubters to repent,
Through waterfalls of happiness, and diamonds, Heaven-sent,
And perfumes, fit for royalty, and robes, pristine and white,
If You would bless my poetry, with wondrous words to write.
If not, then why deny this soul, this diamond in the rough?
This writer with a single goal, to share the Saviour's love.
How else could I begin to know the Scriptures to impart,
Unless You helped my faith to grow to pour out from my heart?
Lord, I don't speak in tongues as yet, nor meet with crowds each day,
Yet, Lord, I've got the Internet, why then must I delay?
Anoint me, Lord, to write like Paul, with precious poetry.
If You bestow this miracle, I'll leave a legacy!
While centuries go fleeting by, the poems will endure!
Explaining why Christ had to die, forgiveness to ensure!

Denis Martindale. September 2020.

Denis Martindale

What Is A Letter To Myself?

A is for answers that surely succeed.
B is for beauty, that person I need.
C is for courage to help me along.
D is for duty to help me stay strong.
E is for effort that I must put in.
F is for faithful since that helps me win.
G is for greatness that's waiting for me.
H is for happy, for then I shall be.
I is for insight that comes when I write.
J is for journeys I take day and night.
K is for knowledge that every year brings.
L is for living like all living things.
M is for Mankind, of which I'm a part.
N is for Nature that captures my heart.
O is for others that I'm yet to greet.
P is for pretty. The girls yet to meet.
Q is for questions that challenge so much.
R is for rapture. Christ's coming as such.
S is for Saviour. God's Son. Lord of Lords.
T is for treasure when He grants rewards.
U is for useful. To give all I've got.
V is for value by helping a lot.
W is for wonder in all that I see.
X is for Xmas. What else could it be?
Y is for yawning and my sleepy head!
Z is for zipping off quickly to bed!

Denis Martindale. September 2020.

Denis Martindale

The Eagle-Eyed Poets

Each poet starts on a learning curve until the vocabulary skills improve, and the editing does, too. The poet begins as the thoughtful thought-creator, seeking to establish a starting point, before writing in earnest, as a poet. The act of creation being controlled for its eventual purposes later on. Or it can be as free as a bird, flying here and there, without a single worry in the world or above it.

Imagine the eagle with its special eyesight, being best served to focus on its main intentions at that time. It knows that the other eagles can fly, so it flaps its wings, too. It knows that its wings are not strong enough yet. So it tests when the wings can help make it fly. When they are just as they should be, and fully ready, willing and able.

When those wings are strong enough, the nest is no longer the eagle's home. The sky is now that home, that everything and its very own space in the Universe. We are not likely to see hundreds of eagles in flight at once. They each seek their own space and to do their own thing.No longer is that nest a challenge. The world awaits.

It is the same with poets who would seek to fly and to soar like the eagle. No longer is that first poem the all-important start for the poems of the future. Life itself is the learning curve. Eagles can easily curve, to go in a different direction. Poets explore, too, and then store up their memories to share their future blessings.

As for the eagle, the act of flight is now second nature, and the twists and turns and the glides and dives are all understood by now. That majestic bird needs no teacher, no guide. That bird is all it is meant to be.

When the poet becomes the great poet, rather than the good poet, that is when greatness gathers, just as gold dust upon the eagle's wings sets it apart. So why dismiss the beginning of a poet's story, or the middle, or the end?

The poet earns a place, a special space in the Universe. A sense of destiny can dominate a poet's lifetime and the legacy that follows into eternity. Whether a hundred poems get written, or a thousand poems get written, God knows which poems are truly the best. God gets to appreciate such poetry, even if Mankind never gets to see all those poems. So if a poet creates with God in mind, then who knows what wonderful poetry awaits? After all, God did not make Mankind without reason. Nor did He leave Mankind without the voice of reason.

Denis Martindale. September 2020.

Denis Martindale

Art At Its Heart

Art represents the human condition,
our place in the Universe and Cosmic Plan.
At its best, art enriches and enhances our lives,
our hopes and our dreams.
Art can be a basic form of expression,
such as a doodle, a limerick, or a quotation.
Art can transcend all that has gone before.
Art can encompass divine prophecy,
or some secret message or code.
A mystery that becomes available centuries later
when translations unlock the door to greater wisdom.
So the message may be that hidden acrostic
within a poem or hidden in history,
as with a Pharaoh's tomb, and full of treasures.
Just there, kept safe, for those who can appreciate them
with a resolute sense of wonder and awe.
So it is, that art is not just what gets presented as art alone.
It is the reception of the themes within.
How each affects the human heart and mind,
and the human spirit, too.
At times, art offers us much greater insight,
as one that is unfolding before our very eyes.
Or a revelation of deeper meanings,
and ones that we may retain by choice
for the rest of our lives.
Or some precious gift that is easily recited,
as with sentimental poems and powerful monologues.
Or some detailed and precisely-crafted art
that we can cherish and desire to own.
Surely then, we can say, that is wonderful,
and that is mine and rightly so.
Or music that gets heard across the globe,
and that is full of hope and glory.
Music that is transmitted across outer space,
traversing the length and breadth of the Milky Way,
and distances beyond the silvery stars.
So why limit ourselves
to the basic doodle, limerick and quotation?
God knows we can do so much more.

PoemHunter.com

Ask the scientists and the astronauts,
even though they are merely scratching the surface
of all that is thought of as art.
Man is made in the image of God, and God is eternal,
and as such, art is eternal
and worthy of its high regard in one and all.
To dismiss art is to dismiss life, its creativity,
its positivity and divine power.
Therefore consider art for art's sake,
and for its essential qualities.
These can bless us every single day,
beyond the mere singing of Happy Birthday now and then.
Or the singing of How Great Thou Art
in perfect praise to God Almighty, the King of Creation.
Art is at the heart of everything.
It is central to the human condition.
Art is still art in all its diverse forms,
and as such remains just as God has intended it to be.

Denis Martindale. September 2020.

Denis Martindale

The Batman

Transformed from just a baby boy, into a mighty man,
A man so rich he could employ the tools to serve his plan,
That's how, in secret, came to be the Batman that we know,
As if this proved his destiny, to stay and not to go.

For when a city starts to die, corruption's everywhere,
And wise men leave it with a sigh and say that life's unfair!
Why stick around and patch up things? Why dawdle in dismay?
Yet Batman stayed. Bat-suit, bat-wings. To fight death and decay.

Yet Wayne's world wasn't pristine clean, deserving of acclaim,
For even good guys can turn mean and taint the family name.
That's why the Batman chose to stay, to fight for what proved right,
While villains chose the lesser way, with no good deed in sight!

Blind as a bat! The Batman was! Yet now dark truths must see!
As if he wore a heavy cross amid uncertainty.
So time would tell, just how he fared, despite the crimes around,
While those that wept remained despaired, scared witless at each sound!

For fear was felt the city-wide, men wondered, who'd be next?
Could Batman somehow turn the tide or would he stay perplexed?
For riddles come, when madmen seek to challenge high and low.
As battles rage, they prove unique, some hand-fought, blow-by-blow!

The tragedies, of course, unfold, like greeting cards of death!
Yet who turns out as good as gold before their final breath?
The Batman cannot save them all! He's just a costumed man!
He's not some flying miracle, with everyone a fan!

He's not some goodie-two-shoes guy! His vengeance proves that's true!
So what's he up to? Tell us why! Tell us! What he will do?
A legend soon, for years to come? Or legend locked in jail?
These are the questions asked by some! The riddles that prevail!

Denis Martindale. September 2020.

Denis Martindale

How Do I Brainstorm A Story?

I had no basis from the start, no characters at all,
No inspiration in my heart or ideas to recall.
So I put my computer on, prepared to start from scratch,
Decision made, now doubts were gone, with new plots meant to hatch.
I waited for one thought to come, that gentle genesis.
Unbidden wisdom's hope for some so there's no fault in this.
A million stories every day await the writers' pens,
Yet mostly for the ones who pray, no reasons to feel tense.
That's why I waited patiently, my story to begin,
When suddenly words came to me, from somewhere, deep within.

I started typing my first line without a single care,
With no location, no design, like acting on a dare,
So chapter one had now appeared, like nothing else before!
The mental fog completely cleared so who could ask for more?
I visualised unfolding scenes upon a movie set,
As if I watched some TV screens with extra facts to get.
I saw the costume colours, too. Men's uniforms were gold.
Court ladies dressed in sapphire blue. So wondrous to behold!
The music played, the people danced, and magic filled the air!
I wrote descriptions that enhanced this beautiful affair.

The King sat on his throne again. The Queen sat by his side.
The Jester played the fool and then the Prince sat by his bride.
The acrobats performed their act, with leaps and bounds, of course.
The Royal Poet spoke with tact, his phrases to enforce.
Then Princess Kate appeared on stage, with every eye on her.
For she was at a tender age when true love could occur.
That's when the Witch flew on her broom and frightened everyone!
She sprinkled dust across the room that blotted out the sun!
And when that cleared, the Witch was gone, the Princess now her slave!
Both far away, though now light shone, no hero there to save!

A knight stood up, his quest declared, to bring the Princess home!
So he was sent off well-prepared, the Kingdom's length to roam.
Within a year, the knight returned. The Princess in plain view!
And that was when the people learned, their baby had come, too!

Denis Martindale. September 2020.

Denis Martindale

How Do Poets Make Money?

Giggle! Chuckle! And ha, ha, ha! This poet laughs out loud!
Have I seen wages? Not this far! So I can join the crowd.
That multitude of unpaid bards! That gathering of guys!
That band of men, with broken hearts, that some don't count as wise!
That bunch of blokes, that please most folks, yet die in poverty!
That mix of men, some see as jokes! Since they write poetry!
But mark this well! God understands as He's the Lord of Lords,
And God picks poets for His plans, and God grants His rewards.
Man smirks at winsome souls on Earth that don't get paid a dime,
And yet the Saviour knows their worth because each proves sublime.
For poets stir up words within, and wisdom from above,
To comfort those who just can't win, to share both hope and love.
To face the challenge, seize the day, to strive and overcome,
To seek the wayward souls that stray, not walk away like some.
God's poets seek a noble path, once educated well,
To act like Scrooge, who chose to laugh, once faith saved him from Hell!
God's poets serve eternity, and all that love can bring!
And so, what use is currency some think means everything?
To serve Mankind, each poet shares then leaves his legacy,
His songs, his hymns, his fervent prayers, his text-book poetry.
God sees lives changed, both far and wide, both now and evermore!
Long after every poet's died, no poems left in store!
Though God hears laughter, now and then, that no-one pays a cent,
God's poets wait that moment when God blesses their intent!

Denis Martindale. September 2020.

Denis Martindale

Oh, Please Upvote The Stuff I Wrote!

Oh, please upvote the stuff I wrote! Is that too hard a task?
You've read it all and you took note. Is that too much to ask?
Just click and let me know you care! Encourage me again!
That upward arrow! There, right there! Just click it now and then!
I wasn't paid! No cash, no dough, no cheque or I.O.U.!
No wonder that I'm feeling low! No wonder I feel blue!
Just think, I gave you all I've got! I didn't make a fuss!
A little kindness means a lot! It really, really does!
Just move the mouse across the screen so I won't feel bereft!
Just move the mouse and don't be mean! Just move it to the left!
Then press that clicker promptly down! Yes, click without delay!
Then I can smile, no cause to frown! You'll really make my day!
Oh, please upvote the stuff I post! Just take a little time!
At least the stuff you liked the most, as that would be sublime…

Denis Martindale. September 2020.

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Yes, I Like Like! Yes, I Like Um!

Yes, I like like! Yes, I like um! Though others disagree!
And yet, sweetheart, I'm not like some. I'm deep in thought, you see?
I use these short words every day, no kind of shame at all.
Thank God, I speak, it's great, O.K.? It's like a miracle!
While um upsets the others so, I've said it umpteen times!
I still get where I've got to go. I like to write in rhymes!

Why should I feel ashamed of me, like I've done something wrong?
I feel like I'm like I should be! My paused thoughts make me strong.
So pardon me, if I should pause, and meditate a while,
Than focus daily on my flaws, and then forget to smile!
I'd rather be a happy soul! A sweetheart! Just like you!
Than tightly-wound! In full control! For everything I do!

With every word precisely put, and no quick chance to halt.
My word, that doesn't sound too good, correcting every fault.
Why be so strict, like I feel glum, when words seem hard to find?
I think I'm happy like I um! Contented in my mind.
So I'll let Nature take its course, to change the way I speak.
'Cos when I'm perfect without flaws! Just think! I'll be unique!

Denis Martindale. August 2020.

Denis Martindale

War And Peace Continued...

Within the human mind at play, there dwells a spark of love,
Such that the soul and spirit pray, for wisdom that's enough.
Enough to stir the words time stored, enough to serve release.
Perhaps to please our God, our Lord, and Christ, the Prince of Peace.
For all the exploits Man achieves, what greater works are done,
In him that honours, and believes the victories of God's Son.
Once blessed by prophets, young and old, and psalmists, glad or sad,
The poet waits what must be told, beyond the truths he had.

That's how and why the poet writes if seeking higher themes,
Beyond the pleasures, and delights, of merely human dreams.
With aspirations Heaven-bound, with faith that soars on high,
Determined, from whatever's found, that's caused his skills to try.
And in that blessed creative quest, the poet presses on,
And finally, he's done his best when God's great light has shone.
Such that hope's beacon quells all doubt, to kindle dreams anew,
When grace and favour's cast about among God's chosen few.

For such as these, lost souls, now saved, the purity endures,
As if upon their hearts engraved to guide them on their course.
For what is Man Without God's word, no poets to explain?
No prophets so we can be stirred to show us what's to gain?
So harken to creative clues when written rhyme-by-rhyme,
For prophecies you can't refuse, for mysteries sublime.
Let kings and angels stare perplexed! Let preachers study, too!
For wars must come! Beware the next! It's revelation's due!

Denis Martindale. July 2016.

Denis Martindale

Her Pictures Don't Do Her Justice

Her pictures don't do her justice when she stands posing still.
For when she smiles, it's simply bliss because it's bound to thrill.
As if she likes those cameras close, such powers to display.
Her confidence she strongly shows, in every single way.
Her power pose? That's famous now, but don't let that fool you.
For while she overcomes somehow, her beauty still shines through.

Who knows what Fate's prepared for her, based on the foes she's faced?
This princess with a tiara, that star so firmly placed.
That golden lasso at her side, that's hers and hers alone.
Her Mother's gift to her with pride, so true love's all she's known.
She left her home, her paradise, where Amazons share peace,
To enter Man's World in disguise, where conflicts seldom cease.

Superman does what he must do, and yet she's quite the same!
Courageous, noble, and friendly, too, so worthy of her fame!
No wonder that she's wonderful, that's obvious to all.
She's simply quite adorable. She's quite a miracle.
Thank God, she's all she's meant to be! A super friend and pal!
So all in all, you must agree! In truth, she's quite a gal!

Denis Martindale. August 2020.

Denis Martindale

Do You Have Any Poetry?

Do you have any poetry?
Any special writings?
Some deep insights that we could see,
To bring what wisdom brings?
Some soft enchantments from afar,
Some scenery most blessed?
Or shared thoughts about some film star,
Perhaps best of the best?
Or tributes to the heroes lost
Who sacrificed their all?
For that was what each war has cost
For those that stand to fall!

Or did you write some funny theme
To melt our cares away,
Or tell us that you had a dream
That nothing must delay,
Or show us how to make new friends,
Explaining each has worth,
Or prophesy of world events,
Before their time on Earth!
Or did you share a precious prayer
That none could write before,
Or tell a tale beyond compare
That none should then ignore?

Or could it be that no words come?
And you sat all alone?
No brand new thoughts. So you stay glum.
So nothing sure is known.
The poet's lot is all he's got,
Just one day at a time,
Perhaps to write lines on-the-spot,
Perhaps to make these rhyme.
So share with us today's delight,
One piece of poetry!
If not, take time and start to write.
We're waiting patiently!

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale. August 2020.

Denis Martindale

Facing Life Head On!

My typewriter cost me ten quid,
I was excited like a kid.
I took it home and typed away,
Then suddenly, I said, Oi, vey…
I got a finger caught by keys,
Not knowing how they could release.
I peered inside with lowered head,
Next to the A, close to the Zed.

And all at once, my nose got caught,
That's when I had to give some thought.
Move up or down, or left or right?
By now, I really looked a sight.
I wiggled my nose to and fro,
Hoping I could then let go.
Then X and C began to flip
And promptly settled on my lip…

I stared amazed at what occurred
And hoped I wouldn't type a word.
My hair was trapped next to the Q,
One eyebrow nestled by the U.
My tongue then chose to slip and slide
And made my mouth to open wide.
Typewriters help most folks to write.
I chose to fight with all my might.

The spacebar moved and set me free
The day I gave up poetry!

Denis Martindale. August 2020.

Denis Martindale

Literature: The Elegance Of Eloquence

Literature, that's proved first-class, transcends the printed word,
From precious ages that must pass and centuries preferred,
With magic moments now and then, both noble and profound,
From talents shared beyond our ken, distributed around.
Success, of course, the common aim with extra care applied,
Such that the writers rose to fame with providence their guide.
As if such writings had to be with special roles to play
To match the best of poetry each story to portray.
To tug the heartstrings with a theme no other writer's penned,
To go beyond some midnight dream, enthralling to the end.
Then shared with others in good time, recited page-by-page
So they would say, it's quite sublime, a tale that cannot age.
A timeless treasure fit for Man, a legacy to love.
A privilege to sit and plan until it's thought enough
And then to ponder and persist, to write and write and write!
To tell the tale none can resist, composed with great insight!
I envy those who gave their all until life's strength was gone!
I praise God for this miracle! Their legacy lives on!

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale. August 2020.

Denis Martindale

Creativity At Its Best

Creativity, at its best, begins with finest thoughts,
Such that these start each noble quest the writer then reports.
For just as soldiers take commands from those who take the lead,
Each writer learns to take a chance, with hopes that they succeed.
A leap of faith. A challenge set. Or confidence enough.
These set the pace for all we get if writing's what we love.
And then that first line comes to mind as if it's meant to be.
As if a gift for all Mankind like winsome poetry.

The theme could be a treasured tale that's famous for a while,
A mystery we must unveil, or jokes that make us smile.
A children's story to recite, as bedtime comes to call,
That thing of beauty to delight the poet in us all.
Who knows what yonder future holds? What wonders still await?
Each new day comes and then unfolds according to its fate.
Yet writing has a destiny beyond what prophets share,
For it includes such fantasy that's far beyond compare.

No wonder writers take their time. No matter, day or night.
In search of new themes, thought sublime, before they each take flight.
For wisdom comes to sharing souls who merely seek to serve.
To those content to play their roles. To those who have the nerve!
For not all writing's precious prose that rhymes until the end!
God still has truths no angel knows still waiting to be penned!
So don't write off God's prophecy like something to ignore!
That's also meant for you and me, to bless us even more!

Denis Martindale. August 2020.

Denis Martindale

The Audience Of One!

My brand new poem's come to call. I'm in the Writing Zone!
I'm willing now to give my all, no longer quite alone.
It whispers words and phrases, too, and even sings as well.
It's just its way of getting through the tale it has to tell.

And so I type words patiently, without a trace of fear.
Just pleased receiving poetry that's easy on the ear.
It has no swear words to dismay. No lies to change my path.
No negatives to lead astray. Just rhymes to make me laugh.

To think, new poems lift me so, to greater thoughts and themes.
Such that my little soul can grow, beyond my hopes and dreams.
Reminding me that God still cares and I've more things to do!
That God's attentive to my prayers! So why should I feel blue?

The poem's here to make me smile, and treat me tenderly,
And this, of course, it does with style. It knows me well, you see.
That's why this poem's my new friend! No judgement or disdain.
Just one beginning and one end its wisdom to contain.

PoemHunter.com

It tells me I should laugh much more, and see the funny side.
That's what great TV shows are for, not for the tears I've cried.
Just settle down, and choose the best and giggle now and then.
And pretty soon the heart feels blessed and thankful once again!

And then the poem bade farewell because its job was done.
So I watched TV for a spell, an audience of one!

Denis Martindale. August 2020.

Denis Martindale

Advice To The Aspiring Writer

My word! You really haven't got the full measure
of how privileged you are!
To have so many artistic desires within you
is living proof of great expectations!
Can you contain the wonders of the Universe within you
and yet without writing about them?
I'm startled by the stars of Heaven,
the delicate notes of a piano,
the playing of a guitar,
the beauty of a woman.
I'm amazed at the power of the human mind
to calculate and to assess information.
I'm impressed by computers and computer programs
and the Internet and its resources.
I love the changing of the seasons
just as much as the winsome flight of a butterfly.
I'm thrilled to be able to write
and music has helped me just as much as art,
and the studying of such skills as these
has meant so much to me as each year passed by.
I'm able to write poems to create that sense of wonder
and to ignite it in others.
I can write parables and hymns
and create crosswords and puzzles.
I can tell jokes and recite stories.
I'm amazing! And so are you!
So never let anyone tell you differently!
Grab hold of every divine blessing!
Keep what you can! Share what you can!
You can change the world for the better!
These are my great expectations!
And I won't let them go!
So ask yourself, just how blessed are you now?
And how blessed will you be in the future?
Keep praying! And you'll find out!

Denis Martindale. August 2020.

Denis Martindale

The Girl And The Window

The downstairs' room seemed empty when Susie found it so,
A flower pot was there to see and something she could grow.
She loved that opportunity and couldn't then say no…
What kind of flower would it be? Yet waiting was so slow.

She placed it on the window there… and watched its tiny form.
So tenderly, with utmost care, for sunshine kept it warm.
The outside weather stayed quite fair, no snow, no hail, no storm.
For Spring had come, fresh hope to share, with gentleness the norm.

The little flower grew and grew quite sturdy for a while
And then, what else could Susie do, but smile and smile and smile?
And though its petals looked so few, at least they could beguile.
So delicate, since they were new, so dainty and fragile.

So Susie moved the flower pot to let it cool once more,
Content that she had done a lot, that day and days before.
And once she chose her sleeping spot, she had to snooze and snore.
Until she woke, then up she got and stood upon the floor.

PoemHunter.com

'I've got to leave you on your own! I'll say goodbye for now!
Tomorrow I'll come back alone! Just try your best somehow! '
And Jesus smiled upon His Throne, His blessing to allow!
On seeing her plant fully grown, she praised God and said, 'WOW! '

Denis Martindale. August 2020.

Denis Martindale

Motivation To Write Again!

Motivation to write again! Yes, lay it on me, Lord!
Like when first writing way back when and feeling so assured.
With wonder and amazing grace and inspiration, too.
Yes, with a smile upon my face, no longer feeling blue.
No more downcast but writing fast, with something great to share.
With every hope that it would last like love was in the air.
When pen and paper proved enough, no typewriter at all.
Continuing, though times were tough, that was my miracle.
Not holding back, not letting go, just letting loose the gift.
With thoughts and ink prepared to flow, like sand that's known to drift.

Thus came the poems, and the songs, and hymns of praise in time.
I claimed them all, for each belongs to those who write in rhyme.
When stories came, I plodded on. My word, each page was hard.
Yet on I went, doubts long since gone, no need to stay on guard.
Just write by day! Just write by night! As long as on a roll.
No wonder that I took delight and stayed a happy soul.
Please let me write again, my Lord! Renew my strength and more!
Because this gift won't be ignored and You know what's in store!
So let there be Your guiding hand, anointing from above,
The precious truths You still have planned that I may share with love.

Denis Martindale. August 2020.

Denis Martindale

Try To See The Big Picture!

Ask those who've lived alone for years what lockdown means today
And you may see they shed no tears that this has come their way.
They will, of course, express concern, for those who've never known,
When suddenly they had to learn this modern Twilight Zone.
I've lived alone for ten years now, so my life's quite routine.
I felt no struggle here somehow. I've seen all that I've seen.
The outside world can stay outside. What need have I to roam?
Since I'm alive and haven't died, I'm glad to stay at home.

If I stay in and don't go out, diseases cannot spread.
No coughs or sneezes cast about nor adding to the dead.
If that's a hero thought by some, for me, life doesn't change.
I'll wait until Christ has to come, as my God may arrange.
But if I die before that time, good things will follow on.
Some wonderful and quite sublime beyond the year I've gone.
So I will live the time I'm due regardless of today.
Regardless of Man's point of view. No matter. Come what may.

I'll give my gifts to charities. I'll praise God just the same.
I know His wonders never cease, as that's why Jesus came.
So why hold back my share of praise? My God has done quite well.
He's let me live my share of days. He's rescued me from Hell.
He's brought me safely to this place. He's helped me now and then.
God blessed me with amazing grace, in ways beyond my ken.
I can't explain why I'm alive, yet others suffered so.
I only know that I survive, and in God's love, I grow.

That was my portion from the start, before my time of birth,
And could be that God saw my heart, and knew that it had worth.
Or that I preached of Calvary, for more than forty years,
Or that compassion helped me see when others shed their tears.
That's why to charities I give, with faith and hope and love,
Because, as long as I may live, I may please God above!
For praise is more than hymns we sing! More than the prayers we pray!
It's every single gift we bring that makes the Saviour's day!

Denis Martindale. August 2020.

Denis Martindale

Anyone Heard Of Poet's Block?

Anyone heard of Poet's Block? I can't say that I've heard.
The rhymes are there. So I unlock and simply choose a word.
I thought about this fact today. Right now, this very hour.
And then I started straight away based on a surge of power.
And suddenly four lines were done in minutes to appear
Because I've got a sense of fun, composing without fear.
Just dive straight in, and search for rhymes, because they soon arrive.
As poets, we find happy times and these keep us alive.
No chapters as the writers make. Just one page now and then.
We edit, then we take a break, contented once again.
We simply think a little while, for titles or first lines
And sometimes laugh or smirk or smile because of upbeat minds.
I pity writers who can't write as if no talent's left.
Poor souls when they can't sleep at night. Downcast and quite bereft.
They ponder this, they ponder that, rewriting as they must.
While I get done, ten minutes flat. No time to gather dust!
I've made things easy for myself, computer on the go!
No stress or strain to harm my health! Just type and let themes flow.
I save two copies when I'm through then put the kettle on!
If I can do that, so can YOU! TODAY! Before it's GONE!

Denis Martindale. August 2020.

Denis Martindale

Beautiful Souls Are Eternal!

Scrooge was a man of no regard, no money and no wife
And thus his heart became so hard it tainted his past life.
As such, this miser lost all hope and Christmas pained him, too.
While others smiled across the globe, he didn't share their view.
But when reminded of the grave and judgement still to come,
He begged his precious soul to save, now humbled more than some.
And God poured out amazing grace just like the finest wine,
Such that a new Scrooge then took place once sharing the divine.
Thus Scrooge arose from darkest dreams, triumphant, born again
And gone were all the sad extremes that drove him now and then.

Scrooge laughed out loud and danced with glee, no longer gross and grim.
In his best suit, he was happy to sing a Christmas hymn
And spritely stepping down the street, he greeted one and all.
Yes, every person he should meet. God's Christmas miracle!
Then suddenly, he paused and wept at all the things he'd done.
The promises he hadn't kept, when he'd hurt everyone.
But now repentant as could be, he paid for Christmas gifts
And all at once, the world could see just how the Gospel lifts.
To fashion Scrooge to godliness, contentment in his smile.
The peace that comes with holiness, the grace, the poise, the style.

Oh, my, dear brother, I love you, more than you'll ever know.
So, credit then, where credit's due, that Jesus loved you so.
For now, your soul is beautiful, just like a silver star!
You don't see how adorable, how wonderful you are!
And yet, dear friend, your story's told to millions every year!
To bless the young, to bless the old and fill the world with cheer!
God blesses each with gladsome mind who learn to smile each day,
Rejoicing when God's grace they find before they pass away.
Oh, Scrooge, you're such a lucky man! Polite and well-behaved!
No wonder that I'm such a fan and praise God you got SAVED!

Denis Martindale. August 2020.

This poem is based on the Christmas Carol tale.

Denis Martindale

She Is Nothing Short Of A Lady

Settle for nothing short of this,
Her heart as good as gold.
Expressing love in every kiss,
Intelligent and bold.
Sensitive to each changing mood,
Not one to let things pass.
Outstanding manners, never rude,
Thought truly as first-class.
Holiness is her happiness
In every thought and deed.
Never choosing to value less
God's ways when once agreed.
Sweet tenderness, that's all she shows,
Held steadfast in her heart.
Often when sharing what she knows,
Respect must play its part.
Thank God that wisdom calms her mind
Of thoughts of what to speak.
For ways to show herself as kind
And staying strong, not weak.
Love lifts her spirits come what may
And helps her do her best.
Determination helps her pray.
Yes, that's why Mary's blessed.

Denis Martindale. August 2020.

This is an acrostic style poem about
The Virgin Mary who is called Our Lady.

Denis Martindale

How Sad!

I know of course that I can write a poem now and then
And yet how sad if such insight is not shared with all men.
Women and children, seek the light, then seize that moment when
Words come to you by day or night and you can find a pen.
How sad if poems don't get shared and wisdom gets ignored.
That's only when nobody cared. Time spent without reward.
That's only when nobody dared. As if their hearts were flawed.
We've got no reasons to be scared if we but serve the Lord.
For He's the One who grants us rhymes and hymns and melodies
That we might seek much better times to live our lives in peace.
So confidence then comes and climbs to grant each soul release.
How sad to see this world face crimes that poetry could cease…

Denis Martindale. August 2020.

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

What's The Worst Poem?

I sat there thinking, as you do, the pen within my hand.
Creative thoughts, I had a few, but nothing yet was planned.
I started with the title first… It seemed to be O.K.
But my new poem was the worst! I soon threw it away!
Chucked in the bin and rightly so, but that was not enough!
I took it out! It had to go! To think I wrote that stuff!
I put it in my mouth and chewed and ate it there and then!
Thank God because it was quite rude! I won't do that again!

Denis Martindale. August 2020.

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Joker

The cards were stacked against the child - they beat him every time.
His innocence was then defiled - his life not worth a dime!

Thus normal life was not to be - his future fate was set.
So hatred was his destiny - each laugh filled with regret!

Beneath the make-up on his face, behind his staring eyes,
Beyond all measures of God's grace, behold the soul that dies!

For there, within a madman's mind, there lurked a deadly force.
All mercies gone, none left to find - now crime must take its course!

Revenge replacing self-defence - he danced with gun in hand.
No longer sharing common sense - with sudden crimes unplanned!

Thus chaos was his middle name - loose cannon day-by-day.
And every time the dark night came, he sought to have his way!

He stares as each new victim bleeds - he knows their strength must wane.
He thrives upon his evil deeds - he scoffs at those in pain!

He seeks survival while he can - he risks no matter what.
He hates to help his fellow man - he kills upon the spot!

Some were persuaded he was cool - he even stole some hearts.
Some were convinced he played the fool - he threw them off their guards!

But once the killer was unleashed, there was no turning back.
That's why he then embraced the beast each time he could attack!

As if in Hell he wore a crown on green hair he would comb.
And down the slide, he tumbled down - like Hell was now his home!

The Joker was his title now - he thought the world was his.
To do what others disallow - to hate with every kiss!

Hold nothing back! Just seize the day! React as if a whim!
I ask all those who think that way, why go to Hell like him! ?

Denis Martindale. August 2020.

Denis Martindale

When Did You Learn To Write Poems?

‘When did you learn to write poems? ' The poet then replied.
‘From childhood, that's when learning stems and blossoms here inside.
And like a little rosebud grows and rises to the sky,
To face head-on the sun that glows. No need to question why.
Somehow it's Nature's guiding hand that holds us one-by-one,
To write new poems quite unplanned until each poem's done.
And only then comes editing, some savage and some kind.
To find out what seems most fitting and we no longer mind.
Such that it's time to share each rhyme as if to put on show.
Regardless if we're paid a dime. Regardless, yes or no.'

‘My teachers taught what they had thought would be the best for me.
As if I could write what I ought should I write poetry.
God bless them all as God blessed Paul, who preached to rich and poor.
He wrote and wrote such words of note I couldn't love him more.
He helped me write uplifting things like no-one else on Earth,
Such that I preach the King of Kings and His eternal worth.
So when you ask a moment when I learnt the ways to write,
It's possible to tell you ten when granted some insight.
So let's agree the learning curve has helped me on my way.
And so much more than I deserve, so what more can I say? '

Denis Martindale. August 2020.

Denis Martindale

Tell Me What Poetry Offers!

Tell me what poetry offers, the young Prince asked the fool.
So the fool spoke of the scoffers and those thought fit to rule.
The ones who loved the Book of Psalms and those who didn't care.
Psalm Twenty-Two, how it alarms, for prophecy's found there.
Psalm Twenty-Three, its counterpart, Good Shepherd, Lord of all.
The fool explained the loving heart of Christian Brother Paul.
He wrote of love. How great it is. Beyond a pretty face.
Beyond the sharing of a kiss. Beyond a warm embrace.
For Brother Paul was scholarly and wrote of Abraham
And preached of Christ through poetry, the Saviour and God's lamb.
The fool then spoke of holiness, as perfect as a dove.
The Holy Spirit's chance to bless the saints God guides with love.
The plans of God for future crowns bestowed as great rewards.
While sin abounds yet grace abounds, through Christ, the Lord of Lords.
The prince kept silent for a while, then clapped and clapped with glee.
He hugged the fool and gave a smile now both loved poetry.
No more the fool of ignorance, no more the prince he was.
The day that he found eloquence, the day he found Christ's Cross.
A Christian prince from that day on, the kindest ever known.
Forgiveness came and shame was gone once Bible truths were shown.
And thus this poem told his tale, how he was saved from Hell.
My name is Denis Martindale. Now I bid you farewell.

Denis Martindale. August 2020.

Denis Martindale

What Makes Your Writing Style Special?

What makes your writing style special, such that your rhymes stand out?
Well, I'm inclined to write like Paul with faith instead of doubt.
To bless believers when I can and non-believers, too.
Like those who help their fellow man. That's what I hope to do.

For I write poems night and day just like I've always done.
Each time a rhyme has things to say or grants a share of fun.
Or there are tales that I must tell or songs I'd like to sing.
For who knows when I'll say farewell? That's what I'm wondering.

For now, I choose to sit and write and edit here and there.
Then Grammarly can add some light because that's only fair.
I'll give you lines to speak then pause, a chance to clear your throat.
I'll do my part, so you do yours, reciting what I wrote.

Three thousand themes of poetry and more before I end.
Who knows what YouTube offers me for poems that I've penned?
I only know that I'm still here, with more work yet to do.
Just like each unpaid volunteer, but then again, what's new?

A thousand hours come and go, yet no-one pays a dime.
It's almost like I've come to know that rhyming's thought a crime.
When poets write, if paid or not, that's special in God's eyes.
That's why God helps them write a lot, more than you'd realise.

Denis Martindale. August 2020.

Denis Martindale

The Eagle

Above the mortal realm of Man,
The eagle soars the skies to scan.
To seek and find his daily meal,
When hunger growls and proves so real.
Then eyes designed to focus well
Survey below, its tales to tell.
Above the stretch of land and sea,
The eagle schemes of what must be.
As mercy surely disappears
With each new cloud that comes and clears.
For hunger speeds this hunter so,
Such that this bird becomes the foe.
No more a wondrous spectacle
As soon as he begins to fall.
For there below his meal awaits,
Oblivious to Nature's fates.
The eagle targets what he found
With callous talons tightly bound.
His victim squirms but soon departs
To join the realm where beats no hearts.
The realm where thoughts aren't called to mind
And seeing eyes are now made blind.
The eagle eats without remorse
As those that dine on their first course.
His talons served him once again
Much faster than the fishermen.
He stands triumphant in his prime
And far away he looks sublime.
He chews and eats and looks serene,
But, oh, the deaths this bird has seen!

Denis Martindale. August 2020.

Denis Martindale

The Mountain

The Mountain

The mountain was so mighty a thing to behold
and made even more magnificent
because of the snow that coated every crevice
both high and low.
The snow crunched beneath my feet
as I approached the mountain.
The air was bitterly cold
and the sky gave me a fair warning
of what would happen later in the day.
My companion was talking very slowly
as he described the mountain to me.
It was like I could barely focus on his words
because at that moment
the mountain was all I could take in.
The trees were visible only at their tops
where the branches stayed,
steadfast against the fallen snow.
A breeze I had enjoyed only a few minutes ago
now began to increase in power
and seemed to slap my face instead.
My hands and feet warned me not to stay long.
My companion stopped talking.
He motioned to me that it was time to leave.
Who was I to argue?
The mountain could bare the cold much longer than I
and yet I felt strange
because I wanted to say goodbye to the mountain
as if it were alive.
I kept my silence.
I turned and made my way back
as my companion went on ahead.
Back to the cabin,
back to a place of warmth and safety
and to the food that was being prepared for us to enjoy.
I don't know which part of all that I wanted or need more.
Thankfully, they were all waiting for me…

PoemHunter.com

thanks to the kindness of strangers yet again.

Denis Martindale. August 2020.

The Mountain

The mountain was so mighty a thing to behold and made even more magnificent because of the snow that coated every crevice both high and low. The snow crunched beneath my feet as I approached the mountain. The air was bitterly cold and the sky gave me a fair warning of what would happen later in the day. My companion was talking very slowly as he described the mountain to me. It was like I could barely focus on his words because at that moment the mountain was all I could take in. The trees were visible only at their tops where the branches stayed, steadfast against the fallen snow. A breeze I had enjoyed only a few minutes ago now began to increase in power and seemed to slap my face instead. My hands and feet warned me not to stay long. My companion stopped talking. He motioned to me that it was time to leave. Who was I to argue? The mountain could bare the cold much longer than I and yet I felt strange because I wanted to say goodbye to the mountain as if it were alive. I kept my silence. I turned and made my way back as my companion went on ahead. Back to the cabin, back to a place of warmth and safety and to the food that was being prepared for us to enjoy. I don't know which part of all that I wanted or need more. Thankfully, they were all waiting for me… thanks to the kindness of strangers yet again.

Denis Martindale. August 2020.

This is based on watching Travel shows
on the QUEST TV channel here in the UK.
The wonderful scenery is matched in beauty
by the hospitality being offered to visitors.

Denis Martindale

Land Ahoy!

The challenge came, five rhymes of land.
Just basic rhymes, I understand
And not too fancy or too grand,
Regardless of the ones I'd planned.
Although I'd say the thought seemed bland,
That doesn't mean it should be banned.
Just keep lines simple so each scanned,
Just like a hairstyle strand-by-strand.
A trace of gold dust freshly-panned,
Then edited, of course, by hand.
To sort the gold dust from the sand,
I've done all this at your command…

Denis Martindale August 2020.

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

This Is What God Put In My Heart!

This is what God put in my heart
That I would love it, too,
The rhythmic rhymes that may impart
Life's lessons meant for you.
The elegance of eloquence,
The stuff of dreams and more
And poems that become your friends,
So you are rich, not poor.
Soft silver songs and melodies
And lyrics choirs sing
And lullabies for soothing peace
And all the joys they bring.
Grand national anthems shared with pride
By crowds that span the globe
And gentle music for each bride
Whose eyes are full of hope.
God, send Your blessings, day-by-day,
No matter, day or night.
As long as here, on Earth, I stay.
As long as it seems right.
In You, my God, I seek advice,
Because in You I trust.
Each time I wake, each time I rise,
As other mortals must.
One life to learn, to write, to give.
One life to share with love.
One life is all this heart can live.
One life should prove enough.
Use what I write upon this Earth.
Use me each time You can
Because I strive to show my worth
To help my fellow man.

Denis Martindale. August 2020.

Denis Martindale

Teachers Teach Us A Lot!

Since time began, God had a plan, that teachers must exist
And that's the reason each helps Man, not merely to persist.
Don't just assume you know it all as every year spins by
And see life as a miracle and keep on asking, "Why? "
For in that question Man learns more than he has ever known.
Not knowing now makes Man explore beyond the Unknown Zone.
Outstanding teachers make us laugh, they also make us smile.
Of course, they guide us on the path to knowledge... yet with style.
Regard the teachers who show grace, authority and care.
In all the School terms of School days, they help each child prepare.
:
Should we ignore the teachers' skills for subjects old and new?
As so much wisdom each instils when precious truths get through.
Deny great opportunities and soon they fade to nought.
Accept and wonders never cease and make us pause for thought.
For all advances made by Man commenced when first in School,
Not doing silly things we can, as if to play the fool.
Of all the blessings to reflect, each teacher played their part.
Of all the moments to inspect, think hard and then act smart.
Respect means more than thanks they get when teachers help us out.
It's gratitude for those we met... who taught what life's about...

Denis Martindale. July 2020.

Denis Martindale

Eight Syllables Are All I Need!

Eight syllables are all I need to fashion something new.
For writing prompts help me succeed to write again for you.
For you can read and then recite the poems that I share,
Yet only if I write them right and edit and take care.
For words are toys to many folks. Just playthings now and then.
For limericks and quotes and jokes we like to hear again.
But when a poem says so much it pauses us to think,
Respect the power in its touch as worthy of the ink.
As worthy of the time it took to edit every line.
Or get it published in a book, so fancy and so fine.
Or shown upon the Internet, where special fonts exist
And with free photos we can get, their blessings to enlist.
Or found in friendly greetings cards and Christmas cards each year.
Whatever blesses human hearts with hope instead of fear.

Eight syllables are all I need, then six to follow on.
Like common metre hymns we read, with faith to build upon.
Like wisdom that was Heaven-sent, compressed in poetry
And not received by accident, for it was meant to be.
No wonder poets span the globe, like Shakespeare in his time,
With deeper meanings we can probe and secrets so sublime.
Through prophecies the psalmists wrote, just like Psalm twenty-two,
Such that in future we'd take note of what Jesus must do.
A world that's full of mysteries, of languages galore.
Don't think God's wonders ever cease. There's always more and more
And why the children sing new songs the poets choose to write.
For to the world each song belongs, not hidden out-of-sight.
Take up the challenge to your hearts and write some poems, too.
For who knows what each verse imparts for others not just you?

Eight syllables are all I need so I write on-the-spot.
Such that my spirit can be freed and then I write a lot!
God blesses poets when they pray. He harkens well to each.
He listens to the words they say and helps them as they teach.
So if you let Him bless your mind with wisdom good as gold,
Then oh, what treasures you will find, what wonders to behold.
When revelation pours out truth as well as joy and love,
It comes upon each one as proof that God's grace is enough.
It's like the sun that lights our path and helps the flowers grow.

It's like the times we've got to laugh at things we've come to know.
So think of poems as our friends and share your very best.
Upon this insight all depends so Mankind can be blessed.
I've written thousands, yes, indeed. Perhaps you'll write a few.
Eight syllables are all you need. The rest are up to you.

Denis Martindale. July 2020.

Denis Martindale

Thank You And Take Care...

For every good work on this Earth that kind folks ever do,
Let us esteem each one has worth and kindly say, "Thank you! "
And let us bid each person well and kindly say, "Take care! "
For each does more than buy or sell, if kindness they can share.

For life is love... and love is life... A kind word says so much.
It overcomes each pain and strife just like a gentle touch.
A soft caress upon the heart. A lilting lullaby.
Like memories that play their part and nestle here, close by.

"Take care! " sounds like a spoken prayer that helps each one stay safe.
Alerting us to stay aware, yet steadfast in our faith.
Such that we strive towards the best that life may hold in store.
For what could prove a finer quest when God grants more and more?

We know the sunshine and the rain. We know the day and night.
We know the seasons change again. We know when things are right.
We know that love is pure and good. The greatest blessing known.
It helps us do the things we should when kindnesses are shown.

What new blessings may come through you? What new smiles may you bring?
A million more or just a few? Perhaps you're wondering.
Are there professors? Mentors? Guides? Songwriters and poets? Yes!
They're our teachers and more besides to teach us all kindness.

Denis Martindale. July 2020.

Denis Martindale

Coffee, God's Gift With A Lift!

Where would I be without coffee?
Asleep on the keyboard, no doubt.
Computer still humming to me,
While I was still snoring, flat out.

Both arms just dangling, uncaring,
My tongue drooping down on the mouse,
Without a new poem for sharing,
While there, all alone, in my house.

Where would I be with some coffee?
My word, I'd be typing like mad.
Rhyming with glee… quite merrily…
And feeling like I'm mighty glad.

A brand new poem's on its way.
I thank God that I'm still awake,
'Cos when I'm thirsty, that's O.K.,
I'll pause for my next coffee break.

I'll watch the kettle boil again,
No matter, as long as I write…
Until that time, that moment when,
I KNOW THAT I MUST SAY, GOOD-NIGHT!

Denis Martindale. July 2020.

Denis Martindale

Not Good Enough! What Should I Do?

Not good enough! What should I do? For wisdom, I must pray.
For God is love! That much is true! He knows what I must say.
A parable can come tonight before I go to bed.
God has the words that I could write from those inside my head.
A dictionary proves a friend for every tale I tell.
My God has stories He can send if I wait for a spell.
And my computer saves the text as easy as can be.
So why am I to stay perplexed in writing poetry?
A verse or two or three or four. Are these too hard a task?
And maybe God will grant me more. If not too proud to ask.
And then the edits one-by-one and switched words here and there.
Until the time our poem's done in answer to my prayer.
Such that I praise God for His aid, His patient guiding hand.
A brand new poem gently made, His love to understand.

Denis Martindale. July 2020.

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Can I Improve My Writing Skills?

Can I improve my writing skills beyond the skills I've got
Such that my writing gives me chills and thrills me on-the-spot?
Can I express true happiness, gladness and sadness, too,
Such that in time I come to bless my readers just like you?
Can I transport us to the stars and planets out of sight
Such that we learn what comes to pass out there by day and night?
Can I reach out beyond the page, beyond the Internet
Such that no matter what your age God's wisdom you can get?
Can I explain the complex things in words most understand
Such that I share the King of Kings and what the Lord has planned?

Can I reveal what's good as gold, the facts you need to know,
Such that new stories can be told before my time to go?
Can I set free the finest themes from my mind then to yours
Such that you see these more than dreams and true faith reassures?
Can I do more through prayer and love with brand new poetry
Such that in time I've done enough to leave a legacy?
If yes, then I must take my time to meditate a while,
Before I write what proves sublime, perhaps to make you smile.
It's up to me to bless Mankind each time I do my part
As long as rhymes stay on my mind and nestle in my heart…

Denis Martindale July 2020.

Denis Martindale

Make Yer Mind Up!

Well, yer say yer like dis
And yer say yer like dat
And yer say yer like somefink else!
It gets so much
I don't know where yer at,
So let's say our farewells!

Then I'll go my way,
Just being alone,
As sane as sane can be…
'Cos in my mind,
Yer ain't fully grown
And, girl, yer just crazy!

Yeah, I used to know
Which way was right
And then yer messed my mind!
Once black was black
And white was white.
Now grey's all I can find…

PoemHunter.com

'Cos yer say yer like dis
And yer say yer like dat
And yer say yer like somefink else!
It gets so much
I don't know where yer at,
So let's say our farewells!

So don't call me!
I won't call back!
Don't email me at all…
'Cos talking things out,
Soon made me crack
And drove me up the wall…

I've got no clue
What yer gonna do!
But please leave me alone…
'Cos I'll never see

Yer point of view…
Don't text me and don't phone!

'Cos yer say yer like dis
And yer say yer like dat
And yer say yer like somefink else!
It gets so much
I don't know where yer at,
So let's say our farewells!

Denis Martindale July 2020.

Denis Martindale

Have You Soul Doubt Or What?

The human soul must play its role to serve its purpose well.
If not, Man loses all control and that can lead to Hell.
The human soul can make us whole or it can lead astray.
Perhaps to trick us as we stroll towards God's Judgement Day.
The heart and mind react in time to sins that haunt each night.
Though once regarded as sublime, they soon must face the light.
The Gospel truth explains such things to both the rich and poor
And tells us that the King of Kings forgives and so much more.
The psalmist wrote Psalm 22, which tells us of the Cross…
Explaining what Christ had to do, despite such tragic loss.
Then Easter helps us stay assured once we are born again
And seek to serve the living Lord who died to save all men.
But soul doubt steals away Man's faith and says this isn't true.
There's not one Saviour who could save the awful likes of you.
But soul faith overcomes the doubt to save the soul from sin,
It takes a stand and casts it out, so that doubt cannot win.
That's how a lost soul can be spared from judgement, sin and Hell.
Believe in Christ, the King who cared… as all God's Gospels tell…

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale July 2020.

Denis Martindale

Responsibility And Resilience

A worldwide crisis came to pass, with all that this entailed
And yet, to some, it was a farce and that was why they failed.
They thought it was the common flu and nothing more to fear,
But then they learnt what they must do to help it disappear.
So that was when the face masks came, each serving as a shield.
The world was never quite the same when faces were concealed.
Nor was the handshake done so much. Safe distance was the rule.
Far better staying out of touch than dying like a fool.
Was it a million passed away? And could it still increase?
It all depends. Will we obey? Or will good wisdom cease?
Then Lockdown brought its own distress. Unhappiness as well.
A further share of loneliness, a solitude from Hell.

A sense of chaos crossed the globe, yet Mankind prayed and prayed
And from then on, there rallied hope, though it had been delayed.
The upbeat slogans spread the word, that Mankind would still win.
If only further hope was stirred, Mankind would not give in.
But as a great community, Mankind could do his best.
Not counting on immunity as if the final test.
But checking, checking, checking still. Defending young and old.
Not letting more death come to kill. Life's worth much more than gold.
It's why to charities we turn, to give as well as take.
It's why through lessons each must learn. Be wise, for goodness sake.
Resilient as some folks may be, it's safety first, dear friends,
Until we know with certainty, the day this crisis ends…

Denis Martindale July 2020.

Denis Martindale

Moonlight At Midnight

As I was walking up the stairs, I saw my window's view.
Then moonlight melted all my cares as sometimes great sights do.
I gazed upon the moon so clear it took my breath away,
Because time cost the moon so dear, now battered in decay.
The Universe bombarded still across the centuries,
As if, somehow, this was God's will, that it should not know peace.
The moon of centuries gone by was not the moon I saw,
For now, it crossed the midnight sky revealing every flaw.
Each little mark that I could see was truly huge in size,
Much more than was revealed to me before my very eyes.
But then compassion made me stay, reflecting on its loss,
Still serving Mankind night and day, prepared to bear its cross.
A light that shines no matter what, precisely placed in space
And giving everything it's got, for this world to embrace.
A challenge to the astronaut with his technology,
To every lesson he was taught about astronomy.
No wonder that I stopped and stared at all Mankind's achieved,
When finally he was prepared through wisdom he received.
To think, what yet may come to pass, to venture forth much more?
Perhaps to even conquer Mars? Who knows what lies in store?
But this I know, that I have lived, to see this sight above,
To recognise this as a gift God granted me in love.
My eyes are precious, this I know, much more than words can say.
To gaze upon this moonlight glow as midnight melts away…

Denis Martindale July 2020.

Denis Martindale

Lora Font: Bold And Italics And Green Text!

I find a font I like and want,
Then Wordpad tests it out.
The Lora font of which I'm fond
Gets used without a doubt.
Set bold at first... with italic...
White background... text in green.
Then it's really quite fantastic.
A wonder to be seen.

Denis Martindale 5th of July 2020.

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

The Daffodils

The daffodils of yesteryear can often come to mind,
When I, in wonder, shed all fear, as I perchance did find,
A hundred here, a hundred there, in wondrous symmetry.
They danced and then made me aware of all eternity.
For granted as a child of grace, this man has studied well,
It's like I've seen the Saviour's face and I'm not meant for Hell.
It's like a foretaste that I've seen of Heaven's fields of gold,
Such that this life stands in-between until my death takes hold.
So while I sit at home quite still, remembrance pays a call,
Renewing spirit, body, will as beauty binds them all.
To think of preaching yet to share, of sermons yet unplanned,
Yet knowing God has more to share, such that my heart feels grand.
For seasons come and seasons go and while Spring looks divine,
Life's more than daffodils we know, shared with a Valentine.
When Summer comes, the roses rise, the kings of flowers made,
When daffodils say their goodbyes and memories must fade.
But roses by the hundreds seen? These rarely met my gaze.
So rare it's like they've never been or brought smiles to my face.
So I reflect on memories, replacing these instead.
In truth, my daffodils bring peace for all that lies ahead…

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale 5th of July 2020.

This poem pays tribute to the poem THE DAFFODILS.

Denis Martindale

The Quarantine Scene...

To wander lonely as a cloud? Or stand upon the hills?
In quarantine that's not allowed. I had to take my pills.
I stayed in bed with my head bowed not seeking distant thrills.
A bit ashamed, not feeling proud, for there have been some spills.

Are these rewards for shaking hands? Or kissing lips once more?
Yet who among us understands what illnesses are for?
We press ahead with all life's plans not knowing what's in store.
In quarantine, observing bans with no key to the door.

And so we wait and separate. Obeying come what may.
To grudgingly accept our fate. We linger night and day.
No reason yet to celebrate. No wonder that we pray.
Still hoping that it's not too late. Despite this long delay…

Denis Martindale July 2020.

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Be A Poet Of Distinction!

I've seen the poems that you write
And errors that you've missed.
Some lines were full of great insight,
Yet more if you persist.
That's up to you. So do your best.
Reach up towards the stars.
As if that were your holy quest.
The one none could surpass.
For God proves patient with the meek,
No matter rich or poor.
For God made you to be unique
And He knows what's in store.
Just think beyond the here and now,
What future years could bring.
The treasure trove God could allow,
When you start pondering.
For in the poems you begin
Would God dismiss your heart?
Or would He want to help you win
With wisdom to impart?
A little nudge from memories
To guide you on your path.
A happy time that granted peace
Or helped to make you laugh.
A midnight dream that stirred your soul,
A precious prophecy,
A chance to see you've got a role,
A wondrous destiny.
Can you afford to let these slip,
Ignoring what could bless?
As if somehow to lose your grip,
Or tolerate much less?
I couldn't let my life be so
When poetry's like gold.
God's shown to precious words we owe
The greatest story ever told…

Denis Martindale June 2020.

Denis Martindale

The Friend Is Nigh...

They tell me that you don't believe but that's how people start.
How else could you in time receive the Saviour in your heart?
You may be far from kingdom faith, determined there to stay,
Until there's no more time to save and then it's judgement day.
The Bible says Christ died for you, right there upon His Cross,
Stayed there each hour, through and through, to bear your shame and loss.
To bear upon His very soul the debts that sins have brought,
For only Christ could play that role… that's what His sermons taught.
A thousand miracles and more yet Christ was crucified.
Despite the pains He must endure Christ stayed there and He died.
Yet God the Father watched above while Mary watched below
And both then wept their tears of love and let them overflow.
The angels stared in silent awe at such amazing grace
For who among them could ignore the Saviour's blood-stained face?
Or look away from Calvary upon that fateful day?
Because Christ died for you and me, God's mercies to portray.
The Lamb of God was in plain sight, right there then hoisted down.
The victim of the Devil's spite yet Jesus wore a crown.
God sees that crown worth more than gold, more precious than the stars.
The greatest story ever told no writer can surpass,
Nor poet pen more tenderly, nor singer share the theme,
Nor prophet yet express to me what I saw in my dream.
For I saw Jesus writhe in pain upon that distant hill,
Then light came down, there to remain and then to overspill.
It stretched across the valley's land and flowed like blood to me.
And while, of course, that sight was grand, I stood still fearfully.
Was God about to take my life, to end it once for all?
Oh, no, I learnt I would survive, thanks to a miracle.
A red cloud came and I felt love, engulfed within its frame
To know that God's grace was enough, though it felt like a flame.
And maybe you will have dreams, too, before your life must end.
The friend is nigh, I'm telling you and Jesus is that friend…

Denis Martindale June 2020.

Denis Martindale

My Wedding Vows...

Although I know no sweeter face
That I might gaze upon,
I call this love for you God's grace,
Like sunshine that has shone.
Although I know we must grow old,
I choose my life to share.
You are my silver and my gold,
You are my lady fair.
Although I know no perfect love,
My sweetheart you will stay.
By faith, to love, more than enough,
Forever and a day.

Denis Martindale June 2020.

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Rows And Rows Of Rhyming Prose...

You think you can't write poetry? You think that's way too hard?
My friend, that's just a fallacy, a fear you must discard.
Your mind seems like a closed book now. Locked tight, yet you've the key.
You must release the words somehow and prayer has worked for me.
I chose to write by day and night. I chose to sit quite still.
I chose to pray for some insight and pray I always will.
I dream my dreams and use the best. I share what shines with love.
I rose from sleep to pass each test and proved that well enough.
The words are there, I pick and choose, I gather near and far.
Some educate and some amuse, yet poetry's the star.
The way it flows from heart to mind, from mine to yours as well.
The way the rhythms are refined, the stories they can tell.
The music that is then employed, the tunes that match each phrase,
No wonder that I'm overjoyed and smiles come to my face.
And there you are, with words inside, with rhythms and with rhymes.
Yet only you can turn the tide towards much better times.
I'll pray for you that God will send a poem now and then,
A poem that will be your friend, in ways beyond your ken.
In ways that grant you confidence, in ways that grant you peace,
To use God's gift with common sense, new poems to release.
For I began with nothing, too, but then God broke my chains.
That's why I chose to pray for you, for hope that still remains.
I rose above each fear and doubt. I rose above them all.
I rose above and found throughout that love's my miracle.
That's why I write… I write with love… It's on my heart and mind.
That's why I've words… More than enough… More than I'll ever find…

Denis Martindale June 2020.

Denis Martindale

Diamonds Are Forever!

Don't simply see unpolished stones
If you want riches soon
And think of those befitting thrones,
Much more than just a boon.
Or else sit back, don't do a thing,
No more than any fool.
Don't think you're rich, just like a king,
Stay like you're back in school.
A million people can dismiss
Real diamonds in the rough,
Each lacking wisdom and true bliss,
For years, still lacking love.
Outstanding riches yet await
Regarding what could be.
Each diamond polished made first-rate,
Valued with quality.
Eventful blessings for Mankind!
Riches granted… there to find…

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale June 2020.

This is an acrostic poem about uncut diamonds.

Denis Martindale

What A Fibber!

Fibberflop was a gentle soul,
no body just a soul
and like all of his species
had wandered the vast stretch of the Cosmos
looking for his soulmate.
One day he met her
and she and he were quite sure
all would lead to their version of love and marriage.
So he divided in half and so did she
and their halves united with the other halves
and different souls came into being.
The new male soul called himself Fibberflop Junior
and the female soul never revealed her name at all.
Typical secretive female, always wanting to seem mysterious.
Well, off she wandered never to be encountered again.
Fibberflop Junior soon got over her
when he met Suzanna the Sixth.
So he got all excited, as you do…
and so did Suzanna the Sixth for that matter.
Their halves were doing their thing
and new souls were created.
Off they went into deepest space,
but I ran out of fuel and that's why
my spaceship has been stranded here for weeks.
My telepathic powers can't reach that far away…
I have never felt so flipping alone…
I should have minded my own business…
But it's too late now…

Denis Martindale June 2020.

Denis Martindale

The Priceless Poet...

Please share your precious poetry,
Wherever you may go.
God will help this help somebody,
Much more than you may know.
Like olive oil anoints the head,
As it would gently flow,
Each poem's like a thoroughbred,
First-class, deserving show.
And should it be God grants rewards,
When you helped someone grow,
One day you'll meet the Lord of Lords,
In Heaven, all aglow.
Let kindness prove that you've got worth,
A friend and not a foe.
For you were born upon this Earth
To shine as white as snow…

Denis Martindale June 2020.

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale

The Priceless Poetess...

Please share your precious poetry,
Wherever you may go.
God will help this help somebody,
Much more than you may know.
Like olive oil anoints the head,
As it would gently flow,
Each poem's like a thoroughbred,
First-class, deserving show.
And should it be God grants rewards,
When you helped someone grow,
One day you'll meet the Lord of Lords,
In Heaven, all aglow.
Let kindness prove that you've got worth,
A friend and not a foe.
For you were born upon this Earth
To shine as white as snow…

Denis Martindale June 2020.

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale

Ever So Unique!

Even while I can smile a lot,
Very cute and all,
Expressing poems on-the-spot,
Responding to your call,
So what if I write poetry?
Others can do this, too.
Uniting phrased philosophy,
Not holding back each view…
I'm just a poet, not much more,
Quite talented and yet
Unsponsored, hungry and quite poor…
Ever so unique… I bet!

Denis Martindale June 2020.

It's a typical acrostic poem,
not exactly unique at all...

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Spartacus!

Who am I and what has become of me?
Once I was a free man and walked this land.
I lived the life of my own choosing.
No master instructed me in the art of life and death.
No whip crossed the span of my back.
Nor were there chains or bonds upon my flesh.
Nor blood streaming down like tears upon my face.
I am nothing…
Nothing but the bad memories of my heart rotting…
I am but the bad memories borne of Rome,
Mixed in with the rare moments of calm.
The gods mock me openly.
They put me to the test in the arena.
Then surround me with hateful, fearful foes.
These come at me desiring my quick death.
But I have been trained to defend and to attack.
I can strike like serpents, rise like eagles,
Tear flesh like lions and then stand alone.
Why then can I not fight for freedom,
To depart this spiteful blood-stained home,
To ride a horse once more,
To defeat Rome and all it stands for…
To live… even if death is the latter price of victory?
And why must I stand alone in this?
Do you not also bear the scars of training?
The brand mark of a slave?
The same hatred in your heart?
The same sense of brotherhood as I?
If we merely stay, we die, just as any man.
But if we leave this mansion of misery,
Consider the taste of freedom…
Choose well, my brothers in arms…
For who knows what tomorrow may bring
For a man who is counted as nothing?

Denis Martindale June 2020.

Based on the initial writings of
Mattia Gavasso on the Quora website.

Denis Martindale

The Writing Rainbow

The writing rainbow rests above
And spans from left to right,
With seven colours, joined by love,
To bring Mankind delight.

Yes, writing spans the Universe,
Transcending time and space,
With many evils to disperse,
To usher in God's grace.

For there are genres even now
That go beyond the norm,
Not just romances that somehow
Can make our cold hearts warm.

With sagas, epics, fairy tales,
Adventures old and new
And stories when the prince prevails,
So credit where it's due.

PoemHunter.com

A perfect blend in harmony,
Resplendent with insight,
That's more than rhyming poetry
That's shared in black and white.

It's why each writer studies well,
Then imitates the best
And seeks to have a tale to tell,
Such that folks are impressed.

It's why I penned my rhymes for years,
With thousands here and there,
Content to know, besides my tears,
The privilege to share…

Denis Martindale June 2020.

Denis Martindale

Black Lives Matter

Do we really need a slogan to tell us what is right?
Just as if this world is broken, regardless black or white?
Such that the use of words will change the future yet to be,
Condemning hatred dark and strange Man suddenly sets free?
Is this old world a perfect place, abortions never seen?
Has every child a pretty face so others are not mean?
Is every person truly wise, or gentle, like a lamb?
No, not until we realise that hatred proves a scam.
What brings such hatred to our hearts enough to fester there?
If we discover how it starts that helps us stay aware.

Enough to fight it there and then. Enough to win the day.
Enough to act like civil men and no more in harm's way.
The history lessons must be learnt, else we repeat Man's sins.
The fight for freedom must be earnt before each war begins.
What use is living loveless lives, what profit can be shown?
Far better when each one survives than folly we have known.
While change takes time, pray patiently. Reflect upon God's peace.
Then think about Psalm ninety-three, for wisdom to increase.
Black lives matter like white lives do. Such truths remain the same.
So choose to let love live in you... I pray in Jesus Name...

Denis Martindale June 2020.

Denis Martindale

Just Me, Myself And I?

Describe your personality!
(Just me, myself and I?)
Yes, tell us now so we can see…
(Erm, could you tell me why?)

Right now, we haven't got a clue…
(There's not that much to know.)
The only one who knows is you…
(That's true, well, here I go…)

Yes, that's the spirit! Tell us all.
(Well, that would take some time.)
Keep to the basics you recall.
(I like to write and rhyme.)

Have you a website on the Net?
(Well, I've got more than one.)
It sounds like you're not finished yet.
(I'm having too much fun.)

PoemHunter.com

How many poems have you penned?
(Three thousand here and there.)
You must like poetry, my friend…
(I think I've done my share…)

It sounds to me you've done your best.
(That's kind of you to say.)
I'm jealous that you've been so blessed!
(I'll pray for you today…)

Denis Martindale May 2020.

Denis Martindale

What Do The Greatest Poems Have In Common?

The greatest poems ever penned, or ever typed out fast,
Can each be thought of as a friend such that you're not downcast,
But oft recited, brought to mind, for secrets yet to see,
By different members of Mankind throughout all history.
Yes, even children study, too and nod their own consent,
Considering each point of view and what the phrases meant.
And should it be they seek to write, to imitate the best,
Perhaps, they, too, will share delight, so others may be blessed.
As long as stars traverse the sky and sun and moon persist,
Mankind will ask his questions why, like each evangelist.

That's how great hymns fulfilled Man's search through awesome melodies
That stretch across each precious Church explaining prophecies
And love songs span each century, like diamonds here and there,
Creating such a legacy that's quite beyond compare.
From psalms to sonnets borne of rhyme came great calligraphy,
Displaying sentiments sublime thanks to dexterity.
So if you find a poem framed and set fast on a wall,
Take note of themes therein proclaimed as worthy of recall.
For God made poets to reveal what each man's living for.
That's why great poems still appeal… and who could ask for more?

Denis Martindale May 2020.

Denis Martindale

The Learning Curve Of A Rainbow

God's promise came to those below if they would raise their eyes,
No cause to doubt, but just to know, enough to realise.
The Lord had plans for centuries no mortal understood,
Now each perceives such prophecies as kind and meant for good.
Believers study here and there for mysteries and more,
Such that through rainbows they're aware of all God's aiming for.
For unity and harmony, for true majestic grace,
For honey-sweet serenity, for peace upon each face.
The colours of the rainbows merge, to glisten and to glow,
To grant to you that sudden urge to let praise overflow.
When praise was oh so far away you thought that it had gone,
Until God spoke to you one day… more than the sun that shone.
To set inside your very heart His learning curve again,
To set you straight with a new start He grants you now and then.
To think, that seven colours form His sign across the sky,
To think, they make your heart feel warm or make you yield a sigh.
While peacocks love to proudly stand, each rainbow bides its time,
As if it knows that it looks grand, outstanding and sublime.
The rainbow's known across the globe as wondrous to behold.
Despite the fact it offers hope… I've NEVER found the gold!

Denis Martindale May 2020.

Denis Martindale

God Gave The Gift Of Poetry

God gave the gift of poetry to angels who had wings
And those who choose its harmony above all other things,
Such that Mankind would learn his role, from common folks to kings,
To soothe the mind, the heart, the soul, with all that wisdom brings.
That's why the psalmists praised the Lord and poets wrote in rhyme,
Such that by faith, they stayed assured and saw God as sublime.
Content to study now and then while they were in their prime
And spread good news like gentlemen as they redeemed the time.

It's their examples we recall, their legacy abides,
While some seek wisdom from Saint Paul, as he all truth confides.
While some seek humour for a while, wherever it resides,
For there's pure joy with every smile each face no longer hides.
Most blessed of all great poetry awaits the writer's hand,
The one who writes of prophecy that we might understand.
What God has seen, what God has shared, what God has truly planned,
For what is Man unless prepared? His life is hardly grand.

Man does not strive to do what's right. He wanders to and fro,
Without the Lord, Man has no light, what future can he know?
But with the Lord, the future's known, so that Man's faith might grow,
Because with words, the truth is sown. What debt to God we owe.
The psalmist can rejoice to learn, his words were not in vain,
For future readers could discern his insights once again,
Such that his sorrows gave them pause, like lightning, storm and rain,
For how could Man fulfil God's laws His blessings to remain?

That's why hymn writers wrote their songs, to preach of Jesus Christ,
For He alone could right their wrongs, that's what they realised.
It's why men sang, How Great Thou Art! Hosanna in the highest!
It's why such words flow from the heart when Christians get baptised.
So meditate along with me, invest some time on Earth,
Seek out the best of poetry, its blessings to preserve,
For life has lessons great and small upon its learning curve
And poetry's God's miracle and measureless in worth…

Denis Martindale May 2020.

Denis Martindale

The Misguided Pessimist Of Old London Town

Think of the blessings this man missed, the kisses that girls share,
Good tidings he chose to resist, insisting on despair.
The melancholy midnights known with lack of sleep as well,
To overthink while all alone, as if within a spell.
Think of the lessons that exist, the fortunes to be made,
The bargains for his shopping list, yet he remained afraid.
That's why he stocked up now and then, with all his shelves kept full,
With sell-by dates of way-back-when and further than recall.
His lonely life remained forlorn. Way too shy to mingle.
Think of the children never born, that man staying single.
But while he put a brave face on, his face was getting old,
Because at last, his youth had gone as he watched life unfold.
If only he had earned enough, but taxes made him poor,
So scared each time he fell in love because he needed more.
He never dated in his life, spent decades on the dole,
So how could he afford a wife, or play a husband's role,
Or raise a friendly family, despite their priceless worth?
That pessimist knew poverty like no-one else on Earth.
But that changed in his latter years when he was sixty-five,
No longer bound by all his fears and glad to be alive.
And now well able to donate… supporting charities
And thinking back, was this his fate, His Sovereign Lord to please?
By faith, he stayed the course of time, that led to getting here,
To precious years that were sublime and brought him so much cheer.
How many folks has he helped now? He simply cannot say,
Yet he helped thousands to allow these thankful folks to pray.
No child has he, except for these, their names God only knows,
But this man prays with perfect peace, the peace that true love shows.
Yet I'm that man who writes these lines, this is my lifelong tale,
No sweethearts and no Valentines… I'm Denis Martindale.

Denis Martindale May 2020.

Denis Martindale

God Knows What's Left To Do!

Two men discussed the good they'd done, seeking recognition,
Yet neither thought they'd lost or won, by their own admission.
Despite their hearts so full of love, despite their hearts of gold,
They hadn't really done enough, that's if the truth were told.
Yet they'd still time to persevere, to do what's left to do.
To bless this world while they're still here, yes, just like me and you.
So what remains that must be changed? What challenges exist?
What plans are there to be arranged? What problems still persist?
Together we can overcome, together, standing tall.
Together, all of us, not some, or else Mankind will fall.
We don't need war and all its woes, its sorrows and its dread.
We've better ways to live, God knows. Let's strive for peace instead…

Denis Martindale May 2020.

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

My Mother

Mention my Mum and I recall
Years of wondrous blessing,
Mine seemed to be my one-and-all,
Of course, quite impressing…
Thrifty yet thoughtful in her way,
Happy time after time,
Encouraging throughout each day,
Remembered as sublime…

Denis Martindale May 2020.

This is an acrostic style poem.

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

God, The Sovereign Lord Of Creation

The Lord God said, "Let there be light! " Creation was then born
Yet with God's words there came insight, a rose that bore a thorn.
For with the length and breadth of time must come the good and bad,
The precious moments quite sublime and opposites quite sad.
Such that Creation groaned to see the righteous Sons of God,
The ones God saved at Calvary, redeemed by Christ's Own blood…
God's covenant of years ago, involved the suns and stars,
As long as these are there to know, Creation shall not pass.
Some prophesy each world will freeze as aeons take their toll,
As all the energies decrease, no more to take control.
Some prophesy that gravity exerts its power at length,
Compressing space till it reverts and loses all its strength.
As if time forms a long-term loop that's ordained to repeat,
Such that the atoms then regroup their mission to complete.
God knows the start, God knows the end, why else would He create?
God's seen it all, on that depend… it's destiny, it's fate.
No matter what the minds of men envision or conceive,
The Lord knows how… why… what… and when… and bids us to believe.
That's why God sent His only Son, to die and rescue us.
So that lost souls could still be won, through the love of Jesus.
Because Christ died and took our place, God's Heaven we behold.
Eternal life, the gift of grace: The greatest story ever told…

Denis Martindale May 2020.

Denis Martindale

Signs Above, Signs Below

I can't help but look at the sky.
Cloudy yet with clouds floating far away,
Perhaps gathering themselves closer together.
Perhaps it will rain soon.
But then I look at the beauty of a little bird nearby,
Singing away merrily to the flowers
That bide their time greeting a new day.
Reminding one and all that it has come again.
Perhaps they know that a shower is coming soon…

The thought stirs me to stand up and to return home.
A sudden shower can dampen my spirits so easily.
I didn't always heed the signs above.
But today I will and if I make it safely home,
I'll have a big smile on my face if it does rain.
You didn't catch me out today!
My clothes are as dry as I first left the house.
My hair is still neat and tidy…
And I got out of the gardening as well…

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale May 2020.

Denis Martindale

The Poetry Site

Time takes its toll upon Mankind, sometimes to cause distress,
Yet there are treasures still to find that bring us happiness.
Such that we treasure and esteem, revere and hold most dear,
Till something comes to melt that dream, another path to steer.
The writer may lay down his pen, watch TV shows instead,
Sign up for Netflix once again, let new films fill his head.
But when alerted to such things and just how much was lost,
He rises as with eagles' wings, prepared to pay the cost.
Investing time on poetry, like he did once before,
Regaining his humanity, because he's writing more.
And sharing with the world he knew, grants him new peace of mind.
To do what he was born to do: to write for all Mankind.
Just like the seasons come and go, refreshment takes its time.
This is the truth I've come to know and friends, that's quite sublime.
To think new poems can be found. Treasures beyond compare.
Poemhunter is still around. Take time to visit there...

Denis Martindale May 2020.

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale

The Writer Site

Time takes its toll upon Mankind, sometimes to cause distress,
Yet there are treasures still to find that bring us happiness.
Such that we treasure and esteem, revere and hold most dear,
Till something comes to melt that dream, another path to steer.
The writer may lay down his pen, watch TV shows instead,
Sign up for Netflix once again, let new films fill his head.
But when alerted to such things and just how much was lost,
He rises as with eagles' wings, prepared to pay the cost.
Investing time on poetry, like he did once before,
Regaining his humanity, because he's writing more.
And sharing with the world he knew, grants him new peace of mind.
To do what he was born to do: to write for all Mankind.
Just like the seasons come and go, refreshment takes its time.
This is the truth I've come to know and friends, that's quite sublime.
To think new poems can be found. Treasures beyond compare.
The Writer Site is still around. Take time to visit there...

Denis Martindale May 2020.

PoemHunter.com

Yes, thewritersite-dot-net features
many poets and writers and reviews...
Members post their work with a picture,
just like poemhunter poets here...

So it's useful to have a way to backup
our poetry elsewhere, or to use another
picture for that website... Thankfully,
the pinterest-dot-com website shows us
free stock image recommendations and
free photos even include fantasy art...

Denis Martindale

The Positivity Of Poetry!

It's known that writing can enhance our mental health as well,
Such that a pop song helps us dance as if within a spell
And that a poem set to rhyme seems upbeat in its way,
With rhythms that prove quite sublime, enough to make our day.
Perhaps we frame a poem, too, then hang it on a wall,
In pride of place for each to view, to share its miracle.
Or put our poems on websites, for millions now and then,
So they gain wisdom that delights the mortal souls of men.
Who knows if God may lend a hand in what we seek to share,
With wondrous ways to understand so readers know we care?

But this I know, that love abides, it conquers and achieves,
It has compassion, so it guides, each heart that still believes.
Can you go on, without such love, to simply muddle through?
Because of pride, think you're enough like wisdom's not for you?
I've learnt a poem can express such tenderness and more,
Such that the sad find happiness and faith that makes them sure.
So they stand tall, revitalised, refreshed and born again.
A poem's more than realised. Sometimes beyond our ken.
The best of all, yes, most are free, yet they're worth more than gold.
Just like the love of Calvary… The greatest story ever told…

Denis Martindale May 2020.

Denis Martindale

Writing Poetry On Heartbreak

When heartbreak came, it hit me hard, I lost all joy that day,
Since then I chose to stay on guard and was more prone to pray.
For extra strength and guidance, too, as I must persevere,
To do the things that I must do, though sorrow's lingered near.
I wondered if God even cared that I'd been brought this low,
For all the reasons I despaired, such sabotage to know.
Yet onward still I pressed ahead, long after Christmas past,
Regardless of this inner dread, still feeling so downcast.
I couldn't smile like other folks, my mind was such a mess.
I felt let down and that provokes no hope of happiness.
Until one day I chose to quit, no more to ride or roam,
But simply bring an end to it and rest in peace at home.
The years rolled by but no peace came until at sixty-five,
A pensioner, no more the same, just glad to be alive.
They say time heals all wounds and yet how slow the decades went.
Why is it now that I don't fret? My pension's Heaven-sent.
The bills are paid, no debts at all, the heartbreak's over now.
You see, I've got my miracle, I'm free, at last, somehow.
No point in heartbreak from now on, no reasons for dismay.
All my worries have come and gone, thank God I chose to pray.
Thank God He brought me to this place, where solitude grants peace
And I can praise God for His grace. His wonders never cease.
And so I share from what God gave, the blessings of these years,
Because my God is strong to save and wiped away my tears…

Denis Martindale May 2020.

Denis Martindale

The Writing Zone

This is the place writers go to when they are about to write something new.
It is a friendly place and anyone is welcome there.
What they write there is their choice unless God provides extra wisdom and insight.
If I visit there once more, the results may be profound or completely human.
The Old Testament psalmists were inspired even to the point of prophecies.
Billions have access to their words even now.
In the New Testament, I feel encouraged by the writings of Saint Paul as well.
His style was often meant to inspire others.
The same applies to the hymn writers and Gospel songwriters, too.
It is a legacy that comes as the gift of faith.
It is how writers followed the ideas that come to the mind and to the heart.
It is how they used discipline to edit from then on.
Even after they did what they could, there were editors to help improve their text.
If agreed to, then the partnership presents a finished work of art.

No wonder that I often go to the finished work of others.
My work is not finished yet and the future is unwritten.
There is nothing like the feeling of returning to the Writing Zone.
A chance to write something new, to receive as well as to share.
It is why so many poets use poetry resources.
They seek improvements to get their writing to the next level.
It is why millions of poets will not give up.
Whatever level they are at this very day, tomorrow is another day.
It is faith that grants them the hope to write even more.
If they make progress, then they will reach some measure of satisfaction.
That is just their share of the blessings they deserve.
Whether they will ever get paid or not.
Think of all the poets who wrote and wrote and wrote yet never got paid.
They wrote because they loved poetry.

Sometimes they wept at the things that they wrote.
It was because it meant so much to them.
They hoped it would mean the same to others.
Sometimes they cheered… Sometimes they even said, Halleluyah.
Despite all the editing, they chose to continue.
Learning what rewards there may be found beyond their initial thoughts.
They found them before and they will find them again.

The Mystery Tour can continue for years and even decades.
Patience always proving itself as the key to blessings.
And now, when I think of poetry, it has never been more precious to me.
I believe that appreciation is a stepping stone, a place in itself.
That is the place I must visit before I visit the Writing Zone.
Otherwise, I lose respect for writing itself and that would never do.
The Poetry Zone? That is just one of the streets in the Writing Zone…

Denis Martindale May 2020.

Denis Martindale

Whimsyless!

Whimsyless, alas, I wandered,
Meandering once more,
Yet thinking deep, I pondered,
What was life living for?
I rarely laughed, I must confess,
Yes, whimsyless was I
And filled with lifeless emptiness,
Until I asked God, WHY?
He led me by the flowing stream,
Then to a waterfall,
Then made me drift into a dream
To see a miracle.
I saw a circus clown perform
His very funny act,
His act was going down a storm,
No doubt about that fact.
And in that dream I laughed and smiled,
Tears rolling down my face,
As if I were a happy child,
Now joy had taken place.
Then God told me, my heart was changed,
I'd laugh like other folks,
For now my mind was rearranged,
I'd laugh when I heard jokes.
And when I woke, I understood,
Now whimsyless no more.
I rose from sleep and life felt good,
That's what life's living for!

Denis Martindale April 2020.

Denis Martindale

The Well-Known Poem

The well-known poem's on the wall and in its A4 frame,
Below the text we can recall the well-known poet's name
And if that poem still rings true and motivates us now,
It still serves me, it still serves you, its wisdom to allow.
And be it phrased quite expertly, or in its basic form,
It represents Man's poetry, with words beyond the norm,
That still enchant and still enhance the mortal lives of men,
Just like the dancer who can dance before us now and then.
The poem may stand all alone, no picture near or far,
No gentle scene that's jointly shown that's on an equal par.
The frame may be unvarnished wood, not silver and not gold
And yet that poem's just as good. The greatest story ever told.
And should it tell of Jesus Christ we call the King of Kings,
With blessings more than realised, because of peace it brings,
Then that's the poem I would write before I leave this Earth,
For that's the poem with insight that Jesus would deserve.
That told the truth for all to see and love like none before.
I want to write that poetry, for who could ask for more?

Denis Martindale April 2020

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Yes, Supergirl, I Love You!

As Supergirl, you fly the skies, through super strength and more,
You send heat vision from your eyes each time you go to war.
With super friends at either side, in battle to the end,
Yet humble still, not full of pride, this planet to defend.
You're like an angel without wings, of that there can't be doubt,
But who knows what your future brings, as you sort villains out?
Born on a planet far away, where parents showed their love,
With such good guidance to obey, because it proved enough.
And here am I, more than a fan, for I'm in love with you,
I'm not as strong as Superman and yet my love stays true.
So true, in fact, I pray each night, that God will keep you safe,
Assisting you to do what's right and not just to be brave.
For wisdom, to prepare your thoughts, as you decide what's best,
For insights, when you make reports, regardless of each quest,
For secrets, that must be revealed, to no-one else on Earth,
For mercy's sake, as if a shield, for life's a learning curve.
Each day a friend becomes a foe, betraying all your trust,
Each day you act on what you know, on what each has discussed.
You can't read minds, you can't read mine, though I stand close nearby.
I wish you were my Valentine, yet unloved here I sigh,
But you deserve the best there is, not some guy such as me,
Yet how I yearn for your kind kiss… to set this chained heart free…

Denis Martindale April 2020.

Denis Martindale

The Penniless Poet

I don't always know the first line.
I wait… It turns up… I follow it…
I think of suitable rhymes…
I wait… the next set of lines arrives…
I follow them, too.
The ending is on its way…
I'm not there yet… so I continue…
I get a few more lines done…
Descriptions, visual aids, fancy phrases…
Meandering footsteps along the journey…
Then it's a full-stop moment of realisation…
Suddenly I can feel that the ending is near.
I sense it. But what is it? I wait again…
It arrives in segments… It's not quite visible…
It's not yet understood…
But I continue to follow it.
It's almost over and done with…
Yes, indeed… and then I edit and edit and edit…
Finally, I overcome… and I share it with the world…
I share it with many…
Yet no-one pays a penny…

Denis Martindale April 2020.

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

How Do Poets Perceive The World?

How do poets perceive the world? Enough to share their thoughts,
Enough to know in space it swirled, according to reports,
Enough to know it has one moon which then reflects the sun,
Enough to know won't make them swoon, but poems can be fun.
To think, that poets may observe, like microscopes for Man,
Or telescopes for stars that swerve and twinkle when they can.
To think that love excites the mind and thrills the heart as well
And yet some say that love is blind despite what poets tell.

I've seen the sun, the moon and stars, so distant there above,
They come and go, as seasons pass and prove more than enough
To show that God created all and not just space and time,
With Man His greatest miracle, once perfect, once sublime.
To think, that Adam led to Eve and billions now on Earth,
Who live until it's time to leave and face what they deserve.
When Christ will judge our works and faith, rewarding those who cared,
For only He lost souls could save, such that they could be spared.

For God so loved the world it's said, He did not spare His Son,
That Christ to Calvary was led to die for everyone.
This world includes each mortal soul, each sinner lost to sin,
Until the Saviour makes them whole, their very souls to win.
That's why this poet must perceive what waits for all Mankind,
Especially if we believe the Saviour we must find.
He can be found this very day, as Easter proves to us.
If in His Name we truly pray. What is His Name? JESUS!

Denis Martindale April 2020.

Denis Martindale

Dieting Is No Quick Fix

She hears what she wants to hear, as some ladies do.
She cries warm and salty tears… and yet not a few…

She looks and she sees with her two sapphire eyes.
She hates people now… all because of their lies…

She purges herself of the fat she acquires.
She fasts to diminish the weight of spare tires…

She falls into error, sometimes, now and then…
When was her last meal? She can't tell you when…

She faints when she's dizzy and too weak to stand…
She dies all alone, when things don't go as planned…

So learn from this lady… Have something to eat.
Don't overdo veggies, don't overdo meat.

Then maybe you'll see yourself as a winner…
Simply because you got to be thinner…

Advice comes in handy for medical things.
Just think of the blessings that true wisdom brings…

The fat lady thought she could manage alone
If she gave up food and could lose a few stone…

But Doctors are cautious and tell us, take care.
When on medication, that's time to beware…

So please heed the warnings that Doctors would give…
Be cautious, be patient… Who knows? You might live!

Denis Martindale April 2020.

Denis Martindale

What's A Helpful Short Poem Style?

For me, the poem's crystal clear, eight syllables to start,
Then suddenly the rhymes appear, so I must play my part.
I choose the ones I think worthwhile, that aptly fit my theme,
Some help the style or make me smile, more verses still to stream.
So on I strive for pastures new, for good things now and then,
If they bless me, they may bless you. That's why I write again.
Just eight then six and eight then six. Just count the syllables.
For me, that's quite an easy fix, if I stick to these rules.
But then the ending comes to mind. As yet I know not what,
Who knows? It could bless all Mankind. Or sometimes not a lot.
I merely pause and bide my time. No need for me to fret.
As I've got faith that's quite sublime. It hasn't failed me yet.
Just show some patience. Don't give in. That last line's oh so near.
Thank God for that! I knew I'd win! Ode here, ode here, ode here!

Denis Martindale April 2020.

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

The Art Of Writing Poetry

The art of writing poetry can lead to many things,
Such things some say are plain to see, some only known to kings.
The common man enjoys a song yet poems will not write.
The poet chooses to be strong and writes by day and night.
And should it prove his greatest task, he strives until he's done,
He asks the questions he must ask, some asked by everyone.
But when new insights spring to mind, he stands above the rest.
New treasure troves are there to find, yet only when he's blessed.
Content to meditate a while, he muses now and then.
In search of words that make him smile and thus gain once again.
For contrived phrases on each line that give his heart a thrill,
That pour out like some seasoned wine and always, always will.
And should it be a new song's born as one tune sets the tone,
His knows his life proved not forlorn, nor did he write alone.
For sometimes God inspires themes, from Scriptures Old and New,
Or visits him within his dreams, to guide in what to do.
Or helps his daydreams visualise the visions he must see,
Perhaps to gaze at Paradise, beyond his poetry.
Perhaps to know of future days that prophets should explain,
Or recommend the wisest ways that overcome life's pain.
Or stretch the telling of a tale beyond the spoken word,
Or reach beyond death's darkest veil for secrets overheard.
So study what some poets write, should they portray such things,
Should they reveal the golden light that blesses sovereign kings,
Or reaches out to children, too, with mellowed words and rhymes
And not just to the chosen few God seeks to bless at times.
When poets pick up pens each day, the Devil's trembles tell
That he's aware of what they'll say each time they warn of Hell
Yet God still seeks that truths be told, that lost souls may be saved,
So that new poems may unfold how each should have behaved.
To think, the art of poetry helps save the unsaved soul
Each time it tells of Calvary, how Christ can make us whole.
Thus serving Jesus Christ the Lord, each time with all its might.
That makes this poet overawed, that I, too, choose to write.

Denis Martindale April 2020.

Denis Martindale

My Inner Voice

My inner voice can be my choice, the star of stage or screen,
The pop star that each fan enjoys, some guy who's squeaky clean…
A cowboy with a howdy smile, an Indian asking, How?
Or Fred Astaire with all his style, or Spock with upturned brow…
I can copy Superman and Spider-Man as well,
And Robin Hood, oh, yes, I can and even William Tell…
My inner voice is Michael Caine,0-0-7 Bond, James Bond,
I sometimes talk like I'm John Wayne or Harry with his wand…
I can sing like Nat King Cole, that's when I fall in love,
But mostly it has been my goal to prove my voice enough…
My inner voice sounds just like ME each second when I write,
But when I stop my poetry each fantasy takes flight…
I'm just like Walter Mitty, I'm just like Danny Kaye…
No wonder I'm so witty every single day!

Denis Martindale April 2020.

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

The Rhoda Not Taken...

Two girls loved me, I understood,
Yet I was not an oaf…
I knew that it could not be good,
If I should love them both…
For one was kind, the other fair,
Each had a pretty name,
And yet I knew I must take care,
Or else must take the blame…
For me, there was no looking back,
I knew not what to pray…
For what words should I say,
If I such wisdom lack?
And since time flies so quickly by,
Of course, I could sit on the fence…
Two loves, one only good…
Then came my choice, no asking why…
And she has made all the difference…

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale April 2020.

The love poem is a different version of
Robert Frost's THE ROAD NOT TAKEN.

Denis Martindale

Words Mingle And Melt When I Think Of You...

Words mingle and melt when I think of you…
Yet their sentiments remain…
And suddenly, when you come into view,
I'm thinking those words once again…
And the closer you get, the more I love…
And to hold your hand seems divine…
Yet even this is never enough,
Until your kisses are mine…

How can I share the lady I love?
She's beautiful if free…
As gentle as a precious dove,
She means that much to me…
So I must do my level best…
As if to play a part,
As if she were my noble quest…
Life's meaning to my heart…
Yet should she, one day, say good-bye…
No more to see her face…
I know a part of me will die…
At the parting of our ways…
That's why I must reveal the truth,
My heart upon my sleeve
And every day to offer proof,
With no thoughts to deceive…

Words mingle and melt when I think of you…
Yet their sentiments remain…
And suddenly, when you come into view,
I'm thinking those words once again…
And the closer you get, the more I love…
And to hold your hand seems divine…
Yet even this is never enough,
Until your kisses are mine…

Denis Martindale April 2020.

Denis Martindale

Torah! Torah! Torah!

Jerusalem is near or far... yet that depends on you,
Based on location, where you are... what you intend to do.
Yet God has set His Word alight... forevermore sublime,
With characters the scribes would write, transcending space and time.
The sequences reveal the codes that wise men strive to find,
Though each may travel several roads before these come to mind,
Yet there they were from ages past before these men were born.
Despite the fools who stare aghast... and laugh out loud with scorn.
The knowledge hidden shares the truth of dangers dead ahead,
A secret chamber stands as proof, beyond the codes once read,
To chronicle, from Genesis, the promises of old,
The prophecies Mankind would miss... the greatest story ever told...

So look for treasures while you may... hold fast to what is good,
Beyond the darkness of that day, when that stands understood.
Careers destroyed and poverty and isolation, too,
And fears abound for all to see... for some don't have a clue.
But wise men search throughout the Spring, wherever water flows...
For secrets of each ancient king, the truths God only knows.
For even scribes miss words they penned, not sensing secrets there,
Long hidden until comes the end, when even prophets stare.
But as for you, the world goes on... and on and on for sure,
Until the Rapture's come and gone... and Christ returns once more.
The greatest secret of them all... dividing all Mankind,
God's greatest, wondrous miracle... to those not left behind...

Denis Martindale April 2020.

The Gospel poem is based on the TV documentary called
THE GOD CODE... shown on UK TV for Easter 2020...
The History Channel, broadcast on the 8th of April 2020.
Google book info: THE GOD CODE by Timothy P Smith.

Denis Martindale

Thank You, Danny Kaye...

When Walter Mitty sang a ditty,
Each new song was very witty…
Accompanied by girls so pretty…
Who never kissed him, what a pity…

Denis Martindale April 2020.

Check Google for the song Anatole of Paris.

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

What A Girl!

She's got a lovely name, of course,
Ask those who know her well
And even more, if one adores,
Alas, too shy to tell...
Her kindness shows she wants to bless
Your heart and mine so much...
That fresh face looks outstanding, yes...
And delicate to touch...
What point in saying that's not true?
To see her's such a thrill...
So, pardon me, if I love, too,
As many others will...
Of all the girls upon this Earth,
I say with certainty,
She's more than all us guys deserve...
And far too good for me!

Denis Martindale April 2020.

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale

How Do Poets Get Their Ideas?

How do poets get their ideas and simply write and write,
Dismissing all their doubts and fears and sharing day and night?
It doesn't matter what they've penned when editing's not done,
But this I tell you, as a friend, editing sure is fun!

It can transform the weakest phrase that first came to the mind,
It can enrich so many ways what some folks leave behind…
A comma here, a comma there, a comma there as well
And suddenly… an answered prayer… as things begin to gel…

But first and foremost, great ideas, a title or a line…
Then all at once, the dark mist clears and words pour out like wine…
Alliteration or a pun, some wordplay now and then
And finally, the battle's won… triumphant once again…

I've written thousands, I should know… I just begin by faith…
I'm confident and on the go… Determined and quite brave…
The last line may seem miles away… I haven't got a clue…
It matters not should I delay… I'm gonna make it through…

That's how I started even now… and I'm not finished yet,
But this I know, today, somehow… the ending I will get…
Erm.. how to finish? Just a sec… Think, think! Come on! What's next?
It's now that I'm a nervous wreck and feeling quite perplexed…

Sometimes I win, sometimes I lose… but friends, I won't give in…
It's times like these I need a muse… to add an extra spin…
For now, I'll struggle on alone… pretend it's going right…
Ring! Ring! I must answer the phone… Farewell, friends, and good night!

Denis Martindale April 2020.

Denis Martindale

Reject Silence

The quill went scrawling left to right, to scratch out words that way,
And thus, through ink, each came to light, so writers had their say...
And later still, the fountain pen, a smoother sound was heard...
Until that fateful moment when typewriters shared each word...
And later still, the keyboards came and then the Internet...
And thus the world was not the same... nor could we all forget...
Computer screens both large and small, with beep-beeps all the rage...
Technology, Man's miracle, beyond the A4 page...
So lyrics match the YouTube song, a billion souls to see...
While I stay writing all day long to share my poetry...
Reject the silence, speak out now... and learn to phrase each thought,
So that you've got a voice somehow, to share the truths you ought...
For silence borne of fear destroys the noble heart within,
To stem the love songs each enjoys when poets won't give in...
Arise from sleep and restlessness, stand up for what seems right...
That's how Christ's Gospel came to bless and lead souls to the light...
To Heaven, words and prayers ascend, where all God's angels sing...
So write for God and them, my friend... and Jesus Christ, our King!

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale April 2020.

Denis Martindale

Comfort One Another... Amen...

Comfort one another... Amen. Yes, noble words indeed...
Strengthen each other once again... that's how some may succeed...
Measures of faith and hope and love... and science at its best...
Beyond the prayers that seem enough... desires to be blessed...

For Man observes disasters well... he learns from past mistakes...
When life becomes a living Hell... each time a victim wakes...
When burdens sabotage the strong, the young, the meek and mild,
Such that their sorrows last so long... yes, even for each child...

But starving children lived and died... yet who rushed to their aid?
Or comforted each time they cried, when they were sore afraid?
Their plight by billions stayed ignored... by wealthy men and wise...
Why then seek answers from the Lord who knows the day each dies?

But God plans for a remnant yet, a portion left to live...
A fraction left without regret... when God more life would give...
They may endure disease a while, but healing's on its way...
They may wake up without a smile, but sorrow fades away...

PoemHunter.com

But who can tell who lives, who dies? Which ones see Christmas, too?
Each one who shops, each one who buys enough to see them through?
The man who drives to work alone? The woman who walks home?
The man whose heart stays cold as stone? The man who writes a poem?

And yet that remnant perseveres for God protects them all...
Beyond this year and future years... for that's their miracle...
But only if Man strives and fights diseases everywhere...
Obedient to God's insights against each new nightmare...

That's why hygiene is vital now... to stem this filthy tide...
A firewall that's meant somehow to separate and hide...
The fools will act as each fool must... regardless, come what may...
But I've got faith, in God I trust and that's why I still pray...

Denis Martindale April 2020.

Denis Martindale

I Knew A Girl Called Poem...

Poor girl, she had one claim to fame. Her Dad loved poetry
And he chose Poem as her name. Yes, Stan's a poet, see?
And not adverse to share his love. Entitled to his whim.
He thought that Poem was enough. Yes, quite enough for him.
But Poem wasn't quite so glad since she was teased at school.
When she came home she slapped her Dad and called her Mum a fool.
And Hercules her dog bit her and Morris the Mynah laughed
And Bubbles the Babysitter thought everyone was daft.
When Poem changed her name, at last, she didn't give a damn.
Samantha thought her problems past, but some folks called her Sam.
Some people thought she was a guy when her name was first heard.
Samantha gave it one more try, so Sheila's now preferred.
So, parents, this is my advice: Be careful what you do.
For pity sake, take time, think twice. Or else some names you'll rue.

Denis Martindale April 2020.

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

The Nature Of Nature

While some equate God with Nature, God only has a throne,
Deserving of the Creator and more than Man has known…
Since Nature has no thought at all, no choice, it just exists,
No claims to work a miracle, no arms, no legs, no fists…
It has no heart, it has no lungs, no spirit and no soul,
No face, no lips, not even tongues, nor hopes of self-control…
It merely has a role to play within God's Universe…
It doesn't care each time we pray to bless us or to curse…
Yet Jesus calmed the storm that rose and raised some from the dead,
Forgiving those He called His foes to show God's love instead.
Though Nature formed the Cross of Christ it couldn't die for me…
Nor prove itself as highly prized because of Calvary…
When Easter comes and Man reflects, Christ only shines like gold…
What is this truth that Man respects? The greatest story ever told…

Denis Martindale April 2020.

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

When I Fall In Love...

When I first heard this wondrous song, it set my mind to thinking,
For Nat King Cole could do no wrong the way that he was singing…
I taped that song that very day and laid upon my bed
And played it back, yes, straight away… to think of what was said…
The orchestra played perfectly, I laid there mesmerised,
As every note flowed over me, I felt as though enticed…
And twenty times I listened there… to lyrics soft and low…
To sentiments of utmost care that I was meant to know…
For unrequited love can't hold the treasures love imparts,
The treasures worth much more than gold, compressed within our hearts…
That song I sing, yes, even now, though years have come and gone…
Because, in truth, I know somehow, it's helped me carry on…
Through lonely years and lonesome tears and setbacks great and small…
That little song allays my fears… It's sweet and lyrical…
I wish that I had penned each line, composed its melody…
And with Nat's voice that sounds so fine and means so much to me…
Perhaps that's why I write so much, in search of such a quest…
To cultivate that human touch that leaves each one impressed…
If only God would grant my prayer… to reach such standards, too…
Then oh what poems I would share with you and you and you…

Denis Martindale April 2020.

Denis Martindale

The Writing Machine

My brother called me THE WRITING MACHINE.
That's basically what I do now and then.
After 2,800 plus poems uploaded to the poemhunter website,
I think many would agree with him now.
The point is that there was a time I didn't have a typewriter
or a computer and a printer.
So I simply had to write instead of type.
Later on… and I got a typewriter that I felt comfortable with
and I just kept on struggling with it,
yet getting better as time passed by.
Later on… I got a Commodore 64 toy computer
and learnt its BASIC commands
and created a writing program for whatever I could write.
Later on… I got a 9-pin dot matrix printer.
Later on… some Commodore 64 Office Software.
Later on… I got some computer and printer access at the College
until I finally got my own Windows 95 computer.
I've been forced to upgrade since then and frankly,
there's no profit in being a writer or a poet.
But I still write because I AM THE WRITING MACHINE!

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale April 2020.

Denis Martindale

Winter

When Winter springs upon its prey and darkens every door,
The children shiver every day and find life such a chore...
Yet Christmas beckons all the globe, to play hymns once again,
We count the seconds, wait with hope, until that moment when...
Yes, Christ was born to grant Man peace... salvation was God's aim...
In Christ, God's wonders never cease... and Jesus is His Name...
Within a manger set to rest... to gaze at stars above...
To see the Moon that God has blessed... and Mary full of love...
Oh, how wondrous it would be, if we stood by her side...
To hold her hand so gratefully... and not one tear to hide...
To sing an ancient lullaby... as He, the Saviour, smiled...
The King of Kings, the Lord most high... God's one and only child...
When Winter comes with all its woes, let's still give praise to Christ...
For all He's done, God only knows... Dear friends, you'd be surprised!

Denis Martindale March 2020.

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

How Can You Write Poetry?

Just make your mind up here today, new poetry to write,
Then make a start, without delay, instead of late at night…
Then think of topics close-to-heart, your garden or your home,
Then fancy phrases that impart some wisdom in your poem…

The rhymes may fit, or seem quite near, like what I penned above,
Just carry on, but without fear… for soon you'll write enough…
Such that your skills must then improve through editing and such…
Until all doubts will then remove, not worrying so much…

I've written words that came to mind, just letting them run wild,
Until some better words to find, some strong, some weak, some mild…
And should I leave them as they are, or go the extra mile?
If I take time, I'll be a star! Then I'll take time to smile!

For sharing poems may delight the readers that I seek,
If I stay humble and polite, not thinking I'm unique…
But gently smiling now and then… or giggling here with glee…
Each time with paper and with pen I pen new poetry…

To think, there's joy that's waiting still, great eloquence and more…
It kind of gives my heart a thrill for what may be in store…
A thousand poems? Who can say? But what, dear friend, of you?
Decide to start and start today! Let's see what YOU CAN DO!

Denis Martindale March 2020.

Denis Martindale

Vincent

When young Vincent was an artist, as yet of no renown,
He soon became a realist, no paintings sold in town.
No cause for him to smile at all, except of course to frown.
Vincent needed a miracle, or life would get him down.

As time passed by, the artist saw, as if through different eyes.
The earth, the sky and all before and came to realise
That there are patterns, curls and whirls, no other artist tries
And so he thought of these as pearls, though precious, small in size.

Vincent began his editing, conforming line-by-line,
When employing things most fitting, deserving of design.
With circling twists, with spiral turns, with colours sharp and fine,
Just as the candle slowly burns... its wondrous light to shine.

So poets of this world take note, see more than what we see.
Like artists, paint a second coat, let's edit poetry.
Let's take our firstborn's nakedness, then strive for what must be.
Mistakes removed are bound to bless, at least they do for me.

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And only then, when all seems done, let's share the words we wrote.
Though we changed many, not just one, so why then should we gloat?
We simply sought some wise advance, some nice-framed antidote.
We nimbly thought what could enhance, so readers could take note.

Let's work with patience when we rhyme... if rhyming proves our thing.
Invest a little extra time, to add some extra zing.
Perhaps to pray for wisdom, too. Perhaps just listening.
Like artist Vincent used to do, to insights God could bring...

Denis Martindale March 2020.

Denis Martindale

Attractive

Attend my thoughts of yonder lass,
Her figure and her form,
As if a statue made of glass,
Yet with a heart so warm...
For when she speaks, quicksilver flows,
From educated lips...
When she shakes hands, temptation grows
And lingers at her hips...
Her cheeks so near to make her blush
Then catch her by surprise...
Her hair cascades like wines that gush,
Her highlights match her eyes...
Her teeth outshine the whitest pearls,
Her lips like fingers meet...
Her purity shames other girls,
Her spirit stands complete...
And when I gaze, her gaze meets mine,
We both like what we see...
One day she'll be my Valentine...
For she's the girl for me...

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale March 2020.

Denis Martindale

The Pastor's Prayer...

The Pastor prayed about the horror stories of the year 2020 when the infamous virus was striking people down and society was becoming distant and antisocial. He had listened to the latest news reports and statistics being explained and even questioned if conspiracy theories were right... or right over the top. After he had prayed, he had a dream. In the dream, he met Jesus and the Saviour explained that Man was his own worst enemy except for the Devil and his angels. Man has done a lot of research in curing diseases yet others have researched how to create bacterial weapons to disable, maim and murder. Man hasn't stopped these horrors, or disarmed the nuclear bombs, or put down the guns, the rifles and the grenades. So why should God do Man any favours at all?

The Pastor was reminded of all the good that Man could do and as an evangelist he had made a thorough list across the years. So he went to his records and read out the list to Jesus. He was as determined as he could be to defend Mankind. Jesus listened patiently. Even so, at the end of the Pastor's words, the Saviour's face was still unchanged... He sighed at the follies of Mankind, then told the Pastor to organise a National Day of Prayer. The Pastor replied that millions were praying already, so why have a National Day of Prayer? Again, Jesus sighed... Even you question Me, here, right now... Is it any wonder that Mankind does his own thing, even when the wisdom of Heaven has spoken? Then the Pastor nodded and he sighed, too.

Upon waking up, the Pastor started to organise a National Day of Prayer and upon that day of prayer, things began to change... for the better...

Denis Martindale March 2020.

Denis Martindale

Why Do People Write Poetry?

Why do people write poetry? It's just because they can,
Such that they search for harmony, as through their lines they scan,
To find a certain savoir faire, a gentle phrase or two,
A word of wisdom they could share, or some truth that's brand new…
And there are poems in our dreams that cause us some concern,
From winsome tales to sad extremes, or lessons we could learn…
And even brand new songs as well may visit us in time,
To cast upon us such a spell that we recall each rhyme…
Then there are prophets for the Lord, with parables in store,
With visions not to be ignored, but shared from shore-to-shore,
Until the world itself is told of future things to be,
Like scrolls we hold and then unfold to see what we must see…

And so the generations come and slowly let us leave,
With poems, legacies for some, that they in time receive…
Yet poets have been known to laugh and giggle like the rest,
To take the much more common path, so readers may be blessed
With limericks and funny thoughts that children may enjoy…
Beyond statistics and reports that adults may employ…
For there's a measure of success, for millions or just one,
When poets share their happiness through poems that they've done,
When editing enriched their lines, enforcing every rhyme,
Just as a furnace gold refines until it looks sublime…
Then just like gold each poem brings its treasure troves within,
For lyrics that each singer sings, our hearts and minds to win…

To preach like Jesus bids us to, that people may be taught…
To reach and teach the chosen few with every golden thought…
For poets serve the whole world wide, uplifting when they can…
Each time they stop and then decide to help their fellow man…
When hymns transcend both time and space, to cross the centuries,
To set forth truths of utmost grace, forgiveness, mercy, peace…
Declaring promises divine, proclaiming power, too,
That God provides through every sign, like Easter poems do…
That's why I write and write and write, as servant, guide and friend…
That's why I write by day and night until my life must end…
To grant Mankind my legacy, my share of precious things,
Each time I preach of Calvary… and Christ, the King of Kings…

Denis Martindale March 2020.

Denis Martindale

Don't Discount Poetry

Don't discount poetry.
It's the stuff of legends,
It's the music yet to be played,
It's the sights yet to be seen or imagined…
It's the gift of imagination
Created as extravaganzas of pure power
And ecstacies yet to be…
Or it's just another one of those gentle little poems,
Merely common fare and no more…
Yet tomorrow such poets may write masterpieces,
Having the elegance of eloquence…
So don't discount the poets either…
Just give them more time to rhyme…
Because they're writing for you…

Denis Martindale March 2020.

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

It Is Better To Be Determined

It is better to be determined than it is to be deterred...
It is better to be thick-skinned than downcast by a word...
It is better to be a hero, once trained in certain things,
Than acting as if a zero, still hiding in the wings...
It is better to be a student than just a know-it-all...
It is better to be quite prudent, for even the mighty fall...
It is better to be forgiving than holding grudges still...
For our lives are for the living... and searching for God's will...

It is better to be loving... show charity, my friends...
Far better than being nothing that's worthwhile when life ends...
It is better to go to Heaven than counted with the lost...
When we can be forgiven... since Christ has paid the cost...
It is better in the future, beyond this earthly style,
According to the Scripture, far better than a mile...
So while you've read this here today, I wonder what you'll do...
I'm going to Heaven, come what may... and yet will I meet you?

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale 9th of March 2020.

The 50th anniversary of my first working day...

Denis Martindale

Beyond The Poetry Within...

Can I compare my gift with those that dwell in others, too,
and thus compete where talents rose and blessed those hearts in you?
Can I perform beyond your own, when you inspire me
to go beyond the truths I've known, to greater liberty?
Can I take bolder steps than yours when you were at your best,
as if to reach the farthest shores, if more time to invest?
Can I maintain the finest thoughts that surface now and then,
to shine like diamonds, pearls and quartz... with insights once again?
Can I express the subtleties that you bring to your art
beneath such wisdom that Man sees that you share from the start?
If so, then pray for me, my friends, this poet needs your prayers...
as I would pray, without pretence, because I'm one who cares...
For painters, sculptors, writers, too, my prayers to Heaven rise...
because I love the good you do... more than you realise...

Denis Martindale 9th of March 2020.

The 50th anniversary of my first working day...

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Steady, Lad... Steady...

I know I need a flu jab,
I know they're good as gold.
Better than handkerchiefs to grab
When stuck with a bloody cold...
The needle didn't hurt much...
I know that may sound quaint...
I was so brave at its first touch...
Thank God I didn't faint...

Denis Martindale 8th of March 2020.

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

A Prayer For Maria...

Please tell me! How do you do it! ?
Just sit there and stay still?
I wish I could be a poet!
I just don't have the skill...
But there you go, another one!
Your first verse, there it is!
And pretty soon, you will be done...
What greater skill than this?

Verse two begins... I'm smiling now...
I like that joke, my friend...
You're really gifted, man, and how...
Two thousand poems penned...
What's that? You've mentioned Maria!
That's my name written there!
Ah, good... the next line's made it clear...
This poem's like a prayer...

You like to edit very much...
Somehow it brings delight...
I'm glad you've got a gentle touch...
I like the way you write...
Will you recite it just for me?
Oh, my... that's wonderful...
I think I'll write some poetry!
It's just adorable!

Denis Martindale March 2020

Denis Martindale

How Do You Force Yourself To Write?

How do you... force yourself to write... when words fly far away,
Though they came close by day and night... with awesome things to say?
Now gone and distanced from your ears... no chance to call them back,
You're on your own with tears and fears... and open to attack...
For soon dark thoughts are everywhere... compressing all around...
Constricting you so you despair... your screams the only sound
And hope seems but a fading light, a dying star then gone...
And joys of life no more excite... how can you carry on?

But God still reigns from Heaven's Throne... He will not let things end...
The greatest love you've ever known... as Saviour and as friend...
You may not have the faith to pray... yet groans are always heard...
You may not have the truth to say... yet God will send His word...
And from His word new hopes and dreams... like rainbows will proclaim
There's more still left than what now seems... to glorify God's Name...
New tales of wonder to astound... new poetry as well...
New psalms awaiting to be found... new parables to tell...

So don't give up when words fly south... or north, or east, or west...
God brings His word towards your mouth... so that in time you're blessed...
So you can bless your readers, too... far better than before...
With treasures in each point of view and truths none can ignore...
With insights borne of heartfelt prayers, brand new inspiration...
And peace of mind, replacing cares... thanks to revelation...
And prophecies of future things and songs of perfect praise...
If you but serve the King of Kings for your remaining days...

Denis Martindale 29th of February 2020.

Denis Martindale

Does Creativity Take Courage?

Does creativity take courage…
Or just the chance to try?
And does poetry take knowledge…
Or simply asking why?
And when a painter makes a start,
Is everything to scale
And when an actor plays a part,
Is he set up to fail?
It's true that courage stirs us on…
To be all we can be,
When at full strength, our doubts are gone,
To end uncertainty…
It matters not that we succeed…
If we don't really care,
Creative people serve a need…
That's in the art they share…
While some get paid for what they do,
The rest don't get a thing,
It's really only just a few
Who live well like a king…
Does it take courage staying poor…
Yet not give up at all…
Or merely patience to endure…
Or some great miracle?
This much I know, from all I've seen…
Creative artists try…
The years pass by yet they're still keen…
For their faith cannot die…
It stirs them on and on and on…
To do the things they love…
Just like a light that's always shone
And always proved enough…

Denis Martindale 27th of February 2020.

Denis Martindale

The History Of American Hope!

The tales are told of long ago… when travellers went forth,
Hoping they, in due time, would know as they went west and north…
Each striving for adventures new, determined to succeed,
Having done, what all men must do, to meet that inner need…
In search of treasures to be found, like diamonds, gold and pearls,
Some wondrous pleasures left around, some trinkets for their girls…
Trusting God's grace with all they had, content to go in faith,
Outlasting setbacks made them glad the Lord was strong to save…
Rejoicing every passing day as they kept on their course,
Yearning, learning, along the way… reflecting on God's laws…
Of what the Lord would guide them to and what the Lord had planned.
For who could tell what God would do as soon as they reached land?
And yet their very hearts were set… to stand and do their share…
Meeting each challenge to be met… each burden still to bare…
Each steadfast to the very end because the stakes were high…
Requesting God remained their friend as every week went by…
In time to land and then explore the vastness of it all,
Created long ago before this present miracle…
And so it was, those years took shape and streets turned into towns,
New legacies none could escape… despite ten thousand frowns…
Hope spurred men, on beyond the gold, as trains went far and wide,
Onwards, while taking stronger hold… and matching each man's stride…
Pressing on, till the fast planes came, like rockets taking flight…
Extensive is America's fame, its power and its might…

Denis Martindale 27th of February 2020.

This is an acrostic poem...

Denis Martindale

Fearfully And Wonderfully Made!

How can it be from making love that children come to be?
That tiny genes are quite enough to fashion you and me?
That growing deep within the womb a miracle begins?
That in such darkness like a tomb there yet may be a prince?

That even paupers born one day come forth and breathe the air,
Surviving hardships yet to stay with those who love and care?
Yet such is life for many souls God destines for this Earth,
Prepared with bodily controls to help them prove their worth…

Such that a babe so weak, so frail, takes time to walk and run,
Reducing times no more to fail, so great things can be done…
If we examine how we're made, we learn so many things…
Yet not all bodies here displayed have been reserved for kings…

The poorest child may still have eyes and ears to see and hear,
The richest child can realise the beauty that is near…
Yes, there are aches and pains and strife… such things we can't dismiss,
Yet who can match this gift of life… or true love's tender kiss?

Or holding hands when love takes hold… or tears of joy at last?
Emotions worth much more than gold… or sadness when downcast?
And yet we live… as miracles… as tributes to God's love…
Surveying all God's spectacles… then praising God above…

Denis Martindale 27th of February 2020.

Denis Martindale

P.A.T.I.E.N.C.E.

Precious smiles help portray the good
And faith stirs us as well…
To do the kindest things we should
Instead of tales we tell…
Expect the great, reject extremes,
No heart knows what's in store…
Cancel those thoughts of dismal dreams -
Each person must pray more!

Denis Martindale 26th of February 2020.

This is an acrostic poem...

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

How Long Does It Take You?

How long does it take you to write, to get a poem done?
Must it take a day and a night before the battle's won?
Must it take a month or longer? Oh, no, that's not my way.
As I feel a poem's stronger if written that same day.
That's why it won't depart from me until I've done my part,
Until I've shared that poetry outpouring from my heart.
I won't give up until I'm through, that's just the way it is.
Determinedly I share my view… no matter hit or miss.
Since not all poem's strike a chord with readers far and wide,
Nor stand deserving of reward, despite the fact I tried.
But if sometimes a poem shines like all God's stars above,
Then that, to me, just underlines, my efforts proved enough.
To fashion phrases, from each thought, to edit here and there,
When passion places words I've caught on lines that once stood bare.
And sequences combine in prose, a string of pearls to hold,
As dainty as a Summer's rose declared as good as gold.
To me, the poet must press on, else inspiration leaves,
So I must write before it's gone, as one who still receives.
So bid me time to pen each word, to edit and to plan.
That I might write what just occurred as only this man can.

Denis Martindale 26th of February 2020.

This new poem took me 30 minutes
and 15 minutes for further editing.

Denis Martindale

How Does Your Writing Influence You?

If you're like me, then you must know,
That writing is exciting!
When suddenly you're in full flow,
Such that your mood is brightening…
And verses follow one-by-one
And sweet rhythms rally round
And all at once, it feels like fun
And it's like you're Heaven-bound…

If you're like me, you try your best
And that's just the way it is…
So that not only you get blessed
As you strive to share your bliss…
When there's a broad smile on your face
And you stop to have a laugh…
When poetry falls into place
With each verse on the right path…

If you're like me, you write a lot
And the days go whizzing by…
It doesn't matter, cold or hot,
As you know you've got to try…
So God bless you in what you write
If the Lord likes what you share…
So that the Lord grants you insight
And true love beyond compare…

Denis Martindale February 2020.

Denis Martindale

Timber Wolf!

Taking its time, the wolf explored,
In search of prey nearby…
Making the climb, no sound ignored,
But eagles soaring high…
Exactly where the next meal was
Remained a mystery…
While hunger must be fought because
Options aren't plain to see…
Love them or loathe them, I know,
Facing life's truths helps us grow…

Denis Martindale February 2020.

This is a 10-line acrostic poem spelling TIMBER WOLF.

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Twenty-Four

A man can work three shifts of eight,
Then time will take its toll,
The money earned may seem just great,
Yet he can't keep the whole…
The Taxman's waiting patiently,
With smirks as well as smiles…
Because each worker pays a fee
And can't avoid such trials…
I used to work three shifts of eight,
Yet then I realised
There was no cause to celebrate,
For rest's more highly prized…
So overtime I then refused…
I chose to stay at home…
Enough to know I was amused
Writing another poem…

Denis Martindale February 2020.

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale

How Can I Become A Poet?

How can I become a poet… and enthral my readers, too,
So my heart and mind would know it… with every point of view?
And soul and spirit joined my quest… and rallied to my cause,
Perchance to do my utmost best… avoiding all known flaws?
Such that I pleased both God and Man… through each new poem penned,
With vision, dream, or scheme, or plan… from thoughts I comprehend?
I gaze in wonder at a page… no word has found its home
And ponder at this starting stage… praying for a poem…
God grant me favour in this hour… sweet rhymes of destiny,
Fantastic phrases, full of power… outrageous poetry…
With seasoned wisdom, mixed with grace… good humour now and then,
So smiles and smirks adorn each face… again and yet again…
Stir up the latent talent, Lord, release the crack in time…
Set forth the pages and afford… resplendent fashioned rhyme,
Then let me fly the skies above… to see what angels see,
That I may share their gift of love… that lives inside of me…
For I was born to write such thoughts… as one with great intent,
At home on Earth… and Heaven's Courts… from where all gifts are sent…
That I, by faith and faith alone… pick up the pen and hold,
Press on, press down and share what's known… and proved worth more than gold…
Else all is lost, distracted soon… delayed and cast aside…
Despite the light of sun and moon… new insights to confide…
For others, Lord, I pray this now… let me Your poet be…
If yes… to You, this day I vow… what treasures You will see…

Denis Martindale 17th of February 2020.

Denis Martindale

Beauty Is Upon You... (Short Version)

BEAUTY IS UPON YOU…
:
Beauty is upon you like the rose without a thorn.
Beauty is upon you like the dew on grass each morn.
Beauty is upon you like the sapphire shining sea.
Beauty is upon you like the apple on the tree.
:
Beauty is upon you like the sunshine on the Earth.
Beauty is upon you like the day God granted birth.
Beauty is upon you like the wings on butterflies.
Beauty is upon you like the grace that God supplies.
:
Beauty is upon you like the diamond wedding ring.
Beauty is upon you like the season known as Spring.
Beauty is upon you like the little lambs that play.
Beauty is upon you like the snow on Christmas Day.
:
Beauty is upon you like the rainbows up above.
Beauty is upon you like the sentimental dove.
Beauty is upon you like the young bird new to flight.
Beauty is upon you like the shooting stars each night.
:
Beauty is upon you like the dolphins as they leap.
Beauty is upon you like the peace that comes with sleep.
Beauty is upon you like ten thousand whispering sighs.
Beauty is upon you like true love that never dies...
:
Beauty is upon you like true love that never dies...
Beauty is upon you like true love that never dies...
:
Denis Martindale, copyright, August 2001.
:
While this poem keeps repeating the title, it's a way to emphasise each facet of beauty. Even so, the poem can be used without this phrase and merely used as a shortened version like this:
:
BEAUTY IS UPON YOU…
:
Like the rose without a thorn.

Like the dew on grass each morn.
Like the sapphire shining sea.
Like the apple on the tree.
:
Like the sunshine on the Earth.
Like the day God granted birth.
Like the wings on butterflies.
Like the grace that God supplies.
:
Like the diamond wedding ring.
Like the season known as Spring.
Like the little lambs that play.
Like the snow on Christmas Day.
:
Like the rainbows up above.
Like the sentimental dove.
Like the young bird new to flight.
Like the shooting stars each night.
:
Like the dolphins as they leap.
Like the peace that comes with sleep.
Like ten thousand whispering sighs.
Like true love that never dies...
:
Like true love that never dies...
Like true love that never dies...
:
Denis Martindale, copyright, August 2001.
:
There is a phrase which refers to really being in love with someone and that phrase is to like-like… So this poem version reminds me of that extra meaning.

Denis Martindale

Magna Carta

Men chose to pen this destined deed,
Addressing what seemed right,
God willing that they would succeed
Now set with all their might...
And so it was, each word set out,
Compelling men to act,
Abandoning their fear and doubt,
Replacing these with tact...
Today we challenge everyone
And seek the best that can be done...

Denis Martindale February 2020.

This is a 10-lined acrostic poem and
that's why the final 2 lines rhyme.

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

How May I Unlock Creativity?

How may I unlock creativity? I coax it to open itself to me. I make promises of undivided attention. I vow to be an avid listener. I beseech it to reveal its truths as well as its mysteries. I search myself for the answers already stored within. I scan the vocabulary of my youth and stir up the skills of my years. I lay them down before the greatest mystery of them all, which is creativity. For here is where the unbidden secrets exist, in wait for the most earnest writers and not the infrequent amateurs with twinkles still nestling in their eyes.

I coax forth the romances and the dramas, the lost loves and the pitiful stumblings of one's early years. I pluck the visions from the nearest and dearest stars. Regardless of the dark voids of space, those expanses still dimly splattered here and there, amid the stars, as if they were nothing and of no consequence. I see past the Universe itself and search the hidden majesty beyond.

Why then, creativity, resist such a human spirit as mine? I am here, ready, willing and able. Share the good and the noble as well as the divine, for this one span of life that is yet mine… I am here, yet the choice is yours, precious one, for I have already made my choice and that is to be blessed and to bless others. Can you resist such an offer? Can you dismiss this poet whose blood is the ink of the future endeavours, just as time is the page upon which such words are penned?

If so, then resist me no more… for I am a writer… a poet… and a mortal man while here, on this my steadfast home, the planet Earth. My portion is as limited as the approach of yet one more night of dreaming, yet visit me in my dreams… for I will be waiting there when sleep snatches me away to rest once more. Look for me… for I am not hard to find… I await the partnership and the fellowship of what is meant to be. Be patient with me and we shall both be rewarded by God in due season. Patience is the key, both yours and mine…

Denis Martindale,12th of February 2020.

Denis Martindale

Blood, Sweat And Tears...

When Pontius Pilate gave command
The Son Of God was scourged...
The soldiers led Him by the hand
The day Christ's soul was searched...
And skin slipped off the naked bone
And blood began to pour...
The Son of God stayed there alone,
For more... and more... and more...

The whip had caused His skin to sting,
As more blood trickled down...
The soldiers laughed at Israel's King,
This healer of renown...
How could He claim to be God's Son,
The day no angels came?
Or ever think that He had won,
Now faced with death and shame?

But on Christ walked, till strength gave way,
Till nailed without regard...
Then hoisted high, upon that day,
By men whose hearts were hard...
With Mother Mary seeing all,
Not holding back her tears...
John praying for a miracle,
To God alone who hears...

And still Christ stayed, right where He was,
The Lamb of God at last...
That fateful day, upon that Cross,
Till life itself had passed...
With words of wisdom, words of grace,
Forgiveness to bestow...
Despite His now disfigured face,
More faith and love to show...

Then all the prophecies fulfilled,
The Son of God looked high...
Regardless of His blood that spilled,

Christ prayed, content to die...
Receive My Spirit, Father, please...
And with that came His death...
Who was this man who brought us peace?
Jesus of Nazareth...

He gave His life and death as well,
Regardless of the cost...
Redeeming sinners' souls from Hell,
God's grace to save the lost...
Such that the angels bow before
Our sovereign Lord and King...
For He alone could give no more...
For He gave everything...

Denis Martindale 4th of February 2020.

Words to be sung to the hymn tune AMAZING GRACE...

Denis Martindale

Forget It! Forget What?

I used to be a genius...
No task was hard at all...
But at times old age won't free us
From things we can't recall...
I can't leave home without my keys...
But where on Earth are they?
I'm stuck at home without release
For yet another day...

Yes, I've also tried the windows...
But they need keys as well...
While my impatience grows and grows,
My future's hard to tell...
Perhaps I'll use a hammer soon...
Yes, things are bad as this!
I might find that this afternoon...
I wonder where it is?

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale February 2020.

Denis Martindale

Kangeroos!

They jump around from here to there,
As if they didn't have a care…
They even box in self-defence…
And have been known to lose some friends…
I've seen them only on TV
And pray to God they don't fight me…
Or I'd be flat upon the floor…
And too far gone to know the score…
You see, I know I'm prone to lose…
They're flipping big, those kangeroos!

Denis Martindale February 2020.

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Let It Be, Lord... Let It Be...

Would I could have loved her more,
Exceeding each man's love before,
Beyond the depths of oceans wide,
Below the striving, moving tide...
Stretch out my hand with soft caress,
To touch her cheek as if to bless,
To touch those lips, hold back my sigh...
Or wipe her tears if she should cry...
And can it be, that she loves me?
And longs for all that we might be?
And thus calls me her Valentine?
For I am hers... and she is mine...

Denis Martindale January 2020.

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Doctor Who?

You say you are the Doctor yet your hot lips look so warm,
I look at you... what do I get? A babe in female form...
Have you two hearts as well, my dear? Is this some huge mistake?
I've got my doubts... New face! New gear! Tell me, are you a fake?
Are you the Doctor here today... who saved so many lives?
For Gallifrey's so far away... some say it still survives...
The Time Lord isn't known to be a perfect ten... and how!
Where did you get that Tardis key? And new companions, now?

Is that key yours and yours alone? Or are you just a thief?
Perhaps more proof must still be shown... to halt my disbelief...
Do you recall the Cybermen? Do Daleks haunt your dreams?
And what about the Master, then? He had his mad extremes!
He often had some new disguise... to fool each simple soul...
Then suddenly to their surprise... he planned to take control!
So tell me! Who are you, missy? Time Lady? Doctor? Fraud?
I've got time, I'm not too busy... Were you that great Time Lord?

If so, then please tell me your name! My word, it's really you!
I can't believe you're now a dame! And yet quite lovely, too...

Denis Martindale December 2019.

Doctor Who will return on New Year's Day 2020...

Denis Martindale

Quora! Quora! Quora!

It isn't really much to ask, a minute, maybe more,
Yet answering proves quite a task and typing's such a chore...
And reading text leaves some perplexed... of that you can be sure,
Imagine being somewhat vexed... and not thrilled to the core...
While some get paid along the way... I'm not yet one of those,
When I'm on form, there's no delay... and inspiration grows...
But when I'm busy... there's no time... I need sleep, Heaven knows...
But wouldn't it be quite sublime to always share my prose?
Alas, time slips away from me... and soon I snore again...
And then I can't write poetry... nor type or use a pen...
Nor read the questions each one shares... of who, what, why or when...
So please forgive me in your prayers... Amen... Amen... Amen...

Denis Martindale December 2019.

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

How Do You Make A Poem, Friends?

How do you make a poem, friends? Is there some easy way?
Well, first of all, it all depends, on what you want to say.
And if it's for reciting, too, or just text on a page.
And if the text you're writing's true, or fiction at each stage.
For we can write of fantasies, or facts from history,
Or little limericks to please, or tales of mystery.

We could praise God with hymns and psalms, or sonnets now and then,
Or sentimental verse that calms, like David, way back when.
I know some write with complex thoughts nobody understands.
While others write their rhymed reports and simply take a chance.
I like to rhyme my poetry - it keeps me on my toes.
I write for you. I write for me. And others that God knows.

So, if I edit here and there, some phrases I remove
And Grammarly makes me aware of things I can improve.
If I get better year by year, some poems will be great.
If so, then these will bring me cheer, for these will never date,
Yet often shared from town to town in readers' hearts to stay.
The sands of time won't wear these down! The winds won't wear away!

Denis Martindale December 2019.

Denis Martindale

The Miracle Of Magical Beings!

My Uncle used to tell us tales
Of things he'd seen abroad.
The giant squids and giant whales
As he leaned overboard
And on that ship that sailed the seas
He saw a mermaid, too.
She sang to him sweet melodies
Till she swam out of view.

He saw a girl climb up a rope
And then she disappeared.
Perhaps, with magic, there was hope,
If not, then that was weird.
My Uncle said he saw a bird
That often talked and talked
Until it said a naughty word
And then it squawked and squawked.

Then Uncle spoke of the fairy
That slept upon his head.
I know that's quite contrary
And yet that's what he said.
And then there was the leprechaun
Who showed him all his gold.
Though Uncle's tales are met with scorn
He's a billionaire I'm told!

Denis Martindale December 2019.

Denis Martindale

Behold The Lamb... Behold The Man...

Behold the lamb... Behold the man... Behold from first to last...
Behold God's great and gracious plan... through centuries now past...
And ponder on the magnitude... the vastness of it all...
Behold God's Son with gratitude... His precious miracle...
Born of a virgin who agreed because of flawless faith...
The righteous angel's words to heed... that Christ must come to save...
Such that she held the Saviour's soul born for humanity...
The King of Love must play the role... one day at Calvary...

Such that the Saviour lived each day for thirty years and more...
And taught disciples how to pray for blessings to outpour...
And miracles of such acclaim that doubters stared amazed,
While those who loved the Saviour's Name His footsteps daily traced...
Disciples came, disciples went... to study what Christ taught...
Yet those God led with Jesus stayed... till Judas had Christ caught...
John stood with Mary at Christ's cross... till Mary's Son was dead...
Yet Jesus died for all because our sins laid on His head...

How few could say they saw Christ die... then see the risen Lord?
John's Gospel shared God's reason why... so Man could be restored...
Eternal life, God's gift of faith, to those that would believe
The Lamb of God who came to save... each heart that would receive...
For without hearts not one could love the King of Love I know...
Who on His cross would stay above and then refuse to go...
But losing blood from head to toe... the price of sacrifice...
Behold the Saviour that I know... our friend in Paradise...

Denis Martindale Christmas Eve, December 2019.

Denis Martindale

A Million Mighty Miracles!

A million mighty miracles, each one has come and gone,
Like silver stars and spectacles that shone and shone and shone...
Forgotten like the centuries that ancient time once knew,
Not even seen as legacies by Mankind's chosen few...

Yet God takes heart in gifts He gave to leaders and to kings,
Beyond each faithless soul that drifts to worship foolish things...
King Solomon was just a man like David was before
And wandered just like nomads can... oblivious to law...

As if they never knew the Lord or called upon His Name,
Though once in Him they stood assured, triumphant without shame...
But time erodes the memories, the signs and wonders, too...
And without these, no soul has peace, not them, not me, not you...

Thus miracles lose their impact, the greatest of them all,
Replaced by science, proven fact and theories till they fall...
Yet Christmas serves the final sign before God's Son returns...
Because it serves to underline each lesson Mankind learns...

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale Christmas Eve, December 2019.

Denis Martindale

From Writer To Poet...

There are times when we are just acting as writers do
Without any thoughts of rhymes that please
And yet suddenly recognise something poetic is happening.
We immediately wake up to the extra possibilities
Of the phrasing of text and new words added here and there.
Even to the ways that we could split up a paragraph
Into what looks like the lines of a poem.
Somehow the finished result is recognised for what it is,
A poem rather than a paragraph.

When finally editing the piece, we may get a printout
And think of changing the font and the text size.
A second printout may look so good it deserves more…
Such that we may want to frame it and put it on display.
So it is that a writer chooses to switch
Into the eloquent way a poet thinks and acts.
And who knows, God willing, what blessings may follow?
Maybe that poem will get published one day…
Based on merit and merit alone…

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale December 2019.

Denis Martindale

Why I Love You, Doctor Who...

There is no real need to mention
How many months the falling in love has lasted
As time does not really express itself properly
When we are really in love with someone.
In fact, when apart, time is somewhat meaningless.
It lacks precious intimacy, as it is less real to us.
Time is like a stopwatch that starts as soon as love begins.
It pauses when we are apart
And it is worn close to the heart
To remind us that our lives are the measure of our heartbeats
Whether in love or not.
Time increases our awareness that we are mortal
And yet capable of a forever together love…
And that is why our time together is everything
And all that it needs to be…

Denis Martindale November 2019.

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale

Beautiful Girl With Brown Hair!

Beautiful girl with brown hair there
How much you made me smile,
To pose so still and then to stare
With sweet pink lipstick style...
And leaning back for central view,
Our eyes to focus on,
For guys, with sighs, in love with you,
Their hopes to pin upon...

The poet stirs and sets words loose,
Allowing each to fly,
To think of you as though my muse,
Another verse to try...
Portraying you more than you are,
More than you seem to be,
As though you were a movie star,
A true celebrity...

Beautiful girl with brown hair there,
Brown eyebrows and brown eyes,
Yet more than fair, quite debonair,
You took me by surprise...
To think that I would pause to write
About you even now,
Dressed daintily in virgin white,
To capture me somehow...

Yet who can dare to prophesy,
Declaring days ahead?
Perhaps we need not ask God why,
But just give thanks instead...
To me, you are more real today,
Your face so crystal clear,
No wonder that I pause to say...
I love you, too, my dear...

Denis Martindale November 2019.

The poem is based on a
beautiful free picture
designed by freepik...

Denis Martindale

Angry At The Passing Of A Friend...

I got the news the other day… a phone call, nothing more…
Sad news, of course, that brought dismay… a truth I can't ignore…
With consequences yet to be… the domino effect…
With life's tiles falling down, you see… and lacking all respect…
Devoid of love, devoid of hate… no matter, tears or sighs…
Because death comes fulfilling fate… and so each good friend dies…

And whether each was young or old… a healthy soul or sick…
Each morning comes till death takes hold… another soul to pick…
To leave behind its mad extremes… its trail of tears on Earth…
Its taunting of our broken dreams… its stealing of Man's worth…
The Book Of Job then comes to mind… I pause to praise God, too…
Regardless of the dread I find… the sad things left to do…

For times will come when I will laugh… as new friends make me smile…
Not dwelling on some epitaph… or flashbacks that beguile…
Though friends must come and friends must go… another friend has died…
Yet fearful thoughts will melt like snow… when anger must subside…
So give me time till grief dies down… for grief, like friends, must die…
Perhaps through tears God sends to drown… till peace comes gliding by…

Denis Martindale 26th of October 2019.

Denis Martindale

The Miracle Of The Merry-Go-Round...

The merry-go-round was all I expected it to be,
the typical flashing selection of lights
and bright letter-box red paint here and there.
Most of the seats were already full and the children
were looking forward to their screams of delight.
The attendant stood looking for more customers
before giving up and starting up anyway.
The gears began their circuits of splendour
and the journey started with wonderful music
playing above us and around us.
The eyes adjusting to the whirr of the world passing us by.
The ears maintaining our balance as the momentum increased
and thrust us forward and onward.
Holding on tight to whatever we could
and then continuing to hold close to us.
So the young girlfriends held on to their boyfriends,
adding extra intimacy in their newfound bonding experience.
Perhaps that's all this was really meant for.
In full view and yet within their private place
as love blossomed like a Summer's rose.
All too soon, the little journey came to a slowing down
and everyone else wandered on to find the next big thing.
I was the last person to leave the merry-go-round…
you see, I was alone… no grandparents, parents or guardians,
no girlfriend, no sweetheart or the girl of my dreams.
Nor was there a wife or a single child of mine
to smile with at the time of moving on to somewhere else…
but for a short while, I felt happy again…
and that, to me, was a miracle…
the miracle of the merry-go-round…

Denis Martindale October 2019.

Denis Martindale

What Makes A Poem Worth Reading?

What makes a poem worth reading? What makes it worth our while?
What makes a poem worth heeding? What makes it worth a smile?
What makes a poem worth caring? What makes it worth the rhyme?
What makes a poem worth sharing? What makes it worth our time?

Well, first of all, I wrote it out! Quite freely without force…
I asked, what is this all about? Then edited, of course…
I said the text, till not complexed… improving here and there…
So that reciters won't be vexed… because you see, I care…

And Grammarly was like a friend... it underlined mistakes…
It helped me to the very end… right through my coffee breaks…
And all at once, I stopped and smiled… the poem's lines were done…
I typed it out, till saved and filed… then shared with everyone…

Uploaded to the Internet… on poemhunter now…
Where visitors can go and get… these words I penned somehow…
And where my ebook's waiting, too… for visitors to find…
My poems penned for folks like you… for God and all Mankind…

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale October 2019.

Denis Martindale

Watering Hole...

The thirsty tiger wandered by... a truly weary soul...
To hold within a lonesome sigh... near the watering hole...
Then his blood warmed within his heart... excited by the sight...
Although his throat chilled at the start... he drank with pure delight...
His stomach met the water's flow... and tensed up straight away...
Yet tigers know this must be so... to live another day...
For soon the snow must melt and fade... just like it had before...
That's why each tiger's not dismayed... such truths they can't ignore...

When memories of Summers gone... remind them once again...
Of how the Sun above once shone... with heat beyond their ken...
When tigers strode like kings on Earth... with power and with might...
With confidence and true self-worth... not fearful, taking flight...
But facing dangers, come what may... determined every time...
No matter what Man has to say... such tigers look sublime...
Thus beauty speaks without a word... when joy inspires hope...
Reminding what was once preferred... grants tigers strength to cope...

When tigers come to realise... each season must be told...
Then Winter can't defeat the wise... nor crush with callous cold...
And so the tiger drank and smiled... as only tigers can...
Content with truths now reconciled... as through the snow he ran...
Revitalised with strength renewed... maintaining patience still...
As he went hunting for some food... upon that ice-capped hill...
And months slipped by till Spring returned... with flowers here and there...
Reminding him of all once yearned... with sights beyond compare...

Denis Martindale, copyright October 2019.

A poem based on a magnificent wildlife painting,
by artist Stephen Gayford. Google search
Denis Martindale and 'Stephen Gayford poetry'.

Denis Martindale

Just Tell It Like It Is!

Of course, I like your poetry, its share of sentiments,
Its eloquence and subtlety, the ways that it makes sense…
And how it rhymes and resonates, with chic and savoir-faire…
And proves to me we're more than mates… with love beyond compare…
And yet I pray, please tell it, just tell it like it is…
It's not like you must spell it, just greet me with your kiss…
Just whisper, I love you… with all sincerity…
That's all you need to do… to prove that you love me…

Denis Martindale October 2019.

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

How Do I Get Into Writing Poetry?

A poet thought that he should teach, for he loved poetry
And with a wondrous world to reach, the need was there to see…
For some need inspiration, too, before they choose to write,
It's just they don't know what to do… that's why they need insight…
He prayed and asked the best advice that God could share that day,
For with advice, we all think twice, despite the short delay…
God showed a television screen in Ultra HD's best
And said, 'Describe the things you've seen… then talent does the rest…'
So straight away, the poet wrote the wondrous things he saw…
He simply wrote by taking note, then rhyming more and more…

Eight syllables, six syllables, repeating these again…
However best each phrase then falls… correcting with his pen...
With punctuation here and there… and grammar checks as well…
He smiled at all he had to share… the tales that he could tell…
Imagination's gift portrayed what poets tend to use…
But only if they're not afraid… exploring what to choose…
For what he saw was his alone… your words aren't his but yours…
He prayed to God upon His Throne… for wisdom from this source…
And so that poet shares his gift… so others can write too…
As if to give each heart a lift, he prays for me and YOU!

Denis Martindale October 2019.

Denis Martindale

Make Me Schmile!

Look, I'm not drunk, honescht, I'm not…
I've juscht had a few, a few, not a lot…
I've teschted the wine and champersch assch well…
And yet not assch much assch folksch could tell…
I'm schtill walking schtraight, no word of a lie…
I'm schomewhat merry, rather than high…
I'm not scheeing double, or confusched as schuch…
I'm telling you guysch… I didn't drunk much!

Denis Martindale October 2019.

I like usching funny free picsch and thisch one
wasch schpot on and isch deschigned by freepix!

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Clockedober!

October comes and daylight dims… electric lights go on…
Some folks feel pain stir in their limbs… when sunshine's come and gone…
Some folks stay home and won't go out… it's way too cold, you see…
It seems there's much less joy about… than once there used to be…
My kitchen's cold, I shiver there… yet coffee makes me glad…
And pizzas taste beyond compare… so why should I stay sad?

Three pairs of trousers, warm as toast… and duffle coat as well…
My flu injection fears me most… that's somewhat terribell…
The clocks fall back an hour soon… and little watches, too…
After midnight, not afternoon… so yet more work to do…
Then Halloween arrives again… who's knocking on my door?
I'll stay in bed till half-past-ten… their knocking to ignore…

And all at once October leaves… November has arrived…
My praise to God He then receives… on learning, I've survived!

Denis Martindale October 2019.

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale

Kindly Save Me From This Sorrow...

Kindly save me from this sorrow, as I apologise...
Confessing before tomorrow... no time to tell you lies...
But with a naked heart to bear... the symbols of my shame...
Forgiveness is my only prayer... I ask in Jesus Name...
Extend to me the courtesy... that friendship's known to bring...
As Christ forgave on Calvary... as Saviour, Lord and King...
And imitate the love within... that noble souls possess...
Restoring me from every sin... restoring happiness...
For perfect love condemns not one... not even prodigals...
The father welcomed home his son... praised God for miracles...
That's why I ask forgiveness now... from one who loved me so...
Can you forgive my sins somehow? In truth, I need to know...

If not, I know not what to do... I know not what to say...
To hold a grudge, that's up to you... or gently bid me stay...
Love stretches out to save the lost... it makes a sacrifice...
Love reaches out and pays the cost... then offers Paradise...
Love looks beyond the setbacks seen... love widens still its scope...
Love lingers like an evergreen... the symbol of Man's hope...
While love made Jesus leave His Throne... to live until He died...
The choice is yours and yours alone... none other can decide...
Yet if you can let my sins die, too... continue as my friend...
Let me be born again anew... our futures to defend...
That's why I ask forgiveness now... from one who loved me so...
Can you forgive my sins somehow? In truth, I need to know...

Denis Martindale October 2019.

Denis Martindale

As Frightening As Lightning!

The first time I ever heard lightning was when asleep in bed
And the sound of it was frightening, so I stayed still instead…
Beneath the blankets, hiding there and utterly alone…
Then wide awake, compelled to stare, at sights before unknown…
The lightning streaked across the sky, then came loud thunder, too…
The lightning seemed as if to fly… that's what I'd like to do…
Then, all at once, no longer scared, as wonder thrilled my heart,
For what on Earth could be compared with Nature's super dart?

Rain splattered on the windowpane then trickled to the base
And blurred the sight I hoped to gain with raindrops to replace…
Somehow I sensed I'd seen enough and lost all fear that night,
For lightning's now something I love when flashing brilliant white…
It's supercharged like batteries… it's fast and fleeting, too…
Like wonders that will never cease… like someone shouting, BOO!
But when it's come and gone, my friend,God's peace pours out like gold…
The greatest blessing God can send… His mercies to behold…

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale October 2019.

Denis Martindale

The Greatest, Of These, Is Love...

The gift of true love is more precious
Than all the gracious gifts we could share.
To have all the gifts without the love
Would merely be to receive these alone,
As the temporary treasures of this world.
There could be no greater blessing
Than to receive gifts from the one you love
And who, in turn, loves you...
That is where true happiness grows...
Because it comes from what has already begun...
And what was meant to be...

Denis Martindale 10th of October 2019.

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

It's All About Me!

Born at a very early age…
My Mother knows that best…
I grew and grew until the stage…
I had to wear a vest…
There was a time I wore a cap…
When I left home for school…
Yet didn't look a happy chap…
My word, that wasn't cool…
When I left school, I sure was glad…
But fate I couldn't shirk…
I lost the freedom I once had…
The day I started work!
There was no choice, no choice at all…
In fact, I thought it dire…
It really drove me up the wall…
Until I could retire…
And now I live, a man alone…
No girlfriend, bride or wife…
Time's gone so fast that now I moan…
WHAT HAPPENED TO MY LIFE! ?

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale October 2019.

Denis Martindale

Write A Poem About Yourself!

Write a poem about yourself… the person that is you…
Why leave your words upon the shelf? Try poemhunter, too…
Register there, upload your text… with free pic underneath…
And pretty soon, no more perplexed… words wise beyond belief…

Collections start with just one verse… free e-books then to share…
If you in poetry immerse… if you take time to care…
So are you tall or are you short? Tell us if young or old…
Do you like all that you were taught? Are you as good as gold?

Are you a meanie now and then… a naughty so-and-so?
Or one who gets ten out of ten… because of all you know?
And were there times you fell in love? Be careful what you write!
Just share what proves to say enough… and try to stay polite!

Folks like to read such poems out… so try to keep things clean…
Decide things best to write about… if you know what I mean…
Yes, have a go… and start today! Inspired by my verse…
Write better, if you can, O.K.? No point in doing worse…

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale October 2019.

Denis Martindale

A Poem About Writing Poems

I prayed to God the other day... intent on something new...
Please send a poem on its way... with insights I can view...
I waited for an hour still... yet nothing came along...
No writing prompt to fit the bill... for poem, hymn or song...

I puzzled why I had to wait... I'm not a patient soul...
What made the Lord God hesitate? I prayed for self-control...
Another hour still I stayed... determined to a fault...
Not knowing why the Lord delayed... to bring things to a halt...

And so I asked Him to explain... Tell me the reason, please...
I felt Him tap me on the brain... my focus to increase...
A sudden tingle made me pause... because the Lord was near...
The answer to my prayer, of course... He came to make things clear...

I heard an inner voice that said... Show Me your faith again!
If you want to be Spirit-led... at least first find a pen!
Once found, pour out the words within... as wisdom grants insight!
With pen in hand, you can begin... to write with all your might!

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale September 2019.

Psalm 48 verse 10 refers to the right hand of righteousness.

Denis Martindale

Is Poetry A Dead Art, Friends?

Is poetry a dead art, friends? Or does it still exist?
It lives because it never ends… as long as girls get kissed…

As long as rainbows shine above… and eagles cross the sky…
As long as people pine for love… and Man asks questions why…
As long as children want to hear… a lullaby each night…
Or fairy tales that bring them cheer… or songs that bring delight…
Or anthems that the crowds may sing… as one respectful voice…
Or greetings cards for everything… just browse and pick your choice…
As long as people kneel to pray… or hymns are sung in Church…
As long as wisdom guides the way… with answers still to search…

As long as God's words come to pass… Man's future yet to tell…
As long as there are twinkling stars… and shooting stars as well…
While poems are the thoughts of Man… his legacy lives on…
That's why the poets pause and plan… until they, too, are gone…
To leave behind what must be said… to help both young and old…
So that they, too, are Spirit-led… to shine as good as gold…
The poets may be rich or poor… yet each stays young at heart…
When challenged, they will write some more… to share their noble art…

Is poetry a dead art, friends? Or does it still exist?
It lives because it never ends… as long as girls get kissed…

Denis Martindale September 2019.

Denis Martindale

A Poem About Life...

I saw my childhood taking form... beyond first breaths I took...
The food I ate was cold or warm... all I could do was look...
The clothes I wore, yet knew not why... till Winter came along...
The sun so shortly in the sky... I wondered what went wrong...
My Father taught me how to add... and how to read as well...
In time, I learnt to call him Dad... in time, I learnt to spell...
Then all at once, I went to School... to learn like those in class...
To sit upon a tiny stool... the hours there to pass...
When Christmas came, the presents came... I learnt the Gospel then...
I even learnt the Saviour's Name... yet wasn't born again...
Such things, of course, must take their time... and so, more years I lived...
Till Sunday School became sublime... when I received God's gift...
I learnt because I sought to know... and God met me one day...
The precious Gospel seed to sow... perchance that it might stay...
And so, this little heart of mine... began to understand...
To place my trust in God Divine... reach up and hold His hand...
But time eroded innocence... I strayed as others do...
I lost my share of self-defence... and even friends I knew...
Somehow, by grace and grace alone... to Heaven, I returned...
To kneel once more before God's Throne... for mercy that I yearned...
Now born again, transformed by love... forgiveness held me fast...
To comfort me, till strong enough... to serve the Lord at last...
And this is truly life to me... although it cost Christ dear...
For once you've been to Calvary... God makes the Gospel clear...
Such that I live, till I must die... a servant of my Lord...
No more to ask the reason why... for now my heart's assured...
Transformed by Christ, the King of Love... baptised, new life to live...
And visions of my home above... and saints I'm sharing with...
Each with a crown and their rewards... enjoying precious things...
For millions praise the Lord of Lords! God's Son, the King of Kings!

Denis Martindale September 2019.

Denis Martindale

Write... Recite... Then Get It Right!

Behold the poem on its way.. from Heaven's Throne once more,
With all the Lord wants me to say... that's what the poem's for...
My mind's alert, I'm now on track... I'm tuning in again...
All other thoughts away I pack... I focus on my pen...
I hold it tight, on paper white... awaiting what must be...
Till each new phrase stays well in sight... with visions I must see...
Each comes to say hello on cue... with memories as well...
To form a story just for you... the tale I'm meant to tell...

The elegance of eloquence... the work tools of my trade...
The punctuation that makes sense... when text must be relayed...
The grammar skills that prove the best... the rhymes that fit the theme...
The final outcome God has blessed... each time I join His team...
And so, with each new leap of faith... another verse gets penned...
Another verse that must be saved... and treated as a friend...
Such that the poem goes... to websites that I choose...
With poems that are God's and mine... for readers to peruse...

Perchance to be recited, too... by readers young and old...
Yet most of these don't have a clue... till this they must be told...
Some poems can be sung in praise... to worship God above...
And also teach in wondrous ways... of Christ, the King of Love...
The thought of that does my heart good... you see, it's such a thrill...
To think, I'm doing what I should... in service to God's will...
Such that the Church of Christ on Earth... has some new songs to sing...
About our precious Saviour's worth... for He means everything!

Denis Martindale September 2019.

Denis Martindale

Eight Syllables That Set The Scene

Eight syllables that set the scene... that's how I start to write...
When suddenly they intervene... regardless, day or night...
Yet mostly when I'm ready, too... computer set to go...
With Wordpad's program in plain view... so that new words can flow...

Eight syllables for my first line... and then a leap of faith...
Expecting things to turn out fine... the poem then to save...
For editing to play its role... enhancing here and there...
Towards the poem as a whole... the answer to my prayer...

Eight syllables not heard before... yet recognised each time...
A phrase I simply can't ignore... that's meant to lead to rhyme...
Such that the eloquence takes hold... transcending common thought...
Perchance as precious as pure gold... and worthy to report...

Eight syllables that stir the mind... as if to grant it wings...
To rise above and leave behind... to think of higher things...
Like hymns or psalms or greetings cards... like sonnets or free verse...
Like happy songs that bless our hearts... quotations to rehearse...

PoemHunter.com

Eight syllables that bid me pause... new tales that I might tell...
Eight syllables that open doors... with you in mind as well...
Eight syllables that introduce... like signposts on my way...
Eight syllables I'm meant to use... that really make my day!

Denis Martindale September 2019.

Denis Martindale

There Is A Font Called Lora

Because I see how fonts enhance the poems that I know,

I d o w n l o a d when I get the chance, installing as I go.

I chose to be an explorer beyond the fonts I got...

When I found a font called Lora, I liked it such a lot!

Because of poems that I write, that Wordpad helps me see,

The font called Lora brought delight to my own poetry...

I liked italic, used with bold... a truly wondrous style...

The size sixteen is good as gold... and always makes me smile!

PoemHunter.com

I love the colours teal and green... on backgrounds grey or white,

They look so gentle and serene... yet not too dark or bright...

I like the f, the g and j... the p, the q and y...

So recommend to you this day, please give this font a try!

Yes, this font is my high scorer... quite beautiful to test...

So install the font called Lora... it proved to be the best!

Denis Martindale September 2019.

Denis Martindale

The Limerick Lament

There was a man from Limerick,
Who wrote his poems down,
But one day, he felt awful sick,
It really made him frown...
His wife threw all his poems out
And he was sad, of course,
But when he gave his wife a clout,
She gave him a divorce!

Denis Martindale September 2019.

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

My Favourite Font!

On the first reading, I realised
I wasn't actually, truthfully
Savouring the phrases.

I tried a second time,
Reciting it at half speed,
Emphasising each word.

I paused here and there,
Letting each thought glide...
The poetry becoming precious.

I printed the verses one-by-one,
Choosing a fabulous font,
Calligraphy enhancing them well.

I went out shopping for a frame,
This poem deserved something noble,
Outstanding and ornate...

PoemHunter.com

Oh, what pains I took at home,
Fitting that poem in that frame...
There, it's done, hung upon the wall.

Above the fireplace, for all to see...
To change everyone who reads it,
Simply because it's that good...

Denis Martindale 18th of December 2012.

Denis Martindale

Lora...

See the poetry example in the picture below...

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

What Is The Craft Of Poetry?

What is the craft of poetry that readers should take note?
Beyond the words that most can see and what the poet wrote…
Beyond the phrases that make sense and double meanings, too,
The elegance of eloquence enhancing points of view…
Beyond the grammar and the style, the structure line-by-line,
The editing that takes a while, till words can flow like wine…
The final touches here and there, the ending now in sight,
The precious proof of utmost care before things turn out right…
The jigsaw puzzle must be done… the picture to behold…
Like Easter poems for God's Son… each one worth more than gold…
Or like a hymn the choir sings to preach of Christ's rewards,
Because He is the King of Kings… and Christ, the Lord of Lords…

Denis Martindale September 2019.

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Data

From genius, this android came... with flesh that felt so warm...
And Data was the chosen name... for this in human form...
To grow in stature and in grace... and information, too...
To process years that then took place... till Starfleet came in view...
Then trained in the Academy... a few years then to leave...
Honours there for all to see... through merit to receive...
Assigned to Starship Enterprise... to serve Captain Picard...
When Farpoint made them realise... why Q judged Man so hard...
Humanity was still on trial... regardless, war or peace...
And Q still tested using guile... and made their pride to cease...
The Borg approached from distant space... from light-years brought by Q...
Discovering the Human Race... then planning what to do...
While Data studied what may come... there was no sense of fear...
For androids aren't afraid like some... no matter what comes near...

Emotions cloud all human thought... yet Data had no dreams...
Except to serve till getting caught... to learn the Borg Queen's schemes...
But when sensations came along... temptation rose within...
A tiny touch proved oh so strong... upon the android's skin...
Resisting feelings, Data stayed... as loyal as could be...
Though for a second Data strayed... that changed to dignity...
And while the future lay ahead... this seemed the finest hour...
Despite the ever-present dread... till time to overpower...
Resourceful to the bitter end... upon the final day...
Commander Data proved a friend... all life to give away...
To save the Captain, ship and crew... this hero then gave all...
The best android they ever knew... the one they would recall...
Because when heroes pay the cost... their courage they must test...
Starfleet remembers all they've lost... the finest and the best...

Denis Martindale August 2019.

The poem is a tribute to Commander Data of the Starship Enterprise.

Denis Martindale

Weight For It!

I kinda sorta put on weight... I've seen my tummy swell...
A double chin has been my fate... and that my face knows well...
And I've got frowns and I've got lines... and thought I just can't win,
But now I've seen these danger signs... I really want thin skin!

I've eaten stuff I truly love... like apple pies and cakes...
Of pizzas I can't get enough... that's why my tummy aches...
I must go on a diet soon... I'm getting way too fat...
Avoid the knife, the fork, the spoon... so that my belly's flat...

No more the telly-belly, friends... It's time to exercise...
It seems on this my health depends... more than I realise...
Please pray for me that I succeed... and end my eating craze...
I've had a skinful, yes, indeed... I've got to change my weighs...

Denis Martindale August 2019.

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Good Night, You Lot!

Good night, you lot! Now go to sleep, 'cos Daddy's tired, too...
Good night, you lot! Don't make me weep, 'cos Daddy still loves you...
You chased me round the living room, the kitchen and upstairs...
I've played your game as Captain Zoom... It's time to say your prayers...
Then pretty soon, we'll all dream dreams... that no-one understands...
Or nod off thinking of new schemes... devising some new plans...
Tomorrow we'll play Superman... or Aquaman or Flash...
But not like every other fan... 'cos I've saved up some cash...
I've ordered costumes we can wear! So sleep for now and rest...
Tomorrow's coming soon, oh, yeah... AND THEN WE'LL SEE WHO'S BEST!

Denis Martindale August 2019.

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Roses Are Red, Violets Are Blue

Roses are resplendent, they radiate beauty,
They beautify wherever they appear.
They provide their blessings even in our memories,
For who can forget the fragrance of a rose?
They send forth the message of love,
In the form of a presented bouquet,
Or just in the passing of a single rose...
Is this red rose a symbol of passion, lust or love?
Is this white rose a symbol of serenity and peace?
Is this pink rose saying, my thoughts make me blush?
And what then of the blue rose, but feeling morose?
When I reflect upon the rose and its spectacular variety,
I know that gardeners seek the ultimate rose...
Will it have seven petals and each a colour of the rainbow?
Or a perfume matching that of honey?
Or will it shine like pure gold, as if it were fit for a queen?
All I know, is that my true love deserves a rose...
And even more as the fleeting years pass by,
For she, praise God, is my ultimate blessing...
The precious gift He gave to me...

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale August 2019.

Denis Martindale

What Is Poetry To You?

Friends, what is poetry to you, that you should write or read?
Reflecting on each point of view, perchance that you should heed?
Or editing that you enhance, correcting here and there,
To grant each verse a second chance, till soon beyond compare?
Or praying publication brings a whole new lease of life,
As if your words reach out to kings... as if to end their strife?
Or bless the common man as well, the student still in School,
The little child who learns to spell and hopes your words are cool?

Yet God created you to learn and share what you have learned
And so to poems you should turn, where truths may be discerned...
Variety that never ends, poetry in all styles,
The elegance of eloquence, the limerick for smiles...
The sonnet for romantic hearts, free verse transcending rhyme,
The epic saga that imparts a message quite sublime...
King Arthur and the Holy Grail, a quest worth more than gold,
A witty, winsome, charming tale, a parable Christ told...

A prophecy of future years, some sage advice to bless...
A mystery that never clears, confounding happiness...
A nonsense rhyme with made-up words, or pop song full of love,
A complex classic meant for nerds... or none of the above...
Who knows your final destiny? Yet only God keeps score...
I only know that poetry is how God gives us more...
So write and read, for both are great... when wise words we pursue...
And while MY poems are FIRST RATE... what is poetry to YOU! ?

Denis Martindale August 2019.

Denis Martindale

Althea Font, Size 20, Bold, Green...

WHO, INDEED?

Of all the poets God has made, who stands the highest known?
Most popular, not highly paid, whose fame has daily grown?
Is he or she alive today? In Heaven or in Hell?
Which poem is the best to say? And did it ever sell?
Is there one poem that stands out? Too many to be clear?
Translations often make us doubt... yet some are loved most dear...
If we asked God, would He agree, or point to someone else?
Another poet's poetry God tells us that excels?
Or does God let us freely choose, whoever that might be?
Respecting all our human views regarding poetry?
If we like IF and others don't. If we think IF is grand...
Do we hate others if they won't, like they don't understand?
My poems may not make the grade, yet I maintain my style...
Of all the poets God has made... I'm glad some made me smile...

Denis Martindale August 2019.

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale

Is Poetry Kind Of Dorky?

Friends, let's see it as the door key... unlocking precious thoughts...
The precious thoughts that come from me... like finest gold not quartz...
Like silver stars that shine at night, like sunshine through the day...
Like dazzling diamonds of delight... that take our breath away...
The facets that I bring to bear... transcend words said before...
Perchance with wisdom meant to share... that shakes us to the core...
That makes us tremble now and then... or simply smile with glee...
Not just the eloquence of men... but elegant poetry...
The kind that's kind and comforts, too... or shows a person's worth...
The kind each mind can oft review... as if to grant rebirth...
For poetry spans centuries... from David's psalms to now...
For motivation, joy or peace, for all God will allow...
And if God reads my poems, friends... I pray He's pleased in time...
Because on this my hope depends... not just upon each rhyme...
To trust that God anoints this saint, with words of utmost grace,
That serves the artist just like paint, to brighten up the place...
That place, for now, is Earth alone, till Heaven calls me home...
Till I walk there, both loved and known, wherever I may roam...

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale August 2019.

Denis Martindale

August...

It's the longest month of the year... with children not at School,
And with September not yet here... will each one play the fool?
Or will they act like angels would... no harm, no harm at all?
Is it so hard to be that good? Like some great miracle?
There's so much sunshine they go out... and kick a ball around...
Or even throw the thing about... till it lands on the ground...
A neighbour's garden that's nearby... or down the street or road...
Enough to make the neighbours sigh... or break the Highway Code...
I used to play when young-at-heart... off School in August, too...
Now I stay in and play it smart... and T.V. I will view...
The world goes on without me now... I simply stay inside...
I've got no children anyhow... no girfriend and no bride...
Good luck to parents everywhere... and neighbours, too, next door...
Because some children just don't care... till School begins once more...

Denis Martindale August 2019.

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

The Portrait Artist...

I've studied art for many years... I think I know what's what...
There's a way to disguise big ears, a pimple or a spot...
A well-lit background sets the scene... a fancy frame can, too...
A smile upon a face serene... or mean or stern or blue...
A noble chin, just one, no more... a sideward pose works well...
Left side or right to hide some flaw... or there'll be merry hell...
Some chit-chat helps to pass the time... a joke along the way...
Some compliments could prove sublime... if truthful, they're O.K.
Take photos first and then paint fast... leave details to the end...
And pretty soon, an hour's passed... and I've made a new friend...
And when the picture looks complete... with nothing more to add...
My word, that feeling's oh so sweet... no wonder that I'm glad...
My painting leaves my studio... the payment has been made...
I sigh to see each painting go... wherever it's displayed...
But I know that I did my best... that's all a man can do...
And I thank God I've been so blessed... among the chosen few...

Denis Martindale August 2019.

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale

Reversal Of Misfortune

A time machine could help reverse the times I simply made things worse
And made my life a living curse, in need of doctor and a nurse...
A time machine could reimburse, to help me plan and then rehearse,
My heart and soul then to immerse, to buy her diamonds, cars and furs!
To buy each handbag and each purse and anything that true love spurs...

But Gallifrey is far away and on this Earth I'm doomed to stay,
Without the chance to save the day, in hope that things turn out OK...
Alas, I press on, come what may... the laws of time and space obey...
God knows the reasons why I pray, but hardly has a thing to say...
My heart is lonely... cold as clay... No wonder that I shout, Oi, vey!

Denis Martindale August 2019.

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Eyes See...

She stares at me, or glares at me... though once those eyes were kind,
With laughter lines, I must agree, when humour she could find...
She smiled at jokes I used to share, yet now those eyes look glazed,
Long past the time she used to care... and looked at me amazed...
:
Those eyes would often look my way, just like she bared her soul,
With longing that she dare not say, or else to lose control...
But now those eyes have lost such love, they seek no new embrace...
They merely look to see enough upon her forlorn face...

Like lemon drops and not much more... instead of pearls of white,
The girl that I chose to adore and love with all my might...
Good luck ran out and said farewell and brought no wedding bells...
And without love, her life is Hell, till she sees someone else...

Denis Martindale August 2019.

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

What A Way To Lose Weight!

I could not turn on my telly... or read a magazine,
I had to protect my belly... from adverts that are seen...
The kitchen filled my heart with dread... the larder to avoid...
So many ways I could be fed... but then to get annoyed...
This diet is a nuisance, but... I choose to fight the flab,
I hope to shrink this growing gut... so food I must not grab...
Nor walk up close and smell the stuff... their flavours there to sniff...
Despite the fact such smells I love... and oh, what joys they give...
I sprayed the rooms with aerosols, my appetite to quell...
Or else there goes my future goals, my belly then to swell...

I check the scales impatiently... to learn the weight I am,
While daydreaming there of gravy... I gently pour on lamb...
Or turkey, chicken or bacon... potatoes here and there...
Then I stop and put the brake on... to limit my despair...
My greenhouse has tomatoes... and yet I must resist...
Obesity gets up my nose... yet chocolate treats are missed...
One salad, that is all I get, until tomorrow comes...
Use self-control! No need to fret! Distract those teeth and gums...
Hold on, be patient, wait your turn... just think of something else!
Like calories that I must burn... before starvation yells...

Who am I kidding? Nobody! I must eat pizza NOW!
My larder pizza calls to me... Oh, yeah, that's good... and how!

Denis Martindale August 2019.

Denis Martindale

Human Error

Behold my latest poem,
Read it with your eyes, your heart and your mind,
Let your very soul become aware of something new.
Discover wondrous imaginings,
Drift among the lingering lines,
Savour whatever tasty treats await you.
Am I going to prophesy?
Am I going to proclaim a scintillating truth?
Or will my mood lean towards fantasy?
Will I make you laugh or cry, or merely sigh?
You came this far... can you guess what's next?
No, you can't. That's why you need to read on!

Come with me to the planets above!
Study them well and hold fast to such memories.
There are secrets beyond your present wisdom.
Scratch around in the dirt and the dust...
Take samples and guess what you will...
But remember this...
We are not alone...
They are already here...
Shaping our future by day and by night...

And what will you do when they reveal themselves?
And who will help you in your hour of need?
Will you flee to the woods hidden by the trees?
Or to the caves hidden by the rocks?
And when the bullets run out, what then?
But don't blame me...
The scientists sent out probes, didn't they?
They told them where we are...
That's why we are not alone...
It's too late now...

Denis Martindale August 2019.

Denis Martindale

Who, Indeed?

Of all the poets God has made, who stands the highest known?
Most popular, not highly paid, whose fame has daily grown?
Is he or she alive today? In Heaven or in Hell?
Which poem is the best to say? And did it ever sell?
Is there one poem that stands out? Too many to be clear?
Translations often make us doubt... yet some are loved most dear...
If we asked God, would He agree, or point to someone else?
Another poet's poetry God tells us that excels?
Or does God let us freely choose, whoever that might be?
Respecting all our human views regarding poetry?
If we like IF and others don't. If we think IF is grand...
Do we hate others if they won't, like they don't understand?
My poems may not make the grade, yet I maintain my style...
Of all the poets God has made... I'm glad some made me smile...

Denis Martindale August 2019.

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

The Holy Ghost

When John the Baptist recognised the One God loved the most,
He met the Saviour, known as Christ, blessed by the Holy Ghost,
Who rested like a gentle dove, for only John to see
Lord Jesus was the King of Love, the King of Calvary...

Once saved, each Christian then believes that grace says none may boast,
For by God's Pardon each receives God's greatest gift enclosed...
To live abundant life till death, then upward, Heaven-bound,
Through Christ, Jesus of Nazareth, once saving faith is found...

The Saviour's Blood redeemed them all, from nations, coast-to-coast,
To grant God's mighty miracle, yet freely, not imposed...
To transform hearts and minds as well, for fellowship to grow...
How many have been saved from Hell? That's God alone to know...

Denis Martindale July 2019.

PoemHunter.com

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
and Vision TV on Freeview channel 264.

Denis Martindale

That Rich Dude, Tony!

There's this rich guy called Tony Stark,
His past was bleak, his past was dark...
His heart gets powered by a spark,
He flies like Superman... or Clark...
He swiftly circles in an arc,
Must faster than a speeding lark
Or racing greyhound prone to bark...
When folks look up, they soon remark,
'That's not a flying bird or shark!
It's Iron Man! It's Tony Stark! '

Denis Martindale July 2019.

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

The Disabled Among Us

They learn in time that sleep permits a respite from the pain
And while not tired, use their wits, escape to surely gain,
For pills aren't always fast enough, to wipe out what they feel
And while such sleep they learn to love, they know it's time they steal.

Thus time goes fleeting, day or night, when breathing rates are paced,
Pain struggles on, as if to fight, till sleep that hurt has chased...
The hours melt, no dreams at all... till one arrives and shares,
Like some distracting miracle that overcomes life's cares...

As if the Lord then overflows with dream tales to unfold,
Till good or bad, their highs and lows must fade when life takes hold...
The pain returns... or it has gone... the gamble won or lost...
Disabled folks must carry on, regardless of the cost...

Some seize the day revitalised, some choose to take things slow...
Some see their lives more highly prized... some barely want to know...
Yet either way, hope still persists, returning when it can...
As long as suffering exists... pray for your fellow man...

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale July 2019.

This is the sort of poetry that could be sung slowly to a
common metre hymn, with 8-6-8-6 syllables, like the tune
God Rest Ye Merry Gentlemen, Let Nothing Ye Dismay.

Denis Martindale

Dad, What's A Butterfly?

His son asked him, he couldn't say... for Man was prone to war,
Each butterfly had gone away... that's radiation's flaw...
Thus butterflies were never seen, just like the birds that flew,
You see, God didn't intervene... despite the truths He knew...
The prophecies were plainly told, that Man would play the fool,
Despite the fact that wars unfold, when warm hearts chill to cool...
Then love fades like a morning breeze, replaced by darkest night,
Then comes the deadly end to peace and men send bombs in flight...
How then could butterflies survive? The little birds died, too...
Out of ten children only five, you see, that's Man for you...
A wanton killer on the prowl, each nation learnt this well,
No more to hear the hooting owl, the day war cast its spell...
Man lost his horses, dogs and cats, the ones once thought as friends
And enemies like snakes and rats, for they had no defence...
So butterflies all disappeared, like dodo birds and more,
For Man stays wicked, mad and weird... war after war after war...

Denis Martindale July 2019.

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale

That's Not Cricket!

We saw Matt coming in to bat...
He walked and took his time,
Matt looked around, this way and that...
Like all was quite sublime...
Matt hit the ball, ran like a cat...
And smiled to score a four...
Then told a streaker he must scat...
So play could start once more...
The streaker's body sure was fat...
Of this there was no doubt...
We don't know where his mind was at...
Thank God they kicked him out!

Denis Martindale July 2019.

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Humanoid Silhouette

When I was young, I was amazed by puppeteers and such,
Till one day something highly praised affected me so much...
Upon the TV screen I saw a fairy story told,
I sat transfixed, then more and more, this wonder to behold.

The silhouettes portrayed the tale, while people said their lines,
This was like magic on a scale beyond its small designs...
Those silhouettes seemed oh so real, their movements were first class,
They moved like dancers that appeal until their time must pass...

Then they were gone, but I was glad that soon they would return,
To grant more magic than first had and wisdom I could learn...
In adult years more silhouettes appeared to me in time...
In Harry Potter when he gets that tale of Death sublime...

So once again I stared transfixed since this I knew was stranger,
Yet with romantic feelings mixed... due to Hermione Grainger...

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale July 2019.

Check Google and YouTube for details of the
Deathly Hallows film and the Death and the
three brothers silhouette animation tale...

Denis Martindale

Butter, Or Something Like It...

I've tasted stuff that wasn't nice,
I've stood there in dismay...
That margerine made me think twice,
Should I throw that away?
Or should I use it now and then,
Just like a skinflint would?
Despite the fact, I know of when
I thought it bad not good?
I keep it in the fridge for now,
I see it every day,
It's there because I still allow
Continued time to stay...
But I've decided, it must go!
Goodbye, you horrid stuff!
I'll buy true butter, for I know...
Its taste I truly love!

Denis Martindale July 2019.

PoemHunter.com

Motto: You're Better Off With Butter!

Denis Martindale

The Stars Have Secrets

The stars have secrets they don't know,
Their births and deaths, to come and go,
Their beacon lights to bravely glow,
Though quickly sent, they reach us slow...
The stars have secrets, yes, indeed,
For all the wise men, there to read...
And this the Bible has agreed,
Herein with proof we can succeed...
The stars have secrets interweaved,
Just join the dots till you've believed
And in such actions be relieved
In any wisdom you've received...
For Man has eyes with which to see,
The stretched-out strands like tapestry,
With single-stringed mortality,
The cosmic realm... eternity...
That's why Man sends his probes to space,
For further secrets to embrace...
For future secrets he must trace,
Perchance to save the Human Race...
Perchance to colonise anew,
Perchance to send a chosen few...
Perchance to do what Man must do...
Who pays? Guess who! Yes, me! Yes, you!

Denis Martindale, July 2019.

Denis Martindale

I'm Not Timid About The Time I Rhyme...

When I reflect and muse on time,
From fragile youth till in my prime,
From that first mountain I could climb
And days I did not have a dime,
Or years I thought life not sublime,
As subtle as performing mime,
I praise God that I wrote in rhyme,
For words that made my music chime,
Such that I need not turn to crime,
Or join in evil's grime and slime...
But simply write and stay polite
And somehow make the future bright,
To share by day and share by night,
With one and all, both black and white...
To grant some precious new insight...
To anyone I could invite,
To stretch and reach the highest height,
To write and fight with all my might,
Such that new poems then take flight...
As long as God grants me the right...

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale July 2019.

Denis Martindale

Good Versus Evil...

It's true that Peter had denied
The King of Kings Man crucified,
For men were cruel and full of spite
Denying truths, they chose to hide...

Their eyes were shut not opened wide,
No ray for hope remained inside,
They left Him there, they had no right,
Denying love, they chose their pride...

Denis Martindale July 2019.

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Oh, How Bittersweet, This Thing Called Love!

Oh, how bittersweet, this thing called love, its tendrils to employ,
To fascinate, all things above, to conquer man and boy...
Such that a maiden steals their hearts, without a single kiss...
They're captured when her smiling starts, they're hypnotised by bliss...
And she could love, that's not unheard... and linger nearby, too...
Perhaps in wait for some kind word... or even, 'I LOVE YOU! '

While this is human nature, friends, don't let it get you down...
Though bittersweet, it never ends... it's the only game in town!
Sometimes proposals don't work out... but sometimes, yes, they do...
It's then, of course, without a doubt, true love proves really true...
But even then, she can ignore, or play the flirt each day...
Her choice, you see, could prove a bore, such that love fades away...

It's bittersweet at times and yet let's not give up on love...
But love the more, despite regret... till loved in turn enough...
Devote yourselves to tenderness, respect her heart and soul,
Perhaps with love songs that express how she makes you feel whole...
Good luck with that! Let's hope she's worth the love you choose to bring...
Such that you get what you deserve... when she gets her wedding...

Denis Martindale July 2019.

Denis Martindale

I Think You're Kinda Wonderful...

I'm sorry if this embarrasses you...
I think you're kinda wonderful...
There... I've said it... and I can't take it back...
It's out there...
So what if nobody else ever told you?
I'm telling you.
If nobody else cares, I feel sorry for them...
They just can't see how special you are!
I saw it straight away.
In fact, the first time I heard you laugh.
There was a certain joy of life in your laughter.
I could tell. I knew.
And some time later... I heard you singing...
I just stood there, motionless, captivated.
At the end, I felt like applauding...
But I felt self-conscious, so I just smiled...
All I can say is...
I'm so glad I found you...
You're kinda wonderful, you know...

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale July 2019.

Denis Martindale

Wot, Me? Write A Poem! ?

Wot's that? Indeed, the cheek of it!
Wot's worth the writing down?
Then puzzling over every bit
When other people frown...
Use fancy words not simple ones?
That Shakespeare drove us mad!
I couldn't stand his silly puns...
They really were quite sad...
And who pays me for wot I write?
Well, no-one here for sure!
Good day, good afternoon, good night!
No point in saying more!

Denis Martindale July 2019.

This is about a school boy who is told by his teacher
that he wants everyone in the class to write a poem!
There's only one problem... the boy hates poetry!

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

If... Only...

If you can write and then recite, with expertise in each,
With something new borne of insight, such that it's bound to teach...
If you can share while taking care, such that the thoughts still rhyme,
With style and humour and some flair, then that could prove sublime...
If phrasing's done for everyone, not just for adult minds,
Just think, because that could be fun, as each new verse unwinds...
If you can act so they react, a hit quite soon you'll be...
Then you're a poet, that's a fact... a poet just like me...

Denis Martindale July 2019.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
and Vision TV on Freeview channel 264.

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

My Favorite Soup

The first time I tried chicken soup
I thought it was quite bland,
From that first taste of that first scoop,
Despite its famous brand...
But oxtail soup left me impressed,
Although it made me burp...
In fact, I'd say it was the best,
It tasted quite souperb...

Denis Martindale July 2019.

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

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Denis Martindale July 2019.

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

From Waiting To Writing...

I close my eyes and wait my turn... the title's on its way...
A hidden secret yet to learn, that meets the light of day...
And suddenly, the title's here, before one minute's done...
As if to make things crystal clear, before the battle's won...

And so I start to type once more, tap, tap... tap, tap... tap, tap...
To fashion phrases by the score which fall into my lap...
Like tiny kittens twirling round, as if to catch their tails...
While I press on, without a sound, but for my fingernails...

I'm formulating what must be, I'm teasing tiny thoughts,
Unravelling their poetry, as one who sorts and sorts...
And I'm the final editor, the sovereign lord of all...
The king of clauses that occur, till comes that miracle...

When editing has played its part, reciting's over now...
And what was stored within my heart, is shared with you somehow...
For words transcend what came to mind, as if a flowing stream...
Instead of water, gold, refined... perchance to share a dream...

A mellow feeling borne of love, a game that was well played...
A time well spent, more than enough, when wisdom stands portrayed...
It's there, within each verse unveiled, when listened to each line...
As if a mountain to be scaled, beyond this poem of mine...

Denis Martindale July 2019.

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and Vision TV on Freeview channel 264.

Denis Martindale

Ketchup? Good Luck With That!

Yes, there's still some in the bottle...
It's slowly sliding down...
But then suddenly the lot'll...
Enough to cause a frown...
It plops upon the patient plate...
Then splatters far and wide...
And that's the reason that I hate
All ketchups that I've tried!

Denis Martindale July 2019.

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Hot Diggity Dog!

I wait in line for a hotdog...
Then I get served at last.
So hungry my mind's in a fog...
And feeling quite downcast!
I order two instead of one
And chomp the first one fast!
The second one is much more fun...
Until the fun has past...

Denis Martindale July 2019.

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

I Kid You Not!

I wonder, should I get a goat?
I hate to mow the lawn!
Yet that could be the antidote...
Though some meet that with scorn...
It's not their lawns I care about...
It's mine and mine alone...
It makes me scream! It makes me shout!
It often makes me moan...
But goats are known to poop a lot...
And that would never do!
I guess I'll stay with what I've got...
A lawnmower, just like you!

Denis Martindale July 2019.

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Enlightenment!

Let there be light... and there was light... That's what the Bible says...
When God decided that was right... to bring new happiness...
Such that the Universe we see once had a perfect start...
According to God's majesty... according to God's heart...
And soon God made the stars above that twinkle in the sky,
To grant more light for Man to love... with secrets by and by...
Enlightenment outshines the sun because it leads to faith...
Beyond the things that God has done through Jesus Christ to save...
For prophecies must yet unfold, till each one comes to pass,
More precious than the finest gold... more than the silver stars...
For God commands Man's destiny... as sovereign judge of all...
Yes, even through eternity, His greatest miracle...
Enlightenment is sought by kings and lords and ladies, too...
And angels waiting in the wings who know what God can do...
And cherished saints through centuries that we've seen come and go...
Enlightenment can bring us peace... that's all I need to know...

Denis Martindale July 2019.

PoemHunter.com

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Denis Martindale

Never Giving Up Is Never Easy!

The man who says his will stays strong, when troubles come to call,
Will soon discover he is wrong... he cannot face them all...
Yet one by one is not the same... and stronger he will come
To challenge each, with single aim, till he has conquered some...
Each nagging doubt begins to fade and doubts descend to nought,
Through every good decision made, based on his wisest thought...
For wisdom brings him victory, like David all alone,
The boy who fought with dignity... and one day gained his throne...

If God provides a certain path, then faith provides new strength,
A time when victors pause to laugh, when they have won at length...
Such that each overcomer smiles, no matter what the odds,
Regardless of the Devil's wiles... and lies told by false gods...
For there are men as good as gold and noble through and through,
The greatest story ever told reminds us this is true...
A Christian's crown for battles won, Christ's Gospel to receive...
Beyond the good that must be done, a legacy to leave...

Apostles preached, disciples learnt, new converts came in time...
So why give up? Let gains be earnt... for each gain proves sublime...
The boy that grows to be a man must let God's wisdom spread...
To boldly do the things he can, not just to get ahead...
God's blessings flow to those that pray... determined to succeed...
Not giving up or led astray, but facing every need...
New challenges will test your tears... yet keep true to your course...
Though burdens build, faith perseveres... faith strives... and thus endures...

Denis Martindale July 2019.

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Denis Martindale

Man's Best Friend...

Gone, but not forgotten...
Still cherished in your heart...
Still thought of now and then,
Perhaps with a tear as well as a smile...
Gone, but not forgotten...
Still dreamt of, as friends are,
With wistful memories that bless
And with a thankful, thoughtful time borne of love...
Gone, but not forgotten...
Not while love persists, as love should,
Not while the good comes to mind,
Not while a little handshake is recalled...
Gone, but not forgotten...
Seasons came and seasons went,
With more to come... and Christmas, too...
Be strong, dear friend, I'm praying for you...

Denis Martindale, July 2019.

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale

Not So Fast!

While I enjoy espresso,
I really must confesso...
I sometimes make a messo,
When I go expresso...

Denis Martindale July 2019.

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

The Water Cooler!

I met her beside the cooler,
She sussed me straight away...
I sensed I couldn't fool her...
And left without delay...
And yet each day I miss her,
Although she made me squirm...
There's no way now to kiss her...
Because she's left the firm!

Denis Martindale July 2019.

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

The Best Time To Rhyme...

When inspiration comes to me, unbidden like a breeze,
I pause and let its poetry use me for its release...
And let an hour come and go, no matter if my last...
Because I yearn to let words flow, no matter if downcast...
You see, a poem's like a friend that visits now and then...
A legacy that has no end, if blessed by God... Amen...
And sorrows melt like frozen ink as sunshine comes anew...
As wisdom spreads to make us think of all we're meant to do...
It's only time that helps us change, improving year by year...
As if we must extend our range, so true love can appear...
For love abides in time and space, this Universe to bless,
Enough for poems to take place, our heartstrings to caress...
It's why some poets stay awake and write by day and night
And count it wisdom, time to take, to make the future bright...

Denis Martindale July 2019.

PoemHunter.com

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Denis Martindale

Jesus Loves Me! This I Know!

One night, I had a strange new dream, as I, in darkness, stood,
When all seemed calm and not extreme, as if all things were good...
With one leg higher, on a slope, I gazed at all around
And balanced there, so that I'd cope upon that solid ground...
My eyes could see a distant hill beyond the valley shown
And Christ in service to God's will, upon His Cross alone...
No other crosses were in sight, as if to make truths plain,
Just Jesus there, not taking flight, remaining in His pain...

I saw His body squirming there, His agony revealed
And in that instant made aware, with not one thing concealed...
I felt a million miles away, no rescue could be made,
No chance to help Him on that day, no chance to offer aid...
Then suddenly, above the Cross, a beam of light appeared,
God had His reasons there because it was like night had cleared...
That beam descended on God's Son, then crossed the valley, too,
Blood like a river caused to run... I thought my days were through...

I felt God coming full of hate, with judgements thus outpoured,
While I stood still and forced to wait to meet the vengeful Lord...
A mist arose upon the plain... engulfing like a flood...
A vivid red caused to remain... as if the Saviour's Blood...
And love came, too, a miracle... no hate, no hate for me,
Just love and nothing else at all... because of Calvary...
This is the dream my heart holds fast when sorrows bruise my mind,
This is the dream that came at last... the greatest I could find...

No other dream convinces me that God is mine to know...
Adopted in His family... The Bible tells me so...

Denis Martindale July 2019.

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Denis Martindale

One Rhyme At A Time...

There is that magic moment when
This poet reaches for his pen
And suddenly will write again...
A wondrous theme beyond his ken...
Such that he pauses there and then...
To give God thanks like other men...
For poems worth ten out of ten...
The farmyard scene with chick and hen...
And yonder meadow, field and glen...
Who am I? Am I Ken, Glenn, Ben?
My name is Denis, sometimes Den...

Denis Martindale July 2019.

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Tombstone!

I once saw a film called Tombstone,
A Western, to be sure...
I sat and watched it all alone,
That's what I pay Sky for...
Subscribing to the films they show,
So I can pick and choose...
I'd rather this than feeling low
Each time I watch Sky News...

In any case, a tombstone waits
In Tombstone's cemetary,
For every guy the Marshall hates
Or doesn't like to see...
Thus to survive another day...
Use wisdom, pretty, please!
Just keep out of the Marshall's way
And smile at Deputees...

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale July 2019.

Denis Martindale

The Parable Of The Candles...

Two candles fixed and side-by-side, then both were lit, the dark to hide,
But one went out, its glow to lose, no answer how, there were no clues...
The other candle carried on, until it shrank and then was gone...
The next night came, one candle left, its friend had died, it felt bereft...

The loneliness began to grow... Where had it gone? It didn't know...
Another night, its friend replaced and gentle warmth these two embraced...
But soon the first one melted fast, its loneliness transferred at last...
It left its final tears right there... another one to bravely bear...

The human heart knows well this state, for every loved one meets its fate...
Death visits us both night and day... another life to take away...
So cherish one another, friends, before the time each journey ends...
If long or short, enjoy the glow! Before it's time for you to go...

Denis Martindale July 2019.

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Divorce?

By staying single, then, of course, no girl could marry me...
So I avoid a sad divorce, by staying fancy-free...
No lawyer's fees, no broken heart... I keep my property...
But only if I do my part, rejecting what could be...
No dating some girl I've just met, whose smile I yearn to see,
Whose precious lips I can't forget, which could make me agree...
No ring to buy one fateful day, no bending on one knee...
Her saying that she would obey... in Church, so wistfully...
I must stay strong, avoid it all, regardless of remorse...
Frankly... I need a miracle... No marriage... No divorce...

Denis Martindale July 2019.

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Pizza The Action!

The thrilling thing about pizza,
Is that it NEVER eats ya...
Entirely the opposite,
Just eat a little, bit by bit...
Usually a pizza's hot...
Until the time folks eat the lot...
I NEVER share this tasty treat...
I merely sit and eat and eat...
I'm getting fat, but I don't care,
I only want to get my share!
So get your own and stay my friends...
My love for pizza NEVER ends!

Denis Martindale July 2019.

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

My Town, My Rules...

The cowboys wore guns as was their legal right, but the Sheriff was determined to make his town as safe as possible, regardless of those who disagreed with him. Nobody got into town without handing over whatever guns they wore or tried to hide. The under-the-hat trick didn't last long. The Sheriff even wanted the men to sign peace-keeping promise forms. Those who agreed quickly were as suspicious as those who didn't, but who finally agreed. All seemed to be going well, until one cowboy vowed he would kill the Sheriff if he tried to take his guns from him. So the Sheriff challenged him to a public gunfight. The cowboy wasn't too keen, but he still agreed to it. So the two men faced each other in the main street. Some of the folks bet on the Sheriff, some on the new guy. The sad thing is that both men died... and it could have been so easily avoided. But you know what men are...

Denis Martindale July 2019.

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Dandelion And Burdock

When I first tasted this sweet drink,
Here in the British Isles,
I had a chance to really think,
Then I was full of smiles...
I had another sip, of course,
Confirming what I thought...
As if, somehow, I should enforce,
The thrill in what I'd bought...
I told my Mum, I told my Dad...
And they drank some as well...
And all at once, they, too, were glad
And thought the drink was swell...
So every now and then we buy
This nice treat to enjoy...
And maybe... if you also try...
Like us, you'll say, 'Oh, boy! '

Denis Martindale July 2019.

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale

The Suffering King...

There at the Cross, I stood that day, with Mary at my side,
To hear the words Christ had to say, as He was crucified…
And on Christ's head, the briars lay, a crown formed as a ring…
Upon the One they chose to slay, our Saviour and our King…

There at the Cross, we chose to stay, that's where we stood our ground,
No matter what, yes, come what may, with scoffers all around…
While on Christ's head, the briars lay, a crown formed as a ring…
For Christ alone chose to obey, forgiveness there to bring…

There at the Cross, love to portray, "Forgive them, Father, please…"
We stood as hours passed away, tormented without peace…
As on Christ's head, the briars lay, a crown formed as a ring…
The emblem of the soldiers' prey, before death's final sting…

There at the Cross, we saw Christ pay - I wept with Mary, too…
Still puzzled at the Lord's delay… that God such things would do…
As on Christ's head, the briars lay, a crown formed as a ring…
Pressed deeply, so as not to stray, so viciously to cling…

PoemHunter.com

There at the Cross, as skies turned grey, we saw the Saviour die…
As if He were but mortal clay… the Saviour hoisted high…
For on Christ's head, the briars lay, a crown formed as a ring…
The Lamb of God! God's Passion Play… when Easter comes each Spring…

Denis Martindale July 2019.

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Denis Martindale

The Symbol For Hope...

Whatever the symbol for hope, it's there for all to know,
Yet more than words that help us cope, or one more step to go...
The symbol must of course be shared before it takes effect,
By pioneers that show they cared... through lives we can inspect...
So when each hero strikes a pose and fights against all odds
And even suffers many blows, let's still not call them gods...
But grant them credit when it's due... for each did what he could...
We're not all heroes, that's quite true... yet each can do some good...
A random act of kindness, friends... can make another's day...
And that, of course, on love depends, once hope has paved the way...

Strong heroes train to save the weak, their skills they must employ...
Yet children, too, such skills should seek, no matter, girl or boy...
Think Supergirl! Think Superman! Think Wonder Woman, too!
Each trained to do the best they can... They walked, they ran, they flew!
The miracle of hope still lives inside each human heart,
It cannot die, it gives and gives... and friends, that's just the start...
For hope inspires, just like prayers, when answered by the Lord
And fortune smiles on he who dares, once victory's assured...
Of all God's treasures here on Earth, hope proves the precious key...
Each time that we show what we're worth... yes, even you... and ME!

Denis Martindale July 2019.

Superman and Supergirl both wear the Kryptonian symbol for hope...
It looks like a letter S yet doesn't stand for super or sensational, just hope.

Denis Martindale

Wonder Woman Loves Ice Cream!

When Gal Gadot was playing her,
It was so nice to see,
When Wonder Woman caused a stir
When tasting was the key...
The ice cream thrilled her taste buds so,
Her eyes lit up with glee...
And we, of course, were in the know,
Yes, even you'd agree!

For ice cream flows upon the teeth
And melts next to the gums...
Then slides along and goes beneath
To nestle in our tums...
So sellers should be proud of this,
For what ice cream becomes...
For every special smile of bliss,
Licked fingers and licked thumbs...

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale July 2019.

Wonder Woman is the epic film starring
the wonderful actress Gal Gadot who was
in the Batman versus Superman film and
in the spectacular Justice League film, too.

Wonder Woman Loves Ice Cream Scene is on YouTube.

Denis Martindale

After The Saviour Was Scourged...

After the Saviour was scourged,
His back was left to bleed...
And 'Crucify! ' the crowd then urged,
For hatred to succeed...
The Saviour knew what laid in store...
He knew that they would kill,
He knew more blood was yet to pour,
But Christ obeyed God's will...

And so He bore His heavy load
Upon His back that bled...
To take each step upon the road
To His cross dead ahead...
The crowd condemned this Man of God,
As servant not as King...
To scoff at Him each step He trod...
Despair in hopes to bring...

Yet Jesus came from Heaven's Throne,
This destiny to live,
So He alone could then atone,
So God could then forgive...
The crowd could not see Christ as friend,
Nor King or conqueror,
How then could they on Christ depend?
How then could faith occur?

While angels watched what must unfold,
The Father watched as well...
He wept with tears worth more than gold
As Jesus went through Hell...
Yet He held back, spared not His Son,
For death must take its prize...
This urgent battle must be won
To open up Man's eyes...

But now, the battle took its toll,
Christ's blood dripped here and there,
Till all His strength had left His soul,

No more that load to bear...
Another man took up that weight,
Right up to Calvary...
Where Jesus Christ must meet His fate...
To die for you... and me...

And so the soldiers held Him tight
And nailed His body fast
And hoisted Him to face His plight,
And watched as hours passed...
And when the Saviour's head fell down,
His Mother shrieked aloud...
And John picked up the fallen crown
And knelt with his head bowed...

Through gritted teeth, he witnessed all,
Through misty tears to see,
Salvation's grace, so merciful,
Through Christ at Calvary...
No greater friend could John have known,
Of all the men he knew...
Than this one man who could atone...
For him... for me... for you...

Denis Martindale 21st of May 2019.

This Easter poem is based on listening to the
James Bond theme called 'Counting' on YouTube.
It's so descriptive of the plodding footsteps
that Jesus took on His final walk to Calvary...

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and Vision TV on Freeview channel 264.

Denis Martindale

The Precious Pilgrim's Prayer...

I do not pray to the angels that play their harps above…
I do not pray to saints from Earth who found God's grace enough…
Like Christ, I will pray to my Father, the Father that I love…

Denis Martindale May 2019.

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Write On Time!

Just how hard can it truly be
To write in rhyme for poetry,
Such that both heart and mind agree,
Therein must dwell sweet harmony?

And with such eloquence and grace,
A miracle has taken place,
That puts a smile on every face,
Or teaches truths in brand new ways?

Or grants the mind new thoughts to muse,
Such that from these the heart must choose,
Perchance not merely called Good News,
But fervently take hold and use?

From words and phrases borne of thought,
The poets capture all they've caught,
Portraying only what they ought,
That fellow mortals may be taught…

PoemHunter.com

Then come the blessings proved enough,
That mellowed spirits seek to love,
Such that we praise the Lord above…
For giving poets so much stuff!

Denis Martindale May 2019.

Denis Martindale

The Festering Thought!

The festering thought just grows and grows, a morbid weed and vine
Or tainted like a rambling rose, untamed, no more benign…
Unfettered by society, apart from laws and rules,
No more a joy for all to see, except for those turned fools…
The festering thought just binds and binds, it clings to brain and heart,
It conquers even strengthened minds, rips precious thoughts apart…

Like lust that melts a man's resolve, like passions set aflame,
Like schemes in dreams as they evolve, till we awake with shame…
The warning signs are there to see, the negatives within,
The heralds of calamity… the harbingers of sin…
The choice is ours, to nurse a grudge, or turn from it and live,
To comprehend and then to judge… or humbly to forgive…

The festering thought is soft as slime that oozes here and there,
A puss that perseveres through time, in those who just don't care…
And yet for these, Lord Jesus died, the day that He forgave
And that was with Christ crucified, our damned lost souls to save…
Each has the choice, to hate or love… each thought we must control,
The challenge is do enough… so God can bless the soul…

Denis Martindale May 2019.

Denis Martindale

Me And My Computer!

I've struggled with it day by day… and even night by night…
Sometimes, of course, it will obey… and then I take delight…
But just like that, the cursor's gone… it's then I'm on my own…
Without much hope to carry on… I'm in the Twilight Zone!

I shut down programs here and there… that's if it lets me to…
And do some things I'd rarely dare… and pray I make it through…
Or else the power button's next… as if my last resort…
No wonder that I'm still quite vexed… perplexed in every thought…

I start again… my eyes now glazed… the startups run their course…
Some programs work… I stare amazed… yet some still have their flaws…
And so I must try uninstall… and try my best to cope…
Still praying for a miracle… persisting still with hope…

Thank God! At last… All programs go! I'll check my emails now!
That's when I gasp and say, OH, NO! Two hundred came somehow!
My PC problems make me sick… and squirm upon my seat…
And so I plough… click, click, click, click… Delete, delete, delete…

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale April 2019.

Denis Martindale

He Who Sees The Day Should Seize The Day!

The man with eyes that still perceive… esteems this present day,
With all its blessings to receive… before night steals away…
For like a dream, it comes then goes… as if to melt with time,
With total truths God only knows… that could have proved sublime…
A poem written proves a friend… that future books cannot…
Something on which you can depend… if written on the spot…

Tomorrow's books aren't here today… what wisdom could they share?
What smiles or laughter to relay… what thought, or hope, or prayer?
That's reason, poets, to rejoice… to write or type again…
To seize the day, to make the choice… if merely with a pen…
My choice is typing when I can… computer on, all set…
Perchance to help my fellow man… to give all that I get…

For words arrive by grace unplanned… as ready writers prove…
When God in love leads by the hand… our human hands to move…
Then comes the purity of thought… the focus for our eyes…
With insights borne of good report… more than we realise…
Let others write their books, alas… I know that's not for me…
For God has destined I amass… the joys of poetry…

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale… Palm Sunday, the 14th of April 2019.

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Denis Martindale

I Know That My Redeemer Lives!

God grants me gifts that I may serve... and preach Good News to all...
To share the Gospel on this Earth... God's finest miracle!
I know that my Redeemer lives... His Name is Jesus Christ...
It's through His Name that God forgives... in His Name I'm baptised...
Because I study, fast and pray... God makes things crystal clear...
Since revelation comes each day... each week, each month, each year!
God bless you if you comprehend... the measure of His love...
God bless you if you are His friend... though some times may be tough...
God bless you if you love the Lord... though Easter comes and goes...
God sees your heart! Love's not ignored! He knows! He knows! He knows!

Denis Martindale April 2019.

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Denis Martindale

Revelation After Revelation After Revelation!

Who is this God I see in dreams... who says He is the Lord?
And is He truly as He seems... who must not be ignored?
Who comes with all-consuming light... far greater than the sun...
Who stands for justice and what's right... for God's will to be done...

And yet He says He died for me... and then rose from the dead...
And says He comes to set me free... so that I'm Spirit-led...
And grants me gifts that I may serve... and preach Good News to all...
To share the Gospel on this Earth... God's finest miracle!

I know that my Redeemer lives... His Name is Jesus Christ...
It's through His Name that God forgives... in His Name I'm baptised...
Because I study, fast and pray... God makes things crystal clear...
Since revelation comes each day... each week, each month, each year!

God bless you if you comprehend... the measure of His love...
God bless you if you are His friend... though some times may be tough...
God bless you if you love the Lord... though Easter comes and goes...
God sees your heart! Love's not ignored! He knows! He knows! He knows!

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale 2nd of April 2019.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
and Vision TV on Freeview channel 264.

Denis Martindale

First-Time E-Mailer!

Although I trembled at the thought... and wondered what to write,
God told me, Send a praise report! Good News, upbeat and bright!
And all at once, reminders came... and these made me type fast...
Of miracles in Jesus Name... with healings meant to last!

And prophecies that all came true... and when my tithes were blessed
And when I witnessed to a Jew... and preached of Christ, God's best!
And when I dreamt about the Cross... upon a distant hill...
To know my Saviour died because... He chose to serve God's will...

And when in Church I was baptised... and people prayed for me...
I've never been that close to Christ... the King of Calvary...
One click and then my e-mail went... and Lesley shared it soon...
My friends had laughed at what I'd sent... but they sure changed their tune!

Denis Martindale 2nd of April 2019.

PoemHunter.com

The Gospel poem was e-mailed to Revelation TV's
R-Mornings on Tuesday, the 2nd of April 2019 and
presenter Lesley Conder read the poem to the viewers
within minutes of the e-mail being sent and so it was
shared after the videos near the end of the show...

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
and Vision TV on Freeview channel 264.

Denis Martindale

Nobody Pays For A Poem!

Nobody that I ever knew...
Paid me one cent at all
And so my poems were quite few...
That drove me up the wall,
But if I got some money paid...
My word, I'd write and write,
To pay my bills, no more dismayed...
Yes, I'd write day and night...
And out of poems that I'd penned...
Who knows what God could do?
Alas, there's not one paying friend...
Not one, not even YOU!

Denis Martindale April 2019.

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

You...

You are the ones we once fought for... so many years ago...
The ones for whom we went to war... so many years ago...
The ones who were alive that time... so many years ago...
The ones who learnt of war through rhyme... so many years ago...
The ones who cheered us on to fight... so many years ago...
The ones who prayed with all their might... so many years ago...
The ones who wept when good men died... so many years ago...
The ones who slept when tears had dried... so many years ago...
The ones for whom we went to war... so many years ago...
You are the ones we once fought for... just thought you'd like to know...

Denis Martindale March 2019.

This poem is based on the war veterans,
because they really want us to know...

PoemHunter.com

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
and Vision TV on Freeview channel 264.

Denis Martindale

It's Mother's Day Once More!

Father And Mother I Love You,
That spells out FAMILY...
And blessed are you, if that proves true...
For all eternity...
The gift of life, the gift of love...
Two gifts and even more...
Amazing grace still proves enough...
Of that we can be sure...
Thanksgiving is a wondrous thing...
Now Mother's Day is here...
If we, this day, some joy can bring...
This precious time of year...

Denis Martindale for Mother's Day 2019.

The poem was shared on Revelation TV's
Church Without Walls programme on Sunday
the 31st of March 2019 before the awe-inspiring
Church congregation video, Shine, Jesus, Shine!

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
and Vision TV on Freeview channel 264.

Denis Martindale

He Is Risen!

According to the Scriptures known... there was a time of peace,
When power struggles had not grown... first battles to release...
And Heaven had not demons there... and angels served the Lord...
But Eden forced them to compare... what could not be ignored...
For Adam had a mate in Eve... and children God could bless...
Some angels found a cause to grieve... a missed-out happiness...
And Hell broke loose and angels fought... until there was no doubt,
Such that God with a single thought... condemned them... cast them out...
Then Adam and his given wife... were tricked to disobey...
Eventually, each lost their life... that was God's Judgement Day...

And we... in them... of them... die, too... that is our lot on Earth...
God's destiny for me, for you... regardless of our worth...
Great men have died... with no escape... yet Lazarus was raised...
And from that moment, faith took shape... and Jesus Christ was praised...
Though the Lord of Resurrection... God's Son was crucified...
But the Father made correction... Christ lived after He died...
You see, this is the Holy War... against both sin and death...
And that is why we should adore... Jesus of Nazareth...
The Saviour lives to save Mankind... our sins can be washed clean...
The Saviour loves lost souls to find... so mercy can be seen...

Till Jesus comes, the war goes on... till every war is done,
Till sin and death are truly gone... through Jesus Christ, God's Son...

Denis Martindale March 2019.

This Easter poem is based on Revelation TV's
Easter greetings cards and the illustrated
poem called He Is Risen! by Eileen Marston...

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,

the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
and Vision TV on Freeview channel 264.

Denis Martindale

Reading As A Reader Or As A Writer?

READER:

The first page was interesting...
The first chapter was fascinating...
That hero is quite a cynic, isn't he?
Another damsel in distress, I see!
Uh-oh, it's getting complicated...
He gets to kiss the girl...
And she liked it...
Her boyfriend didn't...
Her Dad's not too keen either...
Her Mum's jealous...
I did not see that coming...
That's four hours I'll never see again...

WRITER:

Brilliant first page, I'll nick some of those phrases...
The first chapter... I'm so jealous right now...
That hero, coulda been better...
As expected, there's a girlie...
Blimey, this writer's doing my head in...
Here's that smoochie, kissy-kissy scene...
Of course, she liked it, the little teaser!
Boyfriend? What boyfriend?
Dad's a control freak with catchy insults though...
Mum's not the happy housewife...
Why kill him? Why kill her?
I could write better stuff than that any day...

Denis Martindale March 2019.

Denis Martindale

Birthday Boy!

I wandered across the field
and was finding it a pleasant experience.
The sun was gentle on my shoulders
and soothed away the tensions.
The grass was dry and my shoes remained clean.

The birds were looking at me
from the branches on the trees.
This was my birthday and all seemed well.
I didn't need a birthday cake to be happy.
Just walking made me smile...

Having recovered from the accident,
my legs were now completely healed.
Soon I'd be able to go back to work again.
So this was like a day off for me.

Beyond the field was the High Street
and I looked forward to buying some fish and chips...
Having bought these,
I sat down to eat my private birthday meal.
Absolutely delicious...

Denis Martindale March 2019.

Denis Martindale

God's Unrequited Love!

The Bible says that God is love... yet who loves in return?
God shows His grace is quite enough... yet this, some people spurn...
Rejecting Jesus day and night... they live each year and die...
They never trusted God was right... they merely passed Him by...

Though God was patient till the end... each Christmas they ignored...
God's precious Son was not their friend... their Saviour or their Lord...
They had no time for faith or prayer... they did not honour Christ...
When Easter came, they did not care... and no-one was baptised...

The Bible says that God is love... yet they dismissed that claim...
But when I prayed to God above... God saved me in Christ's Name...
Despite the fact that many doubt... I know that God loves me...
I learnt what love is all about... one day at Calvary...

Denis Martindale March 2019.

PoemHunter.com

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
and Vision TV on Freeview channel 264.

Denis Martindale

Revelationtv-Dot-Co-Dot-Uk

Teach me, o Lord, that I might learn... the truths Your Word declares
That from all errors I might turn... thus not caught unawares,
But by amazing grace discern... the blessings Your Word shares,
Such that it's You alone I yearn... directing all my prayers...
Teach me, o Lord, to study hard... that I might not forget,
Nor that Your wisdom I discard... from then on to regret,
But that the shield of faith might guard... against each demon's threat,
That I, one day, will not be barred... rejected or upset...

Teach me, o Lord that I might grow... within Your Kingdom still,
Such that Your love I always know... when healthy and when ill,
Beyond all terrors, I might go... according to Your will,
So constant insights overflow... my faithful heart to thrill...
Perhaps, one day, I'll stand and teach... how Jesus lived and died,
The way that Christ wants me to preach... of Jesus crucified,
With heartfelt words meant to beseech... lost sinners full of pride,
Such that the Gospel comes to each... with Heaven's joys supplied!

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale March 2019.

This Gospel poem was shared on Revelation TV's
R-Mornings on Thursday, the 14th of March 2019
and the title promotes the A to Z poem titles
list of Gospel poems on the Poemhunter website.

This Gospel poem brings Billy Graham and other
evangelists to my mind, in that they needed to
study the Scriptures and then to preach with
compassion, not just with the passion for souls,
but the total realisation of Heaven and Hell
choices for Mankind...

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
and Vision TV on Freeview channel 264.

Denis Martindale

Teach Me To Teach!

Teach me, o Lord, that I might learn... the truths Your Word declares
That from all errors I might turn... thus not caught unawares,
But by amazing grace discern... the blessings Your Word shares,
Such that it's You alone I yearn... directing all my prayers...
Teach me, o Lord, to study hard... that I might not forget,
Nor that Your wisdom I discard... from then on to regret,
But that the shield of faith might guard... against each demon's threat,
That I, one day, will not be barred... rejected or upset...

Teach me, o Lord that I might grow... within Your Kingdom still,
Such that Your love I always know... when healthy and when ill,
Beyond all terrors, I might go... according to Your will,
So constant insights overflow... my faithful heart to thrill...
Perhaps, one day, I'll stand and teach... how Jesus lived and died,
The way that Christ wants me to preach... of Jesus crucified,
With heartfelt words meant to beseech... lost sinners full of pride,
Such that the Gospel comes to each... with Heaven's joys supplied!

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale March 2019.

This Gospel poem was shared on Revelation TV's
R-Mornings on Thursday, the 14th of March 2019
before the Job at Revelation TV in Spain promotion.

This Gospel poem brings Billy Graham and other evangelists to
my mind, in that they needed to study the Scriptures and then to
preach with compassion, not just with the passion for souls, but
the total realisation of Heaven and Hell choices for Mankind...

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

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and Vision TV on Freeview channel 264.

Denis Martindale

Brexit: Deal Or No Deal?

If anyone inspects it... they'll surely see through Brexit!
The UK needs a mighty miracle...
Yet will God help us through it? For only God can do it!
There's no-one else to help us out at all...

Yes, of course, we've prayed and prayed... as our Parliament delayed...
I wonder if God smiles at all this fuss?
The results of course are known... but still in the Twilight Zone...
Till revelation comes at last to us...

And while Europe has its plans... that no sane man understands,
The Lord is waiting with great confidence...
Yes, I'm glad, but what the heck! ? As I'm now a nervous wreck...
And I can't wait until the whole thing ENDS!

Denis Martindale March 2019.

PoemHunter.com

The Brexit poem was shared on Revelation TV's
R-Mornings on Monday the 11th of March 2019.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
and Vision TV on Freeview channel 264.

Denis Martindale

God At Work?

Is God at work where you're employed? Does anybody pray?
Who reads the Bible overjoyed? Who has wise words to say?
Do you quote Jesus all alone? Or do some others, too?
Or do some Scriptures make folks groan? As if they're nothing new?

Are prophecies discussed at all? Are signs and wonders there?
Can you point to one miracle? Or people known to care?
And does that company provide... some sponsorship or such?
So that some money gets supplied... and if so, then how much?

And is there true love year-by-year... or merely now and then?
At Christmas parties, full of cheer... though no-one's born again?
What does God want to turn things round? To make the future bright?
How can He help lost souls get found? Turn darkness into light?

If revelation could be seen... then could that be arranged?
If so, then God could intervene... save souls... so lives were changed!

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale March 2019.

With today's technology, the Internet and
satellite TV, it's much more easy to show
live TV shows where we work. At every level
of a company, people could be blessed...

God knows the power of the Gospel, but does
this reach the people who go to work, who
pay taxes and save towards their pensions?

Revelation changes everything, but only
when we see God at work...

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,

the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
and Vision TV on Freeview channel 264.

Denis Martindale

If Not You, Then Who?

If you won't give, then who will give? Will others gain reward?
Or do you give each day you live... because you love the Lord?

Or do you give a little part... as if you won't give more?
Perhaps you've got a broken heart... perhaps you're truly poor...

I couldn't give some years ago... but God has loved me still...
Because, of course, the Lord would know... one day I'd serve His will...

Before the Rapture Day appears... God wants my donation!
How can I make up for lost years? Time for Revelation!

Denis Martindale 6th of March 2019.

The fundraising poem was shared on
Revelation TV's Time For Revelation,
on Wednesday evening's show, on the
6th of March 2019 before the Jesus song,
What A Beautiful Name It Is...
What A Wonderful Name It Is...

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
and Vision TV on Freeview channel 264.

Denis Martindale

Have You Been Blessed?

Have you been blessed by Bethany... who works behind the scenes?
Or parents, Howard and Leslie... appearing on our screens?

Have you been blessed by Melanie... and by her husband Kurt?
Or by Compassion's ministry... kid's problems to avert?

Have you been blessed by those you see... on live shows now and then?
And volunteers whose charity... deserves ten out of ten?

Have you been blessed by Rev TV? If so, please give, like me...
Your gift will echo... certainly... into eternity...

Denis Martindale March 2019.

The fundraising poem was shared on Revelation TV's
R-Mornings, on Wednesday morning's show, on the
6th of March 2019 in regard to Time For Revelation...

PoemHunter.com

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

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the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
and Vision TV on Freeview channel 264.

Denis Martindale

Cinderella, Cinderella!

Behold the beauteous maiden... ill-fitted to those rags...
And quite often heavy laden... as on and on life drags...
Yet despite her heart now broken... by others and their spite,
All her sighs were gently spoken... though she still prayed each night...

For sorrows had not crushed her soul... nor tempered female dreams...
Nor overcome her self-control... as others planned their schemes...
She scrubbed the floors, watched others smile... and took life in her stride...
As if she sought to pass each trial... with gratitude not pride...

For she was not the owner here... and that she knew full well...
The others made that crystal clear... what more was there to tell?
But Fate is known to intervene... to lend a helping hand...
Arranging things as yet unseen... with purposes still planned...

And so it was, one night love came... when she went to a ball...
The Prince's heart no more the same... she was his miracle...
When found at home, his heart was glad... his love he could not hide...
With Cinderella no more sad... the day she was his bride...

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale March 2019.

Denis Martindale

The Charlatan's Charade...

Despite the fact that he has prayed... since he was just a boy...
Each charlatan has his charade... with tricks he may employ...
Despite the tales of angels seen... and prophecies explained...
Despite the fact that he's so keen... while others feel dismayed...

He has his visions and his dreams... his insights old and new...
Yet sometimes shows his mad extremes... who knows what he will do?
He lives quite well... as if God-blessed... prosperity is his...
But can he truly pass God's test? Or will things go amiss?

For time will tell if he's God's man... if he repents like Saul...
Then God's amazing grace and plan... means that he acts like Paul...
Till then, he's just a charlatan... as false as false can be...
God knows he must be born again... through Christ and Calvary...

God grants assignments here on Earth... to both the young and old...
It's up to us to prove our worth... to show we're good as gold...
The Saviour's holy blood was shed... for him, for me, for you...
Yet only Christians Spirit-led... stay humble, faithful, true...

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale March 2019.

The Gospel poem was shareded on Revelation TV's
The Twilight Zone, on Tuesday evening, on the
5th of March 2019 concerning charlatans...

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
and Vision TV on Freeview channel 264.

Denis Martindale

Striving At Tithing...

Some say that they would never tithe! Some say that they are skint!
Some say that they would not survive! As if to give a hint...
Some say that they have bills to pay! Some say that they are poor!
I say that they take time to pray... so God can give them more!

While good to tithe when you are rich... God sees no sacrifice...
No struggle shown, setback or hitch... at first sight, that seems nice...
Yet God has seen the human heart... and knows what we should give,
So rich or poor, God helps us start... to tithe each year we live!

To some, this proves a noble thing... to some, just one more tax...
To some, each gift will serve our King... to some, just facing facts...
When I was poor... I looked ahead... to see a future time...
When poor no more, but rich instead... and thought that quite sublime!

And now I tithe for lost years, too... to catch up now and then...
I seek to pay tithes overdue... for I am born again!
So money comes... and money goes... God's blessings overflow...
God knows my tithing grows and grows... when I say yes... not no!

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale February 2019.

The Gospel poem was shared on Revelation TV's
R-Mornings on Thursday, the 28th of February 2019.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
and Vision TV on Freeview channel 264.

Denis Martindale

Choose Your Battles!

Spiritual warfare's here and there... as Christians seek God's best
And then take care, for life's unfair... with many folks depressed...
But Christians pray... and fast as well... for lost souls to be saved,
To rescue them from out of Hell... to be baptised and bathed...

Challenge accepted, Christians fight... as they quote Jesus, too...
To sacrifice with all their might... as they keep pushing through...
To battle on... by night and day... determined to the end...
Beyond the threats some people say... the Gospel to defend...

Saints in plain sight... for all to see... with love and truth and skill...
Each giving thanks for Calvary... as each one serves God's will...
As holy prayers reach Heaven's Throne... from Christians here below,
In Jesus Name and His alone... God's signs and wonders flow...

And demons flee the coming Lord... when God shows up again...
And other Christians come on board... as they, too, say, Amen...
Foundation stones are just the start... in claiming territories...
Then building walls must play its part... as one more Church God sees...

Then hymns of praise ascend on high... for all that God has done...
Through Easter, when Christ had to die... to prove He was God's Son...

Denis Martindale February 2019.

The Gospel poem was based on Revelation TV's
The Twilight Zone, on Tuesday evening, on the
26th of February 2019 concerning spiritual warfare...

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
and Vision TV on Freeview channel 264.

Denis Martindale

Who Am I? Who Am I?

What's that? You don't know who I am?
I'm famous, don't you know! ?
I see that you don't give a damn!
My word, that's such a blow!
Just check on Google for my name...
Go on, now! Go, go, go!

So tell me now you've got the truth!
You've seen my pictures, too..
No need to doubt! You've seen the proof!
You've learnt what I can do!
No reason now to stay aloof!
SO TELL ME... WHO ARE YOU?

Denis Martindale February 2019.

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

What's The Best Way?

At first, I didn't have a clue... what words were best to write...
I prayed like other poets do... Please God, grant me insight...
And inspiration borne of grace... that I may feast once more...
Just see my heart and not my face... the me You know for sure...
And only then to guide my thoughts... like Psalmists long ago...
I'll pick and choose, like one who sorts... to make the verses grow...
Without the doubts of what to share... so nothing halts the course...
Yet adding edits here and there... the words to reinforce...

I know not what awaits me still... and yet I know You, Lord...
I seek what's best to serve Your will... so wise words aren't ignored...
Yours are the gifts of prophecy... praise and celebration...
It's up to You, not up to me... Please bless revelation...
For as a man, I've lived this long... I've seen so many things...
I'm old and yet I once was strong... I know what true joy brings...
All my sorrows made me think twice... yet still You held my hand...
So I'd remember Paradise... and all my God has planned...

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale February 2019.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

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and Vision TV on Freeview channel 264.

Denis Martindale

What Kind Of A Christian Are You?

What kind of a Christian are you? The kind that still must search?
The kind with prophecies in view... yet doesn't go to Church?
The kind that strives with God each day... complaining in your prayers?
The kind that knows how to obey... a faithful saint that cares?

What kind of a Christian are you? The kind that shares Good News?
The kind who knows what God can do... yet doesn't like the Jews?
The kind that thinks of Calvary... and loves the living Lord?
The kind that often bows the knee... not just for some reward?

What kind of a Christian are you? The kind that makes God proud?
The kind with faith that grew and grew... that stands out in the crowd?
The kind with joys inside the heart... that smiles and often sings?
The kind with blessings to impart... that revelation brings?

This much I know, since I got saved... God cares for me so much...
Enough so that my sins are waived... so God can stay in touch...
Enough to bless me now and then... so I bless others, too...
Though I'm a Christian saint, AMEN! Tell me, what kind are you?

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale February 2019.

The Gospel poem was shared on Revelation TV's
R-Mornings, on Tuesday, the 26th of February 2019...

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
and Vision TV on Freeview channel 264.

Denis Martindale

Poetry Emotion

Your words remind us what poetry is for
And what it can do...
The rest is up to you.
Whether rich or poor,
The gift of sharing still blesses many,
Here and there across the world.
Even when you're silent,
The mind is full of thoughts,
Pleading to be set free,
Because they know they were created
To bless you as well as me.
It's what I call The Double Blessing!
One rhyme at a time...

Denis Martindale February 2019.

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Opendyslexicalta

OpenDyslexicAlta-Font-size12-Western-Bold

I checked Google for dyslexic fonts and ed the zip files.
Google Search for this phrase is this: dyslexia font free

I extracted the files and installed the fonts to check on Wordpad.
Of all the variations, I liked the Alta one more than the others...
For this, I found that bold style and size 12 worked quite well...
The fonts add extra thickness to parts of the letters and numbers.
If the letters are spaced out then they should be easier to read...
Even better if using a dark background coloured web page...

Denis Martindale All fonts installed and working February 2019.

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

How I Joined The Justice League!

I was working in my laboratory last week and suddenly I saw a light bulb appearing to get brighter and brighter. I switched off the light and waited a few minutes, then I got a ladder. I climbed up, removed the bulb and put a new bulb in instead. I got down the ladder and switched the light back on. Immediately the same thing happened, but this time I couldn't turn the light bulb off. Sure, the switch worked and it was definitely off, but the new light still got brighter. I looked around for the fire extinguisher, just in case. Before I could do anything, every single light bulb went crazy. Lights flashing on and off. Then a beam of light from each of these pointed directly at me, as if intelligently controlled. Before I could move, I was struck down and I passed out.

I woke up in a hospital bed. Wire cables attached to my body. Power draining from me every second, yet being restored every second. I looked up and saw a man behind a glass window just yards away. He told me to stay calm. That hardly ever works with me. Immediately the power increased. The wires melted away and I stood up and walked towards him. He left that room as fast as he could and just in time before the power destroyed the glass and then the whole room.

PoemHunter.com

I began to think that beyond the room I was in there would be some army or police officers with guns to kill me. So I sat down on the floor and waited for someone to talk me down, so to speak. A few hours later and the power had fallen down and my body no longer shone as before. I could see clearly once again. I stood up feeling completely normal... Then three armed men burst into the room, they were shooting directly at me. Their bullets never even reached me. They vapourised and disappeared a few feet from me. The men stopped firing and retreated out of the room. I stayed where I was because I knew that eventually they would kill me. No point trying to escape or defending myself.

A strange woman then walked into the room and showed no fear whatsoever. She explained what was going on. I said nothing because I realised my life would be at risk. She stood up and told me to follow her. So I walked across the room, then out of the hospital. I heard strange noises behind me. I looked back and saw my footsteps and the scorching burn marks there. She said that this was normal. So I knew there were others like me. I couldn't understand why my clothes hadn't been scorched as well. I looked down at my hands and noticed my watch was still working and wondered if that luminous dial had caused this situation. Was it some magnet for radioactive power?

The woman walked ahead and then pointed to the lake in the distance. She told me what I must do to stay alive. Cool down there before you explode like the others did... So I walked into the water and everything changed yet again... Steam surrounded me suddenly. Then I felt drowsy yet not quite asleep and the lake covered my whole body. Underwater. The bubbling continued for an incredibly long time until night came. When the bubbling stopped, I walked out of the water and towards the woman. Good, she said. Now it's time to introduce you to the others we managed to save. You're the strongest Powerman of them all. Perhaps you can be the leader of the team: The Powerman Force. And that's exactly what happened... They call me Powerman Alpha... and now, just a few days later... I'm the latest member of the Justice League!

Denis Martindale February 2019.

Denis Martindale

Prophecy And Beyond...

Sit still and harken to each word... for I have much to tell,
For God, this mortal frame has stirred... to save my soul from Hell,
Because God's wonders never cease... in all my God has planned,
I strive to share the Saviour's peace... so lost souls understand...
God's challenge ever comes to mind... just one more soul to save...
Before my mortal frame men find... fit only for the grave...
Before my final breath pours out... no more to breathe at all...
Lord, end the doubt here all about... with one great miracle...

God's precious prophecies portray... my Saviour's love and more...
So I await the Rapture Day... far greater than before...
This mortal frame and all it is... remains God's servant here...
Since Christ is mine... and I am His... till I must disappear...
Till Jesus saves Jerusalem... when Israel shouts His Name...
To see for certain, Christ with them... His sovereignty to claim...
Observed by one and all worldwide... no doubts at all in sight...
Such that the King once crucified... returns to rule with might...

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale February 2019.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
and Vision TV on Freeview channel 264.

Denis Martindale

Encourage One Another!

The critic comes and shares his views... regardless, come what may,
Content to study, pick and choose... then acts without delay...
Yet Jesus knows much more than he... and seeks to bless not curse,
That's why Christ suffered Calvary... to seek what's best not worse...

A treasure trove of gifts were shared... with those who would believe,
So each one could then be prepared... by what they could receive...
That's why some sing and praise the Lord... while others stand and dance...
And some give what they can afford... more blessings to advance...

It's why Saint Paul asked each to give... as God Himself directs...
We know God grants each day to live... with treasures God selects...
Because God proves love never ends... be thankful day and night...
Encourage one another, friends... keep pushing for what's right!

Denis Martindale February 2019.

PoemHunter.com

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Denis Martindale

Why So Short A Poem?

Why should I write my poems short,
Compress each noble theme and thought?
Why should I limit what I do
Because of you and you and you?
Though user-friendly I would be,
I must maintain my liberty,
Else all is lost and freedom dies
When what I write depends on size.

Denis Martindale February 2019.

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Delivered By Amazing Grace!

When God equipped His Church with grace... His prophets prayed and prayed...
For everyone about to face... the times when they're dismayed...
When demons rage against the good... when demons spread alarm...
Yet prophets prayed, just as they should... for those who'd come to harm...

And down the ages, God still hears... the righteous words of Man...
Throughout the stages of Man's fears... the Lord still has a plan...
That's why the Son of God was killed... though innocent Christ was...
And why God let His blood be spilt... upon that wooden cross...

That blood is sacred even now... that blood has saved Mankind...
That blood is all God will allow... so lost souls can be found...
For without blood, no sin is waived... no sin is washed from sight...
It's by Christ's blood our sins are waived... to be the Lord's delight...
So pray in Jesus Name as well... like prophets long ago...
For Jesus Christ can save from Hell... more than we'll ever know...

Denis Martindale February 2019.

PoemHunter.com

The Gospel poem was shared on Revelation TV's
The Twilight Zone show on Tuesday evening, on
the 19th of February 2019 about deliverance...

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
and Vision TV on Freeview channel 264.

Denis Martindale

Jesus, The King Of Kings!

When I think about Lord Jesus... and all He means to me...
And the truths He has to teach us... of future things to be...
I can't help wonder who I am... that Christ should love me still...
Who else on Earth would give a damn? If sometimes I get ill?

And yet compassion stirs Him on... throughout the centuries...
His love for me has never gone... and that truth grants me peace...
When healthy, then I'm at my best... it's then I wish to serve...
Donating gifts, so some are blessed... because, they, too, have worth...

I'm not as rich as others are... or young as I once was...
Yet Jesus Christ brought me this far... since I first saw The Cross...
And that sight stays within my mind... much more than other things...
Because Christ died to save Mankind... yet He's the King of Kings...

Denis Martindale February 2019.

PoemHunter.com

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Denis Martindale

What Does A Great Poem Look Like?

What does a great poem look like? What treasure troves abide?
What light, as if a match to strike? What messages to hide?
And in those oft-used common rhymes... is there some food for thought?
Or just remembrance of past times... and lessons we've been taught?
Is there some precious prophecy? Is there a tale to tell?
Is there a call for harmony? Or words that cast their spell?
And when recited to a crowd... do they sit there enthralled?
And at the end, do they clap loud... with wise words still recalled?

Does poetry endure an hour... then forced to take its bow?
Does poetry retain its power... one hundred years from now?
And will the greatest words Man's shared... not see the light of day,
Because some cleaner never cared... and threw that page away?
Or will God stop her in her tracks... that poem to preserve,
Such that we read those awesome facts... when spread across the Earth?
God knows the greatest poetry... that Man has ever penned...
It's in the Bible's Psalms, you see... Psalm 23, my friend...

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale February 2019.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
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Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
and Vision TV on Freeview channel 264.

Denis Martindale

Something Poetic...

God put something poetic in me...
One day it wasn't there...
The next day it was...
Words cascading from pen to paper,
While I viewed the written thoughts.
Days passed by and another poem came...
Completely different and yet it had rhythm and style...
It certainly made me smile...

A few weeks later and I had changed...
A more reflective soul was growing inside me.
It was like a flower opening to the sunshine...
I didn't need to study the stars to delight in them,
I didn't need to go diving to find pearls...
I had something better, sweeter and more lovely...
I had words and millions of them, so it seemed...
No wonder I wrote something poetic now and then...

I whispered to God's most cherished words,
Calling them into being once more...
"Come to me, come to me...
I am not your master, I am your friend..."
And so they came, like gentle little robins...
Like the little robin I saw the other day...
It landed as I tidied up the garden leaves and vines,
Silently and peacefully upon the wall beside me...

I said, "Hello, there..." as I kept myself so still...
The robin accepted me as I accepted it.
I knew the peace it had was real and beautiful...
And by showing that to me, I felt at peace...
I smiled as it turned and flew away...
Despite the chill of Winter, it had survived,
Perhaps just to visit me and to hear me say,
"Hello, there..."

Yes, God put something poetic in me...
Something wonderful...

Denis Martindale February 2019.

Denis Martindale

The Genesis Of Revelation...

Sweet Bethany was but a child... when we came on TV,
Before a single viewer dialled... or prayed for what would be...

Before the programmes could begin... or we knew what to say...
Yet emails started pouring in... and gifts were sent our way...

Sweet Bethany presented, too... on R Kidz now and then...
Along with us, God's chosen few... though that was way back when...

And live shows scared us half to death... newspapers here and there...
Sometimes quite hard to catch our breath... or even say a prayer...

Yet we pressed on... and years soon went... and Bethany grew tall...
Through years that we thought Heaven-sent... each one a miracle...

And now... we're here... and full of praise... recalling all God's done...
So thankful for amazing grace... through Jesus Christ, God's Son...

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale 14th of February 2019.

Search vimeo videos site for Bethany Conder...

The Gospel poem was shared on
Revelation TV's R-Mornings on
Thursday, St Valentine's Day 2019,
celebrating its 16th broadcasting
birthday today on UK Sky TV...

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the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
and Vision TV on Freeview channel 264.

Denis Martindale

Billy Graham: In Loving Memory...

When Billy Graham found the Lord... he really found the Lord!
For Billy's heart was overawed... thus true faith was assured...

Then, with the Bible, Billy stood... before each hopeful crowd...
His Bible preaching sure was good... he spoke out loud and proud.
He had a passion for lost souls... he travelled near and far...
Those on his team each played their roles... for each one was a star...

Stronger together, the team would pray... across those many years...
As Christ led Billy on his way... to gather volunteers...
For those who turn to Jesus Christ... must do so willingly...
Then after that to be baptised... because of Calvary...

Where Jesus died for Billy, too... the Gospel truth to tell...
In loving memory of you... God bless you... and farewell...
While we still live, let's preach God's Word! Quote Jesus now and then!
To reach lost souls, so that they're stirred... to volunteer... AMEN!

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale 13th February 2019.

The Gospel poem was shared on Revelation TV's
R-Mornings show on Wednesday, the 13th of
February 2019 about the R Times newsletter
which includes a tribute by Howard Conder to
Billy Graham, entitled In Loving Memory...

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

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Denis Martindale

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Denis Martindale

How Do You Do Poetry?

Dad, how do you do poetry? My son once chose to ask,
So I sat down with Timothy... and then began my task...
My computer switched on, ready... with Wordpad opened wide,
Then I sat there, still and steady... for blessings stored inside...

The title arrived in seconds! And so I typed each word...
As if by magic, all at once... yet nothing overheard...
I paused again... for my first line... eight syllables then came...
By inspiration or design... their message to proclaim...

The second phrase popped in my mind... so I typed on and on...
Now came the stage for rhymes to find... for me to build upon...
A minute came and went by then... and Timothy now smiled...
For he saw things beyond his ken... for he was but a child...

The next verse started suddenly... before my son could blink...
As I typed on, excitedly... the things I tend to think...
Of God and Man, of peace and love... of Christ who chose to die,
God's perfect plan that proved enough... forgiveness to supply...

And by verse three, I stopped and wept... recalling Calvary...
The place where prophecies were kept... where Jesus died for me...
And by verse four, my son wept, too... the final line was done...
And through the poetry I do... that day Christ saved my son...

Denis Martindale February 2019.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

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the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
and Vision TV on Freeview channel 264.

Denis Martindale

Son Of God! Son Of Man!

Do you know Christ, the Son of God? He's called the Son of Man!
The Saviour who once shed His Blood! Forgiveness was God's plan!
Do you know Christ, the King of Love, thanks to God's miracle?
If so, then you've got grace enough, like Peter and like Paul.

Do you know Christ, Lord Jesus, friend? The King of Calvary!
He's with us, faithful to the end, then all eternity...
He's sent disciples here and there, to preach and save the lost...
His Holy Bible's everywhere, to help us count the cost...

Do you know Christ, who seeks to bless... till life itself must leave...
He's there to soften loneliness... and times we're bound to grieve...
He's sent His Holy Spirit, too... so that each gets baptised...
And so, today, I'm asking you... Do you know Jesus Christ?

Denis Martindale February 2019.

PoemHunter.com

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Denis Martindale

Christians Against Poverty

I've never had a girlfriend, I've never had a wife.
Someone on whom I could depend, to help me to survive.
I've lived on benefits, that's all... across the decades past
And so, there seemed no miracle, from first day to the last.
Yet here I am, retired now, with bills on every side,
The TV Licence paid somehow, but hatred I can't hide...
Yet I don't gamble, I don't drink... I don't take drugs or smoke.
I stay at home with time to think... that life's become a joke...
I cut my hair to save some more... I wait for discount deals...
I've not much left worth living for... except my basic meals...
So I watch telly all alone... yes, even Christmas Day...
I hardly ever hear the phone... yet for this, too, I pay...
And Winter's here to make me cold... so why should I go out?
The heating's on, yet costs more gold... not much of that about...
But I'm still here... and with no debts... as lonely as can be...
Unloved... and counting my regrets... because of poverty...

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale February 2019.

Denis Martindale

Divine Encounter!

Does God restrict Himself at all? Does God reach out today?
Does God provide a miracle? Does God hear when we pray?

Beyond these questions, God persists... in visions and in dreams,
Beyond His best evangelists... beyond Man's worst extremes...

And should God choose that you get saved... like Saul of Tarsus was,
Your sins can also then be waived, forgiven through Christ's Cross!

Divine encounter, where and when? Regardless, rich or poor...
Divine encounter, there and then... and from then on, for sure...

Let Jesus lead you by the hand... Good Shepherd, Lord and Friend.
Beyond this land and all things planned... and all we comprehend...

The Holy Spirit's ever close... with wisdom meant for you...
You're now God's child, love overflows... baptised as faith proves true.

It's then the Word of God serves still... amazing grace abides...
Blessed by the Father's perfect will... as day by day God guides...

Denis Martindale February 2019.

The Gospel poem was shared on Revelation TV's
The Twilight Zone on Tuesday evening's show on
the 12th of February 2019 about Christians and
the personal revelations of Jesus to them...

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

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the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
and Vision TV on Freeview channel 264.

Denis Martindale

Art, The Passion Of The Ages...

A beautiful woman is a work of art
and that's how babies learn what beauty can look like.
A beautiful baby is a work of art
and that's how parents learn what beauty can look like.
Teenagers fall in love at the drop of a hat,
so they know what beauty looks like.

As we travel around the world,
the seasons and their spectacles delight the senses.
So we learn more about gardening
to beautify our gardens even more.
We design what makes this world a better place.
Even so, we can't help but be stirred by music
and by sculpture and paintings and sketches,
by poetry and the short stories, too.
The epic stories take on a legacy all their own.

And if we paint something that's just about average,
we're still amazed we could do that much.
Then some of us strive to get better
and some of us become masters of the canvas
and we know it's true... for suddenly, we've arrived.
From then on, we choose what we paint,
we choose each colour in turn,
repeat previous techniques, explore new ones.
We excel, we're no longer amateurs of average creativity.
We've got great expectations. We've got so much to give.

Others consider us as if at a genius level,
not just gifted and blessed beyond measure.
We've got an unmerited favour from the Lord.
To Him, we give glory, that's if we're truly blessed.
And many of us yet unblessed may still be.
That encourages the writers and the poets,
the sculptors and the composers,
the artists and the sketchers,
no matter, young or old, healthy or disabled.
Hope blossoms, faith perseveres,
blessings unfold like flowers welcoming the sunshine above.

And even the stars are seen as glorious,
no longer merely accepted as distant sparkling lights.
The mountains maintain their majesty,
the lakes their silent solitude,
the rainbows their resplendent colours.
Art is everywhere, dear friends, yes, everywhere!
A snowflake glistens, a raindrop shimmers, a cloud glides by.
The sun says, Here I am!
The moon says, I am still here!
The stars stream gently in slow motion flights of fancy...
like starlings swirling across the night sky...
and here I am, too, using words as pictures... even now...

Denis Martindale February 2019.

The poem is based on a free
gratisography photo I saved and
edited and resized to 640 pixels...

Denis Martindale

One Way Or Another

Within the dream I had last night,
I saw a somewhat silly sight,
Confusing though in black and white...
Two street signs pointing left and right...
If I went right, could that prove wrong?
My confidence was not that strong...
I stood there standing all night long...
Until I heard a lovely song...

Two angels then appeared to me,
Both singing in sweet harmony...
About my perfect destiny...
If I went right with certainty...
So I went right, yes, right away...
There seemed no reason to delay...
While Jesus told me I must pray...
And told me all the words to say...

And so I prayed with all my might,
Yes, from then on and through the night...
Awakened by the morning light...
With wondrous, precious new insight...
No matter where I choose to go,
The Lord above is bound to know...
Each choice has blessings meant to flow...
Meant for my good... so faith might grow...

Denis Martindale February 2019.

The poem is based on a free
gratisography photo I saved and
edited and resized to 640 pixels...

Denis Martindale

Spare Wheel

Keep your eye on my little car,
Because I've customised so far,
Such that today, it's on a par,
Just like Herbie, the movie star!
It's half and half, two steering wheels,
As any close-up soon reveals...
And was one of those eBay deals...
So you must know how good that feels...

One side goes left, one side goes right,
It's quite confusing at first sight,
It's such a hoot, a great delight,
Yet not so much when dark at night...
But you should see the looks it gets...
Although, to some, it still upsets,
To me, it beats all kinds of pets...
I'm thrilled to bits, without regrets...

It can go forwards and reverse,
I just switch seats and don't rehearse...
Sunshine yellow? It could be worse...
I'm safe no matter what occurs...
So I'm concent in all it does,
Despite my neighbours and their fuss...
It's just for me, it's not for us...
So on your way! Just catch the bus!

Denis Martindale February 2019.

The poem is based on a free
gratisography photo I saved and
edited and resized to 640 pixels...

Denis Martindale

Sighed By Sighed...

Two dogs were known to look quite sad,
With frowns that said it all...
It was because they missed their Dad,
The old man known as Paul...

He went to work and left them home,
That's where they stayed each day...
Without the chance to freely roam,
Because he'd gone away...

When he returned, they both looked glad,
With smiles that said it all...
It was because they loved their Dad,
The old man known as Paul...

When he retired, life was great,
The dogs thought it was bliss...
They had the chance to celebrate...
No greater joy than this...

PoemHunter.com

They went for walks and time passed by...
Till dinner time again...
With no more reasons left to sigh...
Praise God for that! Amen...

Denis Martindale February 2019.

The doggie poem is based on a free

gratisography photo I saved and

edited and resized to 640 pixels.

Denis Martindale

Adopt Me, Heavenly Father!

Christ stopped me... because He'd rather... I didn't stay the same...
Adopt me, Heavenly Father... I ask in Jesus Name...
Receive me like a prodigal... who seeks a happy home,
Who then receives a miracle... with no more need to roam...

Baptise me, with Your cleansing, Lord... Is that too hard a task?
Advise me, so I'm not ignored... Is that too much to ask?
Please grant me pardon that's unique... as You reach out and touch...
Amazing grace, that's what I seek... as if loved very much...

Christ stopped me... because He'd rather... be all that I could be...
Adopt me, Heavenly Father... because of Calvary...
Once born again, I know for sure... eternal life is mine...
Yet from Your heart, You share much more.... eternal love divine...

To hold my hand and hold me close... surrounded by Your wings...
To be someone Lord Jesus chose... for He's the King of Kings...
Embracing You each brand new day... like others choose to do...
In Jesus Name, I want to say...You are my Abba, too...

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale February 2019.

The Gospel poem was written after Revelation TV's
Insight Live adoption show on Tuesday the 6th of
February 2019 regarding the Nottingham Initiative.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
and Vision TV on Freeview channel 264.

Denis Martindale

Be A Writer, Be A Poet!

Make the new poems short and sweet
Until at last each stands complete...
Who knows if they'll each be a treat?
Or something that you'd like to tweet?

Yes, Twitter's just a starting place,
When sharing with the Human Race...
Yet poetry picks up a pace...
Across the hours and the days...

And if I can write on the spot...
I know that you could write a lot...
It's up to you to choose... or not...
Yet what you'll write, we know not what...

Surprise us with a sudden flair,
By picking words out of thin air...
Be confident and debonair...
Then write some poems here and there...

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale February 2019.

Denis Martindale

Who's That Girl?

I woke up at what looked like half-past-five in the morning. I was thirsty, so I got up and went to the kitchen. On hearing the phone ringing, I left the kettle and answered the call.

"Am I speaking to the most beautiful girl in the world? "
"Sorry to disappoint you, but the last time I checked, I was definitely of the male gender."
"Well, can I speak to Mary? "
"Mary who? "
"Mary Cartwright."
"She doesn't live here..."
"So she's not there at all? "
"She never has been, so you've got the wrong number! "
"She gave me this number! "
"OK, what's the number she gave you! "
"Ha, ha, ha! Nice try! "
Then the guy ended the call...

So, there I was... thinking... Was she the most beautiful girl in the world? If so, then it wouldn't hurt to test a few similar phone numbers to mine. I could find her and date her and with Saint Valentine's Day just a few day away... Who knows?

So there I was, with a few phone calls done and no luck at all. Nothing in the phone directories. After an hour, I almost gave up. I tried a Google search for the local area and her name came up just once. Her website pictures weren't exactly promising. I decided the pictures had nothing to do with this guy's dream girl. By the afternoon, I was bored to tears with Mary Cartwright... It was then that I started catching up on my emails. Then I saw her email.

Sorry about the mix up with me using your phone number. I saw it in the local paper and told a guy to ring me there. He just wouldn't leave me alone, you see.

The email ended with her name, Mary Carstairs. So I realised she lied about her surname as well. So I checked Google again and the phone books again and couldn't find anything else of worth.

I'm not going to do anything more to find her... I'm not going to reply to the email either... My life is complicated enough without meeting the most beautiful

girl in the world. In any case, I'm already in love with Supergirl... and she's out of this world...

Denis Martindale February 2019.

Denis Martindale

Saint Valentine's Day? Just Days Away!

Don't panic, men! A few days more! I've got my shopping done...
With my gifts bought and paid for sure! That's half the battle won!
God help the man if he's too late! God help him to survive!
He won't have much to celebrate... have mercy on his wife!

I'm doing fine... gifts hidden well... the restaurant's been booked...
She's got no reason then to yell... so my goose isn't cooked...
No need to tremble, I'm Okay... I've learnt what I must do...
But God help you, upon that day! Have mercy, Lord on YOU!

Fair warning, men! Just days to go! Don't panic, just stay calm...
Just count those days, so now you know... no need to come to harm...
If she still makes your life complete... she's really worth it, man!
Just play it cool, just smile so sweet... Just do the best you can...

Denis Martindale February 2019.

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Saint Valentine's Day? Two Weeks Away!

Don't panic, men! We've two weeks more! I've got my shopping done...
With my gifts bought and paid for sure! That's half the battle won!
God help the man if he's too late! God help him to survive!
He won't have much to celebrate... have mercy on his wife!

I'm doing fine... gifts hidden well... the restaurant's been booked...
She's got no reason then to yell... so my goose isn't cooked...
No need to tremble, I'm Okay... I've learnt what I must do...
But God help you, upon that day! Have mercy, Lord on YOU!

Fair warning, men! Two weeks to go! Don't panic, just stay calm...
Just fourteen days, so now you know... no need to come to harm...
If she still makes your life complete... she's really worth it, man!
Just play it cool, just smile so sweet... Just do the best you can...

Denis Martindale January 2019.

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

From Preacher To Teacher!

He used to be a preacher...
He shouted way too loud...
But now he's just a teacher...
A quiet man, not proud...
Someone the children like to hear...
Because he tells them jokes...
Thank God that he soon changed career...
He's not like other blokes!

Denis Martindale February 2019.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
and Vision TV on Freeview channel 264.

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

When? When? When?

When I check every chapter... that tells us of the Rapture,
I wonder if it's Wednesday now and then...
For the Bible helps me find... that some folks are left behind,
Because Christ isn't trusted by all men...

So that's why God's preachers preach... and that's why God's teachers teach
And why they each quote Jesus while they can...
And that's why God's writers write... by providing their insight...
With revelation sharing in God's plan...

Jesus said He's coming soon... could it be this afternoon?
Or sometime later on, this very day?
Yes, we watch as Israel grows... but not one of us yet knows,
No wonder this is cause for us to pray...

Yet, on this, we can rely... in the twinkling of an eye,
True Christians won't be asking, When? When? When?
While the Rapture Day's for some... it's for sure that it must come...
When Jesus blesses Christians born again!

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale January 2019.

The Gospel poem was shared on Revelation TV's
R-Mornings on Wednesday the 30th of January 2019.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
and Vision TV on Freeview channel 264.

Denis Martindale

How Does God See Us?

Does God observe the finest robes... as if He's truly pleased?
While poverty reduces hopes? As if it's never ceased?
As children search for something safe.. clean water fit to drink
And mothers struggle to stay brave... I ask, what does God think?

I know the rich live fancy-free... they love to buy new shoes,
The finest things like jewellery... the rich are prone to choose...
With mansions in the countryside... Rolls-Royces here and there.
It's like their wealth they just can't hide... it's on show everywhere.

I haven't worn a suit in years... my shoes aren't custom made...
I've worked alongside volunteers... supported Christian Aid...
God kept this Christian day by day... and loved me all the time.
I know He's listening when I pray... and that fact's quite sublime...

God's power grants me certainty... God's love remains supreme...
I'm saved by Christ and Calvary... now Heaven's not some dream.
There's nothing that we can conceal... that's just the way it goes.
While doctrines prove a Church is real... the Holy Spirit knows...

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale January 2019.

The Gospel poem is based on Revelation TV's
The Twilight Zone on Tuesdays at 10 pm...

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
and Vision TV on Freeview channel 264.

Denis Martindale

Praying And Preparing! !

In Heaven, there are angels, friends!
Just standing on their own...

Just waiting for each prayer that sends,
While some, on Earth, just groan...

It's up to us to take control,
As servants of the Lord...

We're here to save each precious soul,
Yet sometimes prayer's ignored.

So wake up! Here's a faith-filled fact...
Don't groan and sit there staring...

Keep on pushing and then choose to act...
PRAYING AND PREPARING! !

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale January 2019.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
and Vision TV on Freeview channel 264.

Denis Martindale

How Blessed Are You?

The prodigal son thought he could win... till his friends walked away...
Yet faith holds out when doubts give in... though miracles delay...
His faith made him repent in time... then he walked home once more...
And he was loved with love sublime... his father made that sure...

The Lamb of God was sacrificed... so we'd be born again...
Though we're adopted, saved by Christ... our Father's gifts remain...
So we regard this world of ours... as truly precious now
And subject to God's special powers... much more than we know how...

How blessed are you this very day? Now revelation's here!
More blessed are you each time you pray, if you hold Christ most dear!
Because He lives in those who care... abiding in His love!
Because He guides us more by prayer, with grace that proves enough!

How blessed are you this very day? God grants eternal life
To those who overcome and pray... beyond each pain and strife...
Beyond the tragic times you've known... beyond each tragedy...
Today has come... the past has flown... with blessings still to be...

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale January 2019.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
and Vision TV on Freeview channel 264.

Denis Martindale

Observing All Things

Can Man in all humility, predict his future life?
Or know the unborn's destiny, its future joy or strife?
Or know the colour of its eyes or hairs upon its head?
Or face God's facts and not Man's lies, so blood may not be shed?
We know that blood is life indeed. We know the human heart.
We know each human has some need. So each must play his part.

But children not yet born can't pray, nor worship God above.
For these take time, both night and day and time itself takes love.
While there's still time, the unborn grows within the mother's womb.
Once born, what then? God only knows, yet blessings, we presume.
Stronger together! That's the truth. United in one cause.
This fact we've known. No need for proof or scientific laws.

Society can shift and change as Governments decide,
Yet true love never acts that strange. Amazing grace must guide.
It's why I live this present day, to write this poem here.
It's why I've got true love to pray, with words deeply sincere.
The unborn need their chance to live. So God can set them free.
Observing love God wants to give. Observing all things I see...

Denis Martindale 24th of January 2019.

This is an anti-abortion poem. The title is based on a free booklet called Observing All Things which has been mentioned on the Andrew Wommack show on Revelation TV this afternoon...

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
and Vision TV on Freeview channel 264.

Denis Martindale

L.I.F.E.

Let there be light… and there was light…
It led to life on Earth…
For us to do what God calls right…
Eternally of worth…

Denis Martindale January 2019.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
and Vision TV on Freeview channel 264.

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Don't Rush Me! Don't Rush Me!

Please don't rush me! Please don't rush me!
My mind has melted now.
Then silence comes to hush me!
I've got to write somehow!
I'd like a poem that's sublime
In every single way…
Alas, I haven't got much time!
Oi, vey! Oi, vey! Oi, vey!

Denis Martindale January 2019.

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Please Support Us As We Support You!

God's signs and wonders lead the way... with Jesus at the helm...
So love's more real each passing day... in the spiritual realm...
The Holy Spirit teaches us... and always, always will...
God supports us sharing Jesus... Stronger together still...

Evangelists will come and go... in service to the Lord...
As gifted Christians in the know... as wisdom is outpoured...
And when they pray in tongues as well... we listen in surprise...
And yet they pray to save from Hell... and all the Devil's lies...

Some stand on stages to proclaim... Some share what God has done...
Some heal the sick in Jesus Name... because Christ is God's Son...
Let us quote Bible verses, too... Let us quote Bible prayers...
Let us quote Bible points of view... for blessed is each who shares...

Support us! Help us save the lost! For winning souls is wise...
If not for love, we'd all be lost... yet Jesus paid sin's price...
The King of Love, the Sinner's Friend! The Prince of Peace and more!
For God is love, on that depend... with miracles in store!

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale January 2019.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

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and Vision TV on Freeview channel 264.

Denis Martindale

The Ministry Of Angels!

The ministry of God's angels... transforms this world we know,
For little boys and little girls... who through the years must grow...
Some still believe that they exist... while some still wait for proof...
And yet to each evangelist... God's Word proclaims the truth...

From times gone by, the angels sang... their anthems full of praise...
Across all Heaven, rhythms rang... in oh so many ways...
With harps and trumpets, all the time... as God observed them all,
As His creation, quite sublime... with each a miracle...

More precious than the suns and stars... the planets and their moons,
For nothing else could quite surpass... their melodies and tunes...
Their love seemed constant... but things changed... then some lost holiness...
Since then, Man's world was rearranged... with less chance to impress...

Yet holy angels serve the Lord... with true humility...
To serve the Lord is their reward... God bless their ministry...
Behind the scenes, that's their domain... not always there in view...
And yet they serve in Jesus Name... for you... and you... and you...

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale January 2019.

The Gospel poem was shared on Revelation TV's
The Twilight Zone with evangelist Daniel Chand
on Tuesday evening on the 22nd of January 2019.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
and Vision TV on Freeview channel 264.

Denis Martindale

Love That Cannot Die...

My heart goes out to those that weep... their tears worth more than gold...
And those who die and then to sleep... yet in the Saviour's fold...
Yet if we live and if we die... our love for God goes on,
Beyond the tears and times we sigh... because Christ's light has shone...

We've seen that light by faith each day... it shines within our prayers,
Ascending yonder, Heaven's way... towards the King who cares...
Towards His Throne where angels crowd... to light up Heaven's sky...
Since Christ no longer wears a shroud... He rules with God on high...

Love cannot die if Jesus lives... for He's the King of Love...
If we love Christ, then God forgives... we're welcomed there, above...
While those with Bibles understand... one day we'll meet our Lord...
Stronger together, to hold His hand... His love as our reward...

Denis Martindale January 2019.

PoemHunter.com

The Gospel poem was shared on Revelation TV's
R-Mornings on Tuesday the 22nd of January 2019.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
and Vision TV on Freeview channel 264.

Denis Martindale

Day Of Prayer, Night Of Prayer...

An evangelist made a list... for all he chose to pray,
Of all the things in life, he'd missed... since Jesus came his way...
And when he started on his knees... God chose to intervene...
I am the Lord who hears and sees... and that long list I've seen...

I've read between the lines as well... yet see the future too,
So preach of Heaven and of Hell... just like you used to do...
I'll surely bless your holy heart... with blessings quite sublime...
All you must do is play your part... and humbly bide your time...

And so the preacher waited still... then met his wife to be...
And she was in God's perfect will... and praise God, so was he...
And so they married when June came... with no more need to search...
And gladly praised the Saviour's Name... when they got wed in Church...

I envy them their happiness... though single I must stay...
While I'm not married, I confess... I've got more time to pray...

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale January 2019.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
and Vision TV on Freeview channel 264.

Denis Martindale

The Stream Near The End Of The Road...

As children, we explored the stream…
Near the end of the road…
The length of it was quite extreme…
And so it flowed and flowed…
And sticklebacks were clearly seen
Above the stony floor…
Away from dangling slime so green
That gathered either shore…
The stream was just a few feet wide,
So we could see a lot...
The sticklebacks tried hard to hide,
When temperatures grew hot…
My brother pushed me in one day…
He got smacked by our Dad…
Despite that fact, I've got to say…
He wasn't all that bad!

Denis Martindale January 2019.

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale

Where On Earth Would We Be?

Where on Earth would we be, dear friends, without the Sinner's Prayer?
It's on that prayer that all depends... for what else could compare?
Confessing all before God's Throne... with true humility...
Then trusting in God's Son alone... who died on Calvary...

When Billy Graham preached God's Word... the multitudes found Christ...
They bowed their heads when hearts were stirred... through what He sacrificed...
And then they left their seats and gave... their lives unto the Lord...
By faith, they knew that Christ could save... by faith, they stood assured...

And maybe you were there one night... with tears that filled your eyes...
And maybe God gave you insight... so you could realise...
God did not spare His only Son... no matter what it cost...
Yet thanks to Christ and all He's done... you were no longer lost...

And even now, crusades go on... perhaps you're preaching, too...
Because one night all doubts were gone... you knew that God loved you...
And Heaven's proved more real right now... with every passing day...
Because, through Easter, you know how... Christ took your sins away...

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale January 2019.

The Gospel poem was shared on Revelation TV's
R-Mornings on Thursday the 17th of January 2019.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
and Vision TV on Freeview channel 264.

Denis Martindale

Have Mercy, Lord!

Without the mercy of the Lord... not one life would be spared!
If constant prayer has been ignored... as if not one has cared!
Yet those who pray the sinner's prayer... go on to pray for men,
For women and children everywhere... again and again and again!

And God holds fast to words we speak... and finds sincerity...
The will of God we daily seek... because of Calvary...
God turns Man from the foolish path... if willing hearts obey...
If not, each has an epitaph... when life has passed away...

If only love and wisdom met... as Jesus Christ revealed...
Just think of lives without regret... the bodies God has healed!
With healings, bodies rearranged... transformed, no more the same!
Because of Jesus... lives are changed... so pray in Jesus Name!

Denis Martindale January 2019.

PoemHunter.com

Jesus had to be different to us
in order to make the difference in us!

The Gospel poem was shared on Revelation TV's
The Twilight Zone show about martial arts superstar
Bruce Lee on Tuesday the 15th of January 2019...

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
and Vision TV on Freeview channel 264.

Denis Martindale

January, February!

January! February! March, April, May... then June!
Yes, it's wise if we stay wary... for each can pass so soon!
Saint Valentine's is weeks away! When hearts are in a whirl...
Good luck with that, that's what I say... Regardless, boy or girl...

And pretty soon, it's Easter time... and Easter cards galore...
Then resurrection so sublime... which thrills us to the core...
As daffodils salute God's Son... when Springtime comes again...
Displaying hope in all He's done... as Christ, the Light of Men...

The seasons come, the seasons go... hold fast to all that's good...
Anoint with oil, let it flow... to bless us as it should...
And let the saints pour out their praise... as this New Year begins...
Let's count God's blessings that amaze... as each lost soul Christ wins!

This New Year's just a stepping stone... step forward and be brave...
Approach the Father's Holy Throne... and intercede with faith...
There's much to do... and yet take heart... recall the Gospel song...
Let's sing to God, How great Thou art! as each month comes along!

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale January 2019.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

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and Vision TV on Freeview channel 264.

Denis Martindale

R.S.V.P.

I've never heard of Martindale,
Or seen the things he wrote,
He may be strong, he may be frail,
I could write him a note…

How are you, Denis? That I'd ask,
Please say you're feeling well…
That's really not so hard a task,
A simple thing to tell…

Some writing paper I enclose,
With pen and envelope…
He might write back, God only knows,
Yet one can only hope…

Two thousand poems, then some more…
Perhaps his were sublime…
So Denis writing back's no chore…
Perhaps he'll write in rhyme!

PoemHunter.com

Dr. Seuss poem for Mr Denis Martindale, whoever he is…

Denis Martindale Christmas Eve,2018…

Denis Martindale

Sam The Snowman!

The children saw the snow arrive
And went outside to play…
Yes, up and early, half-past-five…
Quite mad, I've got to say…
And yet a snowman they had made,
That really made my day!
Then they came in for orangeade,
But went out straight away!

They gave him eyes and eyebrows, too,
They even made a smile…
He wore a scarf, like snowmen do…
His school tie added style…
Instead of feet, they placed new shoes!
They went the extra mile…
It's great how children can amuse,
Bewitch us and beguile…

The children came inside at last…
And ate some Christmas cake…
And suddenly, time passed so fast,
Until we took a break…
Then from the window, we looked out,
At every new snowflake…
While Sam the Snowman looked about,
Content and wide awake…

Denis Martindale December 2018.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

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the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
and Vision TV on Freeview channel 264.

Denis Martindale

You Are Fascinating!

You are fascinating if you are fascinating.
So maybe you need to reflect on how fascinating you are.
You are on a planet travelling through space,
around the Sun in the Milky Way,
somewhere in a vast universe.
You were created by a God so powerful
that all He has to do is say a few words
and things happen.
Created in His image
and meant to serve Him for eternity.
Invited to become an adopted child of God,
offered forgiveness of sins
and the gift of eternal life.
Offered a daily fellowship with Him
and offered even more gifts
as distributed by the Holy Spirit.
Scientists and surgeons could be amazed
as they investigated your human mind and body,
even to the microscopic level with electron microscopes,
to find miracle after miracle after miracle.
People have been praying for you even before you were born
and even after you die
there will be some who continue to pray for you.
Who knows how great a person you could become in the future?
That's not always in your control to decide your destiny.
Life has a way of humbling the most powerful
and yet raising up the humble to positions of greatness.
Even those called useless children can still study hard,
pass exams and become teachers to help others.
You were created from the tiniest human cells
and yet these multiplied miraculously.
You were fashioned as a human child within your mother's womb
and she, bearing the pains, brought forth a newborn baby,
weak and defenceless, yet beloved of God.
Think of it, because of every fact about you
that could yet be a blessing to this world.
How you grew to become a toddler, an infant,
a teenager, an adult, a thinking person...
One who proves capable of being more and more educated

with every passing day...
And who knows the power of your prayers, beyond selfish ones,
meant to make a better life for yourself and your loved ones?
You could be a prayer warrior, a life-changer, a world-changer.
No wonder people are praying for you…
because to such as these,
exhibiting their own measure of nobility,
you really are fascinating…

Denis Martindale 21st of December 2018…

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
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and Vision TV on Freeview channel 264.

Denis Martindale

The Two Angels

Two angels were talking about the people on Earth yet again.
The first angel was full of hope and so was the second...
But today was somewhat different... they were both feeling quite sad.
Those poor people really are all over the place, aren't they?
They celebrate Halloween dressed up as demons...
A few weeks later and they dress up as Santa Claus or his helpers.
They scare each other as adults one week...
A few weeks later and they buy their children gifts...
Some celebrate Saint Valentine's Day and think it's lovely...
Others want to ban Christmas in December... or any other month...

Some appreciate the birthdays of their loved ones...
Others won't even send a card or give a gift...
Some willingly pay their taxes as their duty...
Others hate paying out... and will fight tooth and nail not to...
And then complain when things go wrong through lack of funds.
The second angel nodded... They're difficult to love, aren't they?
I agree, said the first angel... yet God still loves Mankind!
Then they smiled to each other, as angels do...
And thankfully agreed... ISN'T OUR FATHER GOD WONDERFUL! ?
AND SO IS JESUS, TOO... they said... AND SO IS JESUS, TOO...

Denis Martindale 21st of December 2018.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
and Vision TV on Freeview channel 264.

Denis Martindale

Believe In The Blood Of The Lamb!

From ancient days, the Word declared... that God could pardon sin!
That justice had something prepared... so Satan couldn't win...
That's why God set His plan on Earth... just as the Psalmist wrote,
To grant us more than we deserve... Christ's Blood, the antidote...
Yet would the Saviour choose to die? To save Mankind from Hell?
Forgive those shouting, CRUCIFY! before He said, FAREWELL?
Yet on the Cross of Christ He prayed... Forgive them, Father, please...
While John and Mary stood dismayed... without one trace of peace...
Then Jesus died for all to see... His blood fell here and there...
And God was moved by Calvary... where Christ, our sins, would bare...

For IT IS FINISHED through God's Son... Complete and perfect, too...
Through all the things His Son had done... to save both me and you...
What more could God expect than love? What more than faithfulness?
What more than Blood could prove enough... our broken hearts to bless?
The perfect life was sacrificed... Christ's every drop to bleed...
Yes, there it is... the Blood of Christ... The Lamb of God indeed...
To those who pray at Calvary... and love the King of Kings...
The risen Lord says, COME TO ME... and I will teach you things...
Of Heaven, Hell and Judgement Day... of signs and wonders, too...
So that you fast, so that you pray... and learn that I LOVE YOU...

Denis Martindale December 2018.

The Gospel poem was shared on Revelation TV's
The Twilight Zone show on Tuesday evening on the
18th of December 2018 as part of the teachings of
The Blood Covenant Jesus provided for believers
as explained in the Billy Graham Gospel video...

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581

and Vision TV on Freeview channel 264.

Denis Martindale

What Should My Poem Be About?

That will depend on what comes to your mind,
or comes from your heart.
So that is why a poem will feature topics of interest,
those relating to the human condition, this world or the next.
You either decide to rhyme or choose not to.
You write what you know,
or go beyond your comfort zone
and write another person's point of view.
You use TV and film characters to get their views across.
You draw inspiration from artwork and from music,
from pretty short-and-sweet pop songs and the classics, too.
You write about justice and injustice,
social issues, war and peace,
harmony and disappointment,
love and hate, joy and sorrow.

You tell the tale...
as well as the tall tale,
the comical and the hysterical,
the magical and the miracle and the lyrical.
You write until the joy leaves you
and it all becomes a chore...
and then you write some more.
For writing is that precious part of your very soul,
motivated by the freedom of expression
that only a poet can prove of esteemable value...
to the random reader across the world
and the followers of favourite poets here and there.
That is if you truly have become a poet,
one who reaches for phrases beyond imagination,
beyond the comprehension thresholds of Man...
beyond the norm... and that which was the previous form...

Just as one who pens a Valentine poem,
just as one who declares that love is more than love,
beholding it well and telling it like it truly is... and could be,
for true love proves itself a way of life, a journey to savour,
a journey fit for the most appointed poets to share
and thankful readers to love in equal measure...

So if a poet you would be,
at least write about love...
then your poems will deserve to be loved,
because love is the loveliest gift of them all...
for, just as any smitten Valentine knows,
love is everything... because it is beautiful...

Denis Martindale December 2018.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

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the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
and Vision TV on Freeview channel 264.

Denis Martindale

It Wasn't All For Naught!

It's good to be a poet, friend...
To share each inner thought...
For with each poem that you end...
What wondrous truths were caught...
And whether typed or whether penned...
They proved of good report...
Each time you found you could depend...
On writing what you ought...
To School, your parents chose to send...
Such that you could be taught...
With faith that you would comprehend...
And not be overwrought...
Perhaps some reader's heart to mend...
Through poetry you brought...
It's good to be a poet, friend...
It wasn't all for naught!

Denis Martindale December 2018...

PoemHunter.com

The Gospel poem was shared on Revelation TV's
Church Without Walls programme on Sunday
morning on the 16th of December 2018...

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
and Vision TV on Freeview channel 264.

Denis Martindale

Why Use Poetry?

Why use poetry? Because God wants us to.
He created the different languages and set us apart,
so we would populate the entire Earth.
After all, why create England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales
if nobody goes there?
Once there, we could see the beauty of the scenery
and develop our own gardens towards perfection,
choosing from the flowers here, there and everywhere,
even to the cultivation of different fragrant roses.

Across the world, lie further glories and stories,
where sunnier temperatures warm the hearts of men,
so imagine the beaches and the water sports there.
The changing of the seasons, their comings and their goings
and the privileged ladies in their finest clothes
for Winter, Spring, Summer and Fall.

Behold the amazing realms of the animal and plant kingdoms,
Yet then consider well the social issues of the day.
The justice and the injustice, the rich and the poor,
the feasting and the starving, the great and the small,
then contemplate the studies of the sciences,
marvel at the mysteries of mathematics,
with honourable hopes for future generations beyond our own.

Ought we to write about such a diversity as these encompass?
Do they not witness to us even more,
thanks to the development of the news and the media?
And poetry itself has such wonders
that present themselves to us in the mere use of words.
They fascinate us like the lyrics set to music
and then cause us to sing and dance
and to celebrate the newness of our lives.
WHY USE POETRY? Because God wants us to.

Denis Martindale December 2018.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
and Vision TV on Freeview channel 264.

Denis Martindale

God's Finest Awakening!

Without the Lord to set things straight... Man has no hope at all,
This world would be consumed by hate... destroying great and small...
The leaders leading men astray... with war a constant thing,
Till suddenly, it's Judgement Day... with Christ both Lord and King!
Yet Christians pray for peace not war... and justice to prevail
And blessings God would yet outpour... for God's love cannot fail...

But push the Lord and He won't budge... though anger's slow to rise,
You see, God's justice makes Him judge... so harken then, be wise...
Yet if you sleep, what then, for you? You merely dream mad dreams,
For when you sleep, you know it's true... you've seen Man's mad extremes...
I've seen Man's bombs ahead of time... as they flew overhead...
While some may think such dreams sublime... my heart was filled with dread...

Yet now I know, I preach God's Word... much more to save the lost...
For by such prophecies I'm stirred... awakened to the cost...
God's revelation makes me act... to share God's finest still...
Despite the fact the odds are stacked... I seek God's perfect will...
While Christmas comes and Christmas goes... I still preach Christ each day,
Until my life comes to a close... I'll pray and pray and pray!

Denis Martindale December 2018.

The Gospel poem was shared on Revelation TV's
The Great Awakening programme which was shown
on Thursday evening on the 13th of December 2018...

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

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the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
and Vision TV on Freeview channel 264.

Denis Martindale

Well Done!

Well done, as servants of the Lord... His Kingdom to advance
And serving still, in Christ assured... thanks to God's second chance...
Because Christ died and lives again... His love abides within,
So you keep pushing now and then... until the race you win...
Prayer warriors! That's what you are... Devoted to God's cause,
Prayer journals prove each one a star... with faith that opens doors...
Each Christmas card a great delight... no wonder we're so fond
And yet more miracles in sight... this year and far beyond...

It's great that we're a family... united by God's grace,
It's great because of Calvary... deserving of all praise...
Just think of what still lies ahead! It's awesome, yes, indeed!
As long as we stay Spirit-led... God wants us to succeed!
Stay humble in this ministry... Rejoice, again, rejoice!
You see, it's obvious to me... we've made the finest choice...
Stronger together! Day by day... God's blessings overflow...
Well done, indeed, that's what I say! Just thought you'd like to know!

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale December 2018.

The Gospel poem was shared on Revelation TV's
R-Mornings show on Thursday the 13th of December 2018
after the details from the CBN ministry and their
Superbook and other Christmas blessings this year...

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

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the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
and Vision TV on Freeview channel 264.

Denis Martindale

Who Goes There? Friend Or Foe?

Knock, knock! I hear upon my door! Who goes there? Friend or foe?
I open up, though still unsure... yet how else could I know?
And back and forth the questions come... when truths and half truths flow,
I know some truths, yet only some... and so, my own doubts grow...

But I research what has been said... on websites to and fro,
Lord Jesus Christ rose from the dead... to Him, my life I owe...
The Gospel Truth's now mine to share... the seed I'm meant to sow,
Yet I'm still warned to take some care... when I, God's gifts, bestow...

Such that God's Word lives in my heart... to guide me as I go,
Just as the sunshine must impart... its daily light to glow...
When others bring their views and more... my questions cause them woe!
Knock, knock! I hear upon my door! Who goes there? Friend or foe?

Denis Martindale 11th of December 2018.

PoemHunter.com

The Gospel poem's about the Twilight Zone programme
on Revelation TV discussing the false beliefs that others
have to share which aren't supported by God's Word...
Christian books explain why these false beliefs are in error,
even though they're being shared across the world today.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
and Vision TV on Freeview channel 264.

Denis Martindale

Prior To The Rapture...

And once born, there to be cuddled and huddled close,
As if he were a mere babe within the mother's arms,
Yet be aware and beware the babe that has subtle charms,
With arms like serpents coiling, spoiling this fallen world.
For as he grows in stature, so shall the world spiral in turmoil,
But thinking he the Saviour, many believe falsely, unwisely...
Such that God fires up anger towards such a mighty multitude,
But delivers His adopted children from His judgements...
They were not appointed to wrath but to salvation in Christ...
They alone with the Holy Spirit say, Marantha, come, Lord Jesus,
Therefore Calvary was worth their consideration and sacrifices,
For in Christ shall the Day of Rapture be revealed in due season...
And till then, the whole world waits, groaning, spinning in a spiral,
Praying for a wondrous mighty miracle and the great escape...

Denis Martindale 8th of December 2018...

This is a continuation suggestion for the poem
by Yeats called The Second Coming which is about
the alternative Saviour called the Antichrist...
This man is yet to be revealed and yet has to
be born some day, somewhere... for he has been
foretold and his final destination made clear.
So this third verse goes further to explain what
the Holy Bible prophecies shared ahead of time...

Denis Martindale

No Ordinary Boy...

The boy was no ordinary boy,
he meditated upon the most noble aspirations known to Man,
such that his conversations impressed both young and old
and his questions made many a man walk away puzzled
at such an encounter with him.
His actions spoke louder than words,
for he was as generous as he dared to be,
giving away the little that he had
and with nothing left for himself...
but when he gave, his smile was as good as gold...
and I shall never forget that smile...
as long as I live... for that was the smile of love...

Denis Martindale December 2018.

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

There's A Chance To Be Forgiven...

There's a chance to be forgiven... angels say,
There's a chance to be forgiven... come what may...
There's a chance to be forgiven... Lord Jesus is the way!
If you want to go to Heaven... some day...

There's a chance to be forgiven... if you pray,
There's a chance to be forgiven... why delay?
There's a chance to be forgiven... Lord Jesus is the way!
If you want to go to Heaven... some day...

And that's why I praise the Saviour... on the Cross...
Yes, that's why I praise the Saviour... for His loss...
I've one chance to meet my Saviour... Lord Jesus is the way!
How I want to go to Heaven... here's because...

There's a chance to be forgiven... though you stray,
There's a chance to be forgiven... where you stay...
There's a chance to be forgiven... Lord Jesus is the way!
If you want to go to Heaven... some day...

PoemHunter.com

There's a chance to be forgiven... on display,
There's a chance to be forgiven... Hip, Hoorah!
There's a chance to be forgiven... Lord Jesus is the way!
If you want to go to Heaven... some day...
Like I want to go to Heaven... some day...

Denis Martindale December 2018.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
and Vision TV on Freeview channel 264.

Denis Martindale

Set Aside Quality Time For Revelation!

What use the worry of each day? What use the constant blur?
What use the hurry when we pray? God knows what must occur!
Quality time with God proves great... it's what the Lord has planned,
It's quality... since it's first rate... as if we hold God's hand...
If we draw close, then God draws close... it's like a vigil kept,
Like Jesus, when He faced His foes... awake, while His friends slept...

The conscious mind prays at its best... while dreamers snooze on still,
Oblivious to staying blessed... according to God's will...
So set aside yourselves from all... the Father's truths to find,
Perhaps to ask a miracle... that's bound to bless Mankind...
Or words of knowledge from the Lord... or prophecies explained,
Or greater faith to stand assured... just think what could be gained...

And if God guides you then to give... it's time to count the cost,
So broken hearts can learn to live... and sinners don't stay lost...
We're merely pilgrims passing through... this world's not called our home,
We're Heaven-bound, God's chosen few... and welcomed to His Throne...
God blesses those who fast and pray... yet that's not if but when,
God blesses those who want to stay! NUFF SAID! PRAISE GOD! AMEN!

Denis Martindale December 2018.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
and Vision TV on Freeview channel 264.

Denis Martindale

Above The Twilight Zone...

God sees this world in which we live... and hears what's overheard,
God knows the gifts that He can give... according to His Word...
God plans ahead, beyond today... beyond what's yet to be,
God tells us straight... that we should pray... for God loves you and me...

And love excels, beyond the norm... beyond these earthbound trials,
So hearts of flesh, in Him, stay warm... such that each glad saint smiles...
When Winter comes... dark nights draw close... they linger for so long,
Yet prayer ascends, because God knows... and faith can make us strong...

Though flesh seems weak, the spirit soars... as saints unite as one,
Stronger together, as one force... because of Christ, God's Son...
Who overcame the Cross of Christ... with death a passing phase,
We sing, Hosanna in the highest! God bless amazing grace...

For without Christ, where would we be? Yet He's our King of love...
The Twilight Zone's not all we see... we know God rules above...
In Heaven, where God's angels sing... where Halleluyahs bless,
Let's turn our hearts to Christ our King... and share His happiness...

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale December 2018.

The Gospel poem was shared on Revelation TV's
The Twilight Zone show on Tuesday evening on the
4th of December 2018 about the positive and negative
effects of music and how worship can bless us so much.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
and Vision TV on Freeview channel 264.

Denis Martindale

A Daily Dose Of Mercy...

A daily dose of mercy, Lord... that's what I pray to Thee,
That Thou could make me rest assured... for all that's meant to be...
For I'm not blessed as others are... with riches all can see,
Nor do I drive a fancy car... that's built for luxury...
I'm just someone who muddles through... and yet loves charity
And seeks to do what I must do... as that's my ministry...

It's all that I've been training for... indeed, my heart's desire,
It's helped me live through peace and war... aiming even higher...
It's made me see the pain and strife... the courage I admire,
It's made me cherish this one life... though troubles can conspire...
Yet think of me as clay to mould... that's strengthened not to tire,
Thy tender mercies to unfold... for Thou art my supplier...

Be gentle with my time on Earth... there's not much time to live...
Lord, let me prove I'm still of worth... and bless me as I give...

Denis Martindale December 2018.

PoemHunter.com

The Gospel poem was shared on Revelation TV's
R-Mornings Thursday show on the 20th of December 2018
just after the TV viewers' Christmas messages...

The Gospel poem is based on the book A Daily Dose of Mercy,
by Don Stephens, the founder of the Mercy Ships hospital ministry.
The book was sent to me as a gift and it made my day, as I support
this ministry when their GIFTMATCH time can double my donations.

The charity's site confirms this:
mercyships- org- uk/giftmatch

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

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the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
and Vision TV on Freeview channel 264.

Denis Martindale

Great Men Both Young And Old...

Great men are known by what they say... yet also what they do,
God's men are known by what they pray... perhaps they prayed for you...
They bowed their heads before the Lord... before the King of Love
And suddenly their words outpoured... to seek God's face above...

And though it's true that setbacks came... in peacetime and in war,
Great men stood tall and earned their fame... God's mercy and much more...
For people prayed for such as these... some future day to lead,
God's touch of greatness to release... anointing to succeed...

The mystery of history... God's choice for every land,
For justice and for liberty... just as the Lord had planned...
So there's a time to set aside... remembrance at its best,
For every great man who has died... that our great God once blessed...

Denis Martindale December 2018.

PoemHunter.com

The Gospel poem is based on the recent passing away of
ex-President Bush and all the funeral tributes for him...
The poem was shared on Revelation TV's R-Mornings
on Tuesday's programme on the 4th of December 2018.

Google search: ex+president+bush+funeral

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

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the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
and Vision TV on Freeview channel 264.

Denis Martindale

I'm Not A Superhero...

I'm not a superhero, friends... like Flash or Superman
And yet I'd say, in my defence... I do the good I can...
I sometimes give to ministries... donating now and then,
To offer some a chance of peace... at getting born again...
To help the sick, to help the poor... such things, of course, are good,
In fact, that's all I'm living for... now true love's understood...

Sometimes I simply give advice... to guide along the way,
Yet when I think of Paradise... I need to pause and pray...
When Christmas comes, I send out cards... with Christ the central theme
And hope these bless the Christian hearts... who serve upon God's Team...
Because I know I'm not alone... I've got a family
Who congregate around God's Throne... because of Calvary...

We've got a superhero, friends... His name is Jesus Christ,
Someone with love that never ends... someone so highly prized...
Someone God's angels worship, too... someone whose heart is kind,
The King of Love... whose heart is true... so pure, like gold refined...
At God's command, Christ grants us hope... to do the good we can!
He's why we preach across the globe... to help our fellow man...

Denis Martindale 29th of November 2018.

The Gospel poem is based on the Christmas cards
Revelation TV viewers can order from the Office...
and the Christmas poem was shared on Revelation TV's
R-Mornings on Friday the 30th of November 2018
following discussions about the family... and for me,
F.A.M.I.L.Y. means Father And Mother, I Love You!

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
and Vision TV on Freeview channel 264.

Denis Martindale

We Can Only Imagine...

A chosen few have seen the Lord... the King of Calvary,
When utmost grace has been outpoured... to all humanity...
Not one of those who ever lived... could find excuse enough
To shun the Saviour's precious gift... forgiveness, borne of love...
But still, my heart... take heart, this day... imagine what you can,
The spirit realm to which we pray... to help our fellow man...

With thanks for mercy from on high... with angels round God's Throne,
With holy prayers... like lights that fly... into God's Twilight Zone...
Where supernatural miracles... descend like snowflakes down,
With Jesus watching, as each falls... upon each prayerful town...
As angels sing sweet harmonies... for blessings seen and heard,
Because God's wonders never cease... according to God's Word...

And revelation grows and grows... and goes from strength to strength,
Beyond the truths each Christian knows... and teachers preach at length,
Then gaze upon Jerusalem... the City of God's grace,
Then think of Christ and Bethlehem... then see the Saviour's face...
Then preach of Him, Christ crucified... the King of Love and more!
For worthy is the Lamb who died... whom angels still adore!

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale 29th of November 2018.

The Gospel poem is based on the Gospel film,
I Can Only Imagine... Actor Dennis Quaid's song
was shared on the 28th of November 2018 on
Revelation TV's R-Mornings programme...

The Gospel poem was shared on Thursday
the 29th of November 2018 on Revelation TV's
R-Mornings programme... mentioning the song
Dennis Quaid sang, I'm On My Way To Heaven...

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
and Vision TV on Freeview channel 264.

Denis Martindale

Thanks, But No Thanks!

When Brexit was first voted for... most people chose to leave
And many leaders were in awe... and even now they grieve.
And then discussions came to pass... divorce, the final aim
And yet these talks became a farce... to our eternal shame.
To think, such nonsense was discussed... as back and forth each went.
With none deserving any trust... in what they represent,
Extended years of stronger chains... for decades and much more,
To bind each country that remains... according to the law.

Not just our law, but theirs, of course... which they can change each day
And rigidly they will enforce... with us, the fools to pay.
I pity voters near and far... as leaders close their ranks,
Yet all who know what leaders are... must shout, Thanks, but no thanks!
Deal-breakers can be plainly seen... our sovereignty's the start
And just like Scrooge, their schemes are mean... and lack the noble heart.
What will God do before this ends? No great escape at all?
Or will God hear our prayers, dear friends... and grant a miracle?

When Brexit was first voted for... most people chose to leave,
Yet what we see, we now deplore... how leaders can deceive!

Denis Martindale 28th of November 2018.

The poem was shared by presenter Sophie on Revelation TV's
R-Mornings on Wednesday the 28th of November 2018...

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
and Vision TV on Freeview channel 264.

Denis Martindale

Signs And Wonders Following!

How blessed are those who seek the Lord... for they shall learn of grace...
And suddenly feel overawed... at wonders that take place...
God's prophecies that came to be... though centuries ahead...
Yes, even those of Calvary... that awesome day of dread...

So many signs and wonders came... so many still today...
So many healings in Christ's Name... no wonder Christians pray!
Deliver us from evil, please... let righteousness prevail...
So that sin's captives find release... escaping from sin's jail...

Let prayer enhance our blessings still... Let noble hearts spread love...
Such that God's saints learn of God's will... for God knows well enough...
Yes, God observes the saints on Earth... so revelation shines...
Whenever they declare Christ's worth... so sinners change their minds...

Praise God for His amazing grace! Through this, we, too, were found!
Yet pretty soon, we'll leave this place! Together... Heaven-bound!

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale November 2018.

The Gospel poem was shared on Revelation TV's
The Twilight Zone programme about the supernatural
on Tuesday evening on the 27th of November 2018...

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
and Vision TV on Freeview channel 264.

Denis Martindale

Welcome To Our Food Bank!

Oh, do come in and have a look! Here everybody wins!
Because we do things by the book! With canned food stored in tins...
Tins over here! Tins over there! Just take your pick and go!
Because you're not a millionaire... we won't ask for your dough...
We're doing everything we can... we want to help you out...
We're here to help our fellow man... that's what life's all about!
The Government has lots to do... we know cash was delayed...
Our food bank's here to help you through... till finally you're paid!
May Christmas ease your money cares... before December ends...
Good luck with that! You're in our prayers! Happy New Year, dear friends!

Denis Martindale 27th of November 2018.

The poem is based on the Daily Mirror front page
article reporting on Food Bank Britain statistics...

PoemHunter.com

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
and Vision TV on Freeview channel 264.

Denis Martindale

The Spectacular Power Of The Spoken Word!

Of all the gifts God ever gave... the spoken word stands tall...
For by Man's words he can be brave... no matter, great or small...
Like David when a giant fell... Like Solomon so wise...
Like Jesus when He preached of Hell... to help folks realise...

The Father spoke, Creation came... and angels watched to see...
The angels praised the Saviour's Name... because of Calvary...
For there it was, a thief believed... as Christ was crucified...
And holy favour was received... when death was prophesied...

In Paradise, Christ told that man... this day you'll walk with Me...
That was because Christ knew God's plan... that was their destiny!
So think about the words you speak... for faith comes by God's Word...
And then with love the Saviour seek... so prayers are overheard...

Amazing grace will comfort you... to strengthen and to guide...
To bring you blessings old and new... across the whole world wide...

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale November 2018.

The Gospel poem was shared on Revelation TV's
The Twilight Zone evening programme on Tuesday
the 20th of November 2018 for the discussion on how
we can be blessed by God's Word and spiritual gifts...

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

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the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
and Vision TV on Freeview channel 264.

Denis Martindale

Thanksgiving For The Great Awakening!

We've so much to be thankful for! Because God gave His best...
We should feel glad! Thrilled to the core! Because we're truly blessed!
With signs and wonders God has planned... in Heaven and on Earth!
Yet only when we understand... such gifts we don't deserve...

Yet loving kindness leaves God's Throne... when love is cast abroad...
Upon Christ's sheep He's loved and known... who call on Christ the Lord!
And when they call, they call with love... because they love God's Son...
Though He's returned to God above... we cherish all He's done...

We hold the Lord in high esteem... we worship from afar...
To others, Christ is just a dream... yet He's our guiding star...
To think, Christ died before we lived... those centuries ago...
Yet now He's God's most precious gift... to those on Earth below...

How great Thou art! How great, indeed! Receive our thanks and more...
For there's none greater who should lead! No greater to adore...
We should feel glad! Thrilled to the core! Because we're truly blessed!
We've so much to be thankful for! Because God gave His best...

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale, November 2018.

The Gospel poem was shared on Revelation TV's
The Great Awakening programme on Thanksgiving,
for Thursday evening, on the 22nd of November 2018...

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
and Vision TV on Freeview channel 264.

Denis Martindale

Some Stand Up... Some Stand Out...

Disciples choose what God stands for... the good that God decides...
That's why God gives them more and more... and why each one abides...
For without love and without grace... disciples fear the worst...
Yet signs and wonders still take place... as long as prayers come first...

Such prayers began with Jesus Christ... who taught them how to pray...
And Jesus prayed when sacrificed... our sins to take away...
Forgiveness He sought uppermost... for Romans and for Jews...
As He obeyed the Holy Ghost... the Cross of Christ to choose...

So Christ stood out... for all to see... His blood to wash us clean...
That solemn day on Calvary... with none to intervene...
God didn't spare His only Son... as Mary wept with John...
Because she knew this must be done... until Christ's life had gone...

But God had plans beyond this death... they're called amazing grace...
To Jesus, God would grant new breath... this world again to face...
Now Jesus stood out even more... and oh what love He brings...
Christ is the Lamb of God, for sure... God's Son! The King of Kings!

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale November 2018.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
and Vision TV on Freeview channel 264.

Denis Martindale

Building Faith!

And so begins new blessings, friends... as revelation grows...
Because, on this, our faith depends... as every Christian knows...
Still building on what's gone before... still pushing just like Paul...
Like Gideon's army seeking more... and God's next miracle!

For we know God is in all things... and why our God chose us...
Each blessed by Christ, the King of Kings... our Saviour, Lord Jesus!
The future beckons us again... and builders must be paid...
They need their wages now and then... such bills can't be delayed...

And yet God smiles on those who give... as well as those who build...
It doesn't matter where they live... God's plans must be fulfilled...
Let patience set our hearts at rest... donations are well spent...
Praise God! For we've been Heaven-blessed... and also Heaven-sent.

So meditate and realise... God's signs and wonders, too...
Thanksgiving to God's Son is wise... Thank God... for Him... and YOU!

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale November 2018.

This Gospel poem promotes the future
Building Phase donations for the
Revelation TV International Centre...
and was shared for Thanksgiving on
Revelation TV's R-Mornings programme
on Thursday the 22nd of November 2018.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

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the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
and Vision TV on Freeview channel 264.

Denis Martindale

The Son Of God!

God's drama comes and must unfold... His Son to die for Man...
The greatest story ever told... Forgiveness! That's God's plan!
The angels sang amazing grace... before one word was penned...
Because they saw the Saviour's face... when life came to an end...

To think, Christ's Church is growing still... as revelation spreads...
As Christians seek to serve God's will... to where God's Spirit heads...
Foundations laid, then Churches rise... in hopes to save the lost...
Compassion helps us realise... that we must count the cost...

The cost to Christ, the Lord Jesus... the Son of God and more...
Because the Saviour died for us... yes, both the rich and poor...
To think, how many love the Lord! Beyond what's understood...
That makes me glad... I'm overawed... because our God's so good!

Denis Martindale Sunday the 18th of November 2018.

PoemHunter.com

The Gospel poem is based on the life of Jesus as portrayed in
the Gospel video on Revelation TV's Church Without Walls show,
when Jesus told the people that He was the Son of God...

Jesus said He was the Good Shepherd who lays down His life for
the sheep and yet would live again, as God fulfilled at Easter.

The poem was mentioned as a reminder of God's amazing grace on
Revelation TV's R-Mornings show on the 19th of November 2018...

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
and Vision TV on Freeview channel 264.

Denis Martindale

One Way Street To Heaven!

The Holy Spirit leads the lambs... towards the Cross of Christ...
Despite the Devil's sickening scams... with all deceits disguised...
There comes a time none can replace... salvation to impart...
God's miracle! Amazing grace! Psalm 22's the start!

For in the Holy Bible stands... a monument to love...
Christ crucified to serve God's plans... God looking on above...
And we look, too, perhaps through tears... to think Christ died for sin...
And while God sees, He also hears... refusing to give in...

He didn't even spare His Son... in hopes to save the lost...
Such that no more than this was done... once Christ had paid the cost...
No other Saviour since that day... No pardon but the Lord...
No other faith, Christ is the Way! That's why Christ is adored!

And woe to those who share deceit... ignoring prophecy...
Who is the Saviour each must meet? The King of Calvary!

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale, November 2018.

The Gospel poem was shared on Revelation TV's
The Twilight Zone evening programme on Tuesday,
the 13th of November 2018 which discusses many
supernatural issues and different cults and beliefs...

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
and Vision TV on Freeview channel 264.

Denis Martindale

Black Friday!

Black Friday! Wow, just days away... when sellers get quite rash...
When buyers have much less to pay... and so they start to dash...
With credit cards and discount codes... and extra details shared...
As buyers search for loads and loads... deliveries prepared...
It isn't even Christmas yet... yet presents they must find...
And so Black Friday's their best yet... it's meant to bless Mankind...

Yet I recall God's miracle... when Christ was crucified...
And when God changed the life of Saul... he later joined God's side...
Black Friday changed the world he knew! Yet Christ rose from the dead!
And God can change your whole life, too... when you are Spirit-led...
To save some cash seems oh, so nice... yet has your soul been saved?
Do you prepare for Paradise? Have all your sins been waived?

Do you buy Christmas cards right now? Do you give some away?
Do you obey and ask God how... it's best for you to pray?
Or do you merely live your life... the way that sinners do?
For Christ, Black Friday led to strife... and yet Christ died for YOU!

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale, November 2018.

The Gospel poem was shared on Revelation TV's
R-Mornings on Wednesday, the 14th of November 2018...

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
and Vision TV on Freeview channel 264.

Denis Martindale

Politics... What Does It Take?

What does it take to stand and lead... and guide a nation through?
What does it take so you succeed... I guess that's up to you...
Too tough, too weak? Or in-between? The softly-softly touch?
Or starting wars and staying mean? Like you don't care that much?
Or just your nation on your mind? No thought for foreign aid?
Like it's a folly to be kind... and something to evade...
Yet without love, what use at all? Love must stay uppermost...
Such that God works a miracle... thanks to the Holy Ghost!

What does it take, the iron fist? A clampdown here and there?
Ignoring God's evangelist... who warns against warfare?
From all the kings that ever were... it's Jesus that I trust...
Because God knows what must occur... so Christ does what He must...
Till Jesus rules this world let's pray... that each heart can discern...
For God trusts Jesus to obey... and from Him we can learn...
Till Jesus rules what need have I... to vote some leader in?
I think that I would rather die... than vote for those that sin...

What does it take to lead till then? Discernment every day!
Yet Jesus is the Light of Men... without Him, there's no way!

Denis Martindale November 2018.

The Gospel poem was shared on Revelation TV's
R-Mornings on Friday, the 9th of November 2018...

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
and Vision TV on Freeview channel 264.

Denis Martindale

Lord Jesus Looked Different Today!

When I awoke with sleepy head... I thought about the Lord...
As I stayed lying on my bed... all other thoughts ignored...
And I saw Jesus full of hope... and smiling straight at me...
The King of Kings who ruled the globe... and conquered Calvary...

Upon the white robe Jesus wore... a single poppy glowed...
Because Christ knew what it stood for... and that, to me, He showed...
No words were spoken at that time... the day that vision came...
Suffice to say it was sublime... I wasn't left the same...

That blood red poppy said enough... and that made me think twice...
Of all the men who died with love... were they in Paradise?
Were any saved by Jesus Christ? Were any saved at all?
Their precious lives were sacrificed... and Christ saw each one fall...

Yet now Christ stood with poppy worn... Remembrance still in mind...
He stood there smiling, not forlorn... for Christ died for Mankind...
Who knows the rewards He will give? A crown for each of these?
I only know that while I live... I walk this Earth in peace...

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale Tuesday the 6th of November 2018.

This Gospel poem was shared on Revelation TV's
R-Mornings programme just after 11 am and as both
the TV presenters were wearing their poppies, too…

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
and Vision TV on Freeview channel 264.

Denis Martindale

Denis The Limerick Poet Extraordinaire!

I asked a poet for a trick
In writing a new limerick...
He told me straight without delay
That he would tell me if I pay...
I turned around and left him there...
As I'm a skinflint and won't share...
It's not like I'm a millionaire...
Despite the fact I've said a prayer...

So home I went and thought and thought...
With hopes that I could be self-taught...
And pretty soon the poem's came...
And now they've proved my claim to fame...
For folks recite my limericks...
From high finance to politics…
And even YouTube's played its part...
That's why my fame is off the chart!

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale November 2018

Denis Martindale

Once Their Halloween Is Over...

Once their Halloween is over... they buy their Christmas trees...
And they think about Jehovah... and Christ, the Prince of Peace...

And soon they write their Christmas cards... with greetings and a smile...
Perhaps to draw their loving hearts... as if to add more style...

Or X, X, X, or we love you! Or finish off, God Bless!
Once Halloween is out of view... they seek new happiness...

Yet which is right of both these days? One evil and one good...
One path to Heaven, not two ways... Will they do what they should?

Perhaps next year their souls get saved... That's what I'm hoping for!
Perhaps they won't have misbehaved... if Jesus they adore...

My Christmas cards will bless friends' hearts... so they praise God above...
The miracle of Christmas cards... reminds me of His love!

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale November 2018.

The Gospel poem was shared on Revelation TV's
R-Mornings show on Thursday morning on the
1st of November 2018 and promotes the purchase
of the 'Miracle of Christmas' Greetings cards...

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
and Vision TV on Freeview channel 264.

Denis Martindale

I Am The Way, The Truth And The Life!

How precious are these words to me... because they make things clear...
Fulfilled, you see, at Calvary... by God's Son held most dear...
For Christ alone leads to God's Throne... His blood atoning all...
The greatest love Man's ever known... God's finest miracle!
When revelation comes, it stays... it blossoms in our hearts...
For revelation leads to praise... what joy true praise imparts...
The Holy Spirit grants us faith... in the crucified Christ!
To think Lord Jesus died to save... His life was sacrificed!

That's why we praise the Saviour still... because our hearts are stirred...
Such that we seek the Father's will... and why we preach God's Word...
The Holy Spirit ministers... He points to what Christ lost...
Each prophecy as it occurs... as Jesus paid the cost...
Praise God when revelation came... to Gentiles and to Jews...
I know I'm saved in Jesus Name... and yet what will you choose?
I plead with God and intercede... that truth will bless your soul...
Because lost souls the Saviour need... so Christ can make you whole!

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale November 2018.

The Gospel poem was shared on Revelation TV's
discussion programme An Audience With Truth
shown on Thursday the 1st of November 2018.

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DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

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and Vision TV on Freeview channel 264.

Denis Martindale

God's Lost And Found Department!

There was a kind old gentleman... who hadn't sinned a lot...
That was until he heard God's plan... that put him on the spot...
To think that he must yet be saved... he nearly flipped his lid...
Yet God told how he misbehaved... God knew the things he did...
God had a list from here to here... the old man stared with dread...
Red-faced he stood, now full of fear... at what he'd done and said...

But God then smiled at that man's face... for sorry now he was...
That's when God shared amazing grace... and led him to the Cross...
The man began to weep and groan... as if his fate looked grim...
Then came the greatest love he'd known... Lord Jesus died for him...
And so the Gospel gave him hope... that's not just for the Jews...
And so he preached across the globe... so other folks could choose...

He preached in Churches and in tents... and Speaker's Corner, too...
To say God saves if each repents... perhaps to folks like you...
And when he died... God took him home... to be with Jesus Christ...
So from His side he'd never roam... for he was highly prized...
How many lost souls will you find... to heal each broken heart?
You see, we're here to save Mankind... God's Good News to impart!

Denis Martindale November 2018.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
and Vision TV on Freeview channel 264.

Denis Martindale

Repeat After Me!

Sometimes we simply lose control... technology goes wrong...
It's then we try to play our role... and keep on going strong...
Behind the scenes, we're fixing things... but you don't see what's done...
It's then, by faith, that our hope springs... until the battle's won...

We tinker here, we tinker there... yes, everywhere we can...
Despite the fact that life's not fair... we know God's got a plan...
So we keep pushing, yes, indeed... we strive till things go right...
As we're determined to succeed... still fighting the good fight!

So bear with us a little while... be patient, pretty, please...
When things get fixed, you'll see us smile... when things return to peace...
Thank God for repeats on TV... they really help us out...
Despite a short calamity... that's bound to make us doubt...

So tune in when the repeat starts! Catch up on what you missed...
So you can share the hidden parts... because they still exist!

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale November 2018.

The Gospel poem was written today,
when Revelation TV's R-Mornings show
had some technical fault but kept
recording the show while others were
shown instead. As soon as they could
get back on air, they told us the
missing part would be shown in the
repeats such as at 4 pm and later...
So as a bit of a reminder, this poem
was to invite regular viewers to play
Catch Up and to find out what was
discussed from 10.30 am.

The poem was shared on R-Mornings...
I had an email fault but I persevered,
sent R-Mornings the email and overcame!

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
and Vision TV on Freeview channel 264.

Denis Martindale

Rhymes And Rhythms From The River...

I am but a river, created to deliver,
To shed abroad upon the nearby land...
To irrigate Mankind, inside both heart and mind,
Perhaps revealing what the Lord has planned...

God's poets stream with thoughts, to serve the Lord of Lords,
To grant each reader insights old and new...
To free from Satan's cords, then lead to praise reports
And then to keep the Saviour's love in view...

And so I plead you listen, that you escape from prison,
For surely Man is shackled to the wall...
You need God's light to glisten, in granting You some wisdom,
Perhaps advancing to a miracle...

And so I use my skill, this blessing if you will,
A conduit, as if a go-between...
While sharing grants a thrill, I pray God's words instill
Beyond the precious Scriptures I have seen...

PoemHunter.com

Yes... I am but a river, created to deliver,
To shed abroad upon the nearby land...
To irrigate Mankind, inside both heart and mind,
Perhaps revealing what the Lord has planned...

Denis Martindale October 2018.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
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and Vision TV on Freeview channel 264.

Denis Martindale

Halloween's Not Worth A Damn!

Of all the follies Mankind's seen... October comes to mind...
As that's the time for Halloween... which wise folks leave behind...
It's based on evil from the start... traditions Man has made...
It's based on follies from the heart... no wonder folks have strayed...

God knows the harm that evil brings... when demons take control...
That's why God sent the King of Kings... so Christ could save each soul...
Yet some refuse the King of Love... forgiveness gets ignored...
Amazing grace has proved enough... yet some won't love the Lord...

While Christians seek God's will on Earth... condemning Halloween...
Lost souls can't see our faith has worth... so none will intervene...
The Holy Spirit grieves each year... and that is to Man's shame...
Yet we who hold the Gospel dear... still pray in Jesus Name!

Denis Martindale, October 2018.

PoemHunter.com

The Gospel poem was shared on Revelation TV's
The Twilight Zone on Tuesday, the 30th of October 2018.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

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the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
and Vision TV on Freeview channel 264.

Denis Martindale

Revelation Right On Time!

God's revelation leads the way...
So others follow through...
God's revelation helps saints pray...
And stay God-blessed like you...
God's revelation guiding still...
So things aren't left to chance...
As long as we obey God's will...
God's Kingdom must advance...
Stronger together! Blessing all...
Across the whole world wide...
Still preaching of God's miracle...
Christ lives... though crucified!
Amazing grace! Eternal life!
And signs and wonders, too...
Until in Heaven we arrive...
Just like we always knew!

Denis Martindale, October 2018.

PoemHunter.com

This short Gospel poem's being shared today
as clocks turned back one hour here in the UK!

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

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the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
and Vision TV on Freeview channel 264.

Denis Martindale

Not On My Watch!

Throughout our lives, the things we've seen... and even things we've heard...
There comes a time to intervene... and then stand on God's Word...
A time to make a stand, indeed... a time to praise the Lord...
A time determined to succeed... to stand tall and assured...

But until then, this world goes on... as if without a prayer...
As if men sigh with all hope gone... as if they just don't care...
But God still strives for excellence... to raise the standards high...
When folks become much more than friends... who merely sell and buy...

This world deserves to go to Hell... yet God has Kingdom dreams...
A Kingdom where all things work well... without Man's mad extremes...
When Jesus comes, this world will change... and change beyond Man's ways...
So who knows what Christ will arrange? Things won't be like these days!

'Not on My watch! ' God's Son declares! And folks will understand...
When Jesus Christ rules Man's affairs... all things get better planned!
For excellence will put things right! Like nothing did before!
So keep the Saviour's love in sight... and share it more and more!

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale, October 2018.

The Gospel poem was shared on Revelation TV's
R-Mornings on Tuesday, the 30th of October 2018.

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DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

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and Vision TV on Freeview channel 264.

Denis Martindale

Awakening Your Prayers!

Please don't just speak for speaking's sake... your prayers are Heaven-bound...
When there are shackles God must break... His answers will astound...
Christ changes things, this King of Kings... who died to save the lost...
And there is healing in His wings... because He paid the cost...

No wonder prayer is worship, friends... No wonder prayer shows love...
No wonder that prayer never ends... it proves God's grace enough...
There may be healings Man's ignored... but God awaits our prayers...
We speak the truth in love assured... through wisdom... as each cares...

Yet worship always leads us near... towards God's Holy Throne...
Where perfect love can cast out fear... yet our love must be shown...
God's love is wondrous to behold... His glory shames the stars...
His glory shines much more than gold... such that none can surpass...

That's why anointing oil's used... as elders gather faith...
To help the heart the world has bruised... and each lost soul to save...
God blesses us in Jesus Christ... who taught us how to pray...
And so, Hosanna in the highest! Love God... trust and obey!

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale, October 2018.

This Gospel poem was shared on Revelation TV's
The Great Awakening programme about prayer on
Thursday evening on the 25th of October 2018...

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
and Vision TV on Freeview channel 264.

Denis Martindale

Halloween Horrors!

The party music played and played... and alcohol flowed free...
And Wonder Woman danced and swayed... for everyone to see...
Then Batman did his famous dance... and Superman joined in...
Such that the guests were in a trance... and thus beguiled to sin...
The creatures of the night were there... vampires and their friends...
The ghosts and werewolves without care... no need for some pretence...
The maidens smiled in fancy dress... their costumes said it all...
The object, simply to impress... so that the men would fall...

Some guys were on the prowl that night... with drugs to taint the drinks...
The girls were smiling with delight... with not one left who thinks...
And some got pregnant to their shame... unmarried, all alone...
Aborting babies was their aim... their children's names unknown...
So what's the point of Halloween... if evil then runs wild?
With wickedness God calls unclean... enough to kill a child...
When alcohol can blur the brain... when music leads astray...
When people act as though insane... and God seems far away...

Be on your guard against the wiles... the devils have to share...
Be on your guard against the smiles... take care... take care... take care!

Denis Martindale the 24th of October 2018.

The Gospel poem was shared on Revelation TV's
R-Mornings show on Wednesday the 24th of
October 2018 after the Halloween video info...

This Gospel poem was written today, because of
Revelation TV's Just A Minute show revealing the
supernatural and salvation through Jesus Christ...

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,

the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
and Vision TV on Freeview channel 264.

Denis Martindale

Entering Into The Right Spirit!

The greatest joy Man's ever known... will come through Jesus Christ...
The Saviour seated by God's Throne... Hosanna in the highest!
He cast out demons one by one... and set the captives free...
So give God glory for His Son... and Christ's authority!

No greater name than Jesus Name... and that the demons know...
What other man deserves acclaim? Disciples come and go...
While John the Baptist served the Lord... his ministry was short...
And now he's gone to his reward... for battles that he fought...

Yet Jesus holds eternity... transcending time and space...
Praise God for Christ and Calvary... and God's amazing grace!
The Holy Spirit ministers... with gifts and prophecies...
To cast out every demon's curse... to grant both joy and peace...

The wise will join the winning side... each lost soul takes its chance...
The wise arise with opened eyes... God's Kingdom to advance...
That's why the saints are bold to pray... to plead Christ's Blood again!
And why each Christian's called to say... In Jesus Name, AMEN!

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale,23rd of October 2018.

This Gospel poem was written today, because of
Revelation TV's The Twilight Zone show revealing
the supernatural and salvation through Jesus Christ...

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
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and Vision TV on Freeview channel 264.

Denis Martindale

Arrow

Let prayer be like an arrow sent... a message Heaven-bound...
In which each precious thought is meant... in ways that would astound...
Such that God's angels listen, too... aware that God has heard...
To hope, by faith, God blesses you... according to His Word...

When revelation shines like gold... with Gideon's army's prayers...
You wait to see what will unfold... for what on Earth compares?
By faith, by prayer, by sacrifice... God's Kingdom will advance...
So that we meet in Paradise... with nothing left to chance!

The Father did not spare His Son... that Christ should save your soul...
So only boast of what was done... when Jesus played His role...
Amazing grace, no more, no less... when arrows are in flight...
If each would seek God's happiness... so we do what is right...

When revelation comes your way... you learn new prayers in time...
Prayers for today and every day... prayers meant to be sublime...
Let prayer be like an arrow sent... attached with precious thoughts...
Such that God treats you like a friend... to grant your praise reports...

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale,23rd of October 2018.

This Gospel poem was written today,
because of the return of the Arrow
TV series on UK Sky One...

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

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the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
and Vision TV on Freeview channel 264.

Denis Martindale

Super Girl

My Mum was such a super girl... that's why Dad fell in love...
To him, the sweetest in the world... no other thought enough...
And so they met and dated, too... as if their love was planned...
Before he told her, 'I LOVE YOU! ' so she could understand...
And marriage was the way to go... life's journey so sublime...
As if no other way to know... to live and share their time...
Yes, true love's like a precious pearl... it helps face life with zeal...
My Mum was such a super girl... Thank God her love was real...
Three children later came to be... each carried one-by-one...
Each had a share of destiny... assignments to be done...
Yet who could guess that I would preach? That was a miracle!
The King of Love for me to teach... to share with one and all...

Denis Martindale the 22nd of October 2018.

This Gospel poem was written today,
to mark the return of the Supergirl
TV series on UK Sky One. The poem was
shared on Revelation TV's R-Mornings...

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

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and Vision TV on Freeview channel 264.

Denis Martindale

A Poem About Quora

A wealth of information,
Transported to each nation,
A treasure trove of facts and fancy things...
With pictures here and there,
And some beyond compare,
And so, from us, devotion surely springs...

But sometimes a question's tough,
With some answers not enough,
Yet who knows what tomorrow's got in store?
So visit now and then,
You might just say, AMEN!
And then find you love QUORA more and MORE!

Denis Martindale, October 2018.

This is a poem about the QUORA website
which invites its registered members to
provide their answers to various questions.
So it's a place where its members can point
people to the poemhunter poems and pictures.

Denis Martindale

Discovery

When Man thought he was all alone, no aliens at all...
He only had the Earth's unknown to beckon and to call...
Yet then the Moon cried out above... I'm not that far away...
And so the Earth seemed not enough... that Man should choose to stay...
That's when Man's science played its part... this journey to partake...
And spacewalks spoke to every heart... this journey we can make...
And so, by faith, the Moonwalks came... Man made these come to pass...
Then Man looked up, for more to claim... and then beheld the stars...
While generations came and went... Man's science carried on...
And welcomed aliens that were sent... as if all fear had gone...
Alliances were formed in time... yet enemies grew, too...
Man's journey, though once thought sublime, proved there was much to do...
The battle zones were all around... fatalities were great...
Both in the air and on the ground... the Cosmos filled with hate...
Yet each new starship helps Man cope... wherever Man must go...
As long as Captains lead with hope... commanding, 'Make it so! '

Denis Martindale, October 2018.

PoemHunter.com

While this is about the Star Trek TV Series,
Discovery, it ends with the famous words of
Captain Jean-Luc Picard saying, Make It So!

Denis Martindale

I Believe!

I believe for every drop of blood that falls, Lord Jesus saves...
I believe Lord Jesus showed the kindest love... and all sin waives...
I believe that those baptised who seek the Lord,
The King of Kings will soon reward... I believe, I believe...

I believe that miracles will come in time... in Jesus Name...
I believe God's prophecies to be sublime... that's why Christ came...

Every single prayer... that I will ever pray...
Ascends to God... if I obey... That's why I say... I believe...

Every single prayer... that I will ever pray...
Ascends to God... if I obey... That's why I say... I believe...

Denis Martindale, October 2018.

This is an alternative set of lyrics to the
Gospel song I BELIEVE, sung by Elvis Presley.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
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and Vision TV on Freeview channel 264.

Denis Martindale

God's Call To Prayer!

How blessed are those God calls to prayer, for they shall find God's grace,
With all compassion as they share... the sorrows people face,
Such that God listens fervently... as Christians seek God's best...
For each has been to Calvary... with all their sins confessed...
God's Son has truly paid the price... so that believers know...
Christ's death fulfilled the sacrifice... so mercies overflow...

When Christians pray like Christians should... towards God's Holy Throne...
God wants to help them do what's good... together or alone...
That's why, in secret, prayers are prayed... throughout the day and night...
By faith as Christians have obeyed... God's call to do what's right...
The spirit world goes far beyond... transcending time and space...
And that's why Christian saints respond... and miracles take place...

When lives are changed and bodies healed... the Bible's studied, too...
As revelation gets revealed... to show God's point of view...
That all have sinned and fallen short... and all need Jesus Christ...
Prayer journals store each praise report... Hosanna in the highest!
Prayer warriors deserve reward... and God will see that's done!
For blessed are those that serve the Lord, through Jesus Christ, God's Son!

Denis Martindale, October 2018.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

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and Vision TV on Freeview channel 264.

Denis Martindale

B.I.B.L.E. Stands For: Basic Instructions Before Leaving Earth!

The Holy Bible's quite profound... with Psalms and prophecies...
With precious doctrines... proved as sound... and shared to grant us peace...
With mysteries that must unfold... before our very eyes...
The greatest story ever told... that's meant to make us wise...

Yes, wise enough to preach God's Word... that lost souls may be saved...
Such that their hearts and minds are stirred... such that their sins are waived...
Forgiven... by amazing grace... Forgiven... thanks to Christ...
Forgiven... so God can embrace... each Christian when baptised...

The Scriptures guided Jesus, too... He sang the Psalms as well...
The verses meant for me and you... the ones that save from Hell...
Psalm Twenty-Two, Psalm Twenty-Three... The Shepherd and the Lamb...
The Gospels tell of Calvary... and God... the Great I AM...

It matters not if day or night... since God grants us His signs...
Instructions bring us great insight... when revelation shines...
God bless the Bible Society! God bless what preachers share...
And God bless you... and God bless me... through Bibles everywhere!

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale, October 2018.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

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and Vision TV on Freeview channel 264.

Denis Martindale

Sensational Signs And Wonders!

Be prepared for signs and wonders... the Lord is healing still...
God raised Christ who died among us... Christ lives and always will...
King Jesus stands against the pain... the sorrows locked inside...
In answer to our prayers, AMEN! The Bible as our guide...

By faith we stand, by faith we kneel... By faith in Jesus Name...
No other name could prove as real... or ever prove the same...
So we decree... and we declare... as if to do our part...
We prophesy... God's truths to share... and sing, How Great Thou Art!

We thank the Lord! Yes, every time... for the Blood of Jesus!
For signs and wonders so sublime... and all our Saviour does!
At Calvary, we saw the Cross... No wonder Mary cried!
The Lamb of God brought there because... Christ must be crucified...

So that no man could stand and boast... for shame would take its place...
So sinners ask the Holy Ghost... please share amazing grace...
Be prepared for signs and wonders... the Lord is healing still...
Our King is walking among us... Praise God! He always will...

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale, October 2018.

The Gospel poem was shared on Revelation TV's
R-Mornings on Monday, the 15th of October 2018
as evangelist Daniel Chand was sharing his ministry.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
and Vision TV on Freeview channel 264.

Denis Martindale

Seasonal Delights!

Seasonal Delights!

Winter, Spring, Summer, Autumn...
The years unfolding
And with Christmas to rejoice...

Here's a godly reminder using the Haiku poetry style...
From what I can understand about this ancient concise writing style,
It helps to meditate upon the main theme first.
It's not so much the counting of syllables,
As the purposes for writing something at all.
It helps to include a season as part of the theme,
Or all the seasons, to express the passing of time
And how we invest what we can in our lives
And in the lives of others.

So this writing style's meant to please the genre and its fans,
Yet also to please the poet in the act of creation
And in the expressing of something deep, meaningful and mature.
In essence, serving as the summary of the presently-chosen theme,
The theme the poet thought worthy of sharing...

Seasonal Delights!

Winter, Spring, Summer, Autumn...
The years unfolding
And with Christmas to rejoice...

So this explains that God has established the seasons
And with purposes all their own.
We see the hope that Spring bestows as Winter comes to a close,
With Summer as the promise of greater warmth to come.

Then Autumn adds its own seasonal colours
To the trees and to their leaves
And thus it heralds the changing times,
When the distant Sun's further from the planet Earth than before.
The daylight hours shorten with every passing day,
Till the twilight approaches and takes its stronghold,

As well as delaying itself a while at the break of day.

The Autumn begins with the onset of seven months
And their two hundred and twenty-two days,
Days and nights of colder climate change...
And yet most of Mankind endures...
Yes, even these two hundred and twenty-two days...
When Winter approaches, it's then that Man's most tested,
As to the uttermost measure of personal perseverance.

Spring revives the budding flowers and our spirits once again
And especially so for Saint Valentines Day.
So, while sunshine and warmth will brighten each day of the week,
God chooses to provide a variety of seasons,
To mark the passing of the years...

So we might as well have faith and weather the storm
And embrace the bracing wind
And bask in the sunshine while we may,
For who among us knows their final year upon this Earth?
Will I see another Christmas? Will you?
It's why every Christmas stays special,
As with every reason to praise God for what He has done
And all that Christ has done for us, too...

Seasonal Delights!

Winter, Spring, Summer, Autumn...
The years unfolding
And with Christmas to rejoice...

Denis Martindale, October 2018.

Denis Martindale

Don't Ever Feel Alone!

This world could be left in tatters...
This world could be left in pieces...
Yet for Christians, faith still matters...
Praise God, we'll still have Jesus!

While God sees all upon His Throne
And His angels are gathered round,
Don't ever, ever feel alone,
For as Christians, we're Heaven bound!

So hold on to amazing grace!
Let's keep pushing! Let's fast and pray!
Keep preaching to the Human Race...
Today... and every day...

Denis Martindale, October 2018.

PoemHunter.com

This is a second version of my Gospel poem that
was originally called Always And Forever...

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
and Vision TV on Freeview channel 264.

Denis Martindale

Amazing Stories!

I don't dismiss your tragic tales... I know life isn't fair!
But faith tells me God never fails... He's here, there, everywhere!
Amazing grace gets cast abroad... like snowflakes from above...
Amazing stories that our Lord... writes every day with love...
Before the day that we were born... beyond the day we die...
Till righteous robes by us are worn... in Heaven by and by...

Cross references explaining things... and footnotes given, too...
All praising Christ, the King of Kings... who died for me and you!
Each route gets planned... at every stage... with no need to rehearse...
Calligraphy upon each page... each chapter and each verse...
With illustrations here and there... with signposts now and then...
With angels lifting every prayer... each praising God, AMEN!

So always, always say your prayers! For that's how true love flows!
God's love's so great... none else compares! As revelation shows...

Denis Martindale, the 10th of October 2018.

PoemHunter.com

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

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the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
and Vision TV on Freeview channel 264.

Denis Martindale

Sometimes Short Poems Say A Lot!

Sometimes I'll write upon the spot...
My sudden thoughts to flow...

Sometimes short poems say a lot...
This fact most Christians know!

I may quote Jesus now and then...
The Bible's real to me...

For that's how I was born again...
Praise God for Calvary!

Denis Martindale, the 9th of October 2018.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

PoemHunter.com

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
and Vision TV on Freeview channel 264.

Denis Martindale

Yes, No Or Wait!

Sometimes we pray and ask God things... we need His helping hand...
Sometimes we serve the King of Kings... we need to know what's planned...
Sometimes we ask, the answer's yes... we celebrate and smile...
Sometimes the task has no success... and so we wait a while...
Sometimes with answers on their way... but doubts begin to rise...
Sometimes God's wisdom brings delay... more than we realise...

Sometimes we nag and nag and nag... and moan and groan as well...
Sometimes the days can really drag... we've all got tales to tell...
But overall, with our lives done... we'll meet Christ face-to-face...
It's then we'll really love God's Son... and learn amazing grace...
Each sorrow borne that led to love... each burden served its role...
We learnt that God's grace was enough... that God was in control...

Sometimes I mourn for past events... the choices that proved wrong...
The pride that led to accidents... and asked, do I belong?
Am I a child of God at all? Yet God through Christ forgave...
Yes, God's love is my miracle... Forgiven all by faith!
I sing to God, How Great Thou Art! Because my God is great!
I pray, yet know inside my heart... God says... YES! NO! or WAIT!

Denis Martindale, the 9th of October 2018.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

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the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
and Vision TV on Freeview channel 264.

Denis Martindale

Pointing To The Anointing!

Praise God, some people love the Lord... and give God all they can...
And while by faith they stand assured... their lives must serve God's plan...
And so, anointed they must be... with oil and with power...
Connected close to Calvary... yes, every single hour...

I know that does not sound quite right... the place our Saviour died...
Yet that event must stay in sight... when Christ was crucified...
Anointings come, anointings go.. yet Jesus Christ must stay!
Anointings always help us grow... yet Jesus is The Way...

In service to the Father's will... Christ is the King of Kings!
Anointings guide us onward still... towards more noble things...
The Holy Spirit's blessings shared... gifts showered now and then...
With future blessings all prepared... before we prayed AMEN!

Yes, God is good... and all the time... as olive oil proves...
The Word of God is quite sublime... God's Book is full of truths...
The Lord's anointings bring God's peace... of that we can be sure!
With promises and prophecies... so who could ask for more?

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale, the 9th of October 2018.

The Gospel poem was shared on Revelation TV's
The Twilight Zone, on the 9th of October 2018.

The Gospel poem was written today because of the
Revelation TV's evening show, The Twilight Zone,
as today's show studies God's anointings upon us...

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
and Vision TV on Freeview channel 264.

Denis Martindale

If You...

If you can learn the Scriptures well... quote Jesus now and then...
And offer Heaven, warn of Hell... and sometimes shout, AMEN!
If you can reach out to the lost... yet not condemn a one...
Then you can tell them what it cost...
to Jesus Christ, God's Son...

If you can learn a Gospel song... and teach amazing grace...
And help each Christian to stay strong... so, they, their sorrows face...
If you can listen to the Lord... receive a truth sublime...
Then you can pray and rest assured...
in Jesus every time...

If you can bear the heavy load... yet trust God knows what's best...
And use the gifts that God's bestowed... so others may be blessed...
If you can stand before a crowd... yet show humility...
Then you can preach why you're so proud...
of Christ and Calvary...

If you can love like Jesus could... hold nothing back at all...
To bless each home and neighbourhood...through each new miracle...
If you can fast and pray for sure... what mercies God can send...
Then you, praise God, because what's more...
You'll be God's Man, my friend!

Denis Martindale, the 8th of October 2018.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
and Vision TV on Freeview channel 264.

Denis Martindale

If Hugh...

If Hugh can learn the Scriptures well... quote Jesus now and then...
And offer Heaven, warn of Hell... and sometimes shout, AMEN!
If Hugh can reach out to the lost... yet not condemn a one...
Then Hugh can tell them what it cost...
to Jesus Christ, God's Son...

If Hugh can learn a Gospel song... and teach amazing grace...
And help each Christian to stay strong... so, they, their sorrows face...
If Hugh can listen to the Lord... receive a truth sublime...
Then Hugh can pray and rest assured...
in Jesus every time...

If Hugh can bear the heavy load... yet trust God knows what's best...
And use the gifts that God's bestowed... so others may be blessed...
If Hugh can stand before a crowd... yet show humility...
Then Hugh can preach why he's so proud...
of Christ and Calvary...

If Hugh can love like Jesus could... hold nothing back at all...
To bless each home and neighbourhood...through each new miracle...
If Hugh can fast and pray for sure... what mercies God can send...
Then Hugh, praise God, because what's more...
Hugh'll be God's Man, my friend!

Denis Martindale, the 8th of October 2018.

The Gospel poem was written on the day after the
Revelation TV Channel's viewers visited the new
Revelation TV International Centre when Hugh
was preaching about God's story and God's glory!

The Gospel poem was shared on Revelation TV's
R-Mornings on Tuesday, the 9th of October 2018.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

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the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
and Vision TV on Freeview channel 264.

Denis Martindale

The Wisdom Of God's Kingdom...

God's the Potter and we're the clay... His guidance proves enough...
God builds His Kingdom when we pray... each brick He lays with love...
God pours out blessings to each heart... so miracles take place...
From humble beginnings we start... thanks to amazing grace!

While angels work behind the scenes... each ministry to serve...
We know how much the Gospel means... to Christians here on Earth...
God knows what each has sacrificed... and God knows their rewards...
Because they honour Jesus Christ... and love the Lord of Lords!

Denis Martindale, the 7th of October 2018.

The Gospel poem was written on the day of
the Revelation TV Channel's viewers visiting
the Revelation TV International Centre...

PoemHunter.com

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

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the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
and Vision TV on Freeview channel 264.

Denis Martindale

No, They Didn't Know!

Lord Jesus, no, they didn't know... they sent You to the Cross!
So You were scourged and made to go... and You obeyed because
There was God's sign to You before... an angel strengthened You...
That must have filled Your soul with awe... so that Your courage grew...

There were no other angels sent... no army to protect...
You stood alone, without one friend... not one You could select...
Disciples scattered far and wide... and so Your back was scarred...
Then Calvary... then crucified... and that broke Mary's heart...

Though John stood near, consoling her... what more could there be done?
Who knew what God would let occur? Would Mary lose her son?
Yet Jesus prayed, 'Father, forgive! They know not what they do! '
But must Christ die? No more to live? Yet Jesus saw it through...

By faith, Christ died, in God to trust... One promise still in mind...
That God would raise Him from the dust... to leave death far behind...
That didn't change the agony... that Jesus Christ endured...
Dear Jesus, no, they couldn't see... my Saviour and my Lord...

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale, October 2018.

The Gospel poem was shared on Revelation TV's
R-Mornings on Friday, the 5th of October 2018,
after the Gospel song Every Praise Is To Our God!

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
and Vision TV on Freeview channel 264.

Denis Martindale

God Bless Time For Revelation!

God bless time for revelation! God bless it from the start!
God can use it for each nation... God knows each Christian's heart...
And so it comes as no surprise... that God is in all things...
To meet the needs for our supplies... to serve the King of Kings...
That's why some Christians have been blessed... beyond their present needs...
In fact, more blessed than all the rest... in thoughts and words and deeds...
So if you see God's Kingdom grow... through such as these, dear friends...
It helps to let the whole world know... that all on faith depends...

That's why some Christians lead the way... and others follow through...
And revelation helps saints pray... and stay God blessed like you...
Because the Lord is guiding still... and things aren't left to chance...
As long as we obey God's will... God's Kingdom must advance...
Stronger together! Blessing all... across the whole world wide...
Still preaching of God's miracle... Christ lives though crucified!
Amazing grace! Eternal life! And signs and wonders, too...
Until in Heaven we arrive... just like we always knew!

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale, October 2018.

The Gospel poem was shared on Revelation TV's
R-Mornings on Wednesday, the 7th of November 2018,
telling us about the fundraising evening tonight.
The show is called TIME FOR REVELATION...

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
and Vision TV on Freeview channel 264.
Time For Revelation is the fundraising show.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!

DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
and Vision TV on Freeview channel 264.
Time For Revelation is the fundraising show.

Denis Martindale

Look At Me, Writing On The Spot!

Golly gosh! I'm writing again... as if by muse I'm stirred...
Golly gosh! No need for a pen... I'm typing every word!
Without a single thought in mind! The ideas come and go...
I'll share them all to bless Mankind... What's next? I just don't know!
But I'll continue just the same! No plan to guide my path!
I'm merely hoping that I claim... something to make folks laugh!
Yeah, look at me! Keep reading folks! Don't stray! Just stick around...
Perhaps I'll even share some jokes! Or write words that astound!
I wonder how my last verse starts... I wonder how it ends...
Will I write words to break your hearts... or fascinate you, friends?
As long as I can prove it's true... that I write on the spot...
Then grant credit where credit's due... I hope that helps a lot!

Denis Martindale, October the 3rd of October 2018.

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Patience, Pilgrim... Patience!

It's easy when God answers fast... upon that very day...
Instead of waiting and it's past... because of some delay...
Yet prophets, too, were made to wait... you're not alone, my friend...
Stay patient... and don't hesitate... things work out in the end...
The farmer waits the harvest time... the crop stays in the ground...
God's miracle is quite sublime... when that time comes around...

Till then, the farmer kneels and prays... content that all is well...
Still trusting what the Bible says... with Good News still to tell...
And in the realm of souls still lost... God's teachers stand and teach...
Forgiveness came at such a cost... that's what all preachers preach...
The patient pilgrim trusts the Lord... in all things great and small...
To gain a crown as his reward... when Jesus judges all...

I know that you were Heaven-sent... and God knows where you'll roam...
Stay patient, pilgrim, as Christ's friend... until Christ calls you home...

Denis Martindale, October 2018.

PoemHunter.com

The Gospel poem was shared on Revelation TV's
R-Mornings on Wednesday, the 3rd of October 2018.
TV presenter Lesley Conder then gave details of her
prayer journal and God's answers for her praise reports.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
and Vision TV on Freeview channel 264.

Denis Martindale

Confidence In God!

By faith, by faith, by faith, by faith! That's how believers grow!
Be brave, be brave, be brave, be brave! That's how God's blessings flow...
Like Solomon and David, too... like Stephen, known by Saul...
Each saint must see God's point of view... just like it guided Paul...
The children of the Lord accept... they learn to comprehend...
In Jesus Name our prayers are checked... for He's our perfect friend!

For every nation must be told... what revelation brings...
God's precious news worth more than gold... that's why each angel sings!
To think, what confidence bestows... when God stands by our side...
The champion against our foes... The Bible as our guide...
The Holy Book that says it all... The herald of Good News...
The chance to get a miracle... for Gentiles and for Jews...

So confidence in God can stay... and all our doubts are stilled...
With signs and wonders for today... and prophecies fulfilled...

Denis Martindale, October 2018.

PoemHunter.com

The Gospel poem was shared on Revelation TV's
R-Mornings on Tuesday, the 2nd of October 2018.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
and Vision TV on Freeview channel 264.

Denis Martindale

Awakening Thanks To Revelation!

It's thanks to revelation, friends... that transformation grows...
It's like the sunshine that God sends... the bud becomes the rose...
And fragrance glides across the air... to welcome one and all...
Because it's meant for everywhere... a God-blessed miracle...

Awakening takes time, of course... for dreaming's just a phase...
Sometimes we wake, yet not by force... but by amazing grace...
Like Saul with scales upon his eyes... till God returned his sight...
If God had not... it's no surprise... that Saul would see no light...

In dreams we dream and yet we see... yet dreams are merely thoughts...
It's when we wake that Calvary... grants us our praise reports...
It's then we fast and then we pray... God's Word gets studied, too...
It's when awake we greet the day... and ask God what to do...

It's then the Lord greets us as well... and revelation shines...
And then we gain new tales to tell... God's wonders and God's signs...
It's thanks to revelation, friends... that glory's all around...
Because on Jesus all depends... through Him, we're Heaven-bound!

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale, September 2018.

The Gospel poem was shared on Revelation TV's
The Great Awakening show about the supernatural
on Thursday evening, the 27th of September 2018...

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
and Vision TV on Freeview channel 264.

Denis Martindale

It's True, We're Halfway Through The Week!

When Thursday morning's at an end... the afternoon takes hold...
And yet, what have you done, my friend? How did this week unfold?
Did things go well? Was life worthwhile? Or did life get you down?
I wonder... did you sigh or smile? Did someone make you frown?

And yet you live... and carry on... to persevere again...
Though half a week has come and gone... to think of now and then...
What lessons did God share with you? What words did God impart?
What miracles did Jesus do? What prayers came from your heart?

And what will happen that's unique... for you and you alone?
Are you still praying every week... to God upon His Throne?
And is that Bible that's nearby... a passport to His love?
Or is it closed and left to lie? As if not thought enough?

Let revelation lead the way... quote Jesus and proclaim
God's blessings meant for every day... which come in Jesus Name...
Without Jesus... we gain nothing... we're merely passing time...
Yet with Jesus... oh what loving... yes, love, indeed... sublime...

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale, September 2018.

The Gospel poem was shared on Revelation TV's
R-Mornings on Thursday, the 27th of September 2018.

The poem is about Thursday, at noon, when we're
halfway through the week... What did we do?
What are we doing now? And what will we do?

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581

and Vision TV on Freeview channel 264.

Denis Martindale

Many, Many Miracles!

There's nothing quite like being blessed... with blessings just like Paul's,
He had more gifts than all the rest... and many miracles!
No wonder that he wrote so well... with such wise words to share...
To write of Heaven and of Hell... with wisdom borne of prayer...

Today's not just another day... God's miracles aren't done...
Blessings and curses... who can say? Yet we must trust God's Son!
God answers prayers! That's what He does! Praise God's amazing grace!
That's why the Scriptures we discuss... that's why we seek God's face...

How awesome is this God of ours? He made the Universe!
The Holy Spirit shares His powers! For He... Man's spirit stirs!
Through love... according to God's will... it's in Christ's Name we grow!
Through love... God grants us blessings still... More than we'll ever know!

Denis Martindale, September 2018.

PoemHunter.com

The Gospel poem was shared on Revelation TV's
R-Mornings show on Tuesday, the 25th of September 2018.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
and Vision TV on Freeview channel 264.

Denis Martindale

Always And Forever!

This world could be left in tatters...
This world could be left in pieces...
Yet for Christians, faith still matters...
Praise God, we'll still have Jesus!
While God sees all upon His Throne
And His angels are gathered round,
We'll never, ever feel alone,
For as Christians, we're Heaven bound!
So hold on to amazing grace!
Let's keep pushing! Let's fast and pray!
Keep preaching to the Human Race...
Today... and every day...

Denis Martindale, September 2018.

This Gospel poem was shared on Revelation TV's
Church Without Walls programme on Sunday,
the 23rd of September 2018, after the Shouts of Joy
song by Paul Wilbur at the start of the show and
before the worship song, Majesty, sung by Kari Jobe.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
and Vision TV on Freeview channel 264.

Denis Martindale

Enchantress!

Take care, Enchantress, with my heart… because it beats for you!
In all love's duties, to take part, before life bids, Adieu…
And willingly, I cherish all… your features and your frame…
Because life's sweetest miracle… was when I knew your name….

Take care, Enchantress, with my mind… because it thinks of you!
The kindest, purest words to find… from all thoughts old and new…
Such that I dream and when I sleep… your smile beguiles me still…
Such that your love I strive to keep… beyond some treasured thrill…

Take care, Enchantress, with my soul… that can't belong to you…
For that remains in God's control… no matter what you do…
Yet if you love me, God must see… and fix our fates as one…
Upon the day you marry me… and girl, won't that be fun! ?

Denis Martindale September 2018.

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

What On Earth Is God Doing?

What on Earth is God doing, friends? More than you've realised!
From now on till this new day ends... all in the Name of Christ!

The Holy Spirit spreading love... where there was none before...
Amazing grace still proves enough... new blessings to outpour...

Like olive oil elders use... as they proceed to pray...
Like waterfalls that bring Good News... every single day!

Like rainbows gliding on the clouds... with promises galore...
God blesses crusades and their crowds... forgiven evermore...

And words of knowledge overflow... prophetic words of power...
To help new Christians as they grow... yes, every single hour...

What on Earth is God doing, friends? Sometimes that's up to us!
Replying to the prayers each sends... because we serve JESUS!

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale, September 2018.

The Gospel poem was shared on Revelation TV's
R-Mornings on Thursday, the 20th of September 2018.

The Jesus visitation video was mentioned before
the Gospel poem was shared. This video was shown
earlier in the TV show and we were told the YouTube
video can be found with the phrase Samaritan's Purse
or Jesus rescuing a Muslim... SHERZAD SULEIMAN.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

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the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
and Vision TV on Freeview channel 264.

Denis Martindale

Good News, Bad News, Brexit News!

Give me the good news every time!
Just keep the bad news and the crime!
And most of all, that Europe stuff...
For Brexit news I rarely love...
It's on... and on... and on... and on...
So I'll be glad when it's all gone...

And finally the UK's safe...
So intercede, dear saints, with faith...
Please don't give up! Please don't give in!
Keeping pushing till at last we win...
And this sad saga makes amends...
And Brexit's done and dusted, friends...

And hearts are lifted by release...
When Brexit news has come to cease...
And UK commerce grows and grows...
And so much profit overflows...
And Britain's brilliant once again...
Amen, Amen, Amen, AMEN!

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale, September 2018.

The Brexit Gospel poem was shared on Revelation TV's
R-Mornings show on Tuesday, the 18th of September 2018...

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
and Vision TV on Freeview channel 264.

Denis Martindale

The Never-Ending Story Of The Never-Ending Glory!

Did Christ's glory start with Mary, within her womb that day?
When although she was quite wary, she said she would obey?
Or was Christ's glory manifest within His Father's house?
As if to pass each teacher's test with words and not with powers?

Or was Christ's glory known to all the day He was baptised?
That Holy Spirit miracle the Baptist realised?
Or was Christ's glory held at bay when in the wilderness?
A starving man with prayers to pray... no food or drink to bless?

Or was Christ's glory just a phrase a few disciples saw?
For one day only, not always, enough so they were sure?
Or was Christ's glory at the Cross, the time He wore a crown?
Or after, having suffered loss, His body taken down?

Yet it's called the greatest story
Ever told that God could send...
And Christ's never-ending glory...
That He's the Sinner's Friend...

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale, September 2018.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
and Vision TV on Freeview channel 264.

Denis Martindale

+++ Vvv Follow The Arrows!

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You might like seeing some of the Poemhunter poetry
in this advertising section of each poem's web page!

Denis Martindale

He'll Do It So You Can Be Healed!

He'll do what must be done to save... to turn around each loss...
He'll do this though Christ must be brave... enough to face the Cross...
He'll do it! Yes, He'll deliver! Each healed in Jesus Name!
He'll do this as the Lifegiver... forevermore the same...

Thus by His stripes, faith changes things... like olive oil when poured...
Because Christ lives, the King of Kings... the ever-loving Lord...
With healing in His wings, Amen! With just one word of grace...
Revealing signs and wonders then... when miracles take place...

He'll do it with rejoicing, too... Restoring health once more...
Because of all God's promised you... for Jesus is the cure...
When unbelief is poured away... When elders rally round...
When olive oil and prayers they pray... prove God can still astound!

Denis Martindale, September 2018.

PoemHunter.com

The Gospel poem was shared on Revelation TV's
Q and A Show on Thursday's late-night programme on
the 13th of September 2018 with Howard Conder and
Pastor Benjamin Conway of the Tree of Life ministry.
His testimony was shared on his TV show on Wednesday.

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Denis Martindale

Spare Parts In Heaven!

A man was driving his car and heard strange noises.
So he went to his local garage. The mechanic found
the trouble and told the man that it was necessary to
order the spare parts from Devon. The driver thought
the mechanic said that he had to order the spare parts
from Heaven... and that revelation made him think...
So he prayed and he prayed and got no response...
Then he went on a fast and still got no response...
At the third attempt, he received a vision!

He appeared in Heaven, where he met two angels.
The angel on the left pointed to a multitude of those
who needed God to provide them with spare parts.
The angel on the right pointed to the spare parts...
These were exactly one mile away from the people.
All the people had to do was walk that extra mile...
or have a friend with faith to walk on their behalf...

Then the man was asked... "Will you be their friend? "
The man immediately replied, 'Yes... Yes... Yes...'
That same day, he sent an email to Revelation TV...
Yemi, read that email and when he had finished it,
he agreed and in the Name of Jesus, Yemi declared,
"Yeah, me, too... Yeah, me, too... Yeah, me, too..."

Denis Martindale, September 2018.

The Gospel story was shared on Revelation TV's
The Twilight Zone after testimonies of Heaven and Hell,
on Tuesday evening, the 11th of September 2018
when presented by Yemi and Sylvia Balogun...

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and Vision TV on Freeview channel 264.

Denis Martindale

God Deserves The Best!

It's true that God deserves the best... yet loves the Widow's mite...
That tiny gift showed Christ impressed... because He had insight...
He knew that she gave all she had... that she held nothing back...
At such a time when feeling sad... and things were looking black...
She humbles us, though unnamed still... yet Jesus loved her so...
For she obeyed the Father's will... her money she let go...

With empty hands, she walked away... because she gave her all...
She didn't merely kneel and pray... for one more miracle...
She knew that God deserves the best... that's why she was so brave...
Of course, she hoped that she'd be blessed... according to her faith...
Perhaps she heard the Saviour teach... and revelation came...
Yet He's the reason that we preach... God's Good News stays the same...

And should we ask for partners now... that they may too invest...
To Heaven's Throne, we humbly bow... since God deserves the best...
Disciples come... disciples go... yet bills must still be paid...
And so we keep you in the know... so you come to our aid...
For without you and all your love... our future would look grim...
We simply pray God grants enough... so you... help us... help Him...

Denis Martindale, September 2018.

The Gospel poem was shared on Revelation TV's
R-Mornings on Friday, the 7th of September 2018.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

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and Vision TV on Freeview channel 264.

It is because Howard Conder wants to serve God,
he has been heard to say, 'God deserves the best! '

This applies so much to buying studio equipment!

Denis Martindale

True Love Is Revelation Linked With Compassion

Depression is a lonesome town, where every sinner wears a frown.
Where all Man's hopes turn upside down. Depression is a lonesome town.
Depression is a lonesome place, where solemn is each mourner's face.
Where teardrops on their lips embrace. Depression is a lonesome place.

Depression is a lonesome sigh, where time seems locked and does not fly.
Where hopes are hushed and dreams pass by. Depression is a lonesome sigh.
Depression is a heavy heart, where doubts abound and follies start.
Where wrongful thinking plays its part. Depression is a heavy heart.

I know that God turns things around, with some great insight to be found.
So think again of those still bound, so strained and drained and tightly wound.
Then pause to pray, as pilgrims should, for one another's common good.
Yet not just for your neighbourhood, but every soul misunderstood.

Because depression creeps and crawls, prayer warriors seek miracles.
Though sadness stays then steals and stalls, God can restore each life that falls.
Perchance to heal what must be healed. Perchance to strengthen and to shield.
Perchance for profits yet to yield, when revelation is revealed...

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale, September 2018.

The Gospel poem is based on the partnership
of Revelation TV and Compassion and sponsor
support given by Revelation TV viewers...

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the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
and Vision TV on Freeview channel 264.

Denis Martindale

The Twilight Zone!

Behold the supernatural... the world beyond our own...
The eternal and the infernal... Behold the Twilight Zone!
And be it still, or loud and proud... right there, before your face...
The finest blessing God's allowed... is His amazing grace...
The Saviour came... and overcame... this world's no more the same...
We overcome in Jesus Name... the Devil's put to shame...

Across this world, Christ's Cross is shown... and holy water, too...
And though these make the demons groan... God blesses me... and you...
The Twilight Zone has twists and turns... surprises now and then...
Yet blessed is he who still discerns... then prays and says, Amen!
For more is wrought by prayers each day... and through the moonlit night...
Than all Mankind has words to say... or words that Man could write...

So hold on fast to saving faith... saints walk on holy ground...
Full armour on... and standing brave... God's angels all around...
Behold the supernatural... and yet behold the Man...
And Easter's finest miracle... God's resurrection plan!
When Jesus Christ stood tall once more... and left His tomb behind...
The Light of Men... In truth, for sure... The Saviour of Mankind!

Denis Martindale, September 2018.

The Gospel poem was shared on Revelation TV's
The Twilight Zone on the 4th of September 2018.
It's about The Twilight Zone on Tuesdays at 10 pm.

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and Vision TV on Freeview channel 264.

Denis Martindale

Understanding The Supernatural

To understand what God has planned... that's really powerful,
Yes, even for the Holy Land... and each new miracle...
And gifts the Holy Spirit shares... like ever-flowing streams,
As God has blessed our precious prayers... beyond our hopes and dreams...
With prophecies of what must be... when God brings truths in view,
That even told of Calvary! So check Psalm twenty-two...

Lord Jesus quotes the words we find... He knew them, every one...
Those are the words that still remind... they prove Christ is God's Son...
Once risen from the darkened tomb... though Christ was crucified...
To His disciples in their room... the Lord stood there inside...
So signs and wonders yet abound... yes, even to this day...
Because of Scriptures saints have found... because we choose to pray...

The supernatural realm of things... should lead to praise reports!
Praise God for Christ, the King of Kings! Triumphant Lord of Lords!

Denis Martindale, September 2018.

PoemHunter.com

The Gospel poem was shared on Revelation TV's
R-Mornings on Monday, the 3rd of September 2018.
It's about The Twilight Zone on Tuesdays at 10pm.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
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Denis Martindale

As They Say, You Had To Be There!

I saw an angel on my roof... and asked him in for tea...
It was a ploy to get some proof... some certainty for me...
The angel flew down to my side... and in my kitchen went...
As if with nothing left to hide... as if he were my friend...
And so I put the kettle on... and had a little chat...
Before I knew he must be gone... and much too late for that...

He spoke of lords, he spoke of kings... and rulers of today...
In fact, he spoke of awesome things... too many to relay...
So I listened most intently... as he revealed God's plans...
He had another cup of tea... so small held in his hands...
For he was eight foot tall in height... and dazzling to behold...
And shone with such a wondrous light... amazing, just like gold...

He offered me some sage advice... and this I took to heart...
And then he spoke of Paradise... its glory to impart...
I spoke of Jesus and he smiled... he saw my love was real...
He said, 'In Christ, you're now God's child! No matter how you feel.'
And then he walked to my front door... and simply walked right through!
That's when I feinted on the floor... you know, like people do...

Denis Martindale, July 2018.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
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the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
and Vision TV on Freeview channel 264.

Denis Martindale

Two Out Of Three!

Two out of three... not bad at all... but not complete as yet...
For two thirds of a miracle... means that there's more to get...
A house without a roof on top... a car that has no wheels...
These prove it isn't time to stop... no matter how each feels...

Yet if we persevere again... one third won't take too long...
It's like when people say, AMEN! Together, they prove strong...
United... thus to reinforce... towards that noble dream...
United in a single cause... united as a team...

Perhaps good news will still be heard... like Pilgrim's Progress shows...
A prophecy... a guiding word... because all things God knows...
It only takes one saint to smile... to kneel for God's advice...
So wisdom comes within a while... as if to break the ice...

So don't despair... you're not alone... each holds the Saviour's hands...
The greatest Saviour ever known... who harkens to God's plans...
The Holy Spirit shares God's truth... in Holy Bibles here...
Completing miracles as proof... each week, each month, each year!

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale July 2018.

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Denis Martindale

The Really, Really, Really Big Picture!

Can human minds conceive such truth... that revelation shares?
Yet have no certain solid proof... despite a billion prayers?
No time machine to verify... no videos at all...
No witness left to testify... no magic miracle...

Just God declaring all He's done... and all that He will do...
Through Jesus Christ, His only Son... who died for me... and you...
With prophecy to prove He's real... and that He's in control...
With awesome wonders meant to heal... enough to cleanse each soul...

Foretelling kingdoms... start to end... the greatest to the least...
And yet how's Man to comprehend... when evil gets increased?
When Israel blossoms like the rose... surrounded on all sides...
And some are allies, some are foes... depending on who guides...

As rumours spread that war's quite near... some wait with certainty...
I know that Christ must soon appear... to rescue you and me...
The Rapture Day splits time in two... God's harvest stands complete...
The Bride of Christ departs from view... the Bridegroom then to meet...

An epic tale, you must agree... a miracle for sure...
Yet one fact learnt from history... means that there must be more...
The Holy Bible tells us now... Man's destiny ahead...
And blessed are those who kneel and bow... remaining Spirit-led...

Denis Martindale, August 2018.

The Gospel poem was shared on Revelation TV's
Voice In The Wilderness weekend late-night show,
on Sunday, the 5th of August,2018, following the
Gospel hymn, sung by Harry Secombe and the truly
colourful video of All Things Bright And Beautiful...

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Denis Martindale

God's Doing Something Here!

When revelation takes its course... God knows the road ahead...
With vast improvements and less flaws... and much more faith instead...
Such that the team is growing strong... while on its learning curve...
To find a place it can belong... thus more inclined to serve...

So friends are here and friends are there... companions on the way...
With birthdays known and gifts to share... to celebrate each day...
So decades come and decades go... with parties now and then...
Such that true love is bound to grow... it's just a matter when...

Determined hearts succeed by faith... when God guides from on high...
Such that each stays both strong and brave... as every year goes by...
And laughter scatters every cloud... with brand new songs to sing...
The team stays humble and not proud... still thankful to the King...

Lord Jesus blesses young and old...
Our sons and daughters, too...
God's friendship proves worth more than gold...
Amen, Lord... Yes, thank You!

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale, August 2018.

The Gospel poem was shared on Revelation TV's
Voice In The Wilderness weekend late-night show,
after the hymn, Praise God From All Blessings Flow...
on Saturday, the 4th of August,2018... when the show's
presenter Yemi Balogun celebrated his 60th birthday...

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Denis Martindale

The King Of Love! The Lord Of Love!

The King of Love... The Lord of Love... and all God means to be...
Grace and love... sufficient enough... for all eternity...
Why else would God forgive Mankind? Remember Calvary!
No greater love is there to find... Christ died... for you... and me...

And yet the Father suffered, too... He had to watch it all...
What Mother Mary had to view... Oh, how the mighty fall...
To think, Lord Jesus took Man's sins... and in His Name we call...
At Pentecost, the Church begins... and then came preacher, Paul...

And, oh, what words that Christian wrote... despite his prison chains...
And, oh what love that Christian showed... true wisdom that remains...
For Man can kneel and say his prayers... and know that God sustains...
For Man is more than words he shares... just think of all he gains...

A future harvest God has planned... there is no greater prize...
Each ministry can thus expand... to save lost souls is wise...
Such that God grants a healing touch... to those who sacrifice...
To those that love... to love so much... the Lord grants Paradise...

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale, August 2018.

The Gospel poem was shared on the Revelation TV
R-Mornings show, on Friday, the 3rd of August,2018...

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Denis Martindale

In Poetry, Perchance The Heavenly...

Behold the realm of poetry... for earthbound hearts and minds...
The common man and royalty... whoever heeds the signs...
To pause, perceiving for a while.. another's tale when told...
Esteeming it and then to smile... at truths worth more than gold...

A word of wisdom stretches out... beyond the pages stored...
With insights spreading all about... anointed by the Lord...
As if the poem came from Christ... within a mortal soul...
Who suddenly has realised... each servant plays their role...

For one, it could be prayer alone... to intercede for all...
For one, it's merely talent shown... no matter, great or small...
For not all write like poets can... some treasure to compose...
That pleases God and pleases Man... like those that share a rose...

God's poet strives towards the best... devoted to each phrase...
To meditate more than the rest... content to give God praise...
To share a foretaste sweet as wine... to pass the message on...
As if to say, 'It's ours, not mine... For soon, I must be gone...'

God's poets know that life's too short... and write with all their might...
Declaring every noble thought... before they, too, take flight...
And if it comes that I depart... I leave my legacy...
The poetry within my heart... perchance the heavenly...

Denis Martindale, July 2018.

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Denis Martindale

The Fruit Of Love

The fruit of love's quite plain to see... it blossoms like the rose...
It starts like every mystery... a secret till it grows...
And when full grown, the fruit's so good... for family and friends...
And when it's blessed the neighbourhood... amazing grace descends...
For love obeys God's greatest laws... it seeks not to resist...
For love observes God's greatest cause... like each evangelist...

That's why Good News spreads far and wide... it spans across the globe...
It's like a light that none can hide... it grants both joy and hope...
Such that the children learn love's ways... from kindnesses we've shown...
And start to lift up holy praise... towards God's Holy Throne...
Enough to make the angels cheer... enough to make them smile...
The fruit of love grows year by year... despite each test and trial...

Despite each setback, ache and pain... as proved at Calvary...
Where love itself was made most plain... Christ died for you... and me...
That's why He's called the King of Love... the apple of God's eye...
Because through death, Christ did enough... our precious souls to buy...
Yet Christ's now risen, rest assured... the Saviour of us all...
As our Redeemer, He's our Lord... God's greatest miracle...

Denis Martindale, July 2018.

The Gospel poem was based on the R Times,
August 2018 article entitled, The Fruit Of Love.
Lesley Conder shared the poem on R-Mornings
about 11 am on Tuesday, the 31st of July 2018.

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Denis Martindale

Quality Time With God!

Quality time with God makes sense... far better on the whole...
It's worth more than your time with friends... who cannot save your soul...
Can they grant power from above? Can they guide every day?
Can they respond with greater love? Or hear you when you pray?

The Lord knows what the future brings... all prophecy is His...
None of your friends advises kings... or grants eternal bliss...
Yet God protects when they're asleep... He fights on your behalf...
He knows each time you pause to weep... and each time that you laugh...

His Word transcends both time and space... His promises prove true...
His Son brought you amazing grace... so what more could God do?
Quality time with God makes sense... so don't act on a whim...
As soon as your heart comprehends... reserve more time for Him...

Denis Martindale, July 2018.

PoemHunter.com

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
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and Vision TV on Freeview channel 264.

Denis Martindale

Can Words Express Your Beauty?

To others, you're some little verse that Denis chose to share...
One day with more words to immerse himself without a care...
And yet, to him, your beauty glows, like rainbows in the sky...
Or like sweet water as it flows, draws near and then goes by...
Or like the hummingbird in flight, that holds still for a while...
That captivates a child's delight and causes him to smile...

Or like the pure white dove at rest, with all serenity...
That truly knows it's truly blessed, enjoying harmony...
Or like a toddler standing tall... with his first steps to take...
Receiving one more miracle... and not one bone to break...
In time to run and win a race... surpassing every one...
Believing God's amazing grace, through Jesus Christ, His Son...

To others, you're some little verse that Denis chose to share...
Yet you're the latest that occurs in answer to his prayer...
That's why your beauty makes him glad and think that you're sublime,
Recalling poems that he's had before it was your time...
Your time to shine upon this Earth, to bless God's angels, too...
Yes, little poem, he knows your worth and that's why he loves you...

Denis Martindale July 2018.

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Denis Martindale

Good News, Bad News... Good Views, Bad Views...

I would rather hear the Good News... all through the live-long day...
I would rather hear the good views... praise God, thank God and pray...
But bad things happen all the time... that add to stress and strife...
Yes, bad things happen, crime by crime... with even loss of life...
Should I leave home? Should I stay in? Should I just stay in bed?
I'd like to know how I can win... and overcome my dread...

Is it just fear or cowardice? Or is it wisdom now?
I know that ignorance is bliss... yet what will God allow?
I know in other lands it's worse... with devils everywhere...
No trust in God, folks live the curse... without resort to prayer...
That's why I pray on their behalf... and intercede with love...
That God restores each smile, each laugh... with mercy from above...

So law and order gets restored... and crime no more misleads...
And lost souls find our precious Lord... so that each intercedes...
The more we save through Jesus Christ... the better life will be...
Because of all He sacrificed... that day on Calvary...
If not for Him, I'd never roam... I'd stay and never grieve...
And yet, with Him, I leave my home... and trust whom I believe...

Denis Martindale, July 2018.

The Gospel poem was shared on Revelation TV's
R-Mornings on Wednesday, the 25th of July 2018
and it led to a discussion about our Christian faith...

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Denis Martindale

Are You Making Progress, Pilgrim?

In the city of destruction... a graceless man was he...
Yet he made this sad deduction... of coming tragedy...
He warned the ones most close to him... yet they dismissed his claim...
Are you making progress, pilgrim? Or are things just the same?
The sad man left the happy home... where once he felt so safe...
Compelled to wander and to roam... now fearful, not so brave...
And on the way, guilt built in him... till all at once he fell...
Are you making progress, pilgrim? Or on the road to Hell?
Then suddenly, he saw the Cross... and Jesus sacrificed...
And knew that Jesus died because... He was God's Son, the Christ!
And then, by faith, believed in Him! Forgiven every sin...
Are you making progress, pilgrim? If yes, then don't give in!

And so, faith's journey led that man... A Christian, born again...
Amazing grace fulfilled God's plan... it happened, there and then...
Tell me, today, are you like him? With helmet, shield and sword?
Are you making progress, pilgrim? A soldier of the Lord...
If not, then question what you are... has Jesus made you whole?
You may not be a rising star... yet God gave you a role...
A ministry... a gift or two... a vision or a dream...
A prophecy just meant for you... if you're part of God's team...
A million pounds might seem quite nice... yet revelation shows...
God seeks to grant you Paradise... where olive oil flows...
And true love fills you to the brim... beyond all hopes you've thought...
Are you making progress, pilgrim? Please share your praise report!

Denis Martindale, July 2018.

This Pilgrim's Progress Gospel poem was shared on
Revelation TV's Voice In The Wilderness show on the
Sunday evening of the 22nd of July 2018, just after
the Gospel song video, Open The Eyes Of My Heart...

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Denis Martindale

Giftmatch...

Across the oceans and the seas... the mercy ships must go...
As hospitals that help release... what only surgeons know...
They operate on those in need... perform what must be done...
That's why I pray and intercede... in Jesus Name, God's Son...

And when a giftmatch time returns... it's then that I donate...
My gift gets matched and so it earns... my love and not my hate...
A double blessing spurred me on... that's why I went...
Before September, when it's gone... I chose to send what's mine...

The gift was then confirmed to me... and then the email came...
To state, thanks to my charity... lives wouldn't be the same...
That's why I'm sharing praise reports... of what the surgeons do...
Their ministry stays in my thoughts... they're like God's chosen few...

So mercy ships are on my mind... and in my heart as well...
I gave the money I could find... to save someone from Hell...
For surgeons treat the blind and lame... reducing pain and stress...
So damaged lives won't be the same... when Christ's love comes to bless...

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale, July 2018.

This poem is about the Mercy Ships hospital ministry
and the giftmatch time of blessing when donations
get doubled. So that's why I gave on the website:
MERCYSHIPS- -DOT- -ORG- -DOT- -UK

The poem was shared on Revelation TV's Voice In The
Wilderness weekend late-night programme on Saturday,
the 21st of July 2018, after a Gospel song, 'Tis So Sweet,
played an hour into the 11pm show at the midnight hour.

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DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

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and Vision TV on Freeview channel 264.

Denis Martindale

This Precious Planet Called Earth!

This Earth's much more than common dirt... a man holds in his hands...
It has the power to help or hurt... as God above commands...
For Earth remains His golden globe... the apple of His eye...
Where prayers ascend once borne of hope... from little hearts to fly...
Despite the terrors Earth has known... the Earth still spins in space...
Depending on the Lord alone... and His amazing grace...
A remnant lives where others lived... with their lives fully spent...
For mortal life's a short-lived gift... a journey Heaven-sent...

From dust we came, to dust we go... yet spirits still endure...
My spirit prays today, I know... yet prays forevermore...
I owe this Earth the food I ate... the animals and plants...
And any life that I create... if love finds me, perchance...
The house I'm in was built on ground... and all that's stored beneath...
And all the tools that Man has found... instilled in him belief...
That God sustained the house and land... that God made me a home...
Upon this Earth the Lord had planned... wherever it may roam...

So closer still towards the Sun... the Earth must journey on...
A warmer place for everyone... till Summer's come and gone...
Winds blow each leaf now golden brown... as Autumn starts to chill...
Some weary people start to frown... yet Christmas brings its thrill...
For here, on Earth, our Lord was born... the Saviour of Mankind...
When silver angels sang that morn... to bring God's truths to mind...
That's why this Earth stays truly blessed... beyond the suns and stars...
Beyond the planets some think best... like Jupiter and Mars...

Take heed, take note, you Universe... God favours planet Earth...
Where Virgin Mary first gave nurse... to Christ, upon His birth!

Denis Martindale, July 2018.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,

the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
and Vision TV on Freeview channel 264.

Denis Martindale

One Good Work After Another!

One good work after another... that's what we're called to do...
To help a sister or brother... just like we've been helped, too...
Remember teachers who assist... perhaps to share God's view...
And even each evangelist... with Scriptures old and new...

Consider, Christians, if you will... when Jesus serves as guide...
The values that He can instil... across the whole world wide...
Such that believers can be blessed... and not just here inside...
But that they serve to bless the rest... when grace has been supplied...

It's why the Church has still survived... to reach each neighbourhood...
To comfort those who were deprived... of all that could prove good...
Eternal life and even more... if only understood...
If shared by those now living for... the good they could and would...

Behold the Rapture soon to be... the Saviour to return...
A miracle we're called to see... with lessons still to learn...
Behold the crowns we're meant to wear... each serving as reward...
If good works we would love to share... in service to our Lord...

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale July 2018.

The Gospel poem was shared on Revelation TV's
R-Mornings on Wednesday, the 18th of July 2018.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
and Vision TV on Freeview channel 264.

Denis Martindale

A Friendly Wave!

A friendly wave is just enough... for people to say, Hi...
A gentle sign that there's some love... for people passing by...
And if we say Christ died for us... that God can waive our sins...
We can lead lost souls to Jesus... so that true life begins...
So why not wave and praise the Lord? Is this too hard a task?
For just one wave brings sweet accord... Is this too hard to ask?

Just think about the Universe... each silver star of light...
Each with a name that God prefers... though some stay out of sight...
Yet what of God so near, so far? And Jesus Christ, His Son?
It doesn't matter where we are... as God sees everyone!
The sunshine makes the flowers grow... as soon as they take root...
That's why the farmers choose to sow... and watch the trees bear fruit...

It's why the olive oil shares... the measure of our faith...
And why the elders say their prayers... to ask whom God would save...
And yet a friendly wave can bless... the lonely and the sad...
If we would share our happiness... in hopes to make them glad...
To simply stand and then shake hands... and listen now and then...
Can serve God's Kingdom and God's plans... in ways beyond our ken...

Denis Martindale July 2018.

The Gospel poem was shared on Revelation TV's
Voice In The Wilderness weekend late-night show on
Sunday evening on the 15th of July 2018 and is based
on Christian books entitled Friendship Evangelism...

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
and Vision TV on Freeview channel 264.

Denis Martindale

Not If But When!

When Jesus preached and taught the crowd... He spoke of fasting, too...
Of special grace that God's allowed... for those of faith like you...
Of triumphs He has planned in time... for battles swiftly won...
Of celebrations so sublime... for those who love God's Son...

Denying food brings wisdom here... that comes from God alone...
With revelation drawing near... approaching from God's Throne...
With glory and amazing grace... with fellowship divine...
As if receiving Christ's embrace... as if it were God's sign...

To fast and pray... these serve as keys... to Kingdom truth and power...
Beyond the thankful words we say... when God stands near each hour...
God's blessings spreading far and wide.. like olive oil poured...
So praise the Father's grace supplied... through Jesus Christ our Lord!

Denis Martindale July 2018.

PoemHunter.com

This is about fasting for spiritual purposes as
explained further in the Gordon Pettie book,
Not If But When, available from Revelation TV...

The Gospel poem was shared on Revelation TV's
Voice In The Wilderness weekend late-night show
on Sunday evening on the 15th of July 2018...

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
and Vision TV on Freeview channel 264.

Denis Martindale

May You Live In Interesting Times!

When prophecies unravel fast.. take note of those you see...
When revelation's here at last... you find more clarity...
You understand... you comprehend... you face the facts God gives...
Yet each of us has got a friend... for we know Jesus lives...

And it's for Christ that God prepares... the Rapture Day ahead...
When Christ breaks through all Man's affairs... just as the Lord has said...
To those He's loved and those He's blessed... forgiven every one...
Such that in their white robes are dressed... because they've loved God's Son...

Timetables come... timetables go... God's schedule stays around...
The Holy Bible helps us grow... as miracles are found...
But turn away... ignore God's Word... reject amazing grace...
And what remains will prove absurd... for what else can replace?

The Lord has made the Universe... the Cosmos near and far...
In every way that He prefers... He's even named each star...
He knows the burdens we're faced with... each mountain that each climbs...
Yet it's through Jesus Christ we live... in interesting times!

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale July 2018.

The Gospel poem was shared on Revelation TV's
Voice In The Wilderness weekend late-night show
on Saturday evening on the 14th of July 2018,
after the worship song, I Stand In Awe Of God.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
and Vision TV on Freeview channel 264.

Denis Martindale

Authority, Submission, Obedience!

How far can Christians dare to go... without authority?
Submission always helps us grow... that's proved by Calvary...
Obedience through Jesus Christ... is there for all to see...
For He alone was sacrificed... fulfilling what must be...

When prophecies and gifts exist.. consider what each means...
For every blessed evangelist... and those behind the scenes...
If teamwork grants us our success... then on God's Word each leans...
Towards achieving happiness... though evil intervenes...

God's signs and wonders follow those... who serve by night and day...
Because the Saviour each one knows... God's truths He has to say...
Beyond the setbacks now and then... let faithful saints still pray...
Say Halleluyah and Amen... Give thanks! Trust God! Obey!

Denis Martindale July 2018.

PoemHunter.com

The Gospel poem was shared on Revelation TV's
The Great Awakening evening programme,
on Thursday, the 12th of July 2018...

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
and Vision TV on Freeview channel 264.

Denis Martindale

Revelation Before The Rapture!

Though love's well-liked the whole world wide... some leaders aren't that cool...
It's like there's so much hate inside... they never went to School...
Man's history still teaches us... yes, both the good and bad...
And that's how we learnt of Jesus... what wisdom Jesus had...

But Man's best friend was crucified... when wisdom was ignored...
Yet even though the Saviour died... God raised our precious Lord...
Two thousand years are almost done... the Christian Church awaits...
The Rapture's near... tell everyone... God knows who loves or hates...

Lord Jesus said, 'My sheep are Mine! ' That's if we're born again...
If revelation proves a sign... what prophecies remain?
The days are passing quickly by... as turmoils test our faith...
No wonder to the Lord we cry... for who on Earth is safe?

But love endures... and faith ensures... so patience proves the key...
If Jesus is both mine and yours... the Rapture's near... you'll see!

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale July 2018.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
and Vision TV on Freeview channel 264.

Denis Martindale

Do I Write Love Poems?

Yes, because I am a hopeless romantic
capable of creating something beautiful
to match the twinkle in her eyes,
the cascading of her hair,
the blush upon her cheeks
and the truth of her first kiss.
I can write with all admiration,
as if with the perfume of a thousand roses,
as smooth as the soft skin of her shoulders,
and the next line has been edited out...
Phew, is it getting hot in here, or is it just me?

Denis Martindale July 2018.

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

The Potential Poet!

The potential poet looked at the white piece of paper and hadn't got a damn thing to put on it. No writing ideas came to mind at all. So the little piece of paper decided to pray to God for His help, because the potential poet had potential and just needed a swift kick.

So God was in Heaven, about His own affairs, when suddenly an angel rushed in with amazing news. A piece of paper had just prayed! The angel was gobsmacked. God merely smiled. The prayer has already been answered!

The angel rushed out of God's presence and told as many angels as he could about such an amazing prayer... The angels couldn't stop to discuss the matter, as they were really busy... because of the Christian prayer warriors and intercessors. But they were intrigued, very intrigued indeed.

The potential poet looked at the piece of paper and heard a whisper. You're a fine poet, aren't you? You haven't even picked up a pen yet! Why not make a start and just write your name at the top of the paper? Let's see what happens next, eh?

PoemHunter.com

So the potential poet looked around for a pen and wrote his name down in capital letters. He was quite neat and tidy about it and it took much longer than a professional poet would have taken.

The whisper returned. You won't write many poems at that speed, will you? So why not try writing about your best friend and why you like him so much? Just write things down quickly, not puzzling about it.

So the potential poet began as directed and a few pages later he finished all he thought needed to be written. And still the whisper was giving advice. Delete these sentences, they don't work. Correct these spelling mistakes. Yes, now use your computer and type out the poem.

The potential poet did as he was told and just accepted that this must be what they call THE MUSE. About an hour later, the words were typed out. The whisper returned yet again... Now separate the phrases into lines people associate with a poem. Poems don't always need to rhyme. So just see how much easier the text is to read...

The potential poet started editing the text and a few minutes later he began to

read the poem out aloud. Somehow it all worked out beautifully. No need for fancy words after all. No need to even name who his best friend was. He was amazed. He was as gobsmacked as the angel was.

The whisper returned... Now call the poem with this title instead: MY TRUEST BESTEST FRIEND! After all, he was the kind of friend who was truly kind to you...

The potential poet wondered what to do about this poem... The whisper returned and directed him to a poetry website. The site welcomed new members and so he registered there. He uploaded the text and saw his poem on the Internet! WOW, I DID THAT! he declared... Then the whisper returned... No, my poet friend... WE DID THAT!

And from that day on, the poet was humbled to think that 'somebody up there' liked him. And thousands of poems later, that somebody still did...

Denis Martindale July 2018.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
and Vision TV on Freeview channel 264.

Denis Martindale

The Anointing Of Royal Oil...

When prophets move across the land... with royal oil, too...
Just think of what the Lord has planned... prepared for me and you...
If we are humble and we kneel... beneath the oil that flows...
What revelation will reveal... the secrets that God knows?

The future days and weeks ahead... the future months and years...
Anointed saints aren't filled with dread... nor broken down with tears...
By faith, we testify of grace... much more than we deserve...
For when we sense God's smiling face... we sense our lives have worth...

Let olive oil bring Good News... just like it's done before...
More than for Gentiles... and for Jews... who only knew God's Law...
For we owe Jesus everything... that's why Christ is adored!
For He's our Jesus and our King... our Saviour and our Lord!

Denis Martindale July 2018.

PoemHunter.com

The Gospel poem was shared on Revelation TV's
Voice In The Wilderness late-night weekend show
on the Sunday evening of the 8th of July 2018 and
just after the 'God of Awesome Wonders' video...

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
and Vision TV on Freeview channel 264.

Denis Martindale

Each Star Has Its Story... Each Man His Tale To Tell...

We look towards the sky at night... to see the moon once more...
Sometimes it's really shining bright... yet why we know not for...
From prophecies, we find some truth... yet still we must reflect...
For God will use the moon as proof... a sign we can't neglect...
The stars have stories of their own... yet they're so far away...
They serve as witnesses we've known... yet fade at light of day...
And we bear witness to God's plan... from Genesis till now...
That God has purposes for Man... for everyone somehow...

And knowing this, God gives us hope... because the Lord forgives...
By day and night, God helps us cope... because we know Christ lives...
The stars may come, the stars may go... yet still we persevere...
It's why we reap and why we sow... throughout each passing year...
Evangelists can smile at stars... yet see beyond them all...
For prophecies must come to pass... obedient to God's call...
Let's look towards the sky at night... each with a thankful heart...
And praise the Lord with great delight and say, How great Thou art!

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale July 2018.

The Gospel poem was shared on Revelation TV's
Voice In The Wilderness late-night weekend show
on the Saturday evening of the 7th of July 2018...
In the show, we learnt of a man's sight that God
restored. This poem is about sight and insight, too.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
and Vision TV on Freeview channel 264.

Denis Martindale

The Precious Power Of Potential Energy!

God established His place in time... A place for Him alone...
And there flows power so sublime... proceeding from His Throne...
With great potential, meant for good... for Christian saints to own...
Through Jesus Christ, that's understood... made manifest and shown...
That power comes by grace bestowed... a free gift from the Lord...
For sometimes, life's a heavy load... and we need strength restored...
That's how we serve and battle on... to lift both shield and sword...
Until Christ comes and we're all gone... to gain our sweet reward!

It's true that wisdom guides us well... of that, no doubt at all...
We know of Heaven and of Hell... and each new miracle...
And furthermore, we preach Good News... in answer to Man's fall...
We tell the Gentiles and the Jews... quote Jesus and Saint Paul...
Yet without power, what are we? What blessings could we bring?
We didn't die on Calvary... like Jesus Christ, our King...
By faith, God's power's there to claim... in case, you're wondering...
For we're baptised... no more the same... now God means everything!

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale July 2018.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
and Vision TV on Freeview channel 264.

Denis Martindale

The Truth Of Christian Identity!

When Jesus lived upon this Earth... and all that this entails...
He knew that He must prove His worth... beyond the cross and nails...
How else could Christ be raised from death? This journey He must walk...
To sacrifice His final breath... and not just be all talk...

He kept His true identity... He kept Himself secured...
He suffered all at Calvary... He proved Himself our Lord...
And thus disciples knew the cost... they knew what must be done...
They knew they preached to save the lost... they knew they served God's Son...

It was for Christ some went to jail... It was for all Christ gave...
They knew, of course, they must not fail... for only Christ can save...
When Jesus lived upon this Earth... and brought love, joy and peace...
He brought believers His new birth... and truth that cannot cease...

Identity... eternity... with healing in His wings...
From Calvary to destiny... let's serve the King of Kings!

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale July 2018.

The Gospel poem was shared on Revelation TV's
An Audience With The Truth discussion programme
on the Thursday evening of the 5th of July 2018.
(NB Google search Moment Of Truth Ministries...)

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
and Vision TV on Freeview channel 264.

Denis Martindale

Olive Oil Made My Day!

Another week has come and gone... gone but not forgotten...
Another week, full armour on... and this week was a hotten...
One day, the heat had just begun... yet still I chose to act...
I walked for miles beneath the sun... my armour still intact...
My sword and shield stayed hand in hand... my helmet firmly set...
Upon the day that God had planned... the day I can't forget...
I sang some songs of praise I'd learnt... things didn't seem so bad...
It was as if God's grace I'd earnt... and that thought made me glad...

Yet God's amazing grace came free... when I was born again...
And that was thanks to Calvary... and Jesus, way back then...
So I declined to boast with pride... yet chose a thankful heart...
And I got home and went inside... with brand new prayers to start...
For I had bought some olive oil... for healing and for such...
Despite the fact I had to toil... and had to walk so much...
And when anointed, feeling blessed... amazing grace came through...
I prayed for God to do the rest... as only He could do...

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale June 2018.

The Gospel poem was shared on Revelation TV's
R-Mornings on Monday the 2nd of July 2018...

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
and Vision TV on Freeview channel 264.

Denis Martindale

The Man In The Know!

It's good to know so many things, so many truths to share!
To teach and serve the King of Kings, make other folks aware...
Of how the world was made and more... and how life came to be...
With revelation of God's Law... yet also Calvary...
With lectures and with websites, too... and videos as well...
Expanding each one's point of view... of Heaven and of Hell...
Pray for the man who's in the know... because he knows a lot...
For everywhere this man can go... he guides us more to God...

Denis Martindale July 2018.

The Gospel poem was shared on Revelation TV's
Late Night show on Monday the 2nd of July 2018...

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

PoemHunter.com

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
and Vision TV on Freeview channel 264.

Denis Martindale

What Use Proves Love?

What use proves love if not applied... and put to good use now?
Love's like a light we must not hide... or cover it somehow...
Love's like the salt that freshens food... preserving it a while...
Love's like a child that's in a mood... yet suddenly would smile...
Love's like the sun and moon and stars... empowered still to move...
And time that comes... yet has to pass... for some things to improve...

So love applied means everything... that's why God chose to care...
Through love, each saint serves Christ the King... and often says a prayer...
It's why the Saviour suffered all... and to the Cross, Christ went...
God's love then brought a miracle... with revelation sent...
And now we know that Jesus lives... behold the King of Love...
And now we know that God forgives... that God's grace proves enough...

Yet love supplied can be denied... rejected straight away...
No wonder Christians still provide... the Gospel Truth each day...
What use is love, or joy, or hope... if never known by Man?
That's why Good News must cross the globe... obedient to God's plan!
It's how each person finds God's Son... and then gets born again...
And why we think... and pray as one... Stronger together! Amen...

Denis Martindale June 2018.

The Gospel poem was shared on Revelation TV's
R-Mornings on Friday the 29th of June 2018...

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
and Vision TV on Freeview channel 264.

Denis Martindale

Cherish The God-Given Chances!

Cherish the God-given chances... cherish the open doors...
For that's how God's love advances... and always overpours...
It's His new wine, His olive oil... anointings ever new...
And it's known by those most loyal... with royalty in view...
When God sends forth a new decree... the angels sense a change...
Perhaps for you, perhaps for me... new seasons to arrange...

Because there's still a harvest... lost souls still to be saved...
New lives receiving of God's best... God-blessed and their sins waived...
Forgotten sins that only curse... and sabotage them all...
Yet when baptised, they then immerse... and harken to God's call...
Cherish the God-given chances... cherish the open doors...
For that's how God's love enhances... inside my heart and yours...

Denis Martindale June 2018.

The Gospel poem was shared on Revelation TV's
R-Mornings programme on the 28th of June 2018...

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
and Vision TV on Freeview channel 264.

Denis Martindale

* A To Z Revelation Tv Poems Revelationtv-Dot-Co-Dot-Uk

Poemhunter-dot-com helped me
to get my poems...
To share a lot of poetry...
adding photos that proved fine...
With many poems on TV
and every one was mine...
So I could share my legacy...
like fresh grapes from the vine...

Denis Martindale June 2018...

Hundreds of Revelation TV poems in A to Z
title order on revelationtv-dot-co-dot-uk

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

God's Glory Fills Eternity!

'Let there be light! ' And there was light... and energy was born...
Across the empty void made bright... that once was so forlorn...
And suns and moons and stars spread out... like garden flowers do...
And God made Adam without doubt... till one day God made YOU...
The gift of life is all God gave... a token of His love...
And when sin came, God chose to save... Christ left His Throne above...

Lord Jesus taught the multitudes... Christ raised the dead as well...
And even though the Devil broods... Lord Jesus saves from Hell...
God's Pearly Gates are known to some... for Heaven, some have seen...
The saints the Saviour told to come... once sins have been washed clean...
And some saw God upon His Throne... as glory shone around...
The strongest light Man's ever known... no greater could be found...

Yes, this is glory evermore... transcending time and space...
Unfailing glory to be sure... that no-one could replace...
For holiness surpasses all... its power never ends...
It's God's outstanding miracle... that some are called His friends...
For Heaven is their great reward... eternity to claim...
How blessed are we who seek the Lord... and glorify His Name...

Denis Martindale June 2018.

The Gospel poem was shared on Revelation TV's
R-Mornings programme on the 27th of June 2018...

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
and Vision TV on Freeview channel 264.

Hundreds of Revelation TV poems in A to Z
title order on revelationtv-dot-co-dot-uk

Denis Martindale

The Most Beautiful Girl In The World...

One day, the Lord told me to pray... for the girl most beautiful...
But I must pray without delay... and prove most dutiful...
So I began, Dear Lord... and such... with words quite eloquent...
Believing God loved her so much... that she was Heaven-sent...
God intervened and then explained... how sinful she could be...
So from quaint words I then refrained... She needed Calvary...

God told me that she was in jail... for awful crimes she'd done...
They wouldn't let her out on bail... How could her soul be won?
But others had believed in Christ... and so I thought she could...
If only she had realised... that none of us are good...
We all need Jesus, that's the truth... and so I prayed in faith...
That God would act, providing proof... and thus her soul to save...

Then God told me to fast as well... though food stayed on my mind...
I prayed, Lord spare her soul from Hell... that Jesus Christ she'd find...
When one week passed, the Lord returned... and told me she believed...
Now I could eat the food I yearned... and boy, was I relieved...
God never named that girl to me... I never saw her face...
But I know this, through Calvary... she'd found amazing grace...

Denis Martindale June 2018.

The Gospel poem was shared on Revelation TV's
R-Mornings on Tuesday, the 26th of June 2018...

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
and Vision TV on Freeview channel 264.

Denis Martindale

When Sunday Comes...

Yes, there was a special Sunday... when Christ rose from the dead!
That's why disciples chose to pray... as they were Spirit-led...
And why believers meet and stay... to smile and then shake hands...
And preachers have a lot to say... in oh so many lands!
And Sunday Schools make children wise... as Scriptures are expressed...
With Christian hearts the greatest prize... for Christian hearts love best...
Disciples grow forever loyal... so credit when it's due...
The elders share the olive oil... with laying on hands, too...

Yes, classic praise, when born again... till Christians bow their heads...
Revelation! Right there and then! That's how the Gospel spreads!
And words of knowledge bless the Church... and prophecies are told...
And many seekers find the search... has proved more worth than gold...
And those that tithe, their first fruits bring... of any income earnt...
And maidens, like God's angels, sing... amazing grace they've learnt...
So please join in, you Dads and Mums and little girls and boys!
Rejoice with us, when Sunday comes! Again, I say, REJOICE!

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale June 2018.

Revelation TV often shows the
classic hymn Amazing Grace,
with the ladies singing and the
men playing the music on bagpipes.

The Gospel poem was shared on Revelation TV's
'Church Without Walls' Sunday service programme
on Sunday morning, on the 24th of June 2018...
and later again on the Voice In The Wilderness
late-night weekend show on Sunday evening...

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
and Vision TV on Freeview channel 264.

Denis Martindale

God's Three Great Blessings!

For some, three blessings are enough... to prove God answers prayers...
When revelation shows God's love... and that the Lord still cares...
The first is yesterday, of course... yes, that and all before...
The second is today's resource... with all it holds in store...
Tomorrow's blessings still await... as God says yes or no...
And some of us will celebrate... as our finances grow...

God knows us well... and keeps the books... recording each account...
And every now and then God looks... to check each day's amount...
The stingy souls and hearts and minds... won't do that well at all...
Yet every now and then God finds... each needs a miracle...
But will they not respond and share? Will selfish greed take hold?
Yet each wise Christian's well aware... of when to spare their gold...

Yes, what we give to God in turn... determines everything...
How much, by faith, we might discern... to offer Christ our King...
And what to others we might give... to charities on Earth...
Such that, by faith, the others live... and give for all they're worth...
That's why God grants three blessings here... that we bless others, too...
Before in Heaven we appear... and tell Him, 'We love You! '

Denis Martindale June 2018.

The Gospel poem was shared on Revelation TV's
R-Mornings show on Tuesday, the 19th of June 2018.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
and Vision TV on Freeview channel 264.

Denis Martindale

Thank You, Man Of God!

Though it may seem no thanks I gave... to you that's ever heard...
Please don't think that I misbehave... when you don't hear a word...

For I still pray... though we've not met... that God will bless and bless...
Your family I don't forget... I pray for happiness...

Your ministry stays on my heart... and also on my mind...
Because you helped me from the start... with teachings that you find...

While others thank you day by day... I thought my prayers enough...
I realise that I should say... THANK YOU, FOR ALL YOUR LOVE...

That's why I wrote this poem now... expressing what I've done...
And hoping that it will allow... some truth to help someone...

If we get chances now and then... to say two words like these...
For every single kindness when... another tried to please...
The world would be a better place... this poem's just a prod...
Praise the Lord for amazing grace... and thank you, Man of God!

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale June 2018.

The Gospel poem was shared on Revelation TV's
late-night weekend show Voice In The Wilderness
on Saturday evening, on the 23rd of June 2018...

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
and Vision TV on Freeview channel 264.

Denis Martindale

D'you Know June?

D'you know June, who lives nearby? She lives quite close to you!
She prays to God, with questions why... the answers you know to...
If God told you, to visit her... I wonder, would you go?
I truly ask, what would occur... if she knew what you know!

You say that you believe in Christ... that Jesus is God's Son...
I wonder if you've realised... that not one soul you've won...
Your Holy Bible's close at hand... you've studied it as well...
D'you think God has got things planned... to send poor June to Hell?

D'you thank God for grace He gave? But what of June so lost?
D'you accept that Christ can save? You know He paid the cost!
Yet what of June, with questions why? And God's love so sublime?
Please pray for June, who lives nearby... and visit her some time!

Perhaps a Bible you could give... with booklets to explain...
So revelation helps her live... so she'd be born again!
Who knows what God could do for June? Who knows but God alone?
It's up to you! Please visit soon... then lead her to God's Throne...

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale May 2018.

The Gospel poem was shared on Revelation TV's
late-night weekend show Voice In The Wilderness
on Saturday evening, on the 23rd of June 2018...

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
and Vision TV on Freeview channel 264.

Denis Martindale

Faithful Through And Through!

If not for God... where would I be? He sent His Son to Calvary!
If not for Christ... who died for me... I'd lose my chance and destiny...

There's no excuse for things I've done... That's why God sacrificed His Son!
So that lost souls could still be won... Till then, life's journey's not begun...

Think back to every miracle! Both for the great and for the small...
Think back to Peter and to Paul... Lord Jesus died for one and all...

Eternal life was on the line... Yet Jesus proves God's only sign...
He brings the Light, the Bread, the Wine! That's why, by faith, the Lord's now mine!

Because Lord Jesus took the blame... The Saviour's Gospel I proclaim!
I'm born again, no more the same!I've been baptised into Christ's Name...

No other love grants more than this! Expressed beyond the sweetest kiss!
The greatest blessing of pure bliss! For the greatest love, dear friends, is His!

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale June 2018.

The Gospel poem was shared on Revelation TV's
R-Mornings show on Friday, the 22nd of June 2018.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
and Vision TV on Freeview channel 264.

Denis Martindale

There's Got To Be Something More!

I want to plead for Father's Day... for gifts to mean much more...
Not aftershave and socks, O.K.? Just better... I implore...
Yes, I beseech each family... that Fathers need respect...
And not last-minute gifts you see... these signal your neglect!

Good Fathers and GrandFathers, too... don't these deserve the best?
Some precious gifts that came from you... without hint or request...
But from your hearts and wrapped up well... with greeting cards above...
For only such as these could tell... that you know how to love...

A new Rolls-Royce won't cost that much... when you're a millionaire...
Yet, as for you, the human touch... provides the proof you care...
Good Fathers and GrandFathers sense... if they're still loved or not...
They know how many pounds and pence... things cost from what they've got...

But when gifts come that blow their minds... then these make Father's Day!
For each of these still underlines... the truths like socks can't say...

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale June 2018.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
and Vision TV on Freeview channel 264.

Denis Martindale

Forgiving Is For Giving!

Man's greatest gift of all to give... comes from both heart and mind,
It's shared while God lets each one live... before life's left behind...
For some, forgiveness hurts like Hell... till Heaven's light can shine,
For some, forgiveness flows quite well... as if love flows like wine...

Yet God forgives through Jesus Christ... the debts for sins are paid...
Consider what was sacrificed... upon that cross displayed...
For there it was... upon Christ's cross... that Jesus still forgave...
And Jesus prayed like that because... He was that strong and brave...

And that takes time, forgiving crime... forgiving one and all...
Yes, that takes love... divine... sublime... it takes a miracle...
So pray for strength... and then receive... by faith what God must send...
For faith is there so we believe... before we comprehend...

Faith sees the future Heaven shares... Faith holds back on the hate...
Faith knows that God will answer prayers... that's why saints celebrate...
Yes, forgiving is for giving... like prayer, it changes things...
And more so, if we are living... to serve the King of Kings!

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale June 2018.

The Gospel poem was shared on Revelation TV's
R-Mornings show on Monday, the 11th of June 2018...

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
and Vision TV on Freeview channel 264.

Denis Martindale

What Greater Love?

What greater love on Earth compares... with God's amazing grace?
Eternal life to grant through prayers... as soon as they take place...
To pass from judgement every time... by faith in Jesus Christ...
Who paid the cost for sin and crime... through all He sacrificed...
We enter Heaven free from shame... our armour shining bright...
Approaching God in Jesus Name... still walking in the light...
And angels cheer the saints they know... as if forever friends...
Yet when we leave, we always go... with love that never ends...

Can you imagine more than this? What love has greater worth?
It's sweeter than a sweetheart's kiss... that's cherished on this Earth...
It's purer than each snowflake's touch... before it melts away...
It's precious since it means so much... it's love that's meant to stay...
It's love that shames the Devil's schemes... it's love that grows and grows...
It's love beyond our wildest dreams... as fragrant as a rose...
And blessed are we, if we love, too... and tell the Father why...
Not merely saying, I LOVE YOU... or tithing by and by...

It's love that stirs our hearts to praise... to worship and adore...
For we've received amazing grace... and who could ask for more?

Denis Martindale June 2018.

The Gospel poem was shared on Revelation TV's
Voice In The Wilderness late-night weekend show
on Sunday evening of the 10th of June 2018...

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
and Vision TV on Freeview channel 264.

Denis Martindale

Boy, That Was Quick!

It's taken me a wee short time… to write this line you see…
And pretty soon, I had a rhyme… to aid my poetry…
And all at once, two lines were done… as if without a thought…
It's turning out to be quite fun… to write the rhymes I ought…
No need to seek a miracle… or plead to God in prayer…
Or even scratch my head at all… for eloquence or flair…
Just type away and press return… so words appear on screen…
Then look up quick, so I discern… if some mistakes are seen…
If not, then I proceed at will… who knows what I'll type next?
And that for me proves such a thrill… I'm not perplexed or vexed…
I'm on a roll, I'm doing great… I'm sitting quite relaxed…
My brain's alert at any rate… not stretched, or stressed, or taxed…
I guess, it's just an act of faith… just one line further down…
And searching memories that life gave… and matching verb and noun…
Then adding here a parting shot… before I bid adieu…
Then putting readers on the spot… While I write quick, CAN YOU?

Denis Martindale June 2018.

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale

God Loves A Cheerful Giver!

Since God loves a cheerful giver... the Lord gives gifts as well...
For His promises deliver... and prophecies foretell...
And He grants us revelation... more blessings than we know...
So we share in celebration... for as we go, we grow...

What better chance to pave the way... than Kingdom gifts each time?
Because these back up what we pray... that's why gifts are sublime...
And yet gifts show maturity... beyond each nagging doubt...
Gifts bring us God's tranquillity... that's what real life's about...

The Holy Spirit guides us still... in how much we could give...
The right amount that serves God's will... so others, too, might live...
The Gospel merits every gift... no doubt of that, of course...
Yet giving gives each heart a lift... it's not just keeping laws...

The act itself proves its reward... it's noble, just and true...
So if you seek to please the Lord... that choice is up to you!

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale June 2018.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
and Vision TV on Freeview channel 264.

Denis Martindale

Prayer Changes Things!

Praise God, we serve the King of Kings... the Son of God Most High!
And that, through Christ, prayer changes things... if only we would try...
Some fast and pray... and some raise hands... while others bow, or kneel...
And yet the Father understands... and when it's time to heal...
For revelation leads the way... the future waits our prayers...
The Father hears us night and day... He tells us that He cares...
That's why we boldly near His Throne... His perfect love grants this...
If we stay sure Christ can atone... our prayers won't go amiss...

It's either yes, or no, or wait... each has its perfect time...
If yes... we tend to celebrate... and think God's quite sublime...
If no... we grumble, moan, complain... like children often do...
If wait... then we must bear the strain... till patience comes in view...
Prayer changes things... it changes us... but will we seek God's best?
Can we still trust the Lord Jesus? So others can be blessed?
If we love God like Jesus Christ... who died upon His cross,
We won't regret what's sacrificed... nor count such things as loss...

God promises to grant us more... each time that we're sincere...
So learn to pray... more than before... each day, week, month and year!

Denis Martindale June 2018.

The Gospel poem was shared on Revelation TV's
Voice In The Wilderness weekend late-night show
on the Sunday evening of the 3rd of June 2018...
and revelationtv- co- uk is how my Revelation TV
poem titles can be found here on Poemhunter...

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,

the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
and Vision TV on Freeview channel 264.

Denis Martindale

Hold On To Your Faith Forever!

Yes, it's great that you love Jesus... and not just merely know Him...
For the Lord's love never ceases... His life's an epic poem...
He's still the start, He's still the end... all history is His...
And yet Christ is the sinner's friend... He really, really is...
Who else could pay for all our sins? Who else but Jesus Christ?
What other King? What other Prince? Not one was sacrificed...
The Saviour had to leave God's side... the Father's will to serve...
To Calvary, then crucified... to save lost souls on Earth...

Against all odds, Christ had to strive... with Mankind so unkind...
Then resurrected... made alive... to leave His tomb behind...
To speak with friends He held most dear... disciples every one...
As doubting Thomas made it clear... this really was God's Son...
Yet you're more blessed than Thomas was... you took God at His word...
You visualised Christ on His cross... and by His love was stirred...
So hold on to that faith, my friend! It's worth much more than gold!
In more ways than you'll comprehend... much more than we've been told...

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale June 2018.

The Gospel poem was shared on Revelation TV's
Voice In The Wilderness weekend late-night show
on the Saturday evening of the 2nd of June 2018...
and revelationtv- co- uk is how my Revelation TV
poem titles can be found here on Poemhunter...

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
and Vision TV on Freeview channel 264.

Denis Martindale

To Be Or Not To Be!

To be... or not to be... a Christian full of grace...
The risen Lord to see... and King Jesus to embrace...
The Father kept in view... with God's glory to adore...
The Holy Spirit, too... as your comforter and more...
Heaven's angels cheering... and God's Word held fast within...
Revelation nearing... then to preach, lost souls to win...
Healing after healing... and great prophecies as well...
Feeling after feeling... and exploits that excel...
With prayers so full of power... and with praise reports to share...
Compassion every hour... just to serve as proof you care...

To be... or not to be... a Christian saved and blessed...
In finding Calvary... where the Father gave His best...
Blessing through baptism... with Christ's life now lived through you...
Heart-receiving wisdom... and then words of knowledge, too...
Awaiting Christ's return... with a hope that never ends...
Man's future to discern... when the Lord and Man are friends...
Till then, what will you be? Faith-filled Christian? Yes... or no?
If yes... my friend, you'll see... God's great blessings overflow...
If not... what's left to say? Please don't choose this destiny!
For you'll lose out! Each day... and for all eternity...

Denis Martindale June 2018.

The Gospel poem was shared on Revelation TV's
R-Mornings on Friday, the 1st of June 2018...

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
and Vision TV on Freeview channel 264.

Denis Martindale

Poems For Presenters Lesley And Yemi...

AS LOVELY AS LESLEY...

Lesley has walked the second mile... her faith steps out each day...
Lesley has got a Christian's smile... her faith helps her to pray...
Lesley has done her share and more... her home has Heaven's touch...
Lesley has fun in living for... the Lord she loves so much...
Lesley has something we admire... it's love's light shining through...
Lesley has got the Lord's desire... to share God's love with YOU!
Lesley has helped to share our thoughts... she reads them one by one...
Lesley likes sharing praise reports... praise God for all He's done...
Lesley can laugh and say, 'Oh, dear...' she likes jokes young and old...
Lesley... we LOVE when you appear... your heart's as good as gold!

Denis Martindale May 2018.

PoemHunter.com

AS YOUTHFUL AS YEMI...

Yemi has walked the second mile... his faith steps out each day...
Yemi has got a Christian's smile... his faith helps him to pray...
Yemi has done his share and more... his home has Heaven's touch...
Yemi has fun in living for... the Lord he loves so much...
Yemi has something we admire... it's love's light shining through...
Yemi has got the Lord's desire... to share God's love with YOU!
Yemi has helped to share our thoughts... he reads them one by one...
Yemi likes sharing praise reports... praise God for all He's done...
Yemi can laugh and say, 'Oh, dear...' he likes jokes young and old...
Yemi... we LOVE when you appear... your heart's as good as gold!

Denis Martindale May 2018.

The second poem was shared on Revelation TV's
R-Mornings show on Tuesday, the 29th of May 2018.
It was originally about presenter Lesley and I emailed

the poem again, but this time, I changed from Lesley's name to fellow presenter Yemi's name, just so that she could read that version to the viewers that morning...

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
and Vision TV on Freeview channel 264.

Denis Martindale

God Bless You And Your Ministry!

God bless you and your ministry... for your rewards in time...
In Jesus Name through Calvary... and Christ's Blood so sublime...
That you may prosper in the Way... as pilgrims, faithful still...
God answers prayers by night and day... according to His will...
So miracles, of course, must be... sent by our Sovereign Lord...
With prophecies of destiny... that you may rest assured...
Like Peter... knowing God forgives... thus preaching saving faith...
Like Peter... knowing Jesus lives... thus preaching standing brave...

With tithes and taxes paid, of course... God's Kingdom to advance...
Keep pushing, saints, to reinforce... not leaving things to chance...
But building higher... without stop... compassion serving proof...
Yes, building higher... to the top... then placing there the roof...
For buildings need the best design... so wisdom may prevail...
Against each storm, come rain or shine... or snow, or sleet or hail...
God bless you and your ministry... God guide you now and then...
Dear saints, the best is yet to be! Amen! Amen! Amen!

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale May 2018.

The Gospel poem was shared on Revelation TV's
Voice In The Wilderness weekend late-night show
on Sunday evening of the 27th of May 2018...

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
and Vision TV on Freeview channel 264.

Denis Martindale

Find! Follow! Fulfill!

God saw me in my Mother's womb... defenceless and alone...
Survival I could not presume... I stayed, my fate unknown...
My eyes saw nothing, darkness reigned... my ears heard Mother's heart...
And every night and day I gained... meant soon I must depart...
What could I know from sounds I heard? What could I understand?
No words had I for sounds that stirred... or what my Lord had planned...
But He was watching limbs that grew... He saw my hands and feet...
He did what only He could do... this journey to complete...

He wanted me to find the truth... the truth that God forgives...
He wanted me to reach my youth... to know Lord Jesus lives...
He wanted me to follow Christ... with love that never ends...
He wanted me... so highly prized... so we'd be more than friends...
There was a destiny ahead... a future to fulfill...
A God-blessed life to which God led... according to His will...
With miracles as good as gold... with prophecies revealed...
That revelation would unfold... with nothing left concealed...

God saw me in my Mother's womb... and Jesus prayed for me...
The King who one day left His tomb... and conquered Calvary...

Denis Martindale May 2018.

The Gospel poem was shared on Revelation TV's
R-Mornings show on Friday, the 25th of May 2018
and it is in regard to the Ireland vote on Abortion...
and Andrew Wommack's comprehensive Holy Bible
study called, FIND... FOLLOW... FULFILL...

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
and Vision TV on Freeview channel 264.

Denis Martindale

The Qualities Of A Leader!

The qualities of a leader... can guide us day by day,
Yet like a Bible reader... that leader has to pray...
For wisdom comes from God alone... as Solomon found out,
Yes, wisdom comes from Heaven's Throne... where glory shines about...

Since God observes the future, too... who better grants advice?
A leader learns God's point of view... in order to stay wise...
Sometimes a leader makes mistakes... yet we know God forgives...
And God does that for all our sakes... that's why a saved soul lives...

The Antichrist is prophesied... a leader none should trust...
His heart proves evil, full of pride... his soul proves dead as dust...
When Christ returns, that leader leaves... then Jesus rules as King...
A second chance this world receives... through blessings Christ will bring...

Denis Martindale May 2018.

PoemHunter.com

The Gospel poem was shared on Revelation TV's
R-Mornings show on Wednesday, the 23rd of May 2018.

It's before the song 'Do Something' by Matthew West
explaining about the Andrea's Orphanage video...

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
and Vision TV on Freeview channel 264.

Denis Martindale

Good News Websites!

How many websites can God bless... of all upon this Earth?
That bring Good News and happiness... and celebrate Christ's worth,
That testify what God has done... and what He will yet do,
That glorify His precious Son... the One who died for you...
That magnify God's miracles... of His amazing grace,
That share epistles of Saint Paul's... meant for the Human Race,
That offer prayer lines, gifts of love... resources good as gold,
That guide until you've got enough... for wisdom to take hold...

That stay anointed day by day... and also night by night,
That really have so much to say... that grants you more insight,
That praise the Lord the Spirit came... with prophecies fulfilled,
That save the lost in Jesus Name... so broken lives rebuild...
That share believers' praise reports... and answers to their prayers,
That share your feedback and your thoughts... your deep concerns and cares...
I tell you this, I've found a few... and thank God I've been blessed...
If revelation comes to you... praise God, you've found the best!

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale May 2018.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

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the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
and Vision TV on Freeview channel 264.

Denis Martindale

How Does My Poem Affect You?

Can this, my poem, reach your eyes and then your heart and mind,
Then touch that part of you so wise that treasure you could find?
Or does it leave you dry and cold… like Winter's frozen ice,
Or share a story, good as gold, that you regard as nice?
Can I express some winsome prose that stays with you for years,
Beyond one smile your face then shows… then cheers or gentle tears?
Have I brought forth a triumph now that poets would esteem,
Or could it be that here, somehow, I failed to share my dream?
Did I waste time, that precious gift, God says can't be returned,
Or did I, some way, spirits lift, that readers have discerned?
Or did I merely potter on, embellish now and then,
Portray a wistful thought long gone, not thought since way back when?
I strove towards a structured verse, a pattern that's well-known,
But did I bless, or did I curse, am I forlorn, alone?
And if alone, then pity me, if I betrayed this quest…
For while it's just some poetry… I really tried my best…
And if my best proves not enough, forgive me if you can,
I merely hoped to share some love to help my fellow man…

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale May 2018.

Denis Martindale

There's Power In Love!

Christ grants eternal life and more... forgiveness through His Name...
Yes, He's the One worth living for... that's why our Saviour came...
With perfect love that never ends... forever more the same...
Behold the Lamb of God, my friends... so worthy of acclaim!

Behold God's Son, the Lord of Lords... with healing in His wings...
Since Heaven's crowns are His rewards... these are such precious things!
When Jesus Christ begins to bless... give thanks for all He brings...
For He who grants us happiness... proves He's the King of Kings!

While Jesus Christ was crucified... death's power's not enough...
Our Lord's still seated at God's side... on His Throne up above...
While the Holy Spirit's present here... as wondrous as a dove...
God's Pentecost has made it clear... there's power... there's power in love!

Denis Martindale May 2018.

PoemHunter.com

The Gospel poem was shared on Revelation TV's
Voice In The Wilderness Pentecost Sunday evening
programme on the 20th of May 2018... The title of
this Gospel poem is a tribute to the Royal Wedding
sermon which moved so many across the world...

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
and Vision TV on Freeview channel 264.

Denis Martindale

Persevere, Precious Ones, Persevere!

A multitude can testify... of miracles they've seen...
Because they've prayed to God on high... that He would intervene...
To authorise a sudden change... to turn bad things around...
And though, to some, that truth seems strange... God's miracles astound...
Because the Lord sees future years... before they've come to pass,
He sees our laughter and our tears... like we can see through glass...
And prophecies explain events... so that we plan ahead,
Like Joseph... absent of all friends... saw famine without dread...
So Pharaoh's dream was thus revealed... that actions could save lives...
Until the land itself was healed... and blessing then arrives...

God's revelation shared advice... conserve resources now...
Greed leads to folly, so be wise... restrain yourselves somehow...
So Joseph acted as God's man... authority was his...
He carried out God's perfect plan... so nothing went amiss...
And so, I ask, what should we do... for these years that remain?
The Bible shares God's point of view... what wisdom could we gain?
With Israel as the final sign... God's Cosmic clock ticks still...
This means it's time for saints to shine... like beacons on a hill...
So persevere... and intercede... prayer warriors be bold...
Because you know the Christians' creed... your faith surpasses gold!

Denis Martindale May 2018.

The Gospel poem was shared on Revelation TV's
Voice In The Wilderness weekend late-night show
on Saturday evening, the 19th of May 2018...

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
and Vision TV on Freeview channel 264.

Denis Martindale

God Grants Us Hope To Help Us Cope!

What use is life if hope's dismissed? It's like a girl who's never kissed,
Nor once held hands with sweethearts close... nor even stopped to smell a rose...
Nor gazed at rainbows in the sky... nor smiled at stars and asked God, 'WHY? '
Nor learnt the alphabet and more... nor learnt each number and each score...
Nor worn a silver dress one night... nor worn a golden crown so bright,
Nor shouted words like, 'I LOVE YOU! ' nor whispered vows that say, 'I DO...'
Nor ever sought to try her best... nor held a baby to her breast,
Nor tucked her children in their beds... nor patted them upon their heads...
Nor ever prayed someone gets healed... nor to the Lord her love revealed,
Nor worshipped Him with songs of praise... nor wisely spent her final days...

But if hope beckons as a friend... declaring that you must depend,
What hinders you? Why stay aloof? God's Word proclaims itself as proof...
So seek the Lord while life exists... and harken to evangelists,
For who knows better God's Good News... His prophecies and points of views?
His promises that hope can seize... are spirit blessings bringing peace
And so, therefore, be bold and brave... like Jesus Christ, still strong to save...
He waits in Heaven to discern... the saints who hope for His return...
No greater teacher could we see... than Christ who conquered Calvary!

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale May 2018.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
and Vision TV on Freeview channel 264.

Denis Martindale

A Poem For Mister Smith

To me, he was a noble soul, one held in high regard,
For he maintained his self-control, though sometimes life was hard...
Our class proved not the best in School, yet he made us take note...
He never chose to play the fool, that's why he got my vote...
When Mathematics had been taught, we really learned a lot,
He brought to bear tremendous thought, so never on the spot...
Each question asked brought his reply, his wisdom proved his worth...
He knew the values X and Y... for anything on Earth...
So Mister Smith I'll not forget... he taught me all I know...
And that's the reason I've no debt... no money do I owe...
If not for him, where would I be? Would I be up the creek?
For Mathematics is life's key, if harmony you seek...

Denis Martindale May 2018.

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

The Greatest King Of All

If not for all God granted me... my soul would still be lost...
Dismissing all God's prophecy... and yet at my own cost...
But Sunday School... was where I learned... my Saviour gave His all...
And when that truth... my heart discerned... God sent a miracle...
Within that place... where worship rose... I gave my life to Christ...
Amazing grace... still overflows... more than I've realised...
For suddenly... once born again... I gained eternity...
Though just a child... among those men... God showed me Calvary...

Despite the wasted years I've spent... God waited for a while...
Time passed... till I could represent... the Lord and make Him smile...
Such that I preached... with words in rhyme... like other poets do...
Sometimes with verses so sublime... that God seeks to bless you...
When revelation spreads the word... God's family then grows...
Such that His children's hearts get stirred... wherever true love goes...
So if true love abides within... what will God's Spirit share?
New armour sent that we will win? New miracles through prayer?

The greatest King we've ever known... so worthy of our praise...
Has promised us... we're not alone... I AM WITH YOU... ALWAYS!

Denis Martindale May 2018.

The Gospel poem was shared on Revelation TV's
Voice In The Wilderness weekend late-night show
on the Saturday evening of the 12th of May 2018.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
and Vision TV on Freeview channel 264.

Denis Martindale

Is This Just Another Wednesday?

To think, each season brings rewards... when faith is brought to bear...
Keep pushing for the Lord of Lords... here... there... and everywhere!
Is this just another Wednesday? A brand new day to face?
Could this also be New Friends Day... with God's amazing grace?
Before tomorrow comes to each... with all it has in store,
Today's a day for us to preach... to save lost souls and more...
Today may grant God's healing touch... with words of prophecy...
Today may grant us oh so much... because of Calvary...

And what we do could help folks cope... donating here and there...
To offer others Christian hope... a prayer line we could share...
With Christian books and booklets, too... prayer journals filled with love...
Each gift will bless... if sent by you... if your heart helped enough...
Another Wednesday makes us pause... reflecting why Christ came...
We can unite in one great cause... We can in Jesus Name...
To think, each season brings rewards... when faith is brought to bear...
Keep pushing for the Lord of Lords... here... there... and everywhere!

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale May 2018.

The Gospel poem was shared by Revelation TV's
R-Mornings presenter, Lesley Conder, on the
Wednesday show on the 9th of May 2018...

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
and Vision TV on Freeview channel 264.

Denis Martindale

The Wisdom Of God's Kingdom!

Once Christ is called the King of Kings... and all it then affords,
Just think of what it truly brings... through Christ the Lord of Lords...
Just think of angels Heaven-sent... to Christians here below...
Not one arrives by accident... they each know where to go...
They grant some hope when good times cease... they say what must be said...
They bring some love, some joy, some peace... as they fly overhead...
They help the prophets to declare, the psalmists to explain...
And Gideon's army with warfare... the victory to gain...

But we must do our part as well... God's Kingdom proves this true...
While still a Heaven, Earth and Hell... there's so much left to do...
When revelation leads the way... when inspiration flows...
When called to fast, when called to pray... for friends as well as foes...
When God provides amazing grace... when told to stand our ground...
When God puts smiles upon each face the day each saint gets crowned...
For sweet rewards await us all... if faithful we would be...
Beyond each Kingdom miracle... and truths we merely see...

By faith, the Christian heart persists... with Good News praise reports...
Just like the Lord's evangelists... we still keep in our thoughts...
When revelation guides your path... God's very close, dear friends...
Such that in Heaven you will laugh... with joy that never ends...

Denis Martindale May 2018.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
and Vision TV on Freeview channel 264.

Denis Martindale

Operation Push!

Keep pushing so God's Kingdom grows... Keep pushing in Christ's Name...
What happens next? God only knows! But lives won't stay the same!
Gideon's army for today... that's what we ought to be...
Full armour on... yet known to pray... because of Calvary...

Aware of current news and stuff... the media and such...
Because we care and show that love... with prayers that mean so much...
Prayer journals bought for others, too... awaiting praise reports...
Not simply saying, 'We love you... you're always in our thoughts...'

But spending time... with Christ our Lord... with all petitions made...
Not merely asking for reward... or that our bills get paid...
Or that we find someone to care... to call our very own...
But praying there... and staying there... before the Father's Throne...

The Saviour's face is kept in view... the King who loves us still...
It's here that Christ has called us to... Let's serve the Father's will...
Keep pushing so God's Kingdom grows... Keep pushing in Christ's Name...
What happens next? God only knows! But lives won't stay the same!

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale May 2018.

The Gospel poem was shared by Revelation TV's
R-Mornings presenter Lesley Conder on Monday, the
7th of May 2018 and presenter Yemi explained the
word PUSH meant Pray Until Something Happens!

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
and Vision TV on Freeview channel 264.

Denis Martindale

He Never Preached The Gospel...

HE NEVER PREACHED THE GOSPEL,
HE NEVER SAVED A SOUL...

I can't afford to go by bus,
Or taxi, coach or train...
I can't afford to go by ship,
Or hovercraft or plane…
I can't afford a world cruise
That lets me roam and roam…
So I'll stay here and save some cash,
Within my home, sweet home…
You can keep the tulips
You get from Amsterdam,
You can keep your passport…
I'll stay here where I am…
I'd rather put the kettle on
And sip my coffee here,
Than wave goodbye, then off and gone
And sip some foreign beer…
So keep your travel catalogues
And adverts on TV…
I'm watching Sky and Netflix,
They're good enough for me!

Denis Martindale May 2018.

The Gospel poem was shared on Revelation TV's
Voice In The Wilderness weekend late-night
show on Sunday, on the 6th/7th of May 2018.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,

the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
and Vision TV on Freeview channel 264.

Denis Martindale

Persistent Prodigals Need Persistent Prayers!

Keep praying for the prodigals... wherever they may roam,
Each one of these needs miracles... that they, one day, come home...
For loved ones seek God's harmony... more than you'll ever know...
The blessings of the family... that each day... they miss so...

I've known such sadness... so let's pray... that prodigals return...
United in a pleasant way... that each heart could discern...
With compassion, pray to Heaven... persistently for these...
That each may be forgiven... blessed by the Father's peace...

Denis Martindale May 2018.

The Gospel poem was shared on Revelation TV's
Church Without Walls programme on Sunday
morning, on the 6th of May 2018. The show gave
special attention to the prodigals across the world.
The poem followed the Christian video of Jesus
telling the precious parable of the prodigal son.

PoemHunter.com

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
and Vision TV on Freeview channel 264.

Denis Martindale

Gideon's Army...

Today, there is a multitude... an army on the move...
With prayers not as an interlude... but that things might improve...
For there's a battle for Man's soul... like none on Earth before...
A constant striving for control... the searching for each flaw...
Attacks from creatures dark and foul... with burdens to dismay...
For these are demons on the prowl... our joy to steal away...
But we still pray... with hands held high... Oh, Lord, let good prevail...
Yes, we still pray... for God's supply... because we must not fail...
While there is love, while there is breath... while life on Earth persists...
Behold... Jesus of Nazareth... and His evangelists!

For we are here, God's multitude... His army to the end...
If that is true and would include the Saviour as your friend...
For centuries the saints have lived... their legacy lives on...
And so will ours... with love our gift... until we, too, have gone...
Keep pushing, like God wants us to... Keep pushing, pilgrims, still...
Keep pushing, till God blesses you... because He always will...
We serve a Saviour strong to save... we serve the King of Kings...
Death could not hold Him in the grave... for He salvation brings...
Eternal life! Eternal love! And yet despite rewards...
Each saint knows this... it is enough... to serve the Lord of Lords...

Denis Martindale May 2018.

The Gospel poem was shared on Revelation TV's
Voice In The Wilderness weekend late-night show
on Saturday evening, the 5th/6th of May 2018.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
and Vision TV on Freeview channel 264.

Denis Martindale

One Day At A Time...

Love mingles male and female, too…
Behold that clinging kiss,
Three little words, and then, 'I do…'
Their chance for married bliss…
Pain signals labour set in course…
Their baby's on its way…
The parents' love to reinforce…
As they, together, pray…
Life loosens life and thus each parts…
The baby's cord is trimmed…
One heart is heard and not two hearts…
Amid the light still dimmed…
Dreams come and go, by day and night…
Too distant to discern…
Till infants grasp each new insight…
As each one strives to learn…
Time passes gently with the years…
The prayerful saints see all…
Till Jesus Christ then reappears…
God's greatest miracle…

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale May 2018.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
and Vision TV on Freeview channel 264.

Denis Martindale

Every Voice Has A Choice...

Oliver and Charlotte got married and two years later had twins.
The boy was called Christian, the girl was called Christina...
Every day, both were encouraged to speak their first word...
Which one would say, 'Daddy! ' first? It was Christian...
He understood that Daddy was the man who loved him...
He understood and wanted to acknowledge that truth...
'You are my Daddy! ' is what his voice was trying to say...

Not every boy called Christian is a born again Christian...
Yet this boy became a man, a believer and a child of God...
Everywhere this Christian goes, he tells others about the Lord...
The sad truth is, not every Christian believer does that...
But he knows that God loves him and that God is his Daddy...
He knows Jesus is not ashamed to call him His brother...
He knows he is just as much a part of God's family as we are...

Even so, every voice has a choice... that's why God says,
'Make a choice! Let your voice be a Christian voice! '
Because if you can say, 'Yes! ' then you can say, 'Amen! '
If you can say, 'Amen! ' then you can say, 'Praise the Lord! '
And then you can say, 'Our Father who art in Heaven...'
And if you can say all of these, then you can say, 'Daddy! '
Just like the Lord Jesus did... time and time again... you see...
'Daddy! ' is the most precious word that God has ever heard...

Denis Martindale May 2018.

Every envoy has a voice...

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
and Vision TV on Freeview channel 264.

Denis Martindale

Jesus And Jacqui

Young Jacqui learnt where she must be... in service to her Lord,
Young Jacqui learnt that only she... could earn her King's reward...
She also learnt how God could guide... each noble volunteer,
To each new place they should abide... from year to year to year...
Thus revelation brings her home... to one great place on Earth...
So nevermore has need to roam... she's there to prove her worth...
Whatever skills are brought to bear... whatever shows she cares...
Let's all remember her in prayer... in journals for our prayers!

Denis Martindale May 2018.

The Gospel poem was shared on Revelation TV's
R-Mornings show on Friday, the 4th of May 2018.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

PoemHunter.com

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
and Vision TV on Freeview channel 264.

Denis Martindale

Time's Ballad...

When God set forth His purposes... He merely spoke each word,
Yet from such powered holiness... we then see what occurred…
The light proceeded from His Throne... established from the start,
Fixed steadfastly right there, alone... all futures to impart…
From light came forth both time and space... as energies outpoured,
Amazing power, amazing grace... yet only from the Lord…
No other gods took part at all... this Universe to make…
The Lord made this great miracle... yet for His Own Name's sake…

And when the swirling Cosmos turned... what wonders were revealed,
The sun itself then shone and burned... for Earthly light to yield…
This speck in space then came to be... this awesome planet Earth,
This planet showed God's majesty... His mastery and worth…
Such that He then created life... yet with new life within,
Then He gave Adam Eve his wife... and that's where we begin…
From Genesis and Eden's home... from innocence and more,
Till Man's allegiance chose to roam... and sin became his flaw…

And oh, what tragedies came then… time's ballad tells us all,
God's records kept accounts of men... God's books gave Him recall…
The laws Man broke, the failures, too... the battles and the wars,
Till centuries created you… as Nature took its course…
And here you are, this very day... these words to see and hear,
Time's ballad has so much to say... to cherish and revere…
That's why it's up to you to choose... while still alive on Earth…
Will you trust God? Will you refuse? You'll get what you deserve…

Time marches on... time bids goodbye... time ticks and takes its share…
Yet there's still time, before we die... to seek the Lord in prayer…

Denis Martindale May 2018.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581

and Vision TV on Freeview channel 264.

Denis Martindale

Donating Here... Donating There...

What do I do with my money? I need the Lord's advice!
While, to some, that may sound funny... I really think it's wise...
He knows the bills I've got to pay... and those I don't have yet,
He's planned ahead for all I pray... so how could He forget?

I'm such a skinflint with my cash... and discounts helped me save...
With such resources I'm not rash... I'm cautious, Lord, not brave!
But then He comes again to ask, 'My child, it's time to give!
It's time that you complete this task... that others, too, might live!
My child, don't act like it's a chore! ' So I obey God's will...
And so, I go once more... to websites God loves still...

Donating here... donating there... Until the Lord says, 'STOP! '
'Thank God for that! 'I say in prayer... 'At last, it's time to shop! '

Denis Martindale April 2018.

PoemHunter.com

The Gospel poem was shared by Revelation TV's
Lesley Conder on R-Mornings on the 30th of April 2018
for donations for the Revelation International Centre...

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
and Vision TV on Freeview channel 264.

Denis Martindale

The Precious Positive Power Of The Cross Of Christ!

The Saviour stood a broken man... scourged by the Roman whips...
Aware that death was still God's plan... as even more blood drips...
So all Mankind would look to Christ... then see their Saviour there,
Aware that He was sacrificed... for all Man's sins to bear...
The Holy One, God's only Son... the Lamb of God, indeed,
No angels stopping what was done... for Jesus had to bleed...
Yet for Mankind, the Saviour prayed... 'Forgive, them, Father, please...'
To prove He cared and still obeyed... to bring lost souls His peace...
The Gospels don't explain each pain... that Jesus Christ endured,
The pain that drove most men insane... till finally, death cured...

Lord Jesus held on to His faith... awaiting Paradise...
Outstanding courage... Oh, so brave... for He must pay sin's price...
Then it was done... His head slumped down... and Mary wept for sure...
Did John pick up the fallen crown... the crown his friend once wore?
Could God raise Jesus from the dead? John was afraid to ask...
Could God restore the blood Christ shed? Was that too hard a task?
Disciples come, disciples go... John grieved then walked away...
Because, you see, he didn't know... the power of that day...
But Sunday came... and Good News, too... John's friend had conquered death...
How do I know that God loves you? JESUS OF NAZARETH!

Denis Martindale April 2018.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
and Vision TV on Freeview channel 264.

Denis Martindale

From Prayer To Praise!

A billion saints take time to pray...
They need the Lord's advice,
They need God's guidance every day...
Because it's proved so wise...
In Jesus Name they seek God's Throne...
To find true solace there...
No longer living life alone...
For that's too hard to bear...
There's still a blessing and reward...
Where God's grace proves enough...
That's found in Jesus Christ our Lord...
Our precious King of Love...

Denis Martindale April 2018.

The Gospel poem was shared on
Revelation TV's programme
Church Without Walls on
Sunday the 29th of April 2018.

PoemHunter.com

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
and Vision TV on Freeview channel 264.

Denis Martindale

The Charismatic Christian!

I know a man who often prays... that healing comes to soothe...
When God says, 'Go...' then he obeys... He's always on the move...
When he starts teaching, then I know... he strives to share the truth...
When he starts preaching, it's all go... with prophecies as proof...

His Holy Bible's heavy, man! It's twice as large as mine!
It's obvious, that he's a fan! God's Word shows Christ divine...
Four Gospels help... so that he may quote Jesus line-by-line...
The living Lord has lots to say... Take heed and you'll be fine!

I know a man who makes me laugh and also makes me smile
And yet he won't do things by half... he's walked that second mile...
When he shares jokes, he laughs as well... and giggles for a while...
He's on TV, with tales to tell... and says, 'DON'T TOUCH THAT DIAL...'

Denis Martindale April 2018.

PoemHunter.com

The Gospel poem was shared by Revelation TV's
Voice In The Wilderness host, Yemi Balogun, on
Saturday evening's show on the 28th of April 2018.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
and Vision TV on Freeview channel 264.

Denis Martindale

Utmost

MY UTMOST FOR HIS HIGHEST!

And should it be, of all Mankind,
That God speaks to my heart
And daily whispers to remind
That I must do my part?
To offer up a sacrifice,
Fulfill each destiny
That makes each humbled soul think twice...
Recalling Calvary.

Can I compare with Christ, God's Son?
Determined through and through?
To copy all good works once done
And thus make all things new?
To imitate is not enough,
Without grace, all is lost,
With nothing gained, if lacking love,
Enough to pay the cost.

In truth, God's Holy Bible shares
Christ's blessings and rewards,
That whosoever truly cares
Would serve the Lord of Lords.
The King of Kings proves all divine,
Bestowing freedom now,
Yes, even to this heart of mine
That seeks to serve somehow.

Thus from my riches, I outpour,
Thus from my time flows grace,
Content to see God evermore
In Christ's own wondrous face.
I can but try, though failures grow,
I can but try again,
As revelation bids me know
God needs me now and then.

Yes, even I, of all Mankind,
Can serve this present day,
Like precious gold that God's refined
Each time that I obey.
If by God's grace each heart is healed,
Forgiven and restored,
Then let our utmost be revealed
That we might please our Lord.

Denis Martindale, copyright August 2015.

A Gospel poem to be sung to the hymn
God Rest Ye Merry Gentlemen.
The lines have been shortened so they
should be an easier hymn to sing to...

A hymn based on Christian teachings in the book,
My Utmost For His Highest. This book was
recommended on the Revelation TV channel.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
that's part of the 'Church Without Walls'.

Denis Martindale

Kurt Poem

Has it o-Kurt to you this day... Lord Jesus came to save,
Not just to help, not just to pray... but overcame the grave?
Has it o-Kurt to you somehow... His Cross was not the end,
Not just that He is living now... but as the Sinner's Friend?

Has it o-Kurt to bless you, too... that Jesus is God's Son,
Not just a man, not just a Jew... but Christ, God's Holy One?
Has it o-Kurt to you this truth transcends all truths before,
Not just because it serves as proof to fill Mankind with awe?

Has it o-Kurt to you and yours... your friends and family,
Not just that Christ fulfills God's Laws... but also sets us free?
Has it o-Kurt to you to kneel... and give thanks to the Lord,
Not just because God's Son can heal... but Christ should be adored?

Has it o-Kurt to you right there... Christ is the King of Kings,
Not just a kindly man to care... but sovereign of all things?
I tell you this when I found out Christ died on Calvary,
It ended every single doubt... I knew God's Son loved me...

When revelation brings God's grace... and thus reveals God's plans,
My Saviour waits... for your embrace... with outstretched arms and hands!

Denis Martindale April 2018.

The Gospel poem was written for
Revelation TV's presenter Kurt...
and this was shared on the R-Mornings
show on Friday the 27th of April 2018.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581

and Vision TV on Freeview channel 264.

Denis Martindale

What Good Was Done For God?

Another month is almost done... what good has been achieved?
What did we do for Christ, God's Son... in whom we first believed?
What prophecies have come to pass? What miracles were seen?
Or did we think that life's a farce, like on each TV screen?
Did good works happen as God planned? Or did we stay at home?
Did we advance to take more land for Jesus or just roam?
Were broken hearts restored at all? Were families improved?
Did lost souls answer to God's call... or did they stay unmoved?

And what of us, the chosen few? Was God's Word stored within?
Did Jesus merely help us through... or guide lost souls to win?
Did we quote Jesus now and then? Or keep thoughts to ourselves?
Like shining lights switched off again... like unread books on shelves?
Was there a chance to give once more? A prompting from the Lord?
Amazing grace, not just the Law? Some promise of reward?
Another month is almost done... what good has been achieved?
What did we do for Christ, God's Son... in whom we first believed?

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale April 2018.

The Gospel poem was shared on Revelation TV's
R-Mornings on Thursday, the 26th of April 2018.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
and Vision TV on Freeview channel 264.

Denis Martindale

Strawberries! Strawberries! Strawberries!

Last Wednesday, I went out shopping, that's rare indeed for me,
Just walking along and stopping when something good I'd see…
But then my nose made me aware that strawberries were nearby,
I followed their scent upon the air until they caught my eye…
I licked my lips and gulped with glee… I got my wallet out…
Went in search for every penny and gathered these about…
I took my darling strawberries home and put these on a plate
And honey fresh from honeycomb poured out the jar so great…

Then came a slurping dash of cream anointing all below…
I smiled as if within a dream, as I surveyed the flow…
But then God stopped me just before I started on my treat…
Reminding me it was no chore, 'Give thanks for all you eat! '
And so I did, right there and then… For cash to pay my way…
For shops to visit once again… for such a sunny day…
No clouds, no rain, no storm, no gale, warm sunshine, that was all…
A little tan for me so pale… a strawberry miracle…

AND THEN… I swirled my spoon around and licked my lips as well…
AND RAISED a strawberry that was bound to cast its wondrous spell…
AND SUDDENLY I closed my eyes and my mouth opened wide…
And tasted Heaven's sweet surprise… with joy I couldn't hide…
I guess that I'm addicted now… it's strawberries every day!
Do I love them? Oh… Yes, and how! I hope I'll be OK…
Be careful what you wish for, friends! Or you'll be like I am…
The need for strawberries never ends, so don't get in a jam…

I'm running out of pennies soon… and then what will I do?
Just stare down at my empty spoon… red-faced and feeling blue…

Denis Martindale April 2018.

Denis Martindale

Trust Media!

Trust me, dear! I know it all... though I don't mean to brag...
No need to write, no need to call... I've got this in the bag...
Just take my word, trust what I tell... I've checked the facts and stuff...
I'm here to stay, won't say farewell... I'm here to bring the love...

I've got the good news and the bad... I've got news in-between...
So pick and choose, till you're real glad... at things you've heard and seen...
Investigations come and go... and interviews likewise
And pretty soon, you're in the know... more than you realise...

Trust me, dear! I know it all... reporters everywhere...
To watch the famous rise or fall... for fans who truly care...
Just quote the news so others learn... that way, they'll thank you, too...
Evaluate, discuss, discern... just like most folks would do...

So stick real close... by night and day... I'll keep you up-to-date...
God knows there's more news on its way... so not too long to wait...

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale April 2018.

Denis Martindale

Out Of Thin Air!

The poem came… out of thin air… right there, it came real close…
With wondrous words beyond compare… yet where from, no-one knows…
I sat with my computer on… fixated by the screen,
Before the wondrous words were gone… I typed them while still keen…
Should I have closed my eyes instead… refused to type a word?
No, I began to use my head… with my thoughts clear not blurred.

I placed my focus on each line… each verse I knew must be…
I kept on typing words so fine… they really spoke to me…
I'm not a slave, I'm just a friend… a partner, if you will…
Someone on whom new thoughts depend… to share each noble thrill…
I'm not averse to verse as such… I'm not opposed to prose,
I like each graceful phrase so much… thus my affection grows…

And even now, I'm writing stuff, no-one has typed before,
For poetry I've come to love, in fact, I'd like some more!
When inspiration's far away, I let new poems come,
I wonder what each has to say, to one and all, not some…
And if I sense I've played my part, to share something sublime,
I pray to God with thankful heart for every theme and rhyme…

Denis Martindale April 2018.

More rhymes get written on the spot…
for which I thank the Lord a lot…

Denis Martindale

Some Shower...

Some say this and some say that
and some say this and that
and some say yes and some say no
and some will stay and some will go
and some say up and some say down,
some act the fool, some act the clown
and some get busy every day
and others waste their lives away
and if some like that sort of stuff
then good for them for showing love,
but as for me, I'm sometimes glad
with all the poems that I've had
and that I don't like writing styles
that lack the common touch and smiles…
So that's the way it is with me,
I just like winsome poetry!

Denis Martindale April 2018.

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale

Prayers And Proclamations!

When we declare and we decree... what wonders will God do?
The Holy Spirit's there to see the best for me and you...
That's why sometimes we win and lose... like life's a lottery...
But even Jesus chose to choose hard times and Calvary...

Yet on that Cross of Christ that day... God listened to His prayers...
To every word that Christ would say... as every sin Christ bears...
And offered Jesus signs of hope... because one thief believed,
Such that Christ's words would cross the globe... so comfort was received...

God's grace had opened that man's eyes... no longer quite ashamed...
Yes, with the Lord in Paradise... that's what God's Son proclaimed!
So speak your words with faith and love... so that God will agree...
Then trust God's grace has proved enough... so miracles you see...

Because we serve the King of Kings... God's Son who's strong to save...
The Lord of Lords and all Christ brings... and even sins to waive...
Choose great prayers... and proclamations... as each disciple should...
Then let's reach out to all nations... with all that God calls good...

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale April 2018.

Prayers and Proclamations by Derek Prince.
Visit dpmuk-dot-org then select books...

The Gospel poem was shared on Revelation TV's
R-Mornings on Wednesday, the 25th of April 2018...
The title is based on the Christian book found on the
Derek Prince Ministries web site, as recommended
by Revelation TV presenter Yemi Balogun, on the
weekend late-night show, Voice In The Wilderness.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
and Vision TV on Freeview channel 264.

Denis Martindale

The Would-Be Poet...

The would-be poet sought the good… the noble and the best,
Through words, much loved and understood… so readers would be blessed…
But what to write and what to share… and what ways to improve?
Such questions, friends, should lead to prayer… for wisdom and for truth…

And so the would-be poet paused… 'Lord Jesus, guide me now…'
That was the humble prayer that caused a breakthrough, there, somehow…
For in the days, weeks, months and years… a flood of poems came,
Such that today, there are no fears… because of Jesus Name…

The poet isn't famous yet, but who knows? Maybe soon…
If not, there's time to write more prose… or words to fit a tune…
As long as life gets granted still… there's reason still to rhyme…
With words that charm and words that thrill… and words that prove sublime…

Denis Martindale April 2018.

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Don't Give Up On God!

God speaks the word and life begins... He speaks... then blessing flows...
He heals the sick... forgives our sins... and evil overthrows...
Through revelation here and there, He reasons with the sad,
He beckons saints to pause in prayer... with reasons to be glad...
His grace transcends our darkest days... His love proves our reward...
So listen to sweet songs of praise! Sing new songs to the Lord!

God's powers grant each miracle! Of that, we can be sure!
There's not one man who knows it all... yet God knows what's in store!
Our Father's love proves He's sublime! Praise God in Jesus Name!
How great is God? You'll know in time! So every blessing claim!
For our Redeemer's still alive... It's Christ we celebrate!
One day, the Rapture will arrive... It's soon and won't be late!

Denis Martindale April 2018.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

GodHunter.com

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
and Vision TV on Freeview channel 264.

Denis Martindale

Just Keep Pushing For Jesus!

Just keep pushing for Jesus Christ! Advancing, come what may...
When revelation's realised... that's when the saints should pray...
Like intercessors have before... prayer warriors and such,
Because we're in a holy war... God wants to win so much...
For there are adults, children, too... unsaved, right now on Earth,
Christ seeks to save through me and you... for each of these has worth...
Why else would Jesus die for these? Why else, except for love?
For He alone grants Heaven's peace... and grace that proves enough...

Just keep pushing for Jesus Christ! Advancing, come what may...
So each disciple gets baptised... stays faithful to obey...
Stronger together! All the time! That's how we're meant to be...
With miracles... divine... sublime... because of Calvary...
And when we meet the Lord, we'll stand... as one great multitude...
God will reveal what He had planned... when our lives get reviewed...
Rewards will prove the good deeds done... and crowns of glory, too...
That day we'll see lost souls God's Son has saved through me and you...

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale April 2018.

The Gospel poem was shared on Revelation TV's
Voice In The Wilderness late-night weekend show
on Saturday evening, on the 21st of April 2018...

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
and Vision TV on Freeview channel 264.

Denis Martindale

Amazing Grace For The Human Race!

Have you surveyed the wondrous Cross... like Christ's disciple John?
Considered such traumatic loss... and thought all hope was gone?
Watched Jesus as He wore a crown... of callous thorns that day
While blood was pouring from each frown... as that crowd chose to stay?
Or heard the scoffers full of doubt... when Christ was called a King?
Or Mary's sorrows crying out... while kneeling, wondering?

With John still staring at his friend... condemned at Calvary
And asking... if this was the end... must Jesus die for me?
Those in the Spirit have been there... they've seen the Roman swords...
Yet every day they say in prayer... Christ is the Lord of Lords!
Christ is the King of Kings, indeed! The Word of God, for sure...
The Saviour sent... so He'd succeed... like none God sent before...

Amazing grace came through God's Son... His Name's worth more than gold!
The Bible says what Christ has done... is the greatest story ever told!

Denis Martindale April 2018.

PoemHunter.com

The Gospel poem was shared on Revelation TV's
R-Mornings show on Friday the 20th of April 2018.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
and Vision TV on Freeview channel 264.

Denis Martindale

When Pastors Pray...

When Pastors meet and Pastors pray... God leans down from His Throne,
To listen to the words they say... and any wisdom shown...
He harkens to their fervent needs... desires, hopes and dreams,
For without Him, not one succeeds... regardless of extremes...
Not one can boast, save in the Lord, because of all He's done,
That's why the best are overawed... that God spared not His Son...
To think, Christ died for Pastors, too... yet now their flocks direct,
Perhaps they even pray for you... as one of God's elect...
What insights will such Pastors gain? What blessings will God send?
What projects started yet remain... on which God's saints depend?
I only know that God approves of Pastors young and old
And that through such as these God moves... when they're as good as gold!

Denis Martindale April 2018.

The Gospel poem was shared on Revelation TV's
R-Mornings on Friday, the 16th of November 2018...
since the two morning TV presenters are both Pastors.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
and Vision TV on Freeview channel 264.

Denis Martindale

Is Prophecy For Today?

When God declares and God decrees... and prophets learn the facts,
It's here and now the prophecies are sent so Man reacts...
From ancient times, this was God's way... His prime objective then,
Yet still today, God has His say... in the affairs of men...
How else could God explain the course that each saint's meant to go?
Yet once revealed, like opened doors... it's then we're in the know...

That's why God speaks and prophets hear... or see with visions still,
Perceiving wisdom, crystal clear... to serve God's perfect will...
It's why dreams visit us at night... that tell of things ahead,
It's why we gain some blessed insight... not facing life with dread...
It's why our God's still speaking now... for lost souls to reclaim,
It's why we seek new ways somehow... to preach in Jesus Name...

So let's quote Jesus and bring hope... let's use technology...
Yet most of all, let's reach the globe... by sharing prophecy!

Denis Martindale April 2018.

PoemHunter.com

The Gospel poem is for a Revelation TV Prophecy show
on Thursday evening, at 9 pm on the 19th of April 2018
and also refers to the 'Quote Jesus' London bus posters.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
and Vision TV on Freeview channel 264.

Denis Martindale

Patience! Patience! Patience!

A patient soul awaits the best... the best God's meant to be,
A patient soul still hates each test... each test God's meant to see...
So will we wait and hold our ground... with strong foundation laid?
Or will we fret... because we've frowned... at times we felt dismayed?
The choice remains... so, yes, of course... we choose to wait or fret...
Despite amazing grace God stores... for future times we'll get...
We'll stay alive, should God permit... to see our promised land
And that is all there is to it... for then, we'll understand...
So let the building take its time... and pay the bills that come,
For one day... it will look sublime... to one and all... not some...
Our faith will be rewarded then... and what good works we'll do...
So praise the Lord... for that day when... our patience got us through!

Denis Martindale April 2018.

The Gospel poem is about the building being done to create the Revelation International Centre which Revelation TV hopes will be the leap forward in their technological advancement. More studios, with the whole team in one building, so even better programmes can be produced to bless the whole world. The poem was shared on the R-Mornings programme shown on Thursday, the 19th of 2018 with the donations' updates.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
and Vision TV on Freeview channel 264.

Denis Martindale

Who Ought To Be Called A Poet?

Who ought to be called a poet? A writer who can rhyme?
Who picks out best words to show it? Whose words are quite sublime?
Or just the child with limericks? The old man all alone?
Or wordsmiths with their bags of tricks? Or bards thought as well-known?
Is it the lonely bachelor who from his longing sighs?
Is it the preaching minister revealing why Christ dies?
Is it restricted to the great and wisest of us all?
Is it the saints who celebrate a precious miracle?
Is it the nature lover, too, who walks the forest still?
Or mountaineer who sees the view upon some yonder hill?
Is it the man who sees the stars and seeks to praise the Lord?
Is it the guy who plays guitars and seems to strike a chord?
Or is it only me, dear friends, of all humanity,
Who types away or uses pens to share new poetry?
Or are you worthy of acclaim? Are you a poet, too?
If so, the Lord must know your name and all the good you do…

Denis Martindale April 2018.

PoemHunter.com

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
and Vision TV on Freeview channel 264.

Denis Martindale

What Do I Do With My Money?

What do I do with my money? I need the Lord's advice!
While, to some, that may sound funny... I really think it's wise...
He knows the bills I've got to pay... and those I don't have yet,
He's planned ahead for all I pray... so how could He forget?

I'm such a skinflint with my cash... and discounts helped me save...
With such resources I'm not rash... I'm cautious, Lord, not brave!
But then He comes again to ask, 'My child, it's time to give!
It's time that you complete this task... that others, too, might live!
My child, don't act like it's a chore! ' So I obey God's will...
And so, I goonce more... to websites God loves still...

Donating here... donating there... Until the Lord says, 'STOP! '
'Thank God for that! ' I say in prayer... 'At last, it's time to shop! '

Denis Martindale April 2018.

PoemHunter.com

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
and Vision TV on Freeview channel 264.

Denis Martindale

Brief, Simple And Beautiful...

I'm thankful I write poetry and write it on the spot,
The winsome words just come to me and help me out a lot…
The rhymes are structured to appear, conformed by syllables,
That's how I've written year by year to write these miracles…
For who knows what these poems bring? What wonders will they weave?
What joy of life or songs to sing God only could conceive…
And when He helps the poets write, I stand in total awe,
Then plead with God by day and night, Lord, help me write some more!
It's then I know, God's heard my prayer, it's proved this very day,
Because these words I seek to share are simply here to stay…
I wish that all could write as well, what tales we'd have, dear friends!
For each would have their tales to tell, because love never ends…
It's here right now, I feel it's close, it's truly beautiful…
It's like a light that never goes, it's undeniable…
Love has a magic all its own, a power none should fight…
And blessed are those to whom God's shown the words that they must write!

Denis Martindale April 2018.

PoemHunter.com

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
and Vision TV on Freeview channel 264.

Denis Martindale

How Did I Get Over Writer's Block! ?

I crept up on it… and I checked it out,
I leapt up on it…. and threw it about,
I gave it one almighty clout…
Grabbed it by its snotty snout…
Pulled its ears and made it shout…
All peaceful thoughts I chose to flout…
I squashed it flat till there was nowt…
I chose to write in faith not doubt…
That's when I really laughed out lout…

Denis Martindale April 2018…

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

How Many Saw The Saviour Die?

How many saw the Saviour die... although Christ was a King?
How many were just standing by... yet would not do a thing?
How many soldiers stood their ground... with swords and shields and spears?
How many heroes stayed around... when challenged by their fears?
How many women wept for Christ... or prayed upon their knees?
How many knew He sacrificed Himself to bring God's peace?
How many scoffed as Jesus bled... blaspheming one-by-one?
How many heard the words Christ said... and knew He was God's Son?
How many thought the world's gone mad... and slowly walked away?
How many mourned, condemned and sad... and yet still chose to stay?

I do not know what I would do... if somehow I stood there...
Among that crowd... or chosen few... to witness that affair...
Would I protest? Would I defend? Would I just stand instead?
Until the moment when my friend... Lord Jesus Christ was dead?
But this I know, Christ's friend stood close... with Mary at his side,
This man was John, as each saint knows... He saw Christ crucified...
Yet later on, with his own eyes... John saw the risen Lord!
His Gospel helps us realise what must not be ignored!
How many will the Saviour save? How many young and old?
What is the greatest gift God gave? The greatest story ever told!

Denis Martindale April 2018.

The Gospel poem was shared on Revelation TV's
Voice In The Wilderness, for the weekend late-night
programme shown on the 8th/9th of April 2018...

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
and Vision TV on Freeview channel 264.

Denis Martindale

We're Asking For Revelation!

Towards God's Throne, His saints must face, with faith restored through love,
Towards the Lord's amazing grace, whose answer proves enough...
Yet even if we don't receive... we know that others must...
Because of this, we still believe... and in our Saviour trust!

For we know what it cost that day... when Jesus chose to die,
When soldiers led our Lord away... and raised His body high...
He knew the pain of Calvary! He stayed with outstretched hands...
So we declare and we decree... that Jesus understands!

He knows the pain each heart can bear... the stress each mind can take,
He knows without our need for prayer... and pleading words we make...
We're asking for revelation... from Christ, the King of Kings...
With the hope of celebration... for everything He brings...

So don't give up... and don't give in... from Him, all blessings flow...
And when your miracles begin... you'll know... you'll know... you'll know!

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale April 2018.

The Gospel poem was shared by Revelation TV's
R-Mornings presenter, Lesley Conder, on
Monday the 16th of April 2018 at the end of
the show, following the Abort 67 updates...

It was also shared on Revelation TV's
Voice In The Wilderness weekend late-night
show on Saturday, the 21st of April 2018.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
and Vision TV on Freeview channel 264.

Denis Martindale

The Precious Creation Of Beauty!

When parents see their daughter grow... with smiles upon her face
And beauty there, for all to know... they think, 'Amazing grace! '
Because her smiles bless those nearby... her smiles none should replace,
For none could beat these should they try... so God bless hers always...

When parents see their daughter trust what Jesus has to share,
Recalling all that Christ discussed... and knows Christ hears each prayer,
They sense that Jesus saved her, too... that now she's in His care,
As if the Lord says, 'I LOVE YOU... WITH LOVE BEYOND COMPARE! '

When parents cherish all God gives... through beauty and through faith,
Believing that Lord Jesus lives... and that He's strong to save,
They praise the Lord, for He's sublime... in all good things He's shown...
To bless their daughter all the time... with beauty of His own...

Denis Martindale April 2018.

PoemHunter.com

The Gospel poem was shared on Revelation TV's
R-Mornings on Friday, the 13th of April 2018
and yet read out with this last line instead:

To bless their daughter all the time...
with beauty of her own...

Nice if the poem's recited that way, too...

The poem was also shared on Revelation TV's
Voice In The Wilderness weekend late-night show
on Sunday, the 15th of April 2018 as it was written
especially for Rev TV control girl, Bethany Conder.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,

the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
and Vision TV on Freeview channel 264.

The beautiful girl image is based on
the DONATE web page on Revelation TV.

Denis Martindale

Lord, I'd Rather Live Here Lonely...

I've got the TV on each day... and sometimes through the night
And yet, for me, that seems O.K., yes, somehow, that seems right...
I've got no wife I must defend, no children to fight for,
No-one on whom I can depend, just four walls and a door...

Lord, I'm still praying for the lost, of course, I donate, too...
I know how much salvation cost, the vicious death for You...
But I'm so weary of it all... I've got a broken heart...
Right now, I need a miracle... so I still play my part...

Lord, I'd rather live here lonely... I've no more need to roam,
There's no friend left to phone me... or visit me at home...
That's why I pray in Jesus Name, don't let me be ignored...
Outside, the world's no more the same, I wait the Rapture, Lord...

Denis Martindale April 2018.

PoemHunter.com

The Gospel poem was shared by Revelation TV's
R-Mornings presenter, Lesley Conder, on Wednesday,
the 11th of April 2018 in response to sickening news of
burglaries and the need to protect one another at home.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
and Vision TV on Freeview channel 264.

Denis Martindale

You Fascinating Little Poem, You!

You made me fall in love with you, just like a puppy would!
You charmed my heart with words so true and sentiments so good…
You nestled close next to my ears and whispered tenderly,
You treasure chest of smiles and tears, you winsome poetry!

You took me in, with words that rhyme, with upbeat beats as well…
You made me walk your themes sublime, your story lines to tell…
You tugged on heartstrings deep within, you caught me unawares…
You held me tight, you made me grin, you melted all my cares!

You challenged me to think again, to reason and discuss…
You guided me towards great men and even to Jesus…
You gave my soul a second chance, you taught me how to pray…
You even made me stand and dance and praise God every day!

I love you dearly, yes, indeed… I praise God you exist…
Somehow you answered every need… so how could I resist! ?

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale April 2018.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
and Vision TV on Freeview channel 264.

Denis Martindale

Bandersnatch

THERE'S NO MATCH
FOR BANDERSNATCH!

I made a logo just like that
On flamingtext-dot-com
St. Patrick's Day, page 20 it's at
but it's not there for long!

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

From Prophecy To Calvary...

From prophecy to Calvary... Christ's journey was decreed,
From Bethlehem to Bethany... the Lord fulfilled Man's need...
Jerusalem was yet in store... the visitation set,
The time for people to adore... Palm Sunday still and yet...
Beyond that day, Christ faced His fate... Passover to prepare,
Last Supper Christ would celebrate... Gethsemane in prayer...
But then, for Jesus, no way out! The Cross of Calvary!
Despite His fear, despite His doubt! Christ died for you and me...

It's prophecy that led Him still... for He knew all flesh dies,
But He loved God! Obeyed His will... when promised He would rise!
So death was not the end for Christ... or that friend on the cross,
The Lamb of God was sacrificed... God led Him there because
Although we've sinned, our sins are waived! Today, we're Heaven bound!
We've been baptised! We're blessed! We're saved! And yet we're still around!
But there's a day in prophecy, the Rapture of the dead,
And then we, too... yes, you and me... up to our Lord are led!

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale March 2018.

The Gospel poem was shared by Revelation TV's
R-Mornings presenter, Lesley Conder, on Tuesday,
the 20th of March 2018. This poem is based on
Derek Walker's book, The Panorama Of Prophecy
which was mentioned in the show, To The Point,
shown on Monday, the 19th of March 2018...

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
and Vision TV on Freeview channel 264.

Denis Martindale

Adam Nuisance...

Of all the madness ever known that blighted humankind,
This tragedy must stand alone, of all that come to mind,
For Eve told Adam Satan's lies… such that they both believed,
In hope that each would then be wise.. and yet each was deceived…
God gave them life, yet they chose death… their blessings were reversed
And from that moment they drew breath, both knew that they were cursed!

And even now, the Earth is, too, while it spins round and round…
God's curse hurt me until I knew I could be Heaven-bound…
The Easter Story showed the ways Mankind could play the fool…
Yet God gave me amazing grace, while still a child at School…
I'm now a man, I'm born again, like billions God has blessed,
Yet can't forget the madness when Mankind refused God's best…

Denis Martindale April 2018.

PoemHunter.com

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
and Vision TV on Freeview channel 264.

Denis Martindale

How Many Lost Souls Still To Save?

How many lost souls still to save? How many hearts to reach?
How many left that misbehave, with minds so hard to teach?
How many children taught in School, while God is left outside?
How many choose to play the fool, for whom the Saviour died?
How many mansions must Man build, while people starve to death?
How many wars, so more get killed and breathe their final breath?

How many spaceships must Man send, to prove that God exists?
How many years to comprehend, if each man's heart resists?
How many healings yet remain that Jesus must perform?
How many must each doubter gain, till each cold heart grows warm?
And how are we to serve God more.. now we've revelation?
The finest blessing, that's for sure, meant for every nation...

Stronger together! Day-by-day! Yet God seeks lost souls, too...
Perhaps that's why we pause and pray... there's so much left to do...

Denis Martindale April 2018.

PoemHunter.com

The Evangelism poem was shared on the Revelation TV's
Voice In The Wilderness late-night weekend programme,
on Sunday, the 8th of April 2018 at the end of the show.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
and Vision TV on Freeview channel 264.

Denis Martindale

What's Easter All About?

'What's Easter all about? ' they ask,
'What's Easter all about? '
And so I set about the task...
To share my faith not doubt...
I spoke of Easter hymns I knew...
And Isaac Watts as well,
Who wrote his hymns for me, for you...
With such a tale to tell...
The greatest story ever told
Was his delight to share,
Six hundred hymns, as good as gold...
As he took time to care...
Yet Isaac didn't die for us
Upon a cross of wood...
For that honour fell to Jesus,
The only One who could...

Denis Martindale April 2018

PoemHunter.com

The Gospel poem is based on seeing the
Revelation TV show Classic Praise on
the 8th of April 2018 which included
a video about the Crucifixion as well
as explaining the Gospel ministry of
the wonderful hymn writer Isaac Watts.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
and Vision TV on Freeview channel 264.

Denis Martindale

What Is The Poem All About?

What is the poem all about? Simply fancy phrases!
That from the mind pop out and sprout, from all sorts of places...
Just basic rhymes, like I love you... Yes! I love you, dearly...
Just basic rhymes, out of the blue, sometimes picked sincerely...
Then throw in sentiments to suit, or challenges that stir,
Descriptions of somethings quite cute, like kittens with soft fur...
Or maybe just a limerick, a silly joke, no more...
Or something that gets on your wick, you hate, but can't ignore
Of pretty maidens in a row, some teenage angst expressed,
Confessions that we're meant to know, some girl gets off her chest...
Or stories that might praise some men, known heroes young or old,
Or Scriptures quoted now and then, or prophecies foretold...
Or maybe there's a masterpiece, a blessing for Mankind
The Holy Spirit oversees, that's like pure gold refined...
Or something that I wrote today, to pass away the time,
That says it all, some winsome way, with phrases here that rhyme...

Denis Martindale April 2018.

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale

Have You Time For Revelation?

Have you time for revelation? An hour now and then?
Have you time for restoration? And if so, tell me when?
Can you take time? Can you make time? Can you take part as well?
For revelation proves sublime! It's how God saves from Hell...
For when the Gospel light gets shone, the Easter Story's shared,
Believers learn what's going on... such that each one's prepared...

Good News, of course, stays paramount... and uppermost in minds,
With blessings that we're meant to count... as we discern God's signs...
Who knows when Jesus will appear? Is that this year or next?
That mystery remains unclear... no wonder, we're perplexed!
And yet, by faith, let's still raise funds... let revelation grow...
Be glad, of course, if you gave once! You could give TWICE... you know!

Denis Martindale April 2018.

The Gospel poem is in regard to the fundraising for
Revelation TV and for its worldwide Christian TV
ministry and building the new International Centre...
The Gospel poem was shared by R-Mornings presenter,
Lesley Conder, on Wednesday, the 4th of April 2018...

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
and Vision TV on Freeview channel 264.

Denis Martindale

Utmost Grief

There was a time of utmost grief,
A dalliance with disbelief,
Depression came as though a thief,
Alas, that time was long not brief…
Below the mouth that hides my teeth,
I bore my burden like a wreath
And there it dangled underneath,
The emblem of my sorrow…

Yet I persisted, day by day,
Knowing that it chose to stay,
Causing me to pause and pray,
Asking why God should delay…
Yet melancholy had its way,
Causing my wrecked soul to stray,
With that damned wreath still on display,
The emblem of my sorrow…

Upon a quest I chose to go,
Perchance that then my strength would grow,
Perchance new hope would overflow,
To combat dark thoughts borne of woe…
And only then, God made me know,
The awesome debt to Christ I owe,
Till at His Cross I knelt below,
The emblem of my sorrow…

Denis Martindale April 2018.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

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the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
and Vision TV on Freeview channel 264.

Denis Martindale

Jesus, The Lamb Of God!

Lord Jesus knew what this week meant... no need to tell Him so...
His miracles were Heaven-sent... yet soon He had to go...
To leave behind disciples here... tormented by their grief,
With every kind of mortal fear... and even disbelief...
The prophecies must come to pass... the whip, the crown, the Cross...
Man's wisdom but a fragile farce... Christ's life itself the loss...
And soon my Saviour's Blood was shed... the end for Christ was nigh...
By faith, my Saviour paid Man's debt... as Mary wept nearby...
Behold the Lamb of God, indeed... no other lamb for me...
Because His Cross fulfilled each need... that day... on Calvary...
Yet let's rejoice that God forgives, despite Man's evil hours...
God raised His Son, Lord Jesus lives! He's yours, He's mine, He's ours!

Denis Martindale April 2018.

The Easter and Resurrection poem was shared on
Revelation TV's weekend late-night programme
Voice In The Wilderness, shown on Saturday the
7th of April 2018 after the Crucifixion video.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
and Vision TV on Freeview channel 264.

Denis Martindale

How Noble Must The Saviour Be?

How noble must the Saviour be? How could He serve God best?
One miracle for all to see? A healing touch that blessed?
A prophecy for all to hear? A word of knowledge shared?
A servant's heart throughout each year? Long prayers to prove He cared?
A psalm of praise to write and sing? Share parables as well?
Perhaps a precious tithe to bring? Or strongly warn of Hell?
Or simply say, 'Be born again! ' and thus help minds transform?
Or walk on water now and then? Control the raging storm?

Or bring God's Kingdom not by force... just preaching with a smile?
Or ride a donkey, not a horse? Or walk the second mile?
I know that Christ was Heaven-sent... and Holy Spirit led,
He wanted sinners to repent... that's why Christ's Blood was shed...
The Lamb of God was crucified... and yet He chose to stay...
His precious life was sacrificed... to take our sins away...
How noble must the Saviour be? Enough to die for us...
We found that out through Calvary... the day we found JESUS!

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale March 2018.

The Easter poem was shared by Revelation TV's
R-Mornings presenter, Lesley Conder, on Tuesday,
the 27th of March 2018, before the short video
in which we saw the many ways how some children
show respect to one and all at school. Later on,
presenter Felicity shared her Easter poem as well.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
and Vision TV on Freeview channel 264.

Denis Martindale

Thank You! Thank You! Thank You!

Was this one week just one more week? Just seven days, no more?
Or was this week something unique... for which God had plans for?
If so, then what? Good News or not? Life's such a mystery...
Was there some plot someone had got... to end in tragedy?
Lord Jesus knew what this week meant... no need to tell Him so...
His miracles were Heaven-sent... yet soon He had to go...
To leave behind disciples here... tormented by their grief,
With every kind of mortal fear... and even disbelief...

His heart grew heavy deep within... no wonder that Christ prayed,
Yet Christ was born to die for sin... death must not be delayed...
But Jesus trusted God each day... awaiting destiny...
Gethsemane gave time to pray... till Judas, He would see...
The prophecies must come to pass... the whip, the crown, the Cross...
Man's wisdom but a fragile farce... Christ's life itself the loss...
And soon my Saviour's Blood was shed... the end for Christ was nigh...
By faith, my Saviour paid Man's debt... as Mary wept nearby...

Behold the Lamb of God, indeed... no other lamb for me...
Because His Cross fulfilled each need... that day... on Calvary...

Denis Martindale March 2018.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

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and Vision TV on Freeview channel 264.

Denis Martindale

Clocks Spring Forward!

Clocks spring forward and watches, too... computers follow suit,
So nine's now ten, it's true, it's true... when Spring comes, that's quite cute...
And so, this day, time Marches on... this hour changes hands,
And blessed are those who know it's gone... according to Man's plans...
I'll change each clock at home today... each watch that's working still,
From nine to ten, yes, straight away... and won't that be a thrill?
Then my recorders I'll reset... so that they're up-to-date,
So that the programmes I still get... not early or too late...
Has my TV updated now? I wonder, yes or no?
If not, I'll change it soon, somehow... if I must make it so...
Must I change Freeview and Freesat... and others just like Sky?
If yes, at least, when I've done that... I'll prove how time can fly...
It's only once a year for this... till Autumn's back again,
Then it's all change! Oh, my, what bliss... when nine replaces ten...

Denis Martindale Sunday the 25th of March 2018.

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Very Important!

To think, Man gets attracted to the mundane things of life...
The daily tasks that we must do... that sometimes cause us strife!
The constant grind that hurts each heart determined to stay free...
The nagging doubts that won't depart... the pains of poverty!
Yet this I know, for I've survived... and thus each challenge met...
There's holy joy I've still derived... despite times of regret!
I've put aside the foolish things... like playing games and such...
I've cast out what each sadness brings... I've given up so much!
I've simplified this life of mine... that others I might bless...
I've searched out truths that prove divine that grant me happiness!

I've trusted God and Jesus, too... without them, I'd be lost...
Amazing grace has brought me through... despite the awesome cost!
Because I know Christ died to save each sinner He could reach...
Yet most of all, their sins to waive! So that they, too, could preach!
Christ's Blood has proved the miracle... and that's why He's adored...
That's why I share Good News with all... then share the risen Lord!
How long we've left I fear to tell... for soon Christ will return...
And this, God's angels know full well... yet let us, too, discern!
When Jesus comes, dear precious saints, our present lives are done...
It's then each one of us acquaints ourselves with Christ, God's Son!

Denis Martindale March 2018.

The Gospel poem was shared on Revelation TV's
Voice In The Wilderness weekend late-night show,
early on Sunday morning, the 25th of March 2018,
before the beautiful Gospel song, Ancient Words.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

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the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
and Vision TV on Freeview channel 264.

Denis Martindale

Rhyme And Reason

My opened eyes mean I see things, some precious, some profane,
Yet words are strange, for they grow wings, to fly inside my brain…
And there they nestle, while I think and question what each brought,
Until they take me to the brink of what each writer thought…
The choice is mine when words I see, for I could turn away,
They either draw me magically or else I cannot stay…
Yet if I stay, what will I gain? A treasure chest revealed?
Or just a puzzle in my brain, a mystery concealed?
I take the risk, perchance to find, some blessing meant for me,
Some wondrous words to tease my mind, the thrill of poetry,
The open door to God's own heart, the window of Man's soul,
The ancient tomes, still play their part and thus fulfil their role…
Yet God grants time for me alone, when I write words to share,
A time for rhyme when on my own and no-one else is there…
When words assail this mortal frame and gather fervently,
Pressed down like grapes to then proclaim sweet truths that I must see…
My opened eyes help me write down the letters word-by-word,
When inspiration forms a crown by which my mind is stirred…
As if to bless with gems and gold, much richer than before,
With just a new tale to be told, something to fill with awe…
God gave great reason I must write and read and edit, too,
The reason I write day and night… is you… and you… and you…

Denis Martindale March 2018.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

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the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
and Vision TV on Freeview channel 264.

Denis Martindale

Passport To Confusion...

It's thanks to Europe I'm confused, who rules the British Isles?
The years have passed, I'm not amused, I'm rarely prone to smiles.
They've passed so many foolish laws, our leaders then agreed
And now that these have run their course, we've seen their flaws succeed.
I'd like to see us leave behind the follies of the past,
That none would think in their right mind would come and stay and last...
I'd like to say farewell to France and Germany as well,
It's only now we've got the chance! Break free and break the spell...
I'd like to see the British blessed, yet that of course takes time...
But once we're free, we'll prove we're best... and that will be sublime!

Denis Martindale March 2018.

The poem questions the role of the British in
Europe: Is it time to leave, or time to stay?

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

What Does Romantic Poetry Do?

In a short span, poetry reaches towards the eyes and ears
and meanders towards the human mind
and from that labryinthian task presses on,
via the very blood itself, towards the human heart,
then warms it with exquisite and yet delicate sentiments,
till overwhelming it with the uttermost love,
the greatest and best it can offer to a fellow human being,
if that human being is ready, willing and able to love in turn.
Else, the journey through words to phrases,
to sentences to exclamation marks,
would prove to be in vain, rather than in vein.
So follow the trail of poetry towards the human heart,
for there's no other way to love...

Denis Martindale 2018.

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

How Could I Love Her More?

I have one heart, I have one mind, one spirit and one soul
And yet today, of all Mankind, I seek to play a role...
The chance to stand before my love, declaring all I seek,
With hope my love may prove enough, not common, but unique...
Enough to bless my love each day, enough to make her smile,
Such that I thank God when I pray, as she walks down the aisle,
For on that wedding day to be, the day I say, 'I DO..'
She looks at me, for all to see, then she says, 'I DO..' too.
Else all is lost, my hopes are done, my dreams to melt and fade...
All future years are lost not won, no children could be made...
No family could we then share, no joys ahead in time,
No birthdays blessed beyond compare, no Christmases sublime...
My fate rests with the one I love, the children yet to be,
I pray she finds my love enough, when I ask, 'Marry me...'

Denis Martindale March 2018.

PoemHunter.com

This is my poem for the 2,500 mark
on the poemhunter poetry website.

Denis Martindale

Revelation Of The Rapture!

Revelation of the Rapture makes miracles seem tame,
A billion souls to capture because of Jesus Name...
To raise the dead who sleep in Christ... then those alive on Earth,
Not just a few God highly prized... because they proved their worth...
The Lord decides the day, the hour... the second we must leave,
With one almighty sign of power... believers to retrieve...
And when it's come and when it's done... the doubters may still doubt,
While we're all gone and with God's Son... for we've been taken out...

I envy no-one left behind... with all their cares and woes,
The remnant there, of all Mankind, despite the love we chose...
For we believed God sacrificed His one and only child,
That each of us could be baptised... in His Name, reconciled...
If only revelation brought a billion more and yet...
The doubters didn't spare a thought they'd face such great regret...
No share of love, or joy, or peace... No chance of Christ's caress...
No crown of gold for such as these... No robe of righteousness...

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale March 2018.

The Gospel poem was shared by Revelation TV's
R-Mornings presenter, Lesley Conder, on the
19th of March 2018. Later, in the afternoon,
the 'To the Point' show was about the Rapture...

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

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the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
and Vision TV on Freeview channel 264.

A Gospel video is on YouTube
thanks to Faye's Faith-in-GOD
and was added in December 2019.

Denis Martindale

Blessed By Serenity!

A songwriter got up one morning and even before dressing for the day was sitting down and writing a brand new song that had come in a dream.

The words appeared upon the page like a stream from that dream…

‘Wow! ' declared the songwriter! ‘To think that God gave that new song to me! To ME! '

Then the songwriter began to sing a favourite hymn learnt many years ago, ‘How Great Thou Art! ' And having sung that song from start to finish, the songwriter paused to pray…

‘What will You do with my new song, Lord? '

Then the Lord spoke to make things clear…

‘It wasn't your song… It wasn't My song… It's OUR song! '

The songwriter smiled. Then these words were spoken in a delicate whisper…

‘Tell My people… God offers serenity to the world, if you are blessed by serenity, you are truly blessed indeed.'

Denis Martindale March 2018.

This was written for songwriter Serenity Landis…

Denis Martindale

The Lovely Love Of Jesus!

The lovely love of Jesus grows! It's building day by day!
And that's the truth each Christian knows... if faithful still to pray!
It's through such love this world was made! It's how forgiveness came!
The love of Jesus cannot fade! That's why we praise His Name!

The lovely love of Jesus lives... because it cannot die!
Just think of everything it gives! More joys! Less times to cry...
And while there's life, there's hope, of course... with resurrection peace...
A peace surpassing all Man's wars... a peace that cannot cease...

The lovely love of Jesus, friends! That's what God wants for you!
A perfect love that never ends... a love steadfast and true...
Look on His hands, look on His feet... look on His heart as well...
Because I did, my life's complete... God's Son saved me from Hell...

The lovely love of Jesus brings a heart of flesh and more...
The strength with which each angel sings... and they can sing, for sure...
They praise the Lord, they serve the Lord... They harken to our prayers...
That's why they're always overawed... at just how much Christ cares...

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale March 2018.

The Gospel poem was shared on Revelation TV's
Voice In The Wilderness weekend late-night
show on Sunday, the 18th of March 2018...

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
and Vision TV on Freeview channel 264.

Denis Martindale

Because Of Jesus, I Have Hope!

Because of Jesus, I have hope... my hope comes from the Lord,
Christ changes hearts across the globe... with faith to stand assured,
Forgiven every sin we've done... and sins as yet to be,
For God the Father loves His Son... who died on Calvary!
For there is power in His Blood... and power in His Name!
Ascending like a mighty flood... to take away our shame...
Lord Jesus died for all Mankind... upon the Cross of Christ,
That's why the Father's so inclined... to see us all baptised...

While there's a sun and moon above... and stars that span the skies,
Remember this, that God is love! More than you realise!
And so, I'm asking you, right now... to pray a prayer with me,
To close your eyes and humbly bow... praise God for Calvary...
The price was paid by Jesus there! Salvation's on the line!
If we're sincere, God hears each prayer... Yes, even yours and mine...
No other other Saviour should I know... He overcame the grave...
No other Saviour could I know... like Christ who's strong to save!

Why then resist what Christ can do... when sins are washed away?
The Bible says that GOD LOVES YOU! GOD LOVES YOU night and day!

Denis Martindale March 2018.

The Gospel poem was shared on Revelation TV's
Voice In The Wilderness late-night weekend show
on Saturday, the 17th of March 2018.

The Gospel poem's title is the message
of Franklin Graham and the Billy Graham
Evangelistic Association for the blessing
of the UK... More details on the official
website, where visitors can subscribe to
receive Gospel news, views and updates.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
and Vision TV on Freeview channel 264.

Denis Martindale

My God, My God, Why Have I Forsaken You?

Unmerited favour was mine... the day I first believed,
When You, by grace, sent love divine... the day that I received,
Yet life's temptations made me frown... to melt my faith away...
Till one by one, they took me down... because I chose to stray...
From grace I fell, I stood alone... condemned by God and Man,
Departing from my Saviour's Throne... devoid of any plan...
An aimless soul, a broken heart... a lost sheep once again...
No self-control and no fresh start... a man like other men...

And days went by, then months, then years... then decades slowly, too.
And still I strayed, held back my tears... despite the truths I knew,
That God is able to forgive... if humble we would be,
More willing that we still might live... because of Calvary...
Yet one day came, the day I wept... my heart cried out once more,
A day of fasting then was kept... like those I kept before...
And years of sins were washed away... thanks to my Saviour's Blood,
The tide was turned and so I pray... to You, Almighty God...

Accept this sinner to be blessed... for once I was baptised,
Forgive the worst, enhance the best... the best that comes through Christ...
If not, there's nothing I can do... but ask, Thy Will be done...
Like Jesus Christ, who prayed to You... because He was Your Son...

Denis Martindale March 2018.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

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and Vision TV on Freeview channel 264.

Denis Martindale

What's On My Mind! ?

What's on my mind! This much I know...
I've got a skull that won't let go...
And so my brain stays in the dark,
It gets no walkies in the park...
It throbs with blood the live-long day,
The blood flows in then goes away...
Thus oxygen keeps it alive
A few more moments to survive...
No matter if I sleep or wake,
It's always there, for goodness sake...
I get a headache now and then,
It's no good counting up to ten...
I take a pill to calm things down
And melt away each care and frown...
While thoughts bounce left and thoughts bounce right,
Till brainwaves help this guy look bright...
And then my little heart feels glad
Rejoicing I'm no longer sad...
Until I'm forced to fall asleep,
To go to bed and breathe in deep...
And then my mind starts playing tricks,
With every random dream it picks...
What's on my mind! This much I know...
I've got a skull that won't let go!

Denis Martindale March 2018.

Denis Martindale

To Calvary And Beyond!

Jerusalem and Jesus Christ... these two forever known,
The place God's Son was sacrificed... the place true love was shown,
With John and Mary standing there... compelled to see it all,
Heartbroken, sobbing unaware before God's miracle...
For Jesus could have run away... escaped into the night...
Instead, the Saviour chose to stay... and do what God thought right...
He loved the Father way too much! How could Christ let Him down?
That's why He suffered whips and such... and why He wore that crown...

I wasn't there to save His skin... or soothe His final breath,
My Saviour died... my soul to win... He's Jesus of Nazareth...
Before I lived... Christ died for me... the Bible tells me so...
That's how I found through Calvary the kindest love I'll know...
And yet God raised Him from the dead... with proofs we could discern,
So we quote Jesus... who once said... 'My friends, I will return...'
We wait the Rapture fervently... we pray to see that day...
Fulfillment of His prophecy... then up, up, up... away...

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale March 2018.

The Gospel poem was shared by Revelation TV's
R-Mornings presenter, Lesley Conder, on the
14th of March 2018 shortly after the superb video
of the beautiful ladies singing Amazing Grace...

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
and Vision TV on Freeview channel 264.

Denis Martindale

Transfixed By Beauty!

When I first saw her eyes of blue, I stared at her amazed,
The way admirers often do, before such beauty's praised,
That's why she stared right back at me, a somewhat puzzled girl,
As if I were a mystery, a guy caught in a whirl…
Then I explained, to her surprise, how wondrous her eyes were,
A brilliant blue to visualise or thought that should occur.
My father had such eyes, I said, my brother shared these, too,
I know I've got brown eyes instead, but I'm thrilled I met you!
And then she smiled, for she felt blessed, she said I'd made her day,
She'd made mine, too, I stood impressed and couldn't walk away…
I stood beguiled, just like a child, held captive by her face,
Then all at once, my thoughts went wild, should I risk an embrace?
But suddenly, she turned and left… the magic spell had gone…
And there I stood, a man bereft, alone, to carry on…

Denis Martindale March 2018.

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

We Can Only Imagine!

God's Word has a chapter telling of the Rapture,
God's promise to the Church of Jesus Christ...
God's Word helps us measure His eternal treasure,
That's set aside to serve the saints baptised...
Each Christian heart still yearns the time that Christ returns,
It spurs us on towards renewed success,
While revelation grows, God's love still overflows,
In hearts and minds that only Christ can bless...

That's why we preach each day, no matter what they say,
No matter if they still refuse the Lord,
For love compels us here... and that love stays sincere,
It's love like that which shouldn't be ignored...
And though the world may scoff, the day we're carried off,
I pity those on Earth who yet remain,
Though offered grace enough, they still refused God's love,
Amazing grace God grants in Jesus Name...

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale March 2018.

The Gospel poem was shared on Revelation TV's
Voice In The Wilderness weekend late-night show,
on Palm Sunday the 25th of March 2018 and with
details of the denismartindale co-dot-uk poems...

There's a Gospel film about the Christian song called,
I CAN ONLY IMAGINE which was written to express
the Christian believer's feelings on meeting Jesus...
This poem is about the prophecies of the Rapture...
the time when billions will meet Jesus, the Messiah...

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

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the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
and Vision TV on Freeview channel 264.

Denis Martindale

Be Transformed By The Renewing Of Your Minds

Once set alone, with just your mind,
Can thoughts become unkind?
Can they condemn each act, each sin,
Such that you just can't win?
Can they pour out, like snakes about,
To hiss each solemn doubt?
Can they speak truths, can they speak lies,
Enough to fool the wise?
Can they express each nagging fear,
Like demons dancing near?
Can they dismiss the Saviour's love,
Think His death not enough?
If so, condemn each thought in turn,
Salvation we can't earn...
God's gift of grace is His to give,
His kindness helps us live...
By faith, to Heaven, we proceed,
God's Word is all we need...

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale March 2018.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

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and Vision TV on Freeview channel 264.

Denis Martindale

The Elegance Of Eloquence

When rhymes come to an end,
it will be because God decides it must be so.
Till then, we are meant to use rhymes, sometimes.
There are poets who think in terms of conversations,
like they're confessing their innermost feelings,
to someone in the same room, to those nearby,
perhaps screaming out a poet's pain, or shouting for joy,
or with gentle whispers, with short pauses between phrases,
as if momentarily collecting their thoughts,
before uttering them to anyone else at all.

The rhyming poet is merely acting by faith,
that there's a rhyme that's meant to come,
even after the first part has been written down or typed out.
There's a mystery tour, in that the poet is searching,
for the first parts of each possible rhyme that's sublime.
So don't think the poet knows what's going on every single time,
that's the exact opposite of experience or reality.

PoemHunter.com

It's that lived-out mystery tour, reaching a profound conclusion,
that makes the latest poem all the more exquisite
and something to be savoured and respected,
just for all the good that will result in its sharing.
For sometimes, it will reach across the world,
to all those that are capable of enjoying that language,
that elegance, that eloquence, that word of comfort,
that phrase of fantastic effect.

So, it's no wonder that God must be pleased,
with all the great poets who ever lived
and each gift bestowed upon these writers
and their ministry of wisdom through love.
For surely, an unpaid poet deserves greater honour
than the poet that is paid, or becomes famous,
for each poem given freely is more precious in God's sight.
And should it rhyme and please the listening child,
or the adult silently reading, then all the better,
for any extra joy, any measure magically expressed,
any anointing of the Lord, beyond the written text,

beyond the initial sentiments, thoughts, aspirations and dreams.

For who knows if such a new poem is translated,
into another language with beauty all its own?
To be spread abroad to the hearts and minds
of a few million or a few billion more?
So be glad whatever structure is initially preferred,
for the singular choosing of each word, that so preciously stirred
to bless and assist the penning poet to press on,
throughout the years and the decades of poems yet to be...
for such is the endurance and the power of poetry...

Denis Martindale March 2018.

Denis Martindale

Of Whom The World Was Not Worthy...

I met a poet who was poor… no money to his name…
Yet he kept writing more and more… for sharing was his aim…
No payment offered or received… no aid, grant or support…
But he had faith, for he believed that God would bless each thought…
And I believe that when he died… God sent two angels down…
To wipe away the tears he cried… and then give him his crown…
If not, then there's no justice, friends… for poets still on Earth,
Who write with love… till each life ends… if no-one sees their worth…

Denis Martindale March 2018.

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Let Us Pray For Mother's Day!

For just one day, it's Mother's Day! A time meant to reflect,
This great tradition to obey! A time to show respect...
When spoken tributes mean so much... and gifts are offered, too,
Responding with that human touch... when gifts say, 'I LOVE YOU! '

A chance to cherish memories... and good times that were spent,
Or hopes for harmony and peace that's truly Heaven-sent...
When hugs are common... smiles abound... that's just the way it is,
When sweets... like treats... are passed around... as signs of heartfelt bliss...

The scents of flowers fill the rooms, from vases on display,
To join the fellowship of blooms, in bountiful array...
And God is smiling on His Throne... while joyful angels sing...
And celebrate the joy that's shown... that Mother's Day can bring...

Denis Martindale
Mother's Day, March 2018.

PoemHunter.com

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
and Vision TV on Freeview channel 264.

Denis Martindale

Wonder Woman, Supergirl And More!

Wonder Woman has her standards... and Supergirl has hers,
The Christian woman has God's words... each chapter and each verse...
Each proverb, psalm and prophecy... and God's amazing grace,
Salvation found at Calvary... where miracles took place...

The Christian woman has God's love... no other love comes close,
The tender Saviour smiles above... when such love overflows...
The Holy Spirit grants her gifts... to bless her ministry
And that is why her spirit lifts... and says, 'The Lord loves me! '

She seeks the Lord in all she does... she intercedes as well,
She listens as the men discuss the truths God seeks to tell...
She blesses others when she can... like Mother Mary could,
Because she knows God has a plan... to use her for the good...

The Christian woman does her best... compassion fills her heart,
That's why, sometimes, she needs to rest... because she played her part...
Praise God for her... and those like her... that Jesus will save, too...
If you're like her, then you're super! No wonder God loves YOU!

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale
International Women's Day the 8th of March 2018.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
and Vision TV on Freeview channel 264.

Denis Martindale

Show Me Revelation Tv

So many ways our God to praise... yet live TV proves great,
So we tune in and spend our days... so we can celebrate...

With quality that's unsurpassed... the finest in the land,
With quality that's meant to last... just as the Lord has planned!

We learn how much Lord Jesus cared... that helped us when we prayed...
We learn so much... as views are shared... so we keep up-to-date...

Consider teachings we receive... then what we choose to use,
So we help others to believe... the Gentiles and the Jews...

When God alerts us to each task... we stand equipped and blessed,
With wisdom... should we need to ask... so that we do our best!

Great things God sent... so that we're stirred! That's why we watch TV...
Yes, praise the Lord! Let's share the Word! As that's our destiny!

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale March 2018.

The Gospel poem is based on seeing Revelation TV's
presenter, Rachelle Fisher, telling us how to view
the Revelation TV channel on the Apple TV box with
the black remote control. SHOW ME REVELATION TV.
R-Mornings TV presenter, Melanie, shared the promo
poem, before the end of the first half of the show,
on Wednesday morning, the 7th of March 2018 and yet
who knows how many thousands heard this new poem?

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
and Vision TV on Freeview channel 264.

Denis Martindale

Fifty-Two Reasons!

Fifty-two weeks in every year... that doesn't change, dear friends,
Each week's a chance to bring good cheer... for God's love never ends!
And if the Gospel truth expands... across this precious Earth,
Together, we fulfill God's plans... and tell the Saviour's worth!
It doesn't end when March begins... or April, May or June
And that's so easy to convince... look at the sun and moon,
Look at the stars that shine at night... the planets far away,
Look at the snowflakes pristine white... and with thanksgiving pray...

Fifty-two weeks, they come and go... Christmas and Easter, too,
Such that they offer time to grow... and show what God can do...
One pound a week for charity... or given just one time,
Reminds us still of Calvary... and true love that's sublime...
For Christ alone... upon His Throne.... transcends both time and space,
Enough is known... enough is shown... let's share amazing grace!
Christ died... yet lives... for you, for me... to bless your life and mine!
From Calvary to ministry, let revelation shine!

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale March 2018.

The Gospel poem was shared by Revelation TV
R-Mornings presenter, Lesley Conder, on the
13th of March 2018, to promote and support the
Revelation TV ministry and its future plans to
share and declare the Gospel of Jesus Christ,
throughout the fifty-two weeks of the year...

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
and Vision TV on Freeview channel 264.

Denis Martindale

From Earth To Heaven!

When Billy Graham first began, to stand firm on God's Word,
He praised the Lord, God had a plan, that he could be assured!
For Jesus Christ had died to save, his soul, so long ago,
That he might testify his faith, that others, too, might know!
That's why, by faith, his crusades blessed, through his sincerity,
For he believed Christ did His best, then died on Calvary!
And knowing Christ arose from death, made Billy all he was,
To think, Jesus of Nazareth should die upon a cross!
To think, lost souls could find release, like chains to fall away,
That God forgave, then granted peace, amazing grace each day!
That motivates our hearts within... and Billy said it all,
He spoke the Word, "The Bible says..." He shared God's miracle!
It's by faith, Man is forgiven! By faith, so trust assured!
Billy's gone, from Earth to Heaven, to Jesus Christ, His Lord...

Denis Martindale the 5th of March 2018.

PoemHunter.com

I saw the video of Billy Graham's funeral
and it was during this that Franklin Graham
spoke the words, "From Earth To Heaven"
and I was immediately filled with the desire
to write the new poem and then email it and
pray God would share it quickly...

Shortly after the Billy Graham's funeral video,
the Gospel poem was shared on Revelation TV's
R-Mornings show, on the 5th of March 2018.

After Doctor Richard Kent told us about
God's miracle DNA, presenter Felicity
read out this poem and it was followed by
the showing of a new Gospel film clip
about the blessing of the Gospel song,
I CAN ONLY IMAGINE...

The next R-Mornings show was on the
6th of March 2018 and it was good to see

more tributes to Billy Graham. The poem was shared again by presenter Melanie, along with Billy Graham Crusade photos.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV, the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581 and Vision TV on Freeview channel 264.

Denis Martindale

God's Momentous March Of Time!

Moment by moment, time goes on... to march to its own beat,
Another day has come and gone... its prophecies complete,
But there's one day, that's yet to be... the day that Christ returns,
Till then, it's God's great mystery... beyond what Man discerns...
Yet come that day, the world will stare... when fear strikes every heart,
They'll weep that they neglected prayer... and that they played no part...
They'll mourn they didn't fast at all... nor give their firm support,
They'll sigh they got no miracle... or brought a praise report...
No tithes were offered to the Lord... no sacrifice for sin,
Our Saviour, Jesus, they ignored... that's why the lost won't win...

Prayer journals none sought to possess! Prayer warriors they weren't...
They lacked all godly happiness... for Scriptures they'd not learnt...
They're sinners, losers, every one... they're outcasts one and all,
Not trusting Jesus as God's Son... God's finest miracle!
They've disobeyed without restraints, betrayed both young and old!
Alas, for such as these, dear saints... the ones you should have told!
Baptised, in Jesus Name, you've prayed... God's heard your prayers sublime,
Yet now reflect how far Man's strayed! Repent... redeem the time...
Don't count your blessings, yet not share what God's done through His Son,
Make every lost soul well aware... Christ died... for every one!

Denis Martindale March 2018.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
and Vision TV on Freeview channel 264.

Denis Martindale

Caesar, The Day...

It's easy to seize a Caesar,
He's just another man,
It's easy to tease a teaser,
For all you need's a plan…
And yet to kill young Julius,
That's not a pretty thing,
And so the Ides are infamous,
As prophesied to bring…
But Caesar carried on quite brave,
Regardless, come what may,
Dismissing claims he wasn't safe,
Until his final day…
Then Brutus was a brute for sure,
As Caesar soon found out,
Thus Caesar's dead for ever more…
Of that, there's no more doubt!

Denis Martindale March 2018.

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale

God Ready! God Willing! God Able!

Our God is great! Our God is good! He works through miracles!
He makes Man's future understood... before His judgement falls...
Declared to Gentiles and to Jews... through ancient prophecies,
Such that this world has no excuse... when judgements must increase...

If we bless Israel, we are blessed! If not, the chance has gone,
So we should harken in the West to how we carry on!
Align with evil or repent! God makes the choices plain...
Forsaking grace when Heaven-sent... or being born again...

God's saints get baptised, then they serve... by faith they show true love,
They preach God's Word across this Earth, like angels do above!
God's saints support what must be done... they seek to save the lost,
Equipped by grace through Christ, God's Son... because He paid the cost!

So it is done, declared, decreed! Established, set in stone!
The Gates of Hell shall not succeed... for God is on His Throne!
While ready... willing... and able... to see such matters through,
Our God proves He is wonderful... but can God count on YOU?

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale March 2018.

The Gospel poem was shared on Revelation TV's
Voice In The Wilderness late-night show, on
Saturday, the 3rd of March 2018, just after such a
beautifully presented Gospel Song called Who Am I?

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
and Vision TV on Freeview channel 264.

Denis Martindale

Confession Of A Sinner...

Dark minds think dark thoughts
and compressed in time, compose unpleasant moods,
saturating the hopes and dreams with vinegar,
pulling ideas apart like chicken bones at a feast,
till all that remains is that constant nagging whine,
that oppressing voice that some call guilt,
but that many know as their sorrows and unfruitful whims,
merely trampled like wheat, no longer fit to eat…
Would that I were so bold, to stand tall once more,
shaking off the manacles of sin, hearing them fall,
then to walk freely as a toddler across Heaven's floor,
reaching up to the Father's arms, without fear, just love.
If only, cries my soul, yet blood-guilt burdens me,
for the blood, that I helped shed from others in battles,
is crying out still, even before God's Throne this day…
May God therefore be gracious and kind unto me,
else all is lost, including my very soul…

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale March 2018…

Denis Martindale

God Bless Revelation And Compassion!

Revelation and compassion! These two walk hand-in-hand,
Yet they're not some trend or fashion! They're ministries God planned!
Such that the sun and moon and stars are witnesses of these,
Awaiting what must come to pass, as these two seek to please!
The saints combine in partnership, prayer warriors as well,
Prayer journals tracking every trip, with praise reports to tell...

Finances gather, year by year, to help God's children smile,
To thrill each noble heart with cheer, all doubts to reconcile!
So money comes and money goes, such that good works abound,
Empowered prayer then overflows, in ways that can astound!
In Heaven, where God's angels sing, before God's Holy Throne,
They're thankful Jesus is their King and that His sheep are known...

Saints follow Him each time He leads! Amen! For He will bless
Each precious saint who intercedes... to share God's happiness!

Denis Martindale February 2018.

PoemHunter.com

The Gospel poem was shared by Revelation TV's
R-Mornings show on Monday,26th of February 2018,
reminding viewers of the Compassion charity's projects,
as well as ordering Revelation TV Prayer Journals!

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
and Vision TV on Freeview channel 264.

Denis Martindale

Revelation And Compassion!

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Each precious saint who intercedes... to share God's happiness!

Denis Martindale February 2018.

PoemHunter.com

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

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and Vision TV on Freeview channel 264.

Denis Martindale

Billy The Kid! Billy The Man!

Billy the kid, that's all he was... a child and not much more,
Yet God led Billy to the Cross... to show what life was for...
So Easter came and Easter went... and Billy soon grew tall,
Yet few believed him Heaven-sent... just like a miracle...
The day he learnt the King of Love had died to save his soul,
He humbly prayed to God above and asked, 'Lord, take control...
I'm now a man, have You a plan? A plan to use me here?
If so, I'll do the best I can... just simply make things clear...'

That was, of course, the turning point... his day when born again,
The time that God chose to anoint this man among all men...
Such that, from small beginnings grew, a team that chose to serve,
As if they were God's chosen few... to seek lost souls on Earth...
Stronger together, every day! In partnership for Christ,
With God's forgiveness to relay what Jesus sacrificed...
The Bible says! The Bible says! That's what lost souls were told,
That God is near to hear our prayers, no matter, young or old...

So don't dismiss each kid you meet who won't amount to much,
When God forgives, He makes complete, then grants that guiding touch...
God has a plan for every man, if humble he would be,
Who strives to do the best he can, like Christ on Calvary!

Denis Martindale February 2018.

The Gospel poem was shared on Revelation TV's
Voice In The Wilderness late-night show, on the
25th of February 2018. This is dedicated to the
Christian life and eternal legacy of Billy Graham,
who passed away on the 21st of February 2018.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,

the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
and Vision TV on Freeview channel 264.

Denis Martindale

The Prophet And The Poet

The dream began as darkness fell… and I perceived a change,
When prophecy bade me foretell the years ahead so strange…
The coming battles, then a war, like Man has never seen,
The Earth was shaken to the core, more than it's ever been…

Catastrophe! Great loss of life! A stricken worldly age,
Beyond Man's thoughts of pain and strife, true horror centre stage…
The punishments were so severe, I screamed in agony,
At everything that Man should fear that I was forced to see…

Such that I forced myself to wake, still trembling in my bed,
My burdened heart so close to break, yet I must live instead…
To write truths down fresh from my mind, to state these one by one,
The weapons that Mankind designed brought death by moon and sun…

From secret places came such things, set loose like poisoned darts,
They soared like eagles without wings, then scattered to all parts…
And then they fell from yonder skies, to swoop, attack and kill,
Condemning Man as most unwise, defiant of God's will…

The slaughter demons gathered all, like locusts on the land,
They snatched away both great and small, just as the Devil planned…
And I saw God observing death, the angels silent there,
Then Jesus Christ of Nazareth screamed out in earnest prayer…

'Not yet…' said God. 'But soon, My Son…' That's when the angels cheered…
They knew God's countdown had begun… and thus their tensions cleared…
And then arose their songs of praise, despite the world in pain,
Because they knew what must take place… when Jesus comes again…

Denis Martindale February 2018.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

End Time prophecies explain the future...
Find out more by watching Revelation TV,

the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
and Vision TV on Freeview channel 264.

Denis Martindale

Thank You, Billy Graham!

When revelation's close-at-hand, hold fast to what seems good,
Then pray to understand what's planned, so that God's understood...
For only then are nations blessed, yes, heart-to-heart and more...
The Holy Bible proves God's best... of that, you can be sure!
The Gospel's preached from heart-to-heart... it's blessed because we pray,
The Gospel Truth each must impart, since Jesus is the Way...
In stadiums and Crusade tents, in Churches far and wide,
Explaining verses and events and why Lord Jesus died...

Christ died for Gentiles and for Jews... what more could Jesus do?
Praise God for Crusades with Good News, declaring, 'God loves YOU! '
God's Son, Jesus of Nazareth, the King who took our place,
Though crucified, arose from death... triumphant, full of grace!
No wonder preachers testify, by faith, right from the start,
Like Billy Graham, sharing why Christ lived within his heart...
Like Billy, let's respond to Christ, that we, in turn, might grow!
Let's share the faith he highly prized, that others, too, might know...

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale February 2018.

The Gospel poem was shared on Revelation TV's
Voice In The Wilderness late-night show, on the
24th of February 2018. The poem is dedicated to the
Christian life and eternal legacy of Billy Graham,
who passed away on the 21st of February 2018.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
and Vision TV on Freeview channel 264.

Denis Martindale

God Bless Billy Graham!

Lord, I'm just a work in progress... a project on the go,
Sometimes I'm full of happiness.. when I see blessings flow...
Sometimes I doubt what's meant to be... then Good News comes my way,
Sometimes I seek serenity... to bow my head and pray...
Sometimes I stand up for what's right... not yielding like the rest,
Sometimes I teach with great insight... and those nearby get blessed...

Sometimes I search out secret things... yet help me realise,
Sometimes I need the King of Kings... and true love to be wise...
Sometimes the Gospels come to mind... and I quote Jesus then,
Sometimes a treasure trove I find... Psalm twenty-two... Amen...
Sometimes I sing like angels can... in perfect harmony...
Sometimes I sigh for every man... recalling Calvary...

Be patient till my time to go... whatever my reward...
For always, always, this I know... my work's not finished, Lord!

Denis Martindale 22nd of February 2018.

PoemHunter.com

The Gospel poem was shared on Revelation TV's
R-Mornings on Thursday, the 22nd of February 2018,
just before 11.30 am... The show was dedicated to
the Christian life and eternal legacy of Billy Graham,
who passed away on the 21st of February 2018.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
and Vision TV on Freeview channel 264.

Denis Martindale

Praise God For The Easter Promise!

Praise God for the Easter promise! Praise God for prophecies!
Because, through Jesus, we are His, thanks to the Prince of Peace...
God gave His promise long ago, His Saviour for Mankind,
Then put His prophets in the know, with truths that we could find,
Psalm 22 points us to Christ and what Christ had to do,
Because God's Son was sacrificed... by all Man put Him through...
The Easter Story tells us still... it's graphic... full of pain...
And yet our Saviour served God's will, our hearts and souls to gain...
Such that through Jesus Christ alone, the Holy Spirit lives
In those to whom God's grace is shown, in those our God forgives...

That's why we praise God for the Cross... the nails... and crown of thorns...
For nowhere else was there such loss where Mother Mary mourns...
Yet joy was promised once again.. from death, Christ would be raised,
To prove He is the Light of men... and worthy to be praised...
When doubting Thomas saw His Lord, He honoured Him as such,
The Son of God was thus adored and loved so much! So much!
The Church began with Pentecost, when Holy Spirit blessed,
It's up to us to save the lost, praise God, then do our best...
Praise God for the Easter promise! Praise God for prophecies!
Because, through Jesus, we are His, thanks to the Prince of Peace...

Denis Martindale 19th of February 2018.

The Gospel poem was shared by Revelation TV's
R-Mornings presenter, Lesley Conder, on Tuesday,
the 20th of February 2018, to promote the Gospel
through Easter cards to buy and share with others.
The details for the Easter cards then followed
the sharing of the poem, just after 11.30am...

YouTube has this video promo for RTV Europe..
Search for Easter Cards and view the one with the
Cross of Christ and the poem, The Easter Promise.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!

DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
and Vision TV on Freeview channel 264.

Denis Martindale

Building Momentum!

Building momentum, every day, increasing stage by stage,
We thank believers when they pray, no matter what their age...
The young, the old, the in-between, great Christians on our side,
They're ever faithful, ever keen, their love's so hard to hide...

With them, we know, the battle's won, they give without regret,
Investing with us, for God's Son, so that the bills are met...
So that the building work proceeds, towards the final task,
To prove their faith by noble deeds! That's what God chose to ask...

That's why we share our praise reports... so that the saints feel blessed,
Such that this work stays in their thoughts... such that they still invest...
We're here with Good News we must tell, as miracles come by!
This year is special, use it well... Dig deep and then build high...

Denis Martindale February 2018.

PoemHunter.com

The Gospel poem was shared by Revelation TV's
R-Mornings presenter, Lesley Conder, on Monday,
the 19th of February 2018, giving thanks to all
the viewers and their faithful support for this
Christian ministry shown on UK Sky and Freeview.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
and Vision TV on Freeview channel 264.

Denis Martindale

From The Saviour To The Father!

If you've been saved, now born again, no matter where you roam,
I pray that you remember when God's home became your home...
The Saviour and the Father shared true love's amazing grace,
The day the Saviour proved He cared, then took each sinner's place...
Such that Christ suffered shame and loss, such that He said farewell,
Yet dying there, upon His cross, saves sinners' souls from Hell...

And yet, to think, when this was done, was that the end? Oh, no...
The Heavenly Father raised His Son, so that the Church would grow...
And even now, Good News is taught, like pearls to bless the wise,
Who thank God for each praise report, the mercy God supplies...
If you've been saved, now born again, no matter where you roam,
I pray that you remember when God's home became your home...

Denis Martindale February 2018.

The Gospel poem was shared on Revelation TV's
Voice In The Wilderness prayer programme show
on Saturday evening, the 17th of February 2018.

PoemHunter.com

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581.

Denis Martindale

You Have Been Warned!

IF YOU DON'T WANT A DAMN GOOD FRIGHT,
DON'T LOOK UNDER YOUR BED TONIGHT!
FOR WHAT YOU FIND YOU CAN'T FORGET!
YOU'LL LOSE YOUR MIND! YOU'LL GET UPSET!
YOU'LL RUN SO FAST! YOU'LL LEAVE SO SOON!
WHY BE DOWNCAST OR EVEN SWOON?
BLANKETS ARE MEANT TO HIDE YOU WELL...
IF HEAVEN-SENT, WHY GO THROUGH HELL?
IF YOU DON'T WANT A DAMN GOOD FRIGHT,
DON'T LOOK UNDER YOUR BED TONIGHT!

Denis Martindale February 2018.

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

God's Riches At Christ's Expense...

Can I outgive this God of love and all His gifts so far?
If so, then how much is enough? My home or just my car?
Or everything that I hold dear, esteemed to be of worth?
Or years of patient service here, upon the planet Earth?
I'll praise the Lord, the King of Kings, declaring Jesus Name,
Such that I humbly bear all things, revival still to claim!
Despite God's blessings that I see, I've known both good and bad...
By faith, these eyes saw Calvary, with Mary there, so sad...
Each time the Cross of Christ I face, I find new strength to live!
For there, I find amazing grace outgives all I could give!

Denis Martindale January 2018.

G.R.A.C.E. means God's Riches At Christ's Expense!

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

PoemHunter.com

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Denis Martindale

God's Riches At Christ's Expense!

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Denis Martindale January 2018.

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GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

PoemHunter.com

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581.

Denis Martindale

From February To February!

From February to February, let revelation shine,
Beyond the sweet serenity of each blessed Valentine,
For revelation comes to those that seek the Lord each day,
It's like a rose that grows and grows, a rose that's meant to stay...
If Christians grow from strength to strength, just think of prayers they'll make
And what the Lord will do at length, because of Christ's Name's sake...
So please support this noble cause this generation needs,
It's something we should reinforce, let's pray that it succeeds...
Yes, revelation shares God's Word each time we pause to look,
Such that each saint can stand assured, thanks to God's Holy Book!
From February to February, let revelation shine,
Because this is our legacy, your ministry and mine...

Denis Martindale January 2018.

The Gospel poem was shared on Revelation TV's
R-Mornings show by presenter, Lesley Conder,
on Wednesday, the 31st of January 2018.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581.

Denis Martindale

Debt-Free At Last!

When all my debts were fully paid, I got down on my knees
And once again, I prayed and prayed, contented and at peace...
No bailiffs banging on my door! No car to take away!
To settle debt and even more, with extra fines to pay...
Just normal bills, received each week, each fortnight, month and year.
So much less chance, when things looked bleak, then long term loans to fear.
The Book of Proverbs helped me save, each time I sought advice,
When times were bad, I lived by faith, till I could pay each price...
When sales were on, I wasn't rash, I learnt to shop around
And only then, I spent my cash, on bargains that were sound...
Don't think that I just thought of me, because I still donate,
To every cherished charity that God would call first rate...
When revelation points things out, I thank God that's occurred,
I'm debt-free now, without a doubt, by listening to God's Word!

Denis Martindale January 2018.

PoemHunter.com

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581.

Denis Martindale

God Knows That You Are Wonderful...

God knows that you are wonderful, each time that you show love,
Compassion is a miracle that always proves enough...
For you give food, clean water, too... with clothes and blankets sent,
Yes, angels praise the Lord, it's true... They know you are His friend...
No longer distant, or estranged, your sins have been addressed,
Such that your life was more than changed, such that your heart stays blessed...

You serve the Saviour, Jesus Christ... quote Jesus from God's Word
And praise God, chose to be baptised... when God, your spirit stirred...
And thanks to Jesus, you press on, His witness to Mankind,
So faithful, now all doubts have gone, as blessings come to mind...
No wonder you are wonderful... deserving of acclaim,
Like Peter, John and James... and Paul... who preached in Jesus Name...

Denis Martindale February 2018.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581.

Denis Martindale

I Wish I Could Give More...

Despite the bills that I must pay, I still like charities,
That's why I struggle and I pray, 'Oh, Lord, show mercy, please...'
I've learnt some ways to save again, so money saved stays here,
So later on, I'll pray... and then... I'll donate without fear...
Then I start saving even more, grab bargains when I can,
Until God prompts me, like before, to help my fellow man...

The money comes, the money goes, good works then bless the globe,
Such that I know joy overflows, like streams of love and hope...
To live within my means takes strength, resisting treats I like,
Yet I will go to any length before temptations strike...
That's how a poor man can still give, not wanting a Rolls-Royce,
Just helping others, so they live, based on my Saviour's choice...

Denis Martindale February 2018.

PoemHunter.com

The Charity poem was shared on
Revelation TV's R-Mornings show, on
Thursday, the 8th of February 2018...

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581.

Denis Martindale

Praise God For Revelation!

When revelation comes to you... and Good News makes you smile,
Each blessing helps to get you through... to walk that extra mile...
Such that the Lord deserves your praise, of that you can be sure!
Rejoice and share His love always... for who could ask for more?
When hidden talents shine at last... and confidence begins,
Each gift from God may grow so fast that everybody wins!

It's then the stranger to the Church approaches with fresh hope!
Rejoice that Jesus helped this search and gave new strength to cope...
When tithes are gathered one by one, disciples fast and pray,
Each sacrifice will help God's Son to bless each brand new day...
God's revelation has prepared the Church more than enough!
While there are Christians, grace gets shared... through Christ, the King of Love!

Denis Martindale February 2018.

The Gospel poem was shared on Revelation TV's
Voice In The Wilderness late-night show, on
Sunday, the 4th of February 2018...

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581.

Denis Martindale

Snowflakes...

Some people are quite dainty souls, like snowflakes, falling fast,
If they don't govern all controls, you'll see them look aghast...
It's like they want things running smooth... straight on, not left or right,
It's like, for them, things can't improve, whenever doubt's in sight...
So God looks like He's on their side, when things are going well,
At other times, they've sighed and cried, like they've been put through Hell...
Yet years roll by and God is good, their bad times fade to nought,
It's like, at last, they've understood, so why, through doubts, be caught?
** ** ** ** ** **
The bad times come, yet they stand tall, no longer quite as weak,
They're hoping for a miracle that God grants what they seek...
Sometimes He won't, sometimes He will... and yet, by faith, they know
He comforts them when poor or ill, then blessings overflow...
But those who stay the way they were, are snowflakes to the end,
They see the sad things that occur, then say God's not their friend...
I pray that you are not like that... I pray your faith stays strong...
No snowflake and no scaredy-cat when problems come along...
** ** ** ** ** **
I've had my share of problems, too, the aches and pains and stuff...
Yet Jesus tells me, 'I LOVE YOU! ' and that's more than enough...
** ** ** ** ** **
** ** ** ** ** **
Denis Martindale February 2018.

The Gospel poem was shared on Revelation TV's
Voice In The Wilderness late-night show on
Sunday, the 11th of February 2018.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581.

Denis Martindale

Yeah, Me, Too...

Do you believe in God above... and His amazing grace?
That Jesus is the King of Love... and worthy of your praise?
Do you consider Calvary... and what Christ had to do?
The place He died for you and me... Well, do you? Yeah, me, too...
Do you believe the Holy Ghost can guide you day by day?
To grant the best, to help you most... to lead you on your way?
That He will bless what must be done... so wisdom helps you through?
To overcome, with battles won... Well, do you? Yeah, me, too...

Do you take hold of gifts received, then share with others met?
Equipped for plans that God conceived... so there's no need to fret?
To persevere, Good News intact... Old Testament and New?
Accepting each truth as a fact... Well, do you? Yeah, me, too...
Do you await the Lord's return... this war-torn world to save?
Then study Scriptures, so you learn... and preach God's Word by faith?
Do you take heart, with God in mind... just like the chosen few?
And do you pray for all Mankind? Well, do you? Yeah, me, too...

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale February 2018.

The Gospel poem was for Revelation TV's presenter,
Yemi Balogun and the late-night TV show called
Voice In The Wilderness... and the poem was shared
on Saturday, the 10th of February 2018.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581.

Denis Martindale

Yes, Lord! I Gave At The Office!

Yes, Lord! I gave at the Office! I also gave...
I know my money I won't miss... now it's no longer mine...
It's Yours to do with, as You will, so bless it in good time,
Such that You do what You do still, to make such gifts sublime...

One day, I know I'll give again, till then, be patient, Lord!
I've got no clue, I know not when... yet You can be assured!
Amazing grace, received so far, must guide my steps once more,
I'm fired up, just like a star! Love's what I'm living for...

For revelation makes me laugh, to see beyond bad news,
It's there with hope to light my path... for Gentiles and for Jews...
It's there for Israel, every day, Jerusalem is blessed...
Its prayer line helps each saint to pray, that's why I'm so impressed!

I know I'm not a millionaire... Dear Lord, that's up to You...
And yet, for now, receive my prayer, help me do what I do...

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale February 2018.

The Gospel poem was shared by Revelation TV's
presenter, Lesley Conder, on the R-Mornings show,
on Tuesday, the 6th of February 2018...

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581.

Denis Martindale

God Bless Us, The Church Without Walls...

God bless us! The Church Without Walls, though scattered far and wide,
Because we pray for miracles, through Christ, the crucified...
For there are signs and wonders sought, yes, every day and night
And we love every praise report, when Jesus shows His might...
For He's the Saviour of Mankind, the healer we turn to,
He's in each heart, He's in each mind, He's here to guide us through...

Valentine's Day! We launched with love, the ministry we share,
From small beginnings, just enough! Anointed by each prayer...
Room for improvement? Yes, indeed! We worked to get things done!
We're still determined to succeed... for Jesus Christ, God's Son...
Amazing grace grants His rewards, that's why each angel sings!
Praise God, for He's the Lord of Lords! Yes, He's the King of Kings!

Denis Martindale 13th of February 2018.

The Gospel poem was shared on Revelation TV, on UK
Sky 581, which has been caring and sharing the Gospel
for 15 years, from 2003 to 2018.R-Mornings TV presenter,
Lesley Conder, loved the viewers' birthday greetings today...

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581.

Denis Martindale

One Song After Another!

There is a place for which I long,
A place of harmony,
God's angels congregate in song,
All thanks to Calvary…
There is a faith that makes me strong,
For all eternity,
A hope forgiving every wrong,
All thanks to Calvary…
There is a purpose and a plan,
God's perfect symmetry,
That God proved through the Son of Man,
Through Christ and Calvary…

Denis Martindale
Sunday, the 11th of February 2018.

Watch videos of Amazing Grace
and How Great Thou Art...
Shared on Revelation TV's
Voice In The Wilderness show.

PoemHunter.com

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581.

Denis Martindale

It's Not Long Now!

Each Valentine must show they've cared, as that's the thing to do!
Have you got all your gifts prepared, when saying, 'I LOVE YOU! '?
Have you a poem so sublime that's on your mind again?
Or will you get some hints in time, reminders now and then?
An evening out, booked in advance, has that been sorted out?
Or have you left it all to chance, is there some niggling doubt?

Is there a bracelet made of gold, or necklace, or a ring?
Or some surprise yet to unfold... so you can't say a thing?
Is there a red rose somewhere close next to a greetings card?
A message there God only knows, that's poured out from your heart?
If all goes well, you'll pass each test, so true love's understood!
I envy sweethearts God has blessed! They've really got it good!

Denis Martindale February 2018.

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

The Awesome Ministry Of Revelation!

To those who stand with us and pray, thank you and God bless you!
To those who planned to build each day, thank you and God bless you!

For you will strengthen all we seek, to preach Good News in Christ,
The Lamb of God who stands unique, through all He sacrificed...
To think, throughout the years we've known, you've been there from the start...
That's how we knew, we're not alone, God bless your noble heart...

Donations came because you cared, for lost souls God would save,
We praise God for each one He spared, because each time you gave...
We love you truly, in Christ's Name, for all good works you've done...
For with one voice, we still proclaim, Lord Jesus is God's Son!

Denis Martindale January 2018.

The Gospel poem was shared on Revelation TV's
Voice In The Wilderness late-night show on
Saturday, the 27th of January 2018...

PoemHunter.com

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581.

Denis Martindale

Jesus Christ Is On Your Side!

Christ comes to you, arms open wide for blessings to take place!
Praise God! Jesus is on your side! Receive amazing grace!
Will you respond with smiles as well, or weep with joyful tears?
Or stand like statues in a spell, condemned by shame and fears?
Did Jesus die to save from sin? YES! Jesus died for you!
Did Jesus conquer death and win? YES! Thank God that is true!

Valentine's Day comes once a year, yet God's love stays and stays!
God's Kingdom's here, so volunteer! Share God's amazing grace!
YES! Hold on to the love God brought... Consider gifts He gave...
Then hold on to each noble thought... each miracle of faith...
Your legacy is born each day... each gift you give is known...
It prospers each time you obey... still building by God's Throne...

Excited by Jesus? Yes or no? Excited by Heaven still?
If YES, quote Jesus as you go! If you won't, others will!

Denis Martindale January 2018.

PoemHunter.com

The Gospel poem was shared by Revelation TV
R-Mornings show presenter, Lesley Conder, on
Wednesday, the 24th of January 2018...

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581.

Denis Martindale

Darkest Hour

The tiger and the lion fought, as told in years gone by,
When nations in World Wars are caught, the bombs begin to fly...
And on each land and on each sea, the armies want to win,
As if such wars were meant to be, yet who would first give in?
If neither side would yield at all, more soldiers would be lost,
Civilians, too... yes, each would fall... regardless of the cost...
Advice was there, for all to hear, but courage had to speak,
Despite the horror and the fear, one voice stood out unique...

It shouted in the wilderness, against advice so far!
So loud, right there, it must impress! No matter who you are!
A miracle, of course, began, just like a rose to grow...
It changed the heart of each good man, 'Choose freedom, yes or no! '
And prayers ascended to God's Throne, 'Let freedom foster peace! '
Such that God made His power known... upon the lands and seas...
The tide was turned and people cheered, with courage born again,
Enough to face the foes each feared, in World War Two... AMEN...

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale January 2018.

The poem is based on the film, Darkest Hour,
the World War Two story of Winston Churchill...
More info here: darkesthour-dot-co-dot-uk

2 discussions: Simon Barrett with film reviewer
Deanna Fletcher, on RTV Presents and presenter
Cyrus Fernando with reviewer Krish Kandiah...

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581.

Denis Martindale

Pray For More Wisdom And More Power!

Don't think when things are going great that you don't need to pray!
It's well with you to celebrate, yet intercede each day...
You need more wisdom and more power, for you and others, too,
You need more grace to come each hour, to do what you must do...
That's why Lord Jesus prayed and prayed with true humility,
That's why His Father He obeyed... and died on Calvary...
That's why His Father heard Him still... and raised Him up from death,
For none like He obeyed God's will, until His final breath...

Remember Stephen, Peter, Paul... recall the Saviour's grace,
Each praying for a miracle, a blessing to take place...
While now together, with the Lord, their legacies live on,
Don't let their witness be ignored, despite the fact they're gone...
God gave you life, a precious gift, yet if you're born again,
You've got to pray... or else you'll drift... and wander now and then...
Yet if you pray, the angels smile and sing their songs of praise...
More wisdom and power! All the while! May God grant you, ALWAYS!

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale January 2018.

The Gospel poem was shared by Revelation TV
R-Mornings show presenter, Lesley Conder, on
Tuesday, the 23rd of January 2018...

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581.

Denis Martindale

Jesus, You Are Too Much!

The finest thoughts of all Mankind came through revelation,
The highest thoughts that we could find grant us celebration,
Such that the blessings overflow, like waterfalls of grace,
Like sunshine that was meant to glow upon each Christian's face...
And love like this goes on and on, forever, without end,
It's not like Man's love... here, then gone... if Jesus is your friend...
The Friend of Sinners, yet much more, Good Shepherd, King of Kings,
The Lamb of God none should ignore, because of all Christ brings...
Who else has done what Christ has done? What man could match the Lord?
If all God's angels praise God's Son, then He must be adored...
No wonder with each healing touch, Christ proves His grace enough!
Yes, Lord Jesus, You are too much! You are the King of Love!

Denis Martindale 21st of January 2018.

The Gospel poem was shared on Revelation TV's
Voice In The Wilderness late-night programme on
Sunday, the 21st of January 2018.

PoemHunter.com

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581.

Denis Martindale

Thank God For Pink Roses!

Pink roses bloomed outside her home, the true love of my life,
Her lips as sweet as honeycomb, yet would she be my wife?
She tended roses tenderly, no wonder that they grew,
Yet if she showed such love for me, I know that I would, too.
That's why I sort of walked on by, beyond her garden wall
And thus enthused with, 'My, oh, my! They're like a miracle!
I envy you such roses there, my roses aren't that fine...
If only you could come and care... Please, please, come visit mine! '

And so she came, left all behind, to check my roses out...
And then she pruned all things entwined, to leave more room about...
That's how my roses grew so well, pink roses just like hers,
The rest of course, no need to tell, to those whom love occurs...
My lady love has taken root, inside my very heart,
Now both of us are quite astute, such that each plays their part...
I've learnt to prune with happiness, I've learnt how to enhance,
I've learnt all my wife's ways to bless... Now we both talk to plants!

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale January 2018.

Denis Martindale

From Genesis To Jesus Christ!

When Adam sinned through Eve's advice, they both lost all they had,
For their rebellion brought its price, from then on, things went bad...
God gave a promise so sublime, redemption yet to be,
Until the fullness of that time... that time was Calvary!
God's only Son had to remain upon His Cross held high,
A time of sorrow and of pain, a time Christ had to die...
Yet God proved Christ the King of Love, the Saviour of Mankind,
That's why God raised His Son above, no body left to find...
Disciples know the Saviour well, His Name they honour still,
For He's God's Son who saves from Hell, according to God's will...

Denis Martindale January 2018.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

PoemHunter.com

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581.

Denis Martindale

From Genesis To Jesus!

When God created everything that Man would need on Earth,
He sought to bring it all to plan and thus to prove His worth,
That He could show His perfect love and His amazing grace,
Yet even these proved not enough, as proved by what took place.
When Adam sinned through Eve's advice, they both lost all they had,
For their rebellion brought its price, from then on, things went bad...
From Eden's beauty they were sent, to work the land they found,
Forgiven sin, should they repent and yet by guilt still bound...

God gave a promise so sublime, redemption yet to be,
Until the fullness of that time... that time was Calvary!
God's only Son had to remain upon His Cross held high,
A time of sorrow and of pain, a time Christ had to die...
Yet God proved Christ the King of Love, the Saviour of Mankind,
That's why God raised His Son above, no body left to find...
Disciples know the Saviour well, His Name they honour still,
For He's God's Son who saves from Hell, according to God's will...

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale January 2018.

The Gospel poem was shared on Revelation TV's
Voice In The Wilderness show on Saturday evening,
Sunday morning on the 13th/14th of January 2018.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581.

Denis Martindale

Great Prayers Made Britain Great!

Man's prayers were blessed in times gone by
And these made Britain great!
The Union Jack was flying high
With cause to celebrate...
The King James Bible set the tone,
Translating Scriptures well,
To show how Jesus could atone
And save lost souls from Hell...
Great prayers were prayed and hymns declared
The Gospel Truth and more
And wisdom helped Man stay prepared
When peace was turned to war...
Then days of prayer were sacred things,
Appointed and decreed,
So we could seek the King of Kings
In such sad times of need...
But if we don't take time to pray,
God won't make Britain great,
Nor grant us light to lead the way...
Or miracles create...
Stand in the gap, beseech the Lord,
Strive for the nation still,
Bring humble hearts with one accord,
In service to God's will...
Then surely, it shall come to pass,
Revival Heaven-sent,
When Britain's seen to be first class,
Through time in prayer well spent...

Denis Martindale January 2018.

The Gospel poem was shared by Revelation TV's
R-Mornings show presenter, Lesley Conder, on
Tuesday, the 9th of January 2018.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!

DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581.

Denis Martindale

Please Pray For Precious Pilgrims!

Oh, how precious are God's pilgrims! Each serves God day by day!
Each worships in Christ's Name with hymns as each walks on their way...
Through revelation, reaching home, to live forever more,
In Heaven, no more need to roam, presented without flaw...
Till then, it's noble to pray still, continuing in Christ,
God-blessed to serve the Saviour's will, believers once baptised.
From all Mankind God takes His pick, yet each must count the cost,
Let those in health pray for the sick, if saved, pray for the lost...
A billion Christians bless this Earth, some say much more than these,
God only knows what each one's worth, yet our prayers must not cease...
For each one has a ministry, some gift God chose to give,
A God-directed destiny as long as each may live...

Denis Martindale January 2018.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

PoemHunter.com

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581.

Denis Martindale

Heavy Information From Heaven!

Some think that Heaven's just the sky, or sun and moon and stars,
Yet Heaven's Throne seats God most high, He rules what comes to pass...
He governs Christ, the King of Kings, the Lord of Lords and more,
He governs all known living things and future things in store...
The angels love Him for His power and sing eternal praise,
They honour Him each holy hour for His amazing grace...
For God forgives repentant hearts, then gives them gifts in time,
In fact, the mercies God imparts have proved to be sublime...
To heal the sick, to raise the dead, to grant eternal life,
To turn Man's sorrows round instead, send joys instead of strife...
And when, one day, the Saviour's here, to rule this planet Earth,
The holy saints will then draw near, as Christ explains God's worth...
For only Jesus could explain how much God should be praised,
Beyond the Cross, our souls to gain, when from death Christ was raised...
For not all saints have understood what God had truly done,
God's measures of eternal good... the day God raised His Son...

Denis Martindale January 2018.

PoemHunter.com

The Gospel poem was shared on Revelation TV's
Voice In The Wilderness late-night show on the
Sunday evening of the 7th/8th of January 2018.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581.

Denis Martindale

What Is Your Assignment Here?

What on Earth is your assignment? The reason God gave life!
The reason you were Heaven-sent, each day that you survive...
And do you call upon His Name, just like prayer warriors do?
With love like some eternal flame, God's Word to guide you through?
Did God invest, forgive and guide and fill you to the brim
Without Lord Jesus crucified, your sins fixed fast on Him?
I tell you this, I'm just one man, with years both bright and bleak,
Yet my God proved life has a plan, something that's quite unique!

What on Earth is your assignment? A preacher to the lost?
For you're not here by accident, each destiny has cost...
A price upon your very heart, a price upon your soul
And yet what blessings to impart, when Jesus takes control...
Rewards await near Heaven's Throne, eternal and sublime,
Yet each depends on you alone, will you redeem the time?
Ask God for wisdom to supply... Ask God and seek His face...
For your assignment from on high needs God's amazing grace!

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale updated January 2018.

The Gospel poem was shared on Revelation TV's
Voice In The Wilderness late-night show on the
Sunday evening of the 7th/8th of January 2018.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581.

Denis Martindale

Left Behind

The Rapture came, Christ's dead were raised, believers disappeared,
In Heaven, all God's angels praised, as soon as that time neared...
The world remained both stunned and shamed... and even Israel stared,
Each doubting what had been proclaimed... uncaring, unprepared...
A billion Bibles were then found, for answers there and then,
God showed the truths meant to astound, His warnings to all men...
Christmas and Easter came and went, as every year came by,
Till God, the Father, Jesus sent, to meet saints in the sky...
The world went on its merry way, yet some folks knelt and prayed,
'Forgive us, Lord, this holy day! Forgive us that we strayed...'
But as for me, I seek God's will, because of Calvary...
My prayer is that God loves me still, enough to rapture me...

Denis Martindale 6th of January 2018.

The Gospel poem is based on the film called
Left Behind, shown on UK TV this evening.

PoemHunter.com

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581.

Denis Martindale

What On Earth Are We?

I'd like to think Christ's coming soon, so that He sorts things out,
Perhaps He'll come this afternoon and somehow end the doubt...
But Christians must await God's time, look forward to God's day,
Because that time will be sublime! No wonder that we pray!
Till then, we're here, still wondering, just what on Earth are we?
The faithful servants of our King and all we're meant to be?

A world that's on its way to Hell needs us to play our role,
If not, we fail the world as well, each heart and mind and soul...
A voice that's in the wilderness still has the power of prayer,
By day and night it seeks to bless, no matter what the hour...
Each Christian has that voice within, it's even in our dreams
And once baptised, lost souls to win, despite life's mad extremes...

It's why we preach and tithe and fast, it's why God's favour grows,
Through revelation first to last, God's finest overflows!

Denis Martindale January 2018.

PoemHunter.com

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581.

Denis Martindale

The Healing Word

Faith like a mustard seed, once stirred, brings grace instead of law...
So pray to hear the healing word, in Jesus Name once more...
That's how one word brings more than change, transcending all before,
Transforming lives to rearrange, so God's love can restore...

When blessings flow, Man offers praise, revival grows and grows,
Evangelists then teach God's ways... and wisdom overflows...
The Holy Spirit guides each time... and oh, what love He shows,
With miracles that prove sublime, in ways God only knows...

Faith like a mustard seed, once stirred, brings grace instead of law...
So pray to hear the healing word, in Jesus Name once more...

Denis Martindale January 2018.

The Gospel poem was shared on
Revelation TV's late-night show
Voice In The Wilderness, aired on
Saturday, the 7th of January 2018.

The Healing Word is a Christian show on
Revelation TV, shared here in the UK.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581.

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Healing Word

Faith like a mustard seed, once stirred, brings grace instead of law...
So pray to hear the healing word, in Jesus Name once more...
That's how one word brings more than change, transcending all before,
Transforming lives to rearrange, so God's love can restore...

When blessings flow, Man offers praise, revival grows and grows,
Evangelists then teach God's ways... and wisdom overflows...
The Holy Spirit guides each time... and oh, what love He shows,
With miracles that prove sublime, in ways God only knows...

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Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Quote Jesus Christians

Quote Jesus, Christians, while you can!
Quote Jesus to your fellow man!
Quote Jesus to the young and old!
The greatest story ever told!
For Man is but a rose that grows,
Yet that short life to God he owes...
Indeed... in deed... and word... and thought...
Such that he earns God's good report...
Each day Man lives and breathes and moves,
The Father hopes that he improves,
But how may Man, through strength alone,
Apart from God and Heaven's Throne?

God shares that glory with His Son,
Because of all that Christ has done,
Because Christ came and suffered all,
To grant God's finest miracle...
Forgiveness came from pain and strife,
When Jesus Christ laid down His life,
Transcending even time and space...
To offer us amazing grace...
Such that, when we, receive such love,
We intercede like saints above,
Prayer warriors from first to last...
Prayer journals sharing what has passed...

Let us give thanks and praise the Lord,
For when Christ comes with His reward,
In Heaven, not on Earth to roam,
We'll hear Christ say... we're welcome home...

Denis Martindale January 2018.

Welcome Home is the TV show that shared the
Christian testimony of Howard Conder and
the London Quote Jesus bus poster campaign...

The Gospel poem was shared by Howard and Lesley Conder on Revelation TV's R-Mornings on Tuesday, the 2nd of January 2018.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV, the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581.

Denis Martindale

Pray For Revelation!

While there are times I pray for me, I also pray for you,
Because we're in God's family... with so much left to do...
Consider how each needs to grow, no more as babes to live,
That's why the Bible's there to show the gifts that God could give...
For not all speak in tongues... and yet... we're sure that they love Christ,
It's just... there's so much more to get, much more if we're baptised...

That's why, when revelation's shown, the Church gets on the move!
Stronger together! Not alone! That's how we each improve...
So pray with faith and thankfulness, keep Jesus in your thoughts,
Prayer journals prove that God can bless, just like our praise reports.
So persevere, as pilgrims should, as each old year goes by,
For God is kind and God is good and not like Man to lie...

When revelation speaks to you, rejoice for all it brings,
The finest things, both old and new, come from the King of Kings!

Denis Martindale January 2018.

PoemHunter.com

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581.

Denis Martindale

Anything!

If I could write the bestest poem,
The bestest of them all,
Then that would be more than a whim,
More like a miracle!
For I'm not blessed with eloquence
That flies off from the page,
Surpassing all poetic trends,
Since I've not reached that stage...
But, when on form, I'm still quite good
At what I try to do,
Because I'm doing what I should
To please the likes of you...
But even then, no money's paid,
No thought of all my bills,
Not even when they get delayed
Because of pains or ills...
So why, should I, continue on?
Except I love to write,
To spread a little light that shone,
Before I bid goodnight...
So this is why, I write today,
The last day of this year,
Before it, too, must fly away,
A new year to appear...
Who knows what next year has for me?
Who knows what it could bring?
Because, you see, with poetry,
That could be ANYTHING!

Denis Martindale 31st of December 2017.

Denis Martindale

What Does Christmas Mean To You?

God seeks to bless with happiness, with joys that come to pass,
Beyond all ways that Man could guess, in ways that prove first class...
So, with Christ born, the angels praised, with worship loud and proud,
With glory in the words they raised, with reverent hearts, heads bowed...
And yet, today, despite Good News, some people doubt it still,
Both of the Gentiles and the Jews, regardless of God's will...

Let that not be for you and I, forbid it, Lord, this day...
To see beyond each question why that leads Mankind astray...
But grant that we believe in Christ, forgiven, all sins waived
And thus, by faith, raised up, baptised... such that we can be saved...
To love with steadfast love and more, as champions of God's grace,
That soon, in Heaven, we adore Lord Jesus, face-to-face...

No other could fulfill God's plan, no other could atone...
Because Christ is the Son of Man, God sent from Heaven's Throne...

Denis Martindale December 2017.

PoemHunter.com

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581.

Denis Martindale

The Finest Gift Of All!

Mankind was so in need of love that God let Jesus leave,
Departing from Christ's Throne above, for Mary to conceive.
And she, a maiden, listened well to Gabriel sent below,
For he had such a tale to tell, yet truths that she must know.
For by consent the Saviour came, as yet unborn within,
Awaiting birth to learn His Name, the Son who died for sin.

That name we know as Jesus Christ, with Christmas still in mind,
In truth, the Father sacrificed His Son for all Mankind.
It's why we turn with tenderness and God's amazing grace,
It's why we learn and thus confess events that once took place...
And while our love then overflows, to each one, great and small,
God gave the gift that grows and grows, the finest gift of all...

Denis Martindale December 2017.

The Gospel poem was shared on the
Revelation TV's R-Mornings show, just
before The Christmas Story video, on
Tuesday, the 19th of December 2017.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581.

Denis Martindale

Merry Christmas To One And All!

I like receiving Christmas cards, they really make my day!
The senders must have happy hearts, perhaps they even pray...
I'll pray for them and send cards, too, I'll send good wishes there,
While giving thanks for all they do, that they took time to care.
To think, that Christmas Day's so near! My word, this year's gone fast!
And I'm still here, of that, no fear! December's come at last!
So God bless you... and God bless me... and God bless Jesus Christ,
Because He's loved us all, you see, more than we've realised!
So, praise the Lord, prayer warriors! Keep intercessing still...
Prayer journals close-at-hand to bless, new pages yet to fill...
The Lord must surely bless the love that lives inside your hearts!
But don't forget to buy enough to send your Christmas cards!

Denis Martindale December 2017.

The Christmas Gospel poem was shared
on Revelation TV's R-Mornings show on
Monday, the 18th of December 2017.

PoemHunter.com

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581.

Denis Martindale

The Dubious Lure Of The Sea...

Wise words must wander like the waves,
Because the sea both steals and saves,
Wise words unending in the theme,
As if reciting from one's dream...
Such that the contrasts twist and turn,
Then causing readers to discern,
Is this my friend? Is this my foe?
Should I stay home, or join its flow?

Am I prepared to die alone,
To drown and float, or sink like stone?
Should I send warnings or keep still?
Alert all souls, avoid this thrill?
Keep safe on land, no need to float
Upon a ship, upon a boat...
Nor walk on water, just by faith,
I'd stay at home and I'd keep safe...

I'd rather live a long, long age,
Still doing good at every stage...
Why bother with the sea and storm?
Just stay at home, keep safe, keep warm...
No wonder poets can't decide,
But now my eyes are opened wide,
Despite the tempting joys at sea,
Dry land, dear friends, is where I'll be...

Denis Martindale December 2017.

Denis Martindale

God's Plans And Purposes For Israel

Our God has plans and purposes for Israel even now
And promises from Lord Jesus beyond what wars allow,
Beyond the centuries we've lived, beyond the present day,
Beyond each blessing and each gift, as God's will has its way...

When prophecies unravel fast, like words from Heaven's seals,
As destiny from first to last is what the Lord reveals...
It's thanks to Israel blessings flow, through centuries ahead...
And blessed are those if in the know, for these are spirit-led...

And while commanded by God's love to pray God's blessings here,
We know the Saviour's there above and waiting every year...
For God will choose the day, the hour, when Jesus must return,
With holiness and awesome power, all judgements to discern...

Far better then, to serve the Lord, just help your fellow man...
Beyond the Saviour's great reward, bless Israel while you can...

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale December 2017.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581.

Denis Martindale

My Heart Seeks Harmony With Yours!

My words fall short in admiring you.
I'm so attracted by somebody new.
Your hair like silk, your words so bold,
Your eyes share tales and epics untold.
Each smile sends shivers to my heart,
Through trending styles you then impart...
Your voice is lyrical, yes, it is,
A winsome miracle, full of bliss...
A symphony to my lonesome soul,
A rhapsody that makes me whole,
An opera that soothes each part,
You bless my spirit and my heart...
And if I had one wish to make,
That you'd love me, my love to take,
Such that we shared eternally,
My love for you, your love for me...

Denis Martindale December 2017.

PoemHunter.com

This poem is my edited version of a
poem shared on the Quora web site
by Anonymous: Opera Of My Heart.

Denis Martindale

The Hinternet!

The Internet is full of hints,
It's always been that way,
Free photos that my printer prints,
They really make my day!

Tutorials and guidelines, too,
Free programs I could use,
They help me share my point of view,
My portion of Good News...

Yet there are times when rhymes prevent
A solemn theme in mind,
Then thoughts in phrases I present,
The best that I can find...

The Internet awaits and so
I offer all I can,
And share the truths that God may show
To help my fellow man...

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale December 2017.

Denis Martindale

The Christmas Story

It's Christmas that restores Mankind, it's Christmas we adore,
As long as Jesus stays in mind, then who could ask for more! ?
We share the story, tenderly, each Christmas when we can,
Yet not forgetting Calvary, the centre of God's plan...
To those receiving God's Good News, from Heaven to this Earth,
The Father's smiles will bless the Jews, who praise the Saviour's worth.
The Gentiles, too, will lift up praise, ascending to God's Throne,
Because of God's amazing grace, the greatest ever known!
For this babe, Jesus, Mary's child, was sent from God above,
Such that we could be reconciled, by Christ's blood, life and love...
It's Christmas that restores Mankind, it's Christmas we adore,
As long as Jesus stays in mind, then who could ask for more! ?

Denis Martindale December 2017.

The Gospel Christmas poem is based on
Revelation TV's video presentation of
The Christmas Story on the R-Mornings
show on the 12th of December 2017...

PoemHunter.com

The Christmas Gospel poem was shared
on Revelation TV's R-Mornings show on
Wednesday, the 13th of December 2017.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581.

Denis Martindale

The Perfect Gift

Some are so wrapped up in Christmas, they forget the perfect gift,
God the Father sent Lord Jesus, so that true love He lived,
Enough to die in shame and loss, enough to suffer all,
Enough to die upon a cross, to grant God's miracle...
And then God raised His Son from death, as Jesus, King of Kings,
He's Jesus Christ of Nazareth, with healing in His wings...
He's called Good Shepherd, Prince of Peace, He's called us to be friends,
He's called us near, to grant release, then do what God intends...
The perfect gift is God's own boy, the One He sent below,
He's not a game, He's not a toy, He's all we need to know...
He's everything true love could be, He's everything worthwhile,
He's Jesus Christ of Calvary, who went the extra mile...
He's now the bridge for God and Man, the emblem of God's grace,
He's still the centre of God's plan to save the Human Race...
What will you do with Jesus Christ? What grace will you allow?
You see, He's more than realised... He's calling you, right now!
Please take God's gift, God's perfect Son, the apple of His eye...
For He's the only perfect One who died for you and I...

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale December 2017.

There's a Christmas Gospel film
called The Perfect Gift and it
shares the Good News of the birth
of the Saviour of the World, the
Man of God, the Lord Jesus Christ.

The Gospel Christmas poem was shared on
Revelation TV's Voice In The Wilderness
show on Sunday evening/Monday morning
of the 10th/11th of December 2017...

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581.

Denis Martindale

Renaissance!

Rebirth... and thus revival springs, like Winter to defeat,
Expressing hope for more than kings, the leaders and elite,
New golden opportunities, new thinking, new ideas
And blessings that are sure to please, dispelling ingrained fears...
I see a world transformed by grace, expanding ever wide,
Such that the humble might embrace this challenge without pride,
Such that the willing and the brave take firm hold of the quest
And venture forth, all doubts to waive, to dare to do their best!
New lands of treasures yet await, across the years ahead,
Cast out and sail then celebrate for each place fortune's led...
Explore the gifts new birth displays, yet don't forget to give God praise!

Denis Martindale December 2017.

This is an acrostic poem describing a period in history
when science, philosophy and exploration were each
dramatically increasing, yet only for those prepared to
do whatever it took to gain the advantages presented.

Denis Martindale

Have A Fruitful Christmas

December comes with Christmas love,
With blessings old and new,
With cheerful singing heard above
By Jesus who loves you!
With angels smiling their consent,
As they lift holy hands,
Rejoicing all the Gospel's meant...
To each who understands...
A fruitful Christmas comes to these!
The Lord lives in their hearts,
With Christ the Lord they seek to please,
As He, true love, imparts...
Wise stewards of their gifts of praise,
Wise thoughts in all good things,
For always finding brand new ways
To serve the King of Kings!
As revelation lights their path,
Just like that Christmas star,
As revelation makes them laugh
At how they've come so far,
As revelation grants them strength
With steadfast faith each time,
Then surely they will preach at length...
Lord Jesus is sublime!

Denis Martindale December 2017.

The poem's title is based on the front cover
of R Times, this month's updates for all of
the subscribers of the Revelation TV viewers.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581.

Denis Martindale

Christmas Grace!

How many hearts are blessed by grace,
Just like a film can do?
How many troubles to erase,
With help to get us through?
As patience guides us hour-by-hour,
Through struggles, pains and strife,
Enough to grant us healing power,
Enough to live this life...
And while God grants us love as well,
Who knows how far we'll go?
Beyond the times that hurt like Hell,
To blessings yet to know...
And having overcome and lived,
Restored by God's embrace,
Let us give thanks for God's great gift...
Because of Christmas grace...

Denis Martindale December 2017.

PoemHunter.com

The Gospel poem was shared by Revelation TV's
Health Advisor, Dr. Felicity Corbin-Wheeler,
on R-Mornings on the 8th of December 2017.

Also note that the poem's title is based on
the Gospel film called Christmas Grace I had
found a blessing. It showed the ministry of
the Holy Spirit's guidance in people's lives.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581.

Denis Martindale

Have You Heard About R Radio?

Have you heard about R Radio...
The app that has it all?
The app that keeps us in the know...
It's like a miracle!
Revelation's talking pictures...
Like Freeview now and then,
With Good News of God's Son, Jesus,
That makes us say, Amen!
An app that helps to make truths clear?
That's bound to be sublime...
Praise the Lord! It's finally here!
Ahead of Christmas time!
So, if YOU want revelation...
Prayer journals and such things,
It's the time for celebration...
For what R Radio brings!

Denis Martindale November 2017.

PoemHunter.com

The Gospel poem is about a Google Play Store
Android app and Apple Store app made available
by Revelation TV on Sky 581 to provide live
TV shows and more to Internet device users...

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

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the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581.

Denis Martindale

Emma!

Can beauty be compressed in form, as beautiful as she?
With eyes so bright and smile so warm and joy that's plain to see?
Can beauty be displayed as such, with hair so fine as hers?
With all a man could love so much, when lonesome thoughts disperse?

Can beauty beckon every eye towards itself like this?
With longings borne from every sigh that pines for that first kiss?
Can beauty hold attention still, beyond the passing years?
With boundless hopes within each thrill that overcomes Man's fears?

I tell you, truly, from my heart, when Emma smiles my way,
I linger near and won't depart, for love bids me to stay...
And while I stay, my love still grows, like leaves upon a tree,
Just like a vibrant, rambling rose, that's meant for all to see...

For she has beauty all her own, beyond her youthful grin,
The sweetest beauty ever known, if I, her heart, could win...
Yet she belongs to someone else, her husband yet to find,
To share with him their wedding bells and Church vows to remind...

So I'll just love her from afar, with love that's meant to bless,
Let God guide her, for she's a star, God grant her happiness...
Let Emma be, let Emma love her husband Heaven-sent,
For loving Emma's proved enough for me to rest content...

Denis Martindale November 2017.

Denis Martindale

The Con Artist!

She walked into my home,
like she walked into my heart
and then into my dreams.
She picked up my favourite things
and put them in her sack.
She explored my heart and my home,
eventually taking everything.
I stand outside looking in.
She is watching the large screen TV,
my HD TV that I bought and paid for.
Here I am, watching her,
hating her and hating myself,
because I let her in...
Just one winsome smile
and I lost EVERYTHING...

Denis Martindale, November 2017.

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale

Let's Respond To Revelation!

Let's respond to revelation!
Not just as Sunday nears,
But to reach out to each nation
As fervent volunteers!
With humour and amazing grace!
With gifts from each who cares!
For blessed are those who seek God's face...
In Jesus Name, through prayers!
Let's respond to revelation!
Not just at Christmas time,
But to preach with celebration!
With hymns that sound sublime!
With visions, dreams and prophecies!
With signs and wonders, too!
With exploits for the Prince of Peace,
Who died for me and you!
Let's respond to revelation!
Not just as faithful friends!
But to teach Christ's consolation!
True love that never ends!
With words of knowledge now and then!
Let's guide the young and old,
So we declare God's truth again:
The greatest story ever told!

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale November 2017.

The Gospel poem was shared by
Lesley Conder on Revelation TV's
R-Mornings show on Tuesday,28th
of November 2017 after video news
of the engagement of Prince Harry.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581.

Denis Martindale

I Thank God For Your Wife!

If you've been blessed because of her and she completes your life,
Then I congratulate you, sir! I thank God for your wife!
She changed you and improved you, too. She made you what you are,
So credit where credit is due! May both of you go far...
No doubt the angels know her name, they've heard the way she prays,
Because good works remain her aim, God grants amazing grace...
The Lord has much to teach us! God truly proves sublime!
He knows she will quote Jesus... share Good News all the time...
And charity stays on her mind... it's seldom far away,
Her heart of gold makes her refined... and kind both night and day...
If you've been blessed because of her and she completes your life,
Then I congratulate you, sir! I thank God for your wife!

Denis Martindale October 2017.

The Gospel poem is based on a mini-sermon shown on Revelation TV's Church Without Walls and the poem was shared on the Voice In the Wilderness evening show, on the 22nd of October 2017 as well as on R-Mornings, on the 23rd of November 2017.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581.

Denis Martindale

God Loves You And So Do We!

Yes, God loves you and so do we!
We're praying all the time!
God helps fulfill your destiny,
Because it's quite sublime!
God bless you when you're wide awake...
And when you're sleeping, too,
Through miracles for His Name's sake,
God sends to friends like YOU!

Denis Martindale November 2017.

This Gospel poem is based on the
closing blessing on the Jewish Voice
TV shows found on Revelation TV...

"GOD LOVES YOU AND SO DO WE! "

PoemHunter.com

For more information, visit:
jewishvoice then dot then tv

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581.

Denis Martindale

Jesus, Our Savior!

Jesus, our Savior often prayed, for wisdom from on high,
Beyond the world He saw displayed, beyond His questions why...
Because His Father knew all things, with love to share it all,
Because Christ was the King of Kings... God's finest miracle!
So if our Lord prayed day and night, how much should we pray, too?
Discerning thoughts and truths are right, discerning what to do...
Just think of knowledge God could give, directions where to go,
The righteous ways each one should live, God's love to overflow...

Jesus, our Savior faced the Cross, there was no other way,
No great escape from shame or loss, but on that Cross to stay...
And with the prophecies fulfilled, He knew His time to die,
The judgement done, God's anger stilled, with Mary there to cry...
Man's sins dismissed when God could waive such horror and such vice...
To one believing thief Christ gave the gift of Paradise!
The Savior left His tomb behind, triumphant over death...
The Man who died for all Mankind, Jesus of Nazareth!

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale November 2017.

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To one believing thief Christ gave the gift of Paradise!
The Saviour left His tomb behind, triumphant over death...
The Man who died for all Mankind, Jesus of Nazareth!

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale November 2017.

The Gospel poem was shared on the
Revelation TV's evening phone-in
show, Voice In The Wilderness, on
Saturday, the 16th of December 2017.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581.

Denis Martindale

The Savvy Savior!

The savvy Savior often prayed, for wisdom from on high,
Beyond the world He saw displayed, beyond His questions why...
Because His Father knew all things, with love to share it all,
Because Christ was the King of Kings... God's finest miracle!
So if our Lord prayed day and night, how much should we pray, too?
Discerning thoughts and truths are right, discerning what to do...
Just think of knowledge God could give, directions where to go,
The righteous ways each one should live, God's love to overflow...

The savvy Savior faced the Cross, there was no other way,
No great escape from shame or loss, but on that Cross to stay...
And with the prophecies fulfilled, He knew His time to die,
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PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale November 2017.

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Beyond the world He saw displayed, beyond His questions why...
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Just think of knowledge God could give, directions where to go,
The righteous ways each one should live, God's love to overflow...

The savvy Saviour faced the Cross, there was no other way,
No great escape from shame or loss, but on that Cross to stay...
And with the prophecies fulfilled, He knew His time to die,
The judgement done, God's anger stilled, with Mary there to cry...
Man's sins dismissed when God could waive such horror and such vice...
To one believing thief Christ gave the gift of Paradise!
The Saviour left His tomb behind, triumphant over death...
The Man who died for all Mankind, Jesus of Nazareth!

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale November 2017.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581.

Denis Martindale

+ Are You A Superhero?

Was Peter known for miracles before he found the Lord?
To write epistles like Saint Paul's that couldn't be ignored?
Was Peter's shadow healing men before God's power came,
To raise the dead to life again, or bless the blind or lame?
Yet thanks to Christ and Calvary, young Peter led Christ's Church,
Beyond each sin came clemency, the pardon people search...
Repentant lost souls God can save... then guide them on their way,
What God has done though Peter's faith, God wants to do each day...

The Holy Spirit thus empowers the humble and the meek,
To build them up like mighty towers, though each heart stays unique...
One spoken word, one whispered prayer, one prophecy in time,
Makes superheroes everywhere do exploits so sublime...
God put you here to prove your worth, He's always helping out!
Of all the people on this Earth, you've got no time for doubt!
And so, if God is with you, friends, what will you still achieve?
Because God's power never ends for those who still believe!

So don't dismiss YOUR destiny! God has great plans for YOU!
That last for all eternity! Like legends always do!

Denis Martindale November 2017.

The Gospel poem was shared by
Lesley Conder on Revelation TV's
R-Mornings show on Tuesday,
the 14th of November 2017.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581.

Denis Martindale

Do You Love Revelation?

Do you love revelation, friends? If so, then say, Amen!
Let's pray today it never ends, with good works now and then...
Such that the saints give God the praise each time they intercede,
For revelation grants us ways to share our noble creed...
When revelation's close-at-hand, we wait for praise reports,
For then we truly understand... we're in our Saviour's thoughts...
We're not just servants scattered wide, across this world we live,
We're family and God must guide the children He stays with...
If not for love, we would we be? Apart from Jesus Christ,
Apart from grace and Calvary... But, praise God, we're baptised!
Some speak in tongues, some bless the poor, some heal the sick as well,
Some write new songs, some teach the law, some save lost souls from Hell...
To those God blessed, I pause to ask: Pray for every nation!
Then I present this simple task: Pray for revelation!

Denis Martindale November 2017.

PoemHunter.com

The Gospel poem was shared by Lesley Conder
on Revelation TV's R-Mornings show on
Wednesday, the 15th of November 2017.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581.

Denis Martindale

Quote Jesus This Christmas!

Let saints quote Jesus this Christmas
And prophesy of Christ
And lift high the Name of Jesus,
In whom we were baptised!
Though others seek their silent night,
We've carols still to sing!
As saints we're told, walk in the light!
Give honour to the King!
We've heard of homes where Christ is banned
For all eternity!
What chance for lost souls in this land,
Till Jesus sets them free?
Since the Father gave us mercy,
Forgave us one-by-one,
Is that not cause, for you and me,
To preach of Christ, God's Son?
To pour out blessings from God's Word,
Because, by this, comes faith...
Or must we coast along unstirred...
No thought to teach and save?
Prayer journals! Note each miracle,
That comes from righteous prayer!
When revelation stirs us all,
The finest love to share!

Denis Martindale November 2017.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581.

Denis Martindale

Remember November!

If you've known just one day of peace, do you know what that cost?
For wars endure, till they must cease, paid for by lives we lost...
When leaders planned, then speeches staged, while others had to fall,
When bombs came down... and battles raged... and soldiers gave their all...
When fathers left their homes to fight, for freedom to be gained,
When children prayed, by day and night, for fears to be restrained...
Despite those fears, across those years, by faith, wars came and went,
Despite their tears, then came their cheers, for peace was their intent...
A chance for hope to heal each life and broken heart once more
And that forgiveness ended strife, for that's the only cure...
It's why Lord Jesus showed the way, forgiving on the Cross!
Until the very end to stay, despite the shame and loss...
He asked the Father and God heard, the Holy Bible's proof,
That's why the Father kept His word! Yes, Lord! Your word is truth...
A royal pardon's offered still, for murderers and thieves,
Man's trust in God obeys God's will, for each one that believes...
How come Christ is love's miracle? Lord Jesus is God's Son...
It's why Lord Jesus gave His all, to save us, one-by-one!

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale November 2017.

The Gospel poem was shared on Revelation TV's
Voice In The Wilderness show on Sunday evening,
on the 12th/13th of November 2017 following the
tribute to all those who made sacrifices in the wars
and in recent years, as explained in several shows
on Revelation TV during Remembrance Week...

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581.

Denis Martindale

From Strength To Strength!

A plot of land was put on sale,
Potential buyers came,
Each with a plan that couldn't fail,
The land no more the same.
One thought about a bingo hall,
One thought about a shop,
Yet one thought of a miracle
He prayed would never stop.
And so the vision of his plan
Was shared across the globe,
Some caught the vision and they ran,
With ever-gaining hope...
And so they prayed and so they gave!
Donations by the score,
Because lost souls each sought to save,
Lost souls God could restore...
The land was cleared across the years,
The money still poured in,
With love from saints and volunteers,
From those who knew they'd win...
That's why from just a plot of land
And money sacrificed,
The Father did what He had planned...
In the name of JESUS CHRIST!

Denis Martindale November 2017.

The Gospel poem was shared on Revelation TV's
Voice In The Wilderness show on Saturday, the 11th
of November 2017, concerning the buying of land
for a new TV studio in which to preach the Gospel
of Jesus, to bless the Church and to save the lost.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581.

Denis Martindale

God's Dream For Africa!

I see the current state of Man, some rich beyond their dreams,
With wealth their purpose and their plan, the focus of their schemes,
The thought of gold their chief concern, they hunger still for more,
Such that from love they hate to learn, they care not for the poor...

I sent My Son to change Mankind, to die that others live,
I sent My son to heal the blind with blessed new eyes to give...
Yet leaders come and leaders go as blind as blind can be,
Rejecting what they need to know, rejecting Calvary...

But poor men, too, are just as lost, if they refuse Good News,
Because for sins Christ paid the cost, forgiveness each must choose...
Imagine millions choosing Him, by being born again,
Each holy as a true pilgrim who serves and prays, Amen!

This is My dream for Africa and for the human race,
To be far more than what you are, thanks to amazing grace!
From huts to hotel rooms in time, then mansions up above,
When wisdom comes and proves sublime, because it comes from love...

The King of Love is Jesus Christ, Good Shepherd, Saviour, friend...
And blessed are those who get baptised and on My Son depend...
But those who care not for the Lord live nightmares all their own,
Instead of those who kneel assured before the Saviour's Throne.

Denis Martindale November 2017.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581.

Denis Martindale

And It Came To Pass...

I was born and it came to pass my parents took me home,
The way they loved me was first class wherever we would roam...
But one day came, I had to leave, they sent me off to School,
At first, of course, I chose to grieve, observing EVERY rule...
School holidays were my reward, they helped me to unwind,
These were the times I praised the Lord, because He was so kind...
But back in School, homework began, no peace each night for me
And while I knew God had a plan, this was a mystery!

When High School came, I studied hard, exams came to a close,
Until at last I must discard my High School friends and foes...
Then off to work to earn a crust and not just loaf around,
To gain some cash, respect and trust, yet that's not all I found...
I fell in love time after time, despite my being poor
And though true love seemed quite sublime, it meant I must work more...
I earnt more money, that's the truth, yet time went quickly by,
Until I said goodbye to youth, no more that cute young guy!

The old man came, with aches and pains, enough to make me sad,
Yet I survived despite the strains that could drive old folks mad!
And now I am a pensioner! I'm sixty-five this year!
How could this miracle occur? Lord, why am I still here?
It's not to marry, that's for sure! It's not to emigrate!
And so I ask, what's left in store? What's left to celebrate?
But I'll press on! One life to live... Let Jesus have His way...
And pray another year He'll give, so I smile Christmas Day!

Denis Martindale November 2017.

Denis Martindale

* Elephantasy!

The elephant the drunkard saw, was neither grey or pink,
It looked much more like orange, or so that man would think...
He swore he'd no more touch a drop, or to that level sink
And made that orange elephant decline with him to drink...

The elephant agreed to that, then he chose milk instead
And when he took the drunkard home, he tucked him up in bed...
The drunkard woke when morning came, then drank the coffee made,
The elephant was asked to stay, no rent was charged or paid...

They watched TV on Sunday, then Monday came along,
The sober man then went to work, no longer weak but strong...
His new friend did the hoovering and washing up as well...
This poem is a pack of lies! Dear readers, can't you tell?

Denis Martindale November 2017.

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

God Of Awesome Wonders!

Don't limit Jesus to your thoughts, He's so much more than these,
Both King of Kings and Lord of Lords, yet also Prince of Peace...
In battle, He defends His friends, until He wins the day,
He's there until the battle ends, He never runs away...
The Father makes years come and go, He gives His angels wings,
Makes waterfalls to overflow and sunlight warmth He brings...
He even makes the moon to shine, while shooting stars pass by,
He does all things by His design, the sea, the land, the sky...
He pours out blessings here and there, He bids us each draw near,
He harkens to each whispered prayer, His Spirit casts out fear...
He speaks to prophets, priests and saints, shares secrets now and then,
His angels offer no complaints... they humbly say, AMEN!
Man wonders how to cope alone, despite God's true intent,
Repent and then approach His Throne, decide to be God's friend!
To see His handiwork looks good, to hear hymns sung sounds great,
But blessed are those who understood what God sought to create...
A family right here on Earth, forgiven every one,
Rejoicing in the second birth through Jesus Christ, His Son...
Don't limit Jesus to your thoughts, He's so much more than these,
Both King of Kings and Lord of Lords, yet also Prince of Peace...

Denis Martindale November 2017.

The Gospel poem was written after listening
to the Gospel Song, God Of Awesome Wonders
on Revelation TV's Voice In The Wilderness
show on Sunday the 5th of November 2017,
as recorded by Nathaniel Bassey. More videos
and the lyrics can also be found on YouTube.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581.

Denis Martindale

Can We Quote Jesus This Christmas?

Can we quote Jesus this Christmas...
And prophesy of Christ?
To lift high the Name of Jesus,
In whom we were baptised?
Or will we spend each silent night
Without one song to sing?
Though saints are told, walk in the light,
Give honour to the King!
For there are homes, where Christ is banned,
For all eternity!
What chance for lost souls in this land,
Till Jesus sets them free?
Since the Father gave us mercy,
Forgave us one-by-one,
Is that not cause for you and me,
To preach of Christ, God's Son?
To pour out blessings from God's Word,
Because, by this, comes faith...
Or must we coast along unstirred...
No thought to teach and save?
Prayer journals! Note each miracle,
That comes from righteous prayer!
When revelation stirs us all,
The finest love to share!

Denis Martindale November 2017.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

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the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581.

Denis Martindale

I Thank God For Your Love!

When I reflect on all you've done, I thank God for your love,
For each hard battle that you've won, you proved faith was enough,
When you stood tall, when you stood out, when you stayed in control,
When you were watched by those about, yet kept guard, heart and soul.

When I reflect on tenderness, each little gift you gave,
Each gentle word you spoke to bless, with wisdom meant to save,
It moves me now, I'm close to tears, your prayers still come to mind,
Forever faithful through the years, you sought to help Mankind.

If not for you, what hope had I? So distant from the Lord,
Each deadbeat decade passing by, not giving God a thought!
A stranger to the Father's ways, a lost soul, yes, indeed,
Yet you brought me amazing grace, you saw my greatest need...

You chose to be a friend to me, to lift my name in prayer...
You even went to Calvary... with love beyond compare...

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale November 2017.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581.

Denis Martindale

The Release Of Destiny!

I saw a stumbling, crawling man, his stomach ached all day,
He laughed to think God had a plan, a wondrous, perfect way...
And yet he knelt, submitting all, like prophets sometimes do,
That's why God gave a miracle, 'Your future rests on you...'
The man looked up, beyond the sky, saw God upon His Throne,
By faith, through love none should deny, no more to walk alone...
When he stood up, the pain had gone, when destiny took hold,
When glory came and God's light shone, outshining precious gold...
Such that God shared his destiny with others this man met,
Declaring grace from Calvary, God's choice: Forgive! Forget!
And so, that man baptised his friends... and even strangers, too,
He showed them God's love never ends, it's there for me and you!
Amazing grace, no more, no less! Release of great rewards...
And true, eternal happiness, with Christ, the Lord of Lords!

Denis Martindale November 2017.

PoemHunter.com

The Gospel poem was shared on
Revelation TV's R-Mornings on
the 6th of November 2017...
The beautiful baptism picture
was mentioned, too.

The Brazil Missionary baptisms picture
shows that the release of destiny for
just one man can bless a thousand others
and sometimes even more...

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581.

Denis Martindale

November! November!

No Halloween to cause a frown,
No children at my door,
No sudden fears to drag me down,
No treats for them in store...
No bribes to keep me safe all day,
No threats at twilight time,
No need for me to kneel and pray,
No thought of coming crime...
No guilt from God in taking part,
No point, give me a break!
No burden for my beating heart,
No pills that I must take...
No chance that I would join in, too,
No way with Christmas near,
No purpose in what others do,
No sense, I must keep clear...
No, let me still believe in Christ,
No, let me stand steadfast!
No fear, you see, I've realised!
November's come! AT LAST!

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale November 2017.

The Gospel poem was shared by Lesley Conder,
Revelation TV presenter of R-Mornings on
the 1st of November 2017. My poem imitates the
Thomas Hood poem, entitled November, as was
taught in my School's English Literature classes.
It's on poemhunter here: /poem/november-2/

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581.

Denis Martindale

Stronger Together!

When saints get blessed by Jesus Christ,
That's when they serve the Lord,
Stronger together when baptised,
By faith, to stand assured...
Stronger together when they pray,
Prayer journals close at hand
And seeking first what God would say
And all that He has planned.
We're on a mission every week,
As missionaries here,
Our ministries may seem unique,
Until God makes these clear...
Perhaps in Belfast or Brazil,
Perhaps more close to home,
We seek the lost and serve God's will...
Wherever we may roam.
A broken life, a broken heart,
God points these out to us,
Perhaps with wisdom to impart,
With love in Christ Jesus!
Stronger FOREVER to proclaim
God's Son upon His Throne!
Stronger together! In His Name,
The greatest ever known!

Denis Martindale October 2017.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581.

Denis Martindale

The Finest Choice Is Love!

Tell me, would you rather,
Be a stranger to the Father?
Or would you seek to learn what should be done?

Think of what you could achieve,
Every time that you believe,
Because, by faith, you're trusting in God's Son.

True love shines ever new,
God's life-changer that gets us through,
The Sermon on the Mount explaining things.

Think of what love cost the Lord,
Amazing grace, God's great reward,
Christ proved the Lord of Lords and King of Kings!

The Holy Spirit's here,
With God's truth to make things clear,
By word and prayer, each makes the choice to love.

PoemHunter.com

And that's why saints intercede,
God responding to each need,
In Jesus Name, the Name that proves enough!

Denis Martindale October 2017.

The Gospel poem was shared by
Revelation TV's presenter
Lesley Conder on the R-Mornings
show on the 25th of October 2017.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,

the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581.

Denis Martindale

What Is Your Assignment?

What on Earth is your assignment? The reason God gave life!
The reason you were Heaven-sent, each day that you survive...
And do you call upon His Name, just like prayer warriors do?
With love like some eternal flame, God's Word to guide you through?
Did God invest, forgive and guide and fill you to the brim
Without Lord Jesus crucified, your sins fixed fast on Him?
I tell you this, I'm just one man, a pensioner this week,
Yet my God proved life has a plan, something that's quite unique!

What on Earth is your assignment? A preacher to the lost?
For you're not here by accident, each destiny has cost...
A price upon your very heart, a price upon your soul
And yet what blessings to impart, when Jesus takes control...
Rewards await near Heaven's Throne, eternal and sublime,
Yet each depends on you alone, will you redeem the time?
Ask God for wisdom to supply... Ask God and seek His face...
For your assignment from on high needs God's amazing grace!

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale 22 October 2017.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581.

Denis Martindale

Why Should I Write Poetry?

If you only knew the treasure chest that awaited you.
If only you could fall under the spell of all those shining gemstones
and gaze upon the silver and the gold.

If only you could savour the joy that is stored ahead of you,
just dangling in front of your heart and soul…
and your eyes as you were reading each special syllable.

The mother tongue never looked so beautiful
as when the spirit is moved upon the deadness of a single page.
The pen has never seemed so precious
as when writing the thoughts that the soul imparts.

Nor can you dismiss the Lord God sharing His words along the way.
Ask the Old Testament prophets
why they wrote the psalms and the prophecies.
They will ask you why you haven't made a start already.
What's wrong with you? Why do you delay?
Then they will commend poetry to you
and recite what God helped them to share.
The old men will smile, the young men will smile.
Little children will ask for the meanings,
the kings will reason what could be meant beyond the meanings.

For poetry is that powerful that it has built kingdoms,
why then do you ask, Why should I write poetry?
It is not a duty, it is a beauty… Cherish the beauty.
Pray for it to blossom like the rose.
Pray for it to speak to the nations and future generations.
For without poetry the songs are devoid of wisdom, humour, love.
Hopes and dreams go unspoken, unwritten.

Publishers of anthologies invest their all in the hopes of blessing Mankind.
They may not welcome every poem that we write,
but that merely spurs us on to write better poems,
poems that they cannot dismiss.
For something magical will capture them
and spur them on to share what they felt at that time of reading.
Something powerful. Something wonderful.

Something that even I gave years of my youth to write and to share.
Now, the older man, I still share.

Even this morning, one of my poems, written suddenly,
was shared on Revelation TV.
Perhaps hundreds and thousands heard those words.
Perhaps lives were changed for the better. That was the intent.
Not to keep the blessing just as mine alone,
but to reach out to others through poetry,
the basic rhyming of words,
yet compressed hopes and dreams fitting together like a jigsaw,
for the big picture to be known and loved, just for what it is,
a truthful token of a gentle and a godly appreciation
in an ever-changing world of emotions, just a snapshot,
that retains a message meant for one and all.

Perhaps you could better phrase the words,
the lines and even the concluding lines.
Should that day or night ever come, let me know…
because I want to know…
because I love poetry…

Denis Martindale Sunday 22 October 2017.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581.

Denis Martindale

+ Keep Up The Good Work!

I know it's easy when life's good to follow Jesus Christ,
When everything seems as it should, hoped-for and realised,
When prayers are said and answers come, like sunshine from on high,
When each starts smiling, not just some, no need to question why...
But life goes on and things go sour, like milk you thought would last,
Then all at once, there's loss of power... and then you look aghast...
But life goes on and things improve, Good News gets heard once more,
The heart feels glad, life's on the move, you pray with faith secure...

So don't give up and don't give in! Just do what Jesus said,
In time, God's there to help you win! Look up and look ahead...
The Lord well knows our mortal frame, He knows our ups and downs,
Yet promises, in Jesus Name, we'll get rewards and crowns...
Cheer up, think big, then fast and pray, God's still upon His Throne,
Still loving, helping, day-by-day... don't think you're all alone...
A billion saints are praying still, that's reason to rejoice,
Keep up the good work! Seek God's will... Thank God you made that choice!

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale

Saturday 21 October 2017, shared Sunday 22 October 2017.

The Gospel poem was shared on Revelation TV's
Voice In the Wilderness evening show, early on
Sunday morning, on the 22nd of October 2017.

The T-shirt that was mentioned on this show is the
one shown below, yet it is sold in different colours.
Google Images search helped me find where to order
it and that's why I've ordered the red and the blue!

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581.

Denis Martindale

+ What A Blessing!

It is indeed a blessing when
Prayer journals can remind
A Christian saint to pray again
And thus help all Mankind...
And so, I gave at the office,
I got it sent in time,
Yes, what a blessing this is!
It's beautiful... sublime!

Denis Martindale Sunday 22 October 2017.

The Gospel poem was shared on Revelation TV's
Church Without Walls, on Sunday morning, on
the 22nd of October 2017, on how to get your
very own Prayer Journal by phoning the office.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

PoemHunter.com

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581.

Denis Martindale

Young Lion

No more the fragile cub he was,
He's more the lion now,
For Nature has got plans because
He must survive somehow...
That's why his mane surrounds his face,
That's why his teeth grow strong,
That's why his claws can thus embrace
His status all day long...

No more that cub that used to play,
He's tall enough to stand,
Then fight his foes, keep them at bay,
Make sure that they stay banned...
The other lions watch him grow,
His body take on change,
He shares the fury that they know,
They see his eyes look strange...

One day, he may, rule like a king,
With battle stars as proof,
The victor over everything,
To walk as if aloof...
To challenge him would not be wise,
Should he take charge that time,
As fellow lions realise
This one has reached his prime...

Denis Martindale October 2017.

A poem based on the magnificent Stephen Gayford
wildlife sketch, Young Lion. Google search phrases
gayford prints and Stephen Gayford poetry
and also for Heaven and Earth Designs...

Denis Martindale

I See

I.C. a place we're meant to be,
I.C. we're clearing land,
I.C. a place for harmony,
I.C. God has it planned.
I.C. we're really on our way,
I.C. what progress made,
I.C. God's answer as we pray,
I.C. God's proof displayed.
I.C. a warming in each heart,
I.C. a chance to cheer,
I.C. God's blessing from the start,
I.C. great things next year.
I.C. a crowd with gifts of grace,
I.C. improvements soon,
I.C. a smile upon each face,
I.C. folks change their tune.
I.C. Lord Jesus clap His hands,
I.C. Lord Jesus grin,
I.C. believers sing and dance,
YOU SEE, one day, we'll WIN!

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale October 2017.

Here's a poem promoting the Revelation TV viewers' donations for the International Centre studio facilities. So, the poem's title, I SEE is about the I.C. Building and the TV channel explaining the reasons to offer gifts to support the making of new studio shows in the future.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV, the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581.

Denis Martindale

Sleepy Heads!

The lion cubs were quite fatigued
And lay there in a lump,
As if they yawned and all agreed
It's time to take a slump!
So slump they did, like sleepy heads,
Deep breaths, prepared to doze,
Upon the ground, for they'd no beds,
No blankets for their toes!

My word, they were a lazy lot,
All huddled in a heap,
But then again, it was quite hot
Enough to make them sleep...
So off they drifted one-by-one...
To nod off without care,
Beneath that constant golden sun,
That some folks just can't bare...

In time, these lion cubs must awake
From all that rest they've had,
And when they do, for goodness sake,
They'll drive their parents mad!
That's why their parents let them be,
No roars from Dads at all...
For peace at last brings harmony,
God's greatest miracle!

Denis Martindale October 2017.

A poem based on the magnificent Stephen Gayford
wildlife paintings. Google search phrases
gayford prints and Stephen Gayford poetry
and also for Heaven and Earth Designs...

Denis Martindale

Devoted Disciple

Devoted disciple, take My hand...
And walk with Me a while,
You've loved the Bible, learnt what's planned,
Yet now, let's talk and smile.
Discuss with Me all thoughts and prayers,
Pour out your heart to Me,
All problems, burdens, aches and cares,
Find out what's meant to be.
For not all sorrows must remain,
Sometimes God says, 'Let go...'
Because you know you're born again,
Let blessings overflow...
I tell you this, ahead of time,
Remember and be glad!
Good things will come, each one sublime,
Why then should you feel sad?
A great reward awaits you still,
A crown of glory, too,
Each time each saint obeys God's will,
God tells them, 'I LOVE YOU! '
Amazing grace, through Calvary,
Begins each time you pray!
In truth, I love you, totally!
So take My hand each day...

Denis Martindale October 2017.

The Gospel poem was shared by Revelation TV
presenter, Lesley Conder, on the R-Mornings
programme on the 18th of October 2017...

It followed the testimony of a lady who
went to Heaven and told us of her rewards
for her Christian giving to help others.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581.

Denis Martindale

The Messiah And The Mentor

When Jesus spoke to those nearby,
He showed authority,
Explaining God has reasons why,
Fulfilled through Calvary...
Appointing mentors one-by-one,
As leaders men could trust,
So Christians learn to serve God's Son
In each new way they must...
That's why each mentor blesses those
Who heed the good advice,
Reminding them that Jesus rose
With all grace He supplies...
With nothing lacking for Good News,
For Gentile and for Jew,
Enough to make sure each can choose,
Including me... and you...
Christ's blessings need God's guiding hand,
A word of power said,
Such that God shows what He has planned...
To even raise the dead...
That's why the Church can grow and grow,
Beyond our hopes and prayers,
Like Heaven's glory meant to glow,
For nothing else compares!

Denis Martindale October 2017.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581.

Denis Martindale

The Secret Of His Power!

When faith asserts itself on Earth,
Just like the faith of Wigglesworth,
I tell you this, the Devil shakes...
And even in his spirit aches...
The Christian who serves like Saint Paul,
Deserves each mighty miracle!
And yet stays humble, not to boast,
But seeking still the Holy Ghost!
Because the Saviour sent Him here,
To cast out sin and doubt and fear...
Oh, Lord, we praise You, in Christ's Name,
His sinless life, eternal flame,
Compassion, blessing, prophecy,
Because He died on Calvary!
Yet risen now, the Saviour lives...
And it's through Him that God forgives!
And so, let's pray to God above...
In Jesus Name... the King of Love!

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale October 2017.

The Gospel poem was shared on Revelation TV's
R-Mornings show, Tuesday morning, on the 17th
of October 2017, with evangelist and healer,
Daniel Chand, that included the video shown
of Howard Conder and his reading of this book:

The Gospel poem is about faithful
Christian believers such as
Smith Wigglesworth and the book,
The Secret Of His Power,
recommended on Revelation TV's
R-Mornings TV show...

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581.

Denis Martindale

New Brushes, New Paints, New Colours

The artist had some money spare
And so, he bought again,
Not well-off, like some millionaire,
No fortune there and then...
Except, of course, a heart of gold
And hair of silver shine
And talent that must yet unfold,
A blessing quite divine...

When he got home, new brushes bought,
New paints to mix in time,
He praised God with his every thought,
For painting felt sublime...
To fashion forms from what was seen,
To tell some story, too,
With rainbow colours, red, blue, green,
Set forth by God to view...

By faith, beginning till the end,
By joy, beginning well,
The colours joining as a blend,
In harmony to gel...
It's what the artist loved the best,
The joy of genesis,
The hope in time his paintings blessed
Brought him eternal bliss...

Denis Martindale October 2017.

A poem based on the magnificent Stephen Gayford
wildlife paintings. Google search phrases
gayford prints and Stephen Gayford poetry
and also for Heaven and Earth Designs...

Denis Martindale

Indian Waterfall...

The tiger plodded wearily
Towards the waterfall,
In search for its serenity,
Its tranquil miracle...
And when the water touched his toes,
He stood there feeling great!
Joys felt that each tiger knows
With cause to celebrate...

He splashed the water straight ahead,
As playful as he could,
With ripples forming till they spread,
Just doing what each should...
Cause and effect and nothing more
Except for beauty shown,
Such that it thrilled him to the core,
The purest thrill he'd known...

Forgotten all the days he'd lived,
His memories far behind,
For now receiving of God's gift,
Forever proving kind...
They say that water does such things,
Though how's a mystery,
That cannot stop the joy it brings
To even such as he...

Denis Martindale October 2017.

A poem based on the magnificent Stephen Gayford
wildlife paintings. Google search phrases
gayford prints and Stephen Gayford poetry
and also for Heaven and Earth Designs...

Denis Martindale

Sharing The Wondrous View...

The artist stood and mused a while,
The painting almost done,
The humour of it made him smile,
This time he had such fun...
The details captured here and there,
The colours vibrant, too,
His genius shone everywhere,
God always helped him through...

Of course, he prayed before each start,
The canvas white and pure
And in itself a work of art
Before he added more...
The scenery that set the stage,
The blue skies spreading wide,
The sun still shining age-to-age
And thus no place to hide...

That's how God's beauties were displayed,
The mountains, plains and streams,
The gentle creatures unafraid,
Some dozing in their dreams...
And so, the artist did his best,
To share that beauty, too,
So that each buyer was impressed
At such a wondrous view...

Denis Martindale October 2017.

A poem based on the magnificent Stephen Gayford
wildlife paintings. Google search phrases
gayford prints and Stephen Gayford poetry
and also for Heaven and Earth Designs...

Denis Martindale

Miracles Of The Messiah!

It's thanks to Jesus Christ we know, that miracles will overflow,
They're like a river from above, so many blessings full of love!
The Holy Spirit sharing hope, enough to reach across the globe,
Enough to prove, to those baptised, that miracles are thanks to Christ!

It's all by faith, each time we trust, not thinking only what's discussed,
Not just by heart, or head alone, did Jesus Christ our sins atone...
It's by Christ's blood, His sacrifice, that He could promise Paradise,
Such that it's Heaven's great rewards still granted by the Lord of Lords!

For Jesus lives as King of Kings, the sovereign ruler over things
And He's still willing now to heal, because His love is pure and real...
The Name of Jesus has great power! Hour, by hour, by hour, by hour!
So praise the Lord and love the Lord and preach the Word in Him assured!

For there's no greater name to share, or bring to God in holy prayer,
For there's no name that God calls higher, than Jesus, Saviour and Messiah!

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale October 2017.

The Gospel poem was shared by Revelation TV
presenter, Lesley Conder, on the R-Mornings
programme on the 17th of October 2017...

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581.

Denis Martindale

+ Prayer Warriors And Intercessors!

Father, we thank You, in advance, for listening to our prayers!
We celebrate each second chance that guides, heals or repairs!
With prayer journals open... close-at-hand... we then approach Your Throne,
With Christian names, their hopes, their aims and not just saints alone...
Each prodigal, apart, astray! Each victim trapped by sin!
Each lost soul drifting far away... Each heart You seek to win...

Because Jesus of Nazareth is crowned the King of Kings,
Because He gave His final breath and thus salvation brings!
His blood was shed for such as these! That's why we intercede!
For each one needs to find God's peace, to prosper as agreed!
So we declare... and we decree... and pray in Jesus Name,
Speak life, because of Calvary! Speak hope, because Christ came...

You have the mercy to enhance! No greater love compares!
Father, we thank You in advance, for listening to our prayers!

Denis Martindale October 2017.

PoemHunter.com

The Gospel poem was shared by presenter Lesley Conder, on
Revelation TV's R-Mornings show, on the 16th of October 2017.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581.

Denis Martindale

Continue In The Spirit!

Continue in the Spirit here, all hopes anointed still,
Then He can make your journey clear, according to God's will.
Continue in the Spirit, friends, His guidance is sublime,
In truth, His power never ends, it stands the test of time!

Continue in the Spirit as each word of knowledge shares
Good reasons that each prayer group has prayer journals for their prayers.
Continue in the Spirit when the signs and wonders spread,
Then He can move and prove to men that He can raise the dead!

Continue in the Spirit's light, so darkness comes to nought,
Then He can grant saints great insight... into each doubtful thought.
Continue in the Spirit's joy when He, as God, imparts
A gift to every girl and boy that opens up their hearts!

The Holy Spirit knows it all, not one escapes His gaze,
It's all thanks to God's miracle that's called amazing grace!

Denis Martindale October 2017.

PoemHunter.com

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581.

Denis Martindale

Receive God's Revelation!

Receive God's revelation, the finest you could find,
For it transforms each nation, each humbled heart and mind!
For there are blessings to unfold, like banners raised above,
The greatest story ever told, declaring God is love!

Receive God's revelation, the finest on the Earth,
A cause for celebration, its value, beyond worth!
A priceless pearl above all things, what else could thus compare?
Declaring Jesus, King of Kings, the answer to each prayer!

Receive God's revelation, the finest you could know,
The message of salvation, across this world to go!
It's faster than when angels fly or on this Earth to land,
The Master guiding from on high, the future in His hand!

Receive God's revelation, the finest way to live,
Christ came to all Creation, eternal life to give!

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale October 2017.

The Gospel poem was shared on Revelation TV
on the Voice In The Wilderness show, Saturday,
the 14th of October 2017.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581.

Denis Martindale

What Else?

Consider all that we could be, if children of the Lord!
Amazing grace through Calvary, redeemed and then restored,
Revival sent, with tongues of fire, with dreams and visions, too...
With revelation to inspire, to guide and see us through...

Consider wisdom from the past, from Solomon and such,
For this alone will always last and proves we're loved so much...
For this we know, that Heaven waits each sinner that repents,
Yet more than this, God celebrates the saints who are His friends...

Consider everything God gave, He did not spare His Son!
What else is left to grant us faith than all that God has done! ?
The Church proclaims the Gospel still, that Jesus died so brave,
Then rose from death, to serve God's will, as King of Kings to save...

What else could God in Heaven do, that's more than this for us?
The Holy Spirit blessing you... and me in Christ Jesus!

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale October 2017.

The Gospel poem was shared on the Revelation TV
R-Mornings show by presenter, Lesley Conder, on
Monday, the 9th of October 2017.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581.

Denis Martindale

Let The Lord Lead You!

Let the Lord lead you on the way, to guide you here and there,
Anoint your journey day by day, beyond each hope and prayer,
The Lord has seen what's yet to be, then shares with prophets, too,
Just like He's done for saints like me, like He can do for you...

A word of knowledge now and then, a dream that comes by night,
A daytime vision shown again, a Scripture for insight...
A meeting with a fellow saint, a mentor or a friend,
The strength to stand and not to feint, compassion without end...

A ministry that you alone must choose without excuse,
A challenge you are meant to own, accept and not refuse...
Each time you walk in close accord, God guides in everything,
Each mission grants a great reward, in Heaven, from your King...

Let revelation warm your heart, quote Jesus more not less,
Then reach the world in every part, so that the Lord can bless...

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale October 2017.

The Gospel poem was shared on the Revelation TV
R-Mornings show by presenter, Lesley Conder, on
Tuesday, the 10th of October 2017.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581.

Denis Martindale

Thank You For Your Donation!

Stronger together with Jesus! On that you can depend!
You stood with us...You prayed with us... You made a difference, friend!
We praise God for each occasion, when Jesus touched your heart,
Your donation helps each nation, when we, Good News, impart!
Consider each soul we're reaching, across this world of ours,
Consider who needs that preaching, that spans across the hours!

A billion souls! Yet even more, for these have families,
With Jesus standing at each door, the channel of God's peace...
How many sins will yet be waived? Forgiven as God planned?
Who knows how many souls get saved in every single land?
God only knows how each will live, in answer to God's call,
But this we know, God helped you give... We thank you, one and all...

Church without walls, please intercede, prayer journals opened wide!
Stronger together! Yes, indeed... Donating side-by-side!

Denis Martindale October 2017.

PoemHunter.com

The Gospel poem was shared by Revelation TV
R-Mornings presenter, Lesley Conder, on the 11th
of October 2017, concerning viewer donations.

The Time For Revelation monthly show is when the
TV channel explains the reasons to offer gifts to
support the Christian TV channel in the future...

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581.

Denis Martindale

+ The Revelation Of God's Love!

We know that Christmas comes each year, excitement everywhere,
It's then prayer journals bring us cheer because Good News they share...
Always be ready with reasons, why God has made you glad,
Regardless of the seasons, when Winter makes you sad...
Because, by faith, we intercede and then wait on the Lord,
Explaining others are in need, they seek to be assured...
We write down every name we can, raise hands to God above,
'Help us to help our fellow man, help us to share Your love!
And Lord, we ask that You take part, inviting You each day,
To touch each aching human heart, in Jesus Name, we pray! '
We know that Christmas comes each year, excitement everywhere,
It's then prayer journals bring us cheer because Good News they share...

Denis Martindale October 2017.

The Gospel poem was shared by Revelation TV
R-Mornings on the 12th of October 2017, in
regard to the Revelation TV prayer journal offer.

The Time For Revelation monthly show is when the
TV channel explains the reasons to offer gifts to
support the Christian TV channel in the future...

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581.

Denis Martindale

An Audience With Truth!

Imagine truth was Heaven-sent, for revelation here,
Imagine it had one intent: God's perfect will made clear,
Such that not one on Earth should doubt, or ever be confused,
For only truth can sort things out... yet only when it's used...
If forced aside, then things go bad... like water none can drink,
Deceits abide, then hearts grow sad... it's even hard to think...

But truth alone proved not enough... God had to send His Son,
For revelation of God's love, through all that Christ had done...
Christ sent the Holy Spirit, too, to lead you into truth,
He's everywhere and He loves you! Yes, even from your youth...
But forced aside, God cannot save... nor offer what He planned,
Christ crucified can grant you faith and help you understand...

God offers you eternal life... and truth... to set you free!
God offers love... instead of strife... because of Calvary...

Denis Martindale October 2017.

PoemHunter.com

A poem written for the Revelation TV show,
An Audience With Truth, shown on Thursday
evening, on the 12th of October 2017...

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581.

Denis Martindale

The Unique Revelation!

The Word of God is preached on Earth,
Each sacred, precious hour,
Because lost souls can still have worth
When born again with power!
How great an opportunity,
To share Good News each day,
Each coming week to hear and see...
And then thank God and pray,
Then give our gifts, as we share Psalms,
Like when we were baptised,
Then praise the Lord with open arms...
Thanks to the Cross of Christ!

Denis Martindale October 2017.

The Time For Revelation monthly show
is when the TV channel explains the
reasons to offer gifts to support the
Christian TV channel in the future...

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581.

Denis Martindale

What Can We Do?

The holy harvest of the Lord is not as yet complete,
Till all those saved receive reward, when Jesus Christ they meet,
Till then, let's ask, 'What can we do? ' Till then, let's do our best,
Instead of living with no clue, as long as we get blessed...
The holy harvest beckons still and we must do our part,
According to God's perfect will that God lays on each heart...
If we love gold and silver, too, we may hold on to these,
But pray once more, 'What can we do? ' resources to release...
I've given and I'll give again! I'll help my fellow man!
I'll sacrifice my hopes and dreams and then give what I can...
My heart is just a treasure chest that Jesus gave to me
The day He died, so I'd be blessed, because of Calvary...
He had no money on that cross, no money when He died,
His final breath He gave because He loved the whole world wide...
So think again, then pray again... Christ died for me and you,
So love again, then give again... Ask God, 'What can we do? '

Denis Martindale October 2017.

PoemHunter.com

The Gospel poem was shared by Revelation TV
R-Mornings presenter, Lesley Conder, on the 3rd
of October 2017, concerning viewer donations.

The Time For Revelation monthly show is when the
TV channel explains the reasons to offer gifts to
support the Christian TV channel in the future...

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581.

Denis Martindale

God Loves Hugh!

God's perfect love anointed Hugh, in ways that would amaze,
With insights sharing what to do, like waterfalls of grace,
Like rainbows shining in the sky, like beacons granting hope,
Like precious gifts, no man could buy, each meant to help us cope.

God's perfect love reached down to Hugh, revealing what must be,
Not just to bless the chosen few once told of Calvary,
But everyone Good News has reached, beyond the Holy Land,
When Christ's salvation could be preached, so each could understand.

God's perfect love abides in Hugh, from Heaven's Throne it came,
By word and prayer all things are new, all thanks to Jesus Name!
No other love can beat the best, no other love compares
And if we, too, would be as blessed, let's thank God in our prayers!

Denis Martindale October 2017.

PoemHunter.com

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581.

Denis Martindale

I Love Hugh!

God's perfect love anointed Hugh, in ways that would amaze,
With insights sharing what to do, like waterfalls of grace,
Like rainbows shining in the sky, like beacons granting hope,
Like precious gifts, no man could buy, each meant to help us cope.

God's perfect love reached down to Hugh, revealing what must be,
Not just to bless the chosen few once told of Calvary,
But everyone Good News has reached, beyond the Holy Land,
When Christ's salvation could be preached, so each could understand.

God's perfect love abides in Hugh, from Heaven's Throne it came,
By word and prayer all things are new, all thanks to Jesus Name!
No other love can beat the best, no other love compares
And if we, too, would be as blessed, let's thank God in our prayers!

Denis Martindale October 2017.

PoemHunter.com

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581.

Denis Martindale

Let Lord Jesus Be Your Journey!

The risen Lord is ever near, the Holy Spirit, too,
Their perfect love can cast out fear! God's love they share with YOU!
Because Christ died on Calvary, to grant YOUR soul release,
Let Lord Jesus be YOUR journey, YOUR perfect path to peace!

This life is but a passing breath, a whisper on the wind,
Surrendering to future death, because each one has sinned,
Yet while YOU live, YOU need the Lord, to guide YOUR footsteps here
And with more grace to be outpoured, more prophecies made clear!

More blessings that are yet to be, more signs and wonders shared,
More dreams and visions yet to see, more precious plans declared!
For God is good, His Word is truth, His purposes are great,
To guide the youngsters from their youth, His joys to celebrate!

Because Christ died on Calvary, to grant YOUR soul release,
Let Lord Jesus be YOUR journey, YOUR perfect path to peace!

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale October 2017.

The Gospel poem was shared
on the Revelation TV show,
Voice In The Wilderness,
on the Sunday evening, of
the 1st of October 2017.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581.

Denis Martindale

History Will Be Made!

The preacher stood and made his stand as millions heard his voice,
He, with microphone in his hand... they, to hear his choice...
'Choose Christ! ' he shouted to the crowd! 'Choose Christ and don't delay!
Humble yourselves and don't be proud, be born again! TODAY!
Don't let the Saviour walk on by! Run after Him with love!
Don't laugh at Him, repent and cry! God's Word still proves enough!
Forgiven, yes, this very hour! Forgiven everything!
Draw near and then receive God's power! Make Jesus Christ your King!
Eternal life is offered to each person, one and all...
It's why Lord Jesus died for you! Receive your miracle!
That's right! It's time! Be born again! Draw near, each girl and boy...'
When millions shouted, 'YES, AMEN! ' The preacher wept with joy...
The angels cheered and praised the Lord on such a wondrous day,
When millions had their hearts assured their sins were washed away...

Denis Martindale September 2017.

PoemHunter.com

Here is a Gospel poem about the
Reinhard Bonnke Farewell Crusade,
November the 8th to the 12th which is
expected to be the largest gathering of
people ever assembled for one event.

The Gospel poem was shared at the
very end of the Revelation TV show,
Voice In The Wilderness, on Sunday
morning, the 1st of October 2017.

Denis Martindale

Artist On The Go!

The artist travelled back and forth
As if upon a quest,
He went down South, he went up North
And sometimes East and West...
His trusty passport close-at-hand,
Binoculars as well
And then to stand, survey the land,
What stories each could tell...

The creatures kept an open mind,
As long as they felt safe,
While he was glad that he could find
The courage to be brave...
For there were wolves and eagles, too,
Yes, lions, tigers, bears...
'Oh, my! ' he gasped with these in view,
That's why he said his prayers!

His camera clicked till sketching time,
Then painting must begin,
Till finally it looked sublime,
Then he left with a grin...
At home, the masterpiece was done,
At home, while music played...
It was hard work, yet, oh, what fun
The day that he got PAID!

Denis Martindale September 2017.

A poem based on the magnificent Stephen Gayford
wildlife paintings. Google search phrases
gayford prints and Stephen Gayford poetry
and also for Heaven and Earth Designs...

Denis Martindale

Meticulous Detail!

Consider artists all alone,
Devoted to each task,
When sometimes standing on their own,
Nobody else to ask,
Unless by prayer they seek advice,
Their instincts have to do,
Perhaps self-taught, now thought as wise,
Or simply painting through...

Yet there are those that seek the best,
They strive beyond the norm,
Till everyone will be impressed
By paintings that they form...
Then every detail must be right,
No matter, near or far,
When wisdom leads to more insight,
To show things as they are...

Consider all the extra days,
The weeks, the months, the years,
For then they're worthy of some praise
As great artwork appears...
Such that they're printed and portrayed
In homes across the globe,
In golden frames to be displayed
As emblems of Man's hope...

Denis Martindale September 2017.

A poem based on the magnificent Stephen Gayford
wildlife paintings. Google search phrases
gayford prints and Stephen Gayford poetry
and also for Heaven and Earth Designs...

Denis Martindale

Each Gift Is Building Momentum!

Yes, finally! The plans have passed!
The building's been approved!
It's time for us to build at last!
The soil cleared and moved...
The diggers digging here and there,
That's if the sun still shines.
The graphics are beyond compare,
We love the great designs...
We've people praying every day...
And sometimes every hour!
My word, we're glad that people pray,
We really need God's power!

Yes, praise God! Shout Halleluyah!
Good News we're here to tell...
To think, that we've all come this far!
Our patience served us well...
We've got a vision, yes, indeed!
We won't give up at all!
We're ploughing on, till we succeed
And see God's miracle!
By faith, by faith, by faith, by faith!
We're going to see it through!
I gave my gift by being brave!
The rest is up to YOU!

Denis Martindale September 2017.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581.

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

In Harmony

Two tigers can obey God's laws,
Live gently side-by-side,
Or concentrate on all their flaws,
Then fight till one has died...
And with so few still left on Earth,
It pays to stay as friends,
To celebrate each other's worth,
Make peace and make amends...

But tigers aren't aware of those
Still living close nearby,
If some are friends, or some are foes!
No wonder that they sigh...
And just like Man is prone to do,
Each tiger stays alert,
Survival instincts proving true,
Then neither one gets hurt...

When harmony has been agreed,
It's smiles all round again,
No cause to fight, no cause to bleed,
They live like peaceful men...
When no hate can harm their kingdoms,
What grace God can allow...
Thank God that tigers don't have bombs!
They'd all be dead by now!

Denis Martindale September 2017.

A poem based on the magnificent Stephen Gayford
wildlife painting. Google search phrases
gayford prints and Stephen Gayford poetry
and also for Heaven and Earth Designs...

Denis Martindale

Tigers In Winter

The tiger cubs looked on in fright,
For they woke up to snow!
Yes, there it was... so cold, so white,
Laid on the ground, aglow!
It made a somewhat crunchy sound
Beneath their pressing paws,
The sort of sound that could astound,
A sound that none ignores!

Then came the time to have a drink,
My word, that froze their lungs
And then more snow to make them think,
Still falling on their tongues!
Ho, hum! They sighed, as tigers do...
How long will this stuff last?
The novelty, no longer new,
In fact, they looked aghast!

No central heating, like I've got!
No scarves, or boots and such!
No coffee in a cup so hot!
Which I like very much!
Cold whiskers, which each tiger rubs!
Cold paws! Cold breath! Cold... tums!
I pity tigers and their cubs,
Each year when Winter comes!

Denis Martindale September 2017.

A poem based on the magnificent Stephen Gayford
wildlife painting. Google search phrases
gayford prints and Stephen Gayford poetry
and also for Heaven and Earth Designs...

Denis Martindale

Catching The Sun, Too

The first meerkat stood in the sun,
Another joined him there,
No other work that must be done,
No other chore to share...
And so began the brand new day,
Just watching clouds roll by,
Sometimes they'd simply melt away,
No longer in the sky...

The meerkats wondered where they'd gone,
How could they disappear?
How come they didn't carry on?
Oh, dear! Oh, dear! Oh, dear!
And yet that comes to all of us!
Yes, even meerkats, too!
And what's the point to make a fuss?
There's not much we can do!

Thank God for life that's been allowed
While you're still in your prime!
Don't wander lonely as a cloud,
Make friends while there's still time!
So take the hint and live life well,
You'll see God's got a plan,
If you want life to turn out swell,
Then help your fellow man!

Denis Martindale September 2017.

A poem based on the magnificent Stephen Gayford
wildlife painting. Google search phrases
gayford prints and Stephen Gayford poetry
and also for Heaven and Earth Designs...

Denis Martindale

Patience Produces Profits!

The Holy Bible teaches us
That patience brings rewards
And that's proved to us by Jesus,
Good Shepherd, Lord of Lords...
Yet it applies to others, too,
Like artists painting scenes,
Who plan ahead what they must do
With reds and blues and greens...

The sketching's done, the work begins,
The artist stands alone,
The paintbrush on his palette spins,
That's how he sets the tone...
But then the details must be faced,
Each perfect by design,
Each tiny dot precisely placed,
Each delicate and fine...

So colours mix and thus create
A fitting match to see,
To give him cause to celebrate
The pleasant scenery...
And finally... the work's complete,
Though patience cost him time...
Yet his new painting looks so sweet,
It's simply quite sublime!

Denis Martindale September 2017.

A poem based on the magnificent Stephen Gayford
wildlife paintings. Google search phrases
gayford prints and Stephen Gayford poetry
and also for Heaven and Earth Designs...

Denis Martindale

Your Gift Will Echo Into Eternity!

What could you do to match Christ's love,
Beyond each prayer and thought?
The richest man can't give enough,
Despite his best support...
The cheerful giver's truly blessed,
Yet God must guide your hand,
Then, given time, you'll be impressed...
By all that God has planned!
If you've been saved by Jesus Christ,
Forgiven, born again,
Born of the Spirit and baptised,
As witness to all men,
You'll worship God with hymns of praise,
Just like all Christians do,
Because of God's amazing grace
And revelation, too...
But think of those unsaved on Earth!
Unsaved, so much to lose!
Who think their lost souls have no worth,
Dismissing God's Good News...
From Bethlehem to Calvary,
God's seen and heard it all
Echo into eternity,
With each great miracle...
Yet you can help Mankind to live,
As wisdom overflows...
Through every single gift you give,
As revelation grows!

Denis Martindale September 2017.

The Gospel poem was shared on Revelation TV's programme, Voice In the Wilderness, on Sunday evening, the 17th to the 18th of September 2017.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!

DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581.

Denis Martindale

Thank God For Jesus!

Let poets share their hymns of praise,
Like psalmists used to do,
To bless each Christian who obeys
And blessing Jesus, too...
Lord Jesus died and rose again,
Ascending to God's Throne!
So, let's quote Jesus now and then,
For all the joys He's shown!

Denis Martindale September 2017.

The Gospel poem was shared
on Revelation TV's show,
Church Without Walls, on
the 17th of September 2017.

PoemHunter.com

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
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the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581.

Denis Martindale

End Times' Wheat!

And it shall come to pass, in the last days,
that the saints of the Lord arise,
like wheat in the field,
in the field of the harvest of the Lord,
ascending from the Earth,
towards the warmth of the sun,
towards the light of holiness and majesty...

And none shall diminish the light of the Lord,
no matter what name it stands by,
no matter what cause it defends,
no matter what lies and rumours challenge that light.
For what can Man do against the light of the Lord?
For what can demons do against His passion and His power?

Therefore, the wheat arises and ascends towards Heaven,
undaunted by the storms of sabotage,
undaunted by the scoffers and the mockers
and this shall be the sign of that holy harvest,
that it shall shine like gold,
like the gold of Bethany before all Mankind,
till the moment of release from the Earth,
till the promised day of the sacred rapture,
the glory that is yet to be,
that outshines the present glory,
even that of the sun, the moon and the stars...

For our God is good and our God is great,
supreme in all His judgements and laws,
such that, by amazing grace,
He welcomes more lost souls,
more to join the holy harvest,
redeemed by His Son, Jesus Christ,
our precious Saviour and the Light of the world!
The Lord of Lords... and the King of Kings!

Denis Martindale 12th of September 2017.

Jesus, the risen Saviour, explains the Scriptures to His disciples in Luke's Gospel, chapter 24 from verse 46. The Ascension of Jesus is a sign for the end times...

Then Jesus led them to Bethany, and lifting his hands to heaven, he blessed them. While he was blessing them, he left them and was taken up to heaven. So they worshipped him and then returned to Jerusalem filled with great joy. And they spent all of their time in the Temple, praising God.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581.

Denis Martindale

In The Mighty Name Of Jesus!

In the mighty name of Jesus, Spirit-filled, we're born again,
Likewise, Jesus hears and sees us! Father, thank You! Yes, Amen!
In the mighty name of Jesus, Father, bless Your children now,
That by amazing grace, it frees us, using gifts that You allow.

In the mighty name of Jesus, Father, think of all He's done,
That by mercy could release us and more souls that must be won.
In the mighty name of Jesus, Father, listen to our prayers,
That by favour, You increase us, in good works none else prepares.

In the mighty name of Jesus, Father, we adore You still,
Not for gifts that You should please us, but that we obey Your will.
In the mighty name of Jesus, Spirit-filled, we're born again,
Likewise, Jesus hears and sees us! Father, thank You! Yes, Amen!

Denis Martindale September 2017.

PoemHunter.com

The Gospel poem was shared by
Revelation TV's Lesley Conder
on the R-Mornings programme on
Tuesday,12th of September 2017.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581.

Denis Martindale

Praise The Lord! Praise The Lord!

Praise the Lord! For revelation,
Anointing everything,
For the gifts of inspiration,
In service to our King!
Praise the Lord! For intercessors...
Prayer warriors as well...
For His angels that would bless us!
What stories we could tell!

Praise the Lord! For each great preacher,
Those truly Spirit-blessed
And each leader... and each teacher...
In service to the rest!
Praise the Lord! For every prophet!
For all God's prophecies!
For miracles we're meant to get!
For love, for joy and peace!

Praise the Lord! For Holy Bibles...
And Christians we embrace
And each one of Christ's disciples
That sings AMAZING GRACE!
Praise the Lord! For sending His Son!
The Rapture yet to be!
For every lost soul, saved and won,
God-blessed at Calvary!

For God so loved the world He gave,
His only Son to die,
As John and Mary stood so brave,
Still weeping, asking, 'WHY? '
Ten thousand reasons He's adored,
As revelation's shown...
Each night and day, let's praise the Lord,
Triumphant on His Throne!

Denis Martindale 10th of September 2017.

The Gospel poem was shared on Revelation TV's Voice In The Wilderness programme on the Sunday evening of the 10th of September 2017.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV, the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581.

Denis Martindale

The Divine Gift Of Revelation!

When God gave life to all Mankind,
Through Adam and through Eve,
Their precious bodies were designed
To help them both believe,
That God was perfect in His ways,
His judgements and His rules
And woe to anyone that strays,
For such as these are fools...

But Man still chose his wisdom first,
Yet this brought death through sin,
This wondrous world was also cursed,
It seemed Man couldn't win...
Yet God still had a plan and said...
A saviour would be sent
And that was why Man looked ahead,
To learn what all this meant...

That's why, today, Man can be blessed,
Because Lord Jesus came,
To prove He truly was the best,
With power in His Name!
When revelation comes to you,
Be thankful day and night,
The Man of God will guide you through,
Turn darkness into light!

Be glad when you quote Jesus!
Rejoice in songs you sing!
For not only can Christ teach us,
He proves He's still our King!

Denis Martindale 9th of September 2017.

The Gospel poem was shared on Revelation TV's
Voice In The Wilderness programme on the
Saturday evening of the 9th of September 2017.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581.

Denis Martindale

Paralysis By Analysis!

Oh, Lord, I really think too much! I'm always on the go!
I question things and rarely budge! I really want to know!
Yet not like others that I've met, they study, then find peace,
But I'm like one who can't forget, my thoughts I can't release...

Just simple queries now and then form mountains in my mind,
I patiently count up to ten, yet my thoughts don't unwind...
I'm like a coil that's set to spring, all tensed up here inside,
With all this constant wondering... there's nowhere left to hide...

But I'll take one day at a time, let revelation stand,
Remembering that God's sublime, thank God for all He's planned!
By faith, by faith, by faith, by faith, I'll let God have His way!
For He alone, my sins could waive and love me day by day...

Denis Martindale September 2017.

PoemHunter.com

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581.

Denis Martindale

+ I Am Glad That I Quote Jesus!

I am glad that I quote Jesus and share His miracles,
All the prophecies that teach us and all His parables.
I am glad that Jesus blessed me, that His grace is enough,
I am glad He has impressed me, Good Shepherd, King of Love...

No other Saviour died to save, forgiving every sin,
To grant me favour... when Christ gave... His all... my soul to win...
No wonder grace is Heaven-sent, He shed His Blood for me,
No wonder Jesus is my friend, all thanks to Calvary...

I am glad that I quote Jesus and cherish every word,
Not just the ones that please us, or ones that we preferred...
I am glad that Jesus knows me, that revelation came,
I am glad that Jesus shows me the power in His Name!

Denis Martindale September 2017.

PoemHunter.com

The Gospel poem was shared on
Revelation TV's Word and Prayer
programme, Tuesday evening,
on the 5th of September 2017.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581.

Denis Martindale

* A Time For Revelation!

A young man was about to start University.
He thought this was a really good day to pray.
That very morning, he visited a Church and sat alone in a pew.
Suddenly, he had a vision... He was in Heaven, talking to Jesus!
Right from the start, he said, 'Lord, the world has gone nuts!
Can't You do anything about this? Fix things, fix people?
Can't You just come back today and change everything? '

Jesus told him, there were over a billion lost souls still to be saved!
'Wow! ' said the man, 'Where on Earth could You start with so many? '
Jesus smiled, 'That's easy. I'll start with you...'
'O.K., ' said the man... 'Start with me... What should I do first? '
Jesus smiled again, 'That's easy... Buy a Bible! '

So the man left the Church, bought a Bible and studied it.
Praise God! That was the day his life really began... and why?
Because that was the first time he really said, 'Thank You, Jesus! '

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale September 2017.

The Gospel story was shared by Revelation
TV's R-Mornings presenter Lesley Conder
on Monday, the 4th of September 2017.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581.

Denis Martindale

God Bless You! God Bless Me!

The Church was opened and the believers gathered
again in Christ's Name, then the Minister told them all,
'Count your blessings! ' and when his sermon ended,
they sang a hymn, knelt in prayer, listened to the notices
and gave their love gift offerings. Then the believers left
the Church one by one. The Minister counted the offering
and was about to close the Church and return home...
Suddenly, he saw a man in one of the pews and went to him.
'I'm about to lock up. It's time to go home! ' he told the man.
The man looked up and smiled, then he told the Minister,
'I couldn't leave because I'm STILL counting my blessings! '
The Minister sat beside him and gently placed his hand on
the man's head and blessed him. Holding back a few tears,
he told the man, 'Brother... You've made my day...'

Denis Martindale September 2017.

PoemHunter.com

The Gospel poem was shared on Revelation TV's
show, Voice In The Wilderness, on the Sunday
night of the 3rd to the 4th of September 2017.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581.

Denis Martindale

Thirty, Sixty, One Hundred!

When the Lord gave revelation, was it for Jews alone,
Was it granted to one nation, to kneel before God's Throne?

Was it just for His disciples, in His time, yet no more,
Or for those who read their Bibles, the rest God could ignore?

In truth, God's love is meant for all, the Lord abounds with grace,
He proves it with each miracle, the smiles upon each face!

The glory that He shares with saints are blessings shed abroad,
Yet not for those with strong complaints, who seek to spread discord!

God's preachers seek the Lord alone, then preach God's grace anew,
How many with you at God's Throne, dear saints, that's up to YOU!

Denis Martindale September 2017.

The Parable of the Sower has a message about how we can bless others with the Gospel, yet how many will we each bring before God's Throne before life's end? The Gospel poem was shared on Revelation TV's programme called Voice In The Wilderness on the Saturday evening of the 2nd to the 3rd of September 2017.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
that's part of the 'Church Without Walls'.

Denis Martindale

Christ's Great Commission!

What is this great commission, Lord! ?
And just why is it great?
Is it something to be ignored
Or cause to celebrate?

And is this task for me alone,
Or for all Christians now?
Is it good news that must be known,
Some blessings to allow?

I wonder, am I Heaven-sent?
Anointed in some way,
To be a saint, to be a friend,
Not simply kneel and pray?

And must I study all God's Word,
To show myself approved,
So that I stand by faith assured,
With all my doubts removed?

PoemHunter.com

Will there be signs and wonders, Lord?
Will there be healings, too?
Then Jesus Christ, whom I've adored,
Told me, 'THAT'S UP TO YOU! '

Denis Martindale August 2017.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

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the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
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Denis Martindale

Heart Of Gold!

I'd rather meet a Christian saint who has a heart of gold,
For there's none better to acquaint, their good works to behold!

To see them pray, with heads then bowed, as they seek God again,
Not in the presence of a crowd each time they say, Amen...

I'd rejoice for all their birthdays, not just because they've grown,
Recall good times and then give praise whenever smiles were shown...

Each year has opportunities, more miracles, more grace,
With times of challenge, times of peace, each destiny to face...

I celebrate each Christian saint who has a heart of gold,
For there's none better to acquaint, their good works to behold!

Denis Martindale August 2017.

PoemHunter.com

The Gospel poem was shared by Revelation TV presenter
Lesley Conder on Bethany Conder's birthday during the
R-Mornings Live TV show on the 30th of August 2017...

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

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the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
that's part of the 'Church Without Walls'.

Denis Martindale

Can Man Get By Without The Lord?

Can Man get by without the Lord?
Just going it alone?
So by degrees God gets ignored,
As if Mankind has grown?
Can Man dismiss God's prophecies?
Discount these one-by-one?
Then simply live how Man would please,
Rejecting Christ, His Son?
The Holy Bible warns Mankind,
With prophecies galore
And they're still there for all to find,
So who could ask for more?
The future shown ahead of time,
The bad, the good, the great!
What could God give that's more sublime,
Except to those who've prayed?
And if you've prayed, then God bless you,
Each birthday and beyond...
God bless each Gentile and each Jew
With whom He's formed a bond...
For once adopted by the Lord,
You're blessed when born again!
In Jesus Name, to rest assured...
Amen and Amen... and Amen!

FindHimHunter.com

Denis Martindale August 2017.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

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the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
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Denis Martindale

This Is Our Time For Heroes!

When we look back across the years,
Can we defend our faith?
Can we thank God for all those tears,
Or just the gifts He gave?
Can we just see the good He brought,
Ignoring other things,
Can we just separate each thought
And serve the King of Kings?
Or must we face the good and bad,
Accepting both in turn,
To merely see, that all we've had,
Taught lessons we must learn?

Or must we stand on our own feet,
Not trusting in God's Word?
With smiley face to all we meet,
While doubts make all things blurred?
If not for faith, all hope gets lost,
If not for prayer, we're done,
Despite the fact, Christ paid the cost,
To prove that He's God's Son!
Disasters come, disasters go,
Headlines today and yet
Each Christian has God's truth to know,
Regardless of regret!

This is our time for heroes, friends,
Prayer warriors and such,
A time to show love never ends,
Thanks to the King of Love...

Denis Martindale August 2017.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

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Denis Martindale

This Is A Time For Heroes!

When I look back across the years,
Can I defend my faith?
Can I thank God for all those tears,
Or just the gifts He gave?
Can I just see the good He brought,
Ignoring other things,
Can I just separate each thought
And serve the King of Kings?
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To merely see, that all I've had,
Taught lessons I must learn?

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Denis Martindale August 2017.

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Denis Martindale

Artistic Licence

Do artists paint their diplomas,
Perchance to forge ahead?
Do they simply act as roamers
Wherever Fate has led?
And then to sit and sketch a scene,
As faithful as they should,
Then paint with red and blue and green
What's in the neighbourhood?

Or does it take some years to learn,
To master what's been taught?
Or just the talent to discern
Some innovative thought?
Or money earnt for canvasses,
Invested now and then?
Or random brush stroke flourishes,
Again and again and again?

I only know, the best are blessed,
They dedicate their all,
As if they seek to pass each test
To gain a miracle!
And so, give credit where it's due,
For artists everywhere,
Who daily share good things with you
Because they truly care!

Denis Martindale August 2017.

A poem based on the magnificent Stephen Gayford
wildlife paintings. Google search phrases
gayford prints and Stephen Gayford poetry
and also for Heaven and Earth Designs...

Denis Martindale

Driven To Become An Artist!

Imagine there's a baby born,
No sign of special grace,
No talents shown upon that morn,
Just smiles upon his face...
Then years roll by, as years must pass,
Till that child goes to School,
Then by God's grace, becomes first class,
In fact, thought wonderful...

Imagine there's a student who
Transcends what's gone before,
Such that he starts impressing you
Since he can do much more...
When driven to excel again,
He stands out from the crowd,
No longer thought like other men,
Of whom most would be proud...

His paintings framed, then sold online,
His prints bought far and wide,
Then heralded as great design
That warms our hearts inside...
In living rooms, across the land,
This artist proves his worth,
Yet none on Earth could understand
Such wonders at his birth...

Denis Martindale August 2017.

A poem based on the magnificent Stephen Gayford
wildlife paintings. Google search phrases
gayford prints and Stephen Gayford poetry
and also for Heaven and Earth Designs...

Denis Martindale

Wildlife Conservation?

As predators, we're on the prowl,
We care not what some think,
Regardless if considered foul,
No lower still to sink...
For Man takes all those chickens' eggs
And from the cows takes milk,
Sometimes he eats fried chickens' legs,
Sometimes he wears fine silk...

The creatures see the walking beast,
For that's what Mankind seems,
The stand-up guy that wants to feast,
Regardless of extremes...
The creatures hide, or run, or fly,
They scatter while they may,
What creature wants to stay and die,
Today their final day?

So if you see a bird take flight,
That's just the way things are,
It fears all creatures that can bite,
Though near, it travels far...
It's got no guns, it's got no knives,
It's just got common sense,
Not like a cat that's got nine lives
And purrs as if you're friends...

Denis Martindale August 2017.

A poem based on the magnificent Stephen Gayford
wildlife paintings auctioned to raise funds for
wildlife conservation. Google search phrases
gayford prints and Stephen Gayford poetry
and also for Heaven and Earth Designs...

Denis Martindale

Picture The Scene!

Consider talents God imparts,
What treasures lie ahead,
Should artists blessed with brand new hearts
Just follow where they're led...
Let there be light! Picture the scene!
Choose colours bold and brave,
No more to see all trees as green,
Once given eyes of faith...

For there are creatures on this Earth
That take Man's breath away!
It takes the artists of true worth
To sketch without delay...
Portray the meerkat and macaw,
The tiger in his prime!
Perhaps to paint a hundred more?
Such artists sound sublime...

Each tiny passport brings new hope,
When artists choose to roam,
New countries spread across the globe,
Beyond both hearth and home...
What on Earth could match God's rainbows?
What's left that could astound?
What wonders wait? God only knows
The beauty He wants found...

Denis Martindale August 2017.

A poem based on the magnificent Stephen Gayford
wildlife paintings. Google search phrases
gayford prints and Stephen Gayford poetry
and also for Heaven and Earth Designs...

Denis Martindale

Man's Finest Friend Is Love!

Sometimes no distant voice gets heard,
Sometimes no guidance shown,
Sometimes no comfort in God's Word,
Sometimes you feel alone...
Yet someone, somewhere, comforts you,
With words like helping hands,
To help you do what you must do,
No other understands...

In secret, you've got prayers to pray,
God hears these one-by-one,
The silent thoughts and words you say
That honour Christ, His Son...
And though downcast, things turn around,
The dark thoughts disappear,
In precious ways that can astound
Then set your sad mind clear...

It's then your heart feels glad again,
It's then you share your faith,
It's then you'd stand before all men
And preach lost souls to save...
Until that time, hold on to love,
Because you're not alone,
Not while God rules all things above
Upon His holy throne...

Denis Martindale August 2017.

The Gospel poem was shared by
presenter Lesley Conder on the
Revelation TV's R-Mornings show
on the August Bank Holiday 2017.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!

DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

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the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
that's part of the 'Church Without Walls'.

Denis Martindale

The First Teacher…

One man began, to sit alone,
To muse on thoughts divine,
He didn't sit upon a throne,
His goblet filled with wine…
He merely sat upon a chair
Or smooth-faced rock nearby,
Then gently words began to share,
To make him laugh or cry…

Yet time began to take its toll
When peace turned into war,
With blood-stained heart and blood-stained soul,
While he survived the more…
And sweethearts fell to other men
And wives laid low as well,
Such that he looked back there and then
And wrote about such hell…

When peace returned and songs were played,
The past a distant blur,
He wrote with joy, no more dismayed,
At what yet could occur…
The party raged, the music flowed,
He sang a song or two,
The music eased his heavy load,
With tunes both old and new…

The older man had tales to tell,
His journey not yet done,
A time to muse, then bid farewell,
Beneath the grass and sun…
What lay ahead? Was Heaven real?
Such truths made men think twice…
Eternity, with time to heal,
A golden Paradise?

The dying man had made his peace,
He faced the Lord that day,
That day that gave his soul release,

No matter, come what may…
Yet that old man had written all,
He had no more to share,
He gave thanks for God's miracle,
A life that led to prayer…

His final prayer was all he wrote
To be blessed by the Lord,
Such that Mankind could then take note,
Find faith and stand assured…
That's why his words are still around,
In Bibles far and wide,
Because his words can still astound
Through wisdom he supplied…

Denis Martindale August 2017.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
that's part of the 'Church Without Walls'.

Denis Martindale

Felines Of The Forest!

The felines of the forest search
Together or alone,
If all at once they feel the urge
To face the great unknown...
They may have walked that path before
Or climbed that tree above
And yet each day they may find more,
Sometimes more than enough...

Yet that's the challenge life presents,
Stay home, stay still, stay safe,
Or venture forth, meet foes or friends
By choosing to be brave...
The felines face their destiny,
Depending on each mood,
It isn't just the scenery
Or hunting for their food...

Sometimes a partner they may find,
A soul mate on the way,
Such that there comes a change of mind,
A longing there to stay...
And who can blame them? No, not I...
Each soul seeks joys that bless,
No longer simply getting by,
When two find happiness...

Denis Martindale August 2017.

A poem based on the magnificent Stephen Gayford
wildlife paintings. Google search phrases
gayford prints and Stephen Gayford poetry
and also for Heaven and Earth Designs...

Denis Martindale

You Are Highly Appreciated!

Sometimes no distant voice gets heard,
Sometimes no guidance shown,
Sometimes no comfort in God's Word,
Sometimes you feel alone...
Yet someone, somewhere, comforts you,
With words like helping hands,
To help you do what you must do,
No other understands...

In secret, you've got prayers to pray,
God hears these one-by-one,
The silent thoughts and words you say
That honour Christ, His Son...
And though downcast, things turn around,
The dark thoughts disappear,
In precious ways that can astound
Then set your sad mind clear...

It's then your heart feels glad again,
It's then you share your faith,
It's then you'd stand before all men
And preach lost souls to save...
Until that time, hold on to love,
Because you're not alone,
Not while God rules all things above
Upon His holy throne...

Denis Martindale August 2017.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

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Denis Martindale

A Girl On A Mission!

God's helping hand would lead the way, to guide her safely through,
From early years until today, God saying, 'I love you! '
Presenting her to one and all, with prophecies as well,
As if she were His miracle, with such a tale to tell.
Preparing her for greater things, yes, even from her youth,
In service to the King of Kings, in service to God's truth.

It's God alone she trusts to share each blessing and reward,
Directing here, directing there, in service to her Lord.
Such that she's held in high regard, respected near and far,
Because she's got a loving heart that proves that she's a star!
And as her future paths unfold, with smiles for all to see,
She'll prove herself as good as gold, each time she's on TV...

Denis Martindale August 2017.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

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the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
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Denis Martindale

Quite A Writer!

When I was just a child at School, with books upon the shelf,
Each book could be a precious tool and not just for myself.
Yet, in the library, I could learn the writer's skills and more,
To edit words and thus discern what poems were made for.
The decades came, the decades went, with poems borne of rhyme,
Who knows which ones were Heaven-sent from all that were sublime?

I searched for meanings through the years, as I began to write,
To cast out doubts, to cast out fears, just writing day and night.
I found out worlds of fantasy, in science fiction tales,
I found out truths of Calvary, Christ's love that never fails.
Because God cared, because I cared, these poems are online.
That's why I'm glad, for poems shared, these poems, His and mine...

Denis Martindale August 2017.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
that's part of the 'Church Without Walls'.

Denis Martindale

From Revelation To Revelation!

How blessed are we, of all Mankind,
With sacred hymns of praise?
With revelation there to find...
To guide us through our days!
Do it again, Lord! This we pray!
Revival to release!
Lord Jesus is the only way
To find eternal peace!
With precious prayers from saints of old,
With insights borne of grace,
Such that God's glory can unfold,
Such that we see Christ's face!
Let's give God glory while we can!
Let's preach God's Word anew!
So God will bless our fellow man!
So he can praise God, too!

Denis Martindale August 2017.

PoemHunter.com

The Gospel poem was shared on
Revelation TV's Sunday show,
Church Without Walls, on the
13th of August 2017.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

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the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
that's part of the 'Church Without Walls'.

Denis Martindale

Arctic Sun, Too

Even the Arctic wolf has plans
On waking from his sleep,
The search for food Man understands,
Those hunger pains run deep...
His life depends on others, too,
Without these, starved then doomed,
That's just the same for me and you,
No other course assumed...

He either hunts and kills and lives...
Or dies just like the rest,
What other course, right there, that gives
Such food that he feels blessed?
What other choices could he take?
Eat cold grass every day?
Continue with a stomach ache
That just won't go away?

Perhaps when Christmas comes once more,
What need have you to roam,
With Christmas presents shared galore
And you to feast at home?
But he's still out there, day and night,
For any food to find,
Still there to catch and there to bite,
When Nature's not so kind...

Denis Martindale August 2017.

A poem based on the magnificent Stephen Gayford
wildlife painting. Google search phrases
gayford prints and Stephen Gayford poetry
and also for Heaven and Earth Designs...

Denis Martindale

The Greatest Of These Is Love!

A billion gifts can come and go from God's eternal Throne,
A billion thoughts we're meant to know, to prove Man's not alone
And prophecies and visions, too, with dreams that come by night
And secrets God could share with you that filled you with delight!
Yet none of these compares with love God offers us in Christ,
For it's by faith, grace proves enough, so billions get baptised...
For love transcends both time and space, for love endures all things,
It doesn't matter what takes place, just ask the King of Kings!

They took my Saviour and my Lord, they beat Him, whipped His back!
They pierced Him, so more blood outpoured, to make His spirit crack!
Yet there Christ stayed! Nailed to that Cross! No angels would He call...
The Father watched His Son because Christ died to save us all...
No wonder that the Devil grieved, to see the King of Love
And hates it that Mankind believed God's Son could be that tough!
And yet my Saviour died for me, that I might be baptised...
Thanks to the King of Calvary, the King called Jesus Christ!

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale August 2017.

The Gospel poem was shared on
Revelation TV's late-night show
Voice in The Wilderness on Sunday
evening 13th/14th of August 2017.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

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the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
that's part of the 'Church Without Walls'.

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Denis Martindale

+ The Greatest Of These Is Love...

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Denis Martindale

Hello! Morning! How Are You?

Five little words can make my day!
They change my solemn mood!
They aren't that hard for folks to say...
Polite... not sounding rude...
Yet from the Scriptures, you must know,
That strangers could be friends,
Each time you let your sad thoughts go,
That choice pays dividends...
A winsome smile shared now and then...
A harmless joke or two...
They warm your heart beyond your ken...
Like pop songs often do...
If you could only think ahead...
Before you leave your home...
To put away all thoughts of dread...
Before you start to roam...

Just say a prayer, like Jesus Christ...
The Lord's Prayer changes things!
Perhaps in ways you'll be surprised!
For He's the King of Kings!
Though Jesus knew the future well,
Each day was still a gift...
Some saved for Heaven, spared from Hell!
No more from God to drift...
While all like sheep have gone astray...
The Bible's good as gold...
It tells us Jesus is the Way,
As prophecies unfold...
If we repent at Calvary,
God's joys replace despair!
Five little words reminded me...
New friends are everywhere!

Denis Martindale August 2017.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!

DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
that's part of the 'Church Without Walls'.

Denis Martindale

Something Special!

The Holy Spirit has a plan, a purpose He would give,
Not just to every Christ-saved man... not just new days to live...
Once saved, each Christian kneels to pray, right there, before the Cross.
Then each, by faith, must move away... reflecting on Christ's loss...
The King who gave His life, His all... not one thing to withhold!
This sacrifice, they sometimes call, the greatest story ever told!

And yet His story's not complete... it lives on, week-by-week,
In Christian saints we've yet to meet... who simply are unique...
Each gifted with a special task, that spans from start-to-end,
With wisdom, every time they ask... and on this, must depend...
There's something special now and then, that only I can do...
A ministry beyond your ken... yet my Lord still loves you!

That's why I'm praying, day and night, for Christians here on Earth!
Stay Spirit-blessed, to spread God's light, with hearts and souls of worth!

Denis Martindale August 2017.

PoemHunter.com

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

'E-V-E-R-Y-B-O-D-Y HAS
SOMETHING SPECIAL
TO DO IN THE KINGDOM! '

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
that's part of the 'Church Without Walls'.

Denis Martindale

* ' Jesus Loves You! '

'Jesus loves YOU! ' the Christian said, then handed me a tract,
As if this man was Spirit-led and that I should react..
And so I asked, 'What proof is there? And from this, what is gained? '
He said, 'Christ is beyond compare! ' then gulped as he explained...
So Easter's story came to me, a story so sublime,
The way Christ died on Calvary, though guilty of no crime...
Six hours there to pay for sin, six hours for my soul,
He died so new life could begin, He died to make me whole...
And once baptised, I shared God's Word, with Gentile and with Jew...
Help revelation's truth be heard! Tell them! 'Jesus loves YOU! '

Denis Martindale August 2017.

This Gospel poem was shared on Revelation TV's
show R-Mornings on the 10th of August 2017,
concerning the Evangelism Outreach using tracts.
See Revelation TV's video archives for that date.

PoemHunter.com

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
that's part of the 'Church Without Walls'.
Also use Google search for some extra info:
The Brentwood Gospel Festival...

Denis Martindale

Pied Pipers Of Pop!

Beware the singer with no faith
For none of these is known to save,
Beware the singer who's half-dressed
For who of these is spirit-blessed?

Beware the writers spinning tales,
Far better love that never fails...
I'd rather hear God's Word each day,
Than let pied pipers lead astray...

I've written truths and joys in song,
Because in Christ, I, too, belong
With Jesus for eternity!
Such songs as these God meant for me!

Denis Martindale August 2017.

PoemHunter.com

This Gospel poem was written for
the Revelation TV programme called
Just A Minute and the positive and
negative influences of modern music
affecting the youth of today.

The Gospel poem was shared on the
9th of August 2017, after interviews
with Katy Perry and Justin Bieber.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

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the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
that's part of the 'Church Without Walls'.

Denis Martindale

Erm, Er... Erm, Er... Erm, Er...

You are what you are!
You is what you is!
But you can be more!
Don't get in a tizz…
Just pray to the Lord,
Like Moses would do…
You won't get ignored
Each time God helps YOU!

Denis Martindale August 2017.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

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the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
that's part of the 'Church Without Walls'.

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

At The Foot Of The Cross...

If revelation comes to you, hold on to it like gold!
Why so? Because God's Word is true! The greatest story ever told!

Some truths unfolded in his dreams, like visions plain to see,
Beyond this realm... and all life seems... he stood at Calvary!
And there he knelt... before the Lord, not looking on Christ's face,
Nor at the blood that was outpoured, the symbol of God's grace.
He could not look and would not look! His eyes were full of tears...
He met Lord Jesus from God's Book! That's when salvation nears!

The sinner knelt... and felt ashamed... surrounded by his sins,
So many... they could not be named, through which the Devil wins!
Yet at the Cross of Christ they stayed, the day that man believed,
The day that he, by faith obeyed... and God's grace he received
And when he woke, he stood reborn, a brand new day to start,
No reasons left to feel forlorn, with Jesus in his heart!

If revelation comes to you, hold on to it like gold!
Why so? Because God's Word is true! The greatest story ever told!

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale August 2017.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

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Denis Martindale

If Not For Revelation...

Man, if not for Revelation, where would we all be now?
Presenters on vacation? Or somewhere else, somehow?
The Admin staff no longer here? The Prayer Line gone, no more?
Some viewers living lives in fear, or thinking life's a chore?
Some viewers watching other shows? Some programmes really bad?
I tell you this! God only knows the blessings that we've had!
That's why we ought to praise the Lord, give thanks for all He's done!
For Revelation was His thought, to preach about His Son...
The One who died for you and me! Who took our place instead!
The One who died on Calvary! The One raised from the dead!
I tell you this, we're truly blessed! We're like a family!
A family that's passed each test... since that's our destiny!
Stronger together, day by day, in service to God's will...
So fast and pray, if led that way, for Revelation still...

Denis Martindale August 2017.

PoemHunter.com

This Gospel poem was shared by Lesley Conder
on Revelation TV's show, R-Mornings, on the
8th of August 2017. The image shown during the
reading of the poem was the Heart and the Book.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

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the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
that's part of the 'Church Without Walls'.

Denis Martindale

Fidelity, Faith And Love...

Blessed is the wife whose man is wise, whose love for her stays true,
Who smiles at her in ways so nice... and finds good works to do...
His love transcends all loves she's known, such that he's everything,
With him, she'll never stand alone... God's blessings he can bring...
If she can bring him blessings, too, the Lord will smile as well,
Each time they whisper, 'I LOVE YOU! ', in harmony they dwell...
That's why I envy such as these, they've worked to get things right,
True love has brought them joy and peace, through Jesus as their guide!
That's why I give Him all the praise, forever He's the same!
He's blessed them with amazing grace, all glory to His Name...
Blessed is the wife whose man is wise, whose love for her stays true,
Who smiles at her in ways so nice... and finds good works to do...

Denis Martindale August 2017.

This is another version of the Gospel poem
called The Christian Marriage, written for the
Revelation TV Christian channel, in July 2017.

PoemHunter.com

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

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Denis Martindale

The Inner Sanctuaries Of The Lord!

Sanctuary! Sanctuary! Escape found in God's house,
With pardon bought at Calvary, God's mercy, Christ allows...
Such that the sinners meet the Lord, who paid for all their sins...
Such that God's love can't be ignored, it's then new life begins!
And with that comes God's Spirit, too, anointing with fresh oil,
For both the Gentile and the Jew, their lives no more to spoil...
Consider Christ, then persevere, by faith, baptised in Him,
For then He makes things crystal clear, yet don't act on a whim!
First be anointed with God's grace, like Pentecost today!
Then signs and wonders can take place, when Christians pause to pray!

Denis Martindale August 2017.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

PoemHunter.com

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Denis Martindale

Catch The Vision!

Catch the vision, choose your fate, catch the vision, God is great!
Catch the vision, give God praise, catch the vision, blessed always!
Catch the vision, Heaven-bound, catch the vision, spread it round!
Catch the vision, tell your friends, catch the vision, common sense!
Catch the vision, help folks cope, catch the vision, share your hope!
Catch the vision, Jesus Christ, catch the vision, be baptised!
Catch the vision, good as gold! The greatest story ever told!

Denis Martindale August 2017.

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Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

All My Own Work...

The poet suddenly realised
That a brand new poem was on its way.
It's a writer's thing,
The prompting of an unborn babe,
Springing forth from who knows where?

And so the poet looked for pen and paper
And began with the title that just happened
Without being puzzled over.
It just happened.

So the first line was a phrase
That was describing something that he saw in his imagination.
It just felt right.
The first verse was just a basic verse,
No fancy frills, just words.

But that second verse was a lulu, it was really special.
The poet was absolutely thrilled,
But that third verse wouldn't fit properly…
It didn't seem as if it wanted to join in at all.
He hated crossing out anything, but this time,
That verse just had to go…

He was somewhat annoyed with himself.
He had lost momentum,
He thought he was on a roll, then he frowned.

Suddenly, he was a bit amazed at this,
But he decided to pray. He hadn't prayed in years.
He asked God to help him with this poem.
It felt kind of important and he wanted expert help,
So why not pray?

Well, after that little prayer, everything changed,
The words were pulsating with power, talk about special.
At last, the editing stage was at hand.
He checked every word, phrase, sentence, line, verse
And finally, finally it was done and it was perfect!

Then underneath the final version, he wrote,

Poem by Denis Martindale.

Then he smiled.
But just as suddenly,
The piece of paper disappeared between his hands.
It vanished and he was gobsmacked!
Then he heard a voice,
'NEXT TIME, INCLUDE ME IN!
I HELPED YOU WRITE THAT BEAUTIFUL POEM! '

So there he was, shocked, befuddled and bewildered
Because he had never known any poets state
That any poem was by them AND GOD!
He'd never seen that in any poetry anthology or magazine,
Or on TV or radio.
It just wasn't done…
But maybe it should be…

Denis Martindale (AND YOU KNOW WHO!) August 2017.

Denis Martindale

Wow, Look At You!

Wow, girl, you are beautiful,
I feel honoured to have met you.
You look so lovely.
I really like your hair style,
The way the hair curls round and round like that.
Your smile is fantastic.
Did you know that your eyes twinkle?
And look at your hands, so dainty...
And that dress, it's so colourful...
So golden that it matches your hair...
I'd really like to ask you out on a date,
Sometime this week, or next week...
Or the week after that!
I think you're wonderful...
Oh, sorry, I didn't notice that ring...
You're already married...
Oh, well, you win some, you lose some...
But it was still so nice to meet you... Bye...

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale August 2017.

Denis Martindale

The Man Of God!

The man of God can prove his worth each time he starts to pray,
For every lost soul on this Earth that doesn't live God's way...
Such that one man seeks better things God only can release,
By faith, to serve the King of Kings, the precious Prince of Peace!

It's then the Man of God proclaims that grace abounds the more,
Yes, in the name above all names, that's Jesus Christ, for sure...
Like Peter, James and John and Paul, decreeing what must be,
By seeking one more miracle, paid for by Calvary!

Despatching angels to protect and catching demons out,
Yet treating women with respect, for that's what love's about...
And waiting Christ's return at last, when Jesus rules the globe,
The man of God remains steadfast, by faith, love, grace and hope!

Denis Martindale August 2017.

PoemHunter.com

The Gospel poem was shared on
Revelation TV's late night show,
Voice in the Wilderness, on
Saturday, from 11 pm to 1 am,
for the 5th/6th of August 2017.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

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the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
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Denis Martindale

The Celestine Prophecy

Can Man find more than hopes and dreams,
Exploring here and there?
To see beyond all this life seems,
Without the need for prayer?
Just open up to smells and sights,
To colours old and new,
Perhaps to scale the highest heights,
For some wise point of view?
Or sense the present here and now,
Like no time lived before,
As if to synchronise somehow,
To learn there's so much more?
Instead of choosing to defer,
Then follow sudden signs,
We could meet people who prefer
To feast on others' minds...
Or lust like beasts, not men at all,
True love not understood,
Receiving not the miracle
That seeks the utmost good...
Perhaps the journey seems enough,
For you, yet not for me,
Because, one day, I found true love,
When I found Calvary...

Denis Martindale August 2017.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

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Denis Martindale

Rev Up The Revelation! !

Imagine God upon His Throne with miracles ahead!
With revelation of His own and truths that must be said...
And lives that must be turned around... by grace and Jesus Christ!
Blessed so they, too, are Heaven-bound and in His Name baptised!
Reflect on what the vision means! Then catch it while there's time!
While God still acts behind the scenes in ways that prove sublime!
Just think of sinners that have cried, if saved from all their sins,
Just think of Christ once crucified, yet He's the Prince of Peace!
Oh! If only... they knew, too... the King of Love I know,
The Saviour who said, 'I LOVE YOU! ' and now won't let me go...
For Christ is mine and I am His, His love lives in my heart,
Such that I sing with perfect bliss, 'My God, how great Thou art! '
Reflect on what the vision means! Then catch it while there's time!
While God still acts behind the scenes in ways that prove sublime!

Denis Martindale August 2017.

PoemHunter.com

The Gospel poem was shared on
Revelation TV's late night show,
Voice in the Wilderness, on
Sunday, from 11 pm to 1 am,
for the 6th/7th of August 2017.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

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Denis Martindale

Beauty Is In The Eye Of The Beholder!

I saw two girls with smiles so blessed,
As if with beauty at its best
And yet I heard my precious Lord
Reveal the truth that I ignored.
Not one of these had trusted Christ,
Not one of these had been baptised,
Not one of these had gained God's love,
Or even prayed to Him above...
And when I heard such truths revealed,
I wondered if they could be healed
Of sins they'd done, yet not confessed,
Of future sins that none had guessed...
Then Jesus told me, 'Pray for these! '
And so I prayed that doubts would cease,
That faith would blossom like the rose,
To find the love each Christian knows,
To come to Christ through Calvary...
The King of Kings who died for me!

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale August 2017.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

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Denis Martindale

The Desert Song!

The sands of time fall down the dunes, like golden snowflakes there,
Beyond the stretch of afternoons, yet moving without care,
While I bear sins and sorrows here, within both heart and mind,
I need the Lord to make things clear, so that some peace I find...
The sacrifices for Man's sins are tokens to my Lord,
From Genesis each one begins, for no sin gets ignored...
Though prophets came and prophets went, it's only Christ I love,
Because God's Son was Heaven-sent, so grace could prove enough...
And now I see Him smile to me, He waits with outstretched hand,
For I see Christ with clarity, at last, I understand...
A desert song anoints my lips, as if with tongues of fire,
I'm tingling to my fingertips, whom else should I admire?
He bids me near, He bids me close, my sovereign Lord divine...
This King, whom every angel knows! I'm His... and He is mine...

Denis Martindale August 2017.

PoemHunter.com

This Christian Gospel poem
is based on the Hebrew song,
The Fire Of The Spirit,
as sung by Sarah Liberman.

The poem was shared on the
Revelation TV's Tuesday night
show, Word And Prayer, on
the 7th/8th of August 2017...

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
that's part of the 'Church Without Walls'.

Denis Martindale

If You Love Jesus, Pray For Us!

If you love Jesus, pray for us!
We serve by night and day!
If you love Jesus, think of us!
That's always been our way!
For we were called to serve like you,
That's how each journey starts,
In Christ, to do what we must do,
Compassion in our hearts...
How else could we survive the years,
Quote Jesus, praise His Name,
Or smile, or laugh, or conquer fears,
The Gospel to proclaim?
Or pay the bills, or faults repair,
To be the finest still,
Or prove to you how much we care,
Or seek the Father's will?
By faith, we hope, to reach the globe,
These last days that remain,
With more to cope, with greater scope
And more lost souls to gain!
Stronger together, we'll succeed!
With Christ, the Prince of Peace!
Prayer warriors, please intercede!
Let ministry increase!
If you love Jesus, pray for us!
We serve by night and day!
If you love Jesus, think of us!
In Jesus Name, please pray...

Denis Martindale August 2017.

The Gospel poem was shared on
Revelation TV's R-Mornings show
on the 1st of August 2017.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
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Denis Martindale

Pray Tell... What Proves The Weakest Link?

Pray tell... What proves the weakest link
For each new endeavour,
Beyond the fact, God helps us think
So we can be clever?
Is it that courage runs to hide?
Or money's not released?
Or new ideas are doomed by pride,
When wisdom's not increased?

Is it that teamwork fizzles out,
Like rockets in the sky?
Or setbacks come... then with them doubt...
Such that folks question, 'WHY? '
If we look back to Bible days,
Not all escaped such things,
We learn folks hoped... then gave God praise...
In service to their kings...

Some even left their homes behind,
To reach a distant land,
Then burdens came upon each mind,
Things didn't go as planned!
But we're now different, yes, indeed!
We always do our best!
We plan ahead, so we succeed!
Then money we invest!

That's when God's harvest spurs us on,
More kingdom souls to win,
Till our last breath has come and gone,
We'll pray and not give in!
At least, that's how I'd hope to act...
Yet actions make me think!
For there are times, God states a fact,
But I'm THE WEAKEST LINK...

Denis Martindale July 2017.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

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Denis Martindale

Why Do You Write The Way You Do?

The Christian poet took his time to write his very best,
In contemplating every rhyme in which he should invest,
Such that his brother watched him write, then puzzle once again
And smiled to see that funny sight of nibbling at his pen...
Then suddenly, the poet stirred, commencing, full of glee,
Because he'd found a wondrous word to bless his poetry...
But when his brother saw him weep, he read the poem, too...
And man, that poem sure was deep, the verses oh so true...

'Why do you write this way at all? Why write then weep like that? '
'I write for one more miracle... and writing's where it's at!
It's first revealed within a phrase, that first line meant to be,
It's meant to bless so many ways, beyond the poetry! '
The poet said when readers read, the Holy Spirit shares,
Directing them, so they succeed, with answers to their prayers...
'That's why I write the way I do... I know no better way,
For I'm one of the chosen few who writes for God each day! '

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale July 2017.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

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the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
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Denis Martindale

The Sacred Shimmering Cord!

Be Spirit-blessed and thus allow God's blessings now and then!
Let Jesus be your Saviour now! Make sure you're born again!
A living soul can meet life's end, as helpless as can be,
Like Jesus Christ, the Sinner's Friend, when doomed at Calvary!

Yet there's a cord, a bridge God made, that serves the body still,
Such that God's second chance can't fade, according to God's will...
The shimmering cord of life remains, that binds both realms as one,
Thus Heaven and Earth unite the gains that God grants through His Son!

The Father, Son and Spirit, too, know more than Man could know,
Remember, friend, that cord binds you, God will not let it go!
Two thousand years are like two days, thus resurrection waits,
The hope that grants the heart of praise, till each heart celebrates!

The Saviour, Jesus of Nazareth, ascended to God's Throne,
Beyond that precious final breath... to prove we're not alone...
Be Spirit-blessed and thus allow God's blessings now and then!
Let Jesus be your Saviour now! Make sure you're born again!

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale July 2017.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

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Denis Martindale

King Of Kings, King Of Love...

As it was in days of old,
Man's kingdoms came and went,
The royals counting all their gold,
As if gold was their friend...
To think, they'd plunder, take their spoil,
Then leave the dead to rot,
To taint the freshness of the soil,
Forgetting God was God...

Thus bloody men destroyed the globe,
For riches and for power,
To steal away the children's hope,
Each moment and each hour...
Such that survivors prayed their prayers,
For justice to prevail,
By faith, because they knew God cares,
God's love can never fail...

While there's a remnant, God remains,
For He's the King of Kings
And while God's Spirit still restrains,
Each pilgrim saint still sings...
To lift up holy hands above,
Ask favour, friendship, grace
And follow Christ, the King of Love
And thus, the future face...

Denis Martindale July 2017.

The Gospel poem was shared on
Revelation TV's late night show
called Voice in the Wilderness,
on the 29th/30th of July 2017.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

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the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
that's part of the 'Church Without Walls'.

Denis Martindale

Really, Really Limited!

Sometimes a painting's chosen for
A limited release,
A canvas copy to adore,
A really special piece...
Such that collectors rally round,
To study what was done,
Perhaps in silence, not a sound,
Amazed, yes, every one...

Or on TV, the sale was set,
Just like a free-for-all,
Until the highest price was met
That seemed a miracle!
Just thirty-five, no more, no less,
Each signed for folks like me,
Authentic, with no need to guess,
Despatched so carefully!

Then, on my wall, for all to view,
My pride and joy right there,
It's true, it's numbered twenty-two,
Yet it's beyond compare...
The artist's name so clearly seen,
So others can invest,
Just pay the price, if just as keen,
That your home could be blessed!

Denis Martindale July 2017.

A poem based on the magnificent Stephen Gayford
wildlife paintings. Google search phrases
gayford prints and Stephen Gayford poetry
and also for Heaven and Earth Designs...

Denis Martindale

The Christian Marriage

Blessed is the man whose wife is wise,
Whose love for him stays true,
Who smiles at him in ways so nice...
And finds good works to do...
Her love transcends all loves he's known,
Such that she's everything,
With her, he'll never stand alone...
God's blessings she can bring...
If he can bring her blessings, too,
The Lord will smile as well,
Each time they whisper, 'I LOVE YOU! ',
In harmony, they dwell...
That's why I envy such as these,
They've worked to get things right,
True love has brought them joy and peace,
Through Jesus as their guide!
That's why I give Him all the praise,
Forever He's the same!
He's blessed them with amazing grace,
All glory to His Name...
Blessed is the man whose wife is wise,
Whose love for him stays true,
Who smiles at him in ways so nice...
And finds good works to do...

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale July 2017.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

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the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
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Denis Martindale

On How To Write A Poem!

The second lived before I start, no poem's on my mind,
Then suddenly I must impart the new thoughts that I find!
With my computer set to go, I'm poised to write again,
With all the wisdom I could know and truths beyond my ken!
A phrase is there behind my eyes that travelled from my heart
And calls me now to realise I must involve my art,
To fashion phrases, not just one, form verses for my theme,
Call forth the talents gently spun, put flesh upon my dream!
Then visions come, to make me smart, to let the story shine,
As if a map, my tour to chart, all paths for one design...
But as I edit, things get strange, that third verse just won't do,
One awkward word I've got to change, once done, I read it through!
God's grace found me a better rhyme, my word, that's beautiful,
Thank God, I paused and took my time, it's now adorable!
I've really got it, yes, indeed, I'll save it while I can...
I'm glad God helped me to succeed... to help my fellow man!

Denis Martindale July 2017.

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale

* Is There Really Life After Death? (Ian Mccormack)

Some say that faith can raise the dead,
Yes, even in this age,
When in Christ's Name, some prayers are said,
With death no more a cage...
That there's great power from the Lord,
The God who made us all,
That His commands can't be ignored,
Then comes His miracle...
Apostles healed, the dead were raised,
Like Lazarus as well
And though today, the Lord is praised,
Some dead souls came from Hell...
The risen testify their plight,
Defenceless, guilty, caught,
They stood within the darkest night
And trembling at the thought...
Then Christ released them and they rose,
Into His mighty hand,
Such that to Him new life each owes,
To help us understand...
How many more will yet return
From morgue, or tomb, or grave?
By grace no human soul could earn,
With no-one else to save?
So watch out, world, He's coming soon!
To raise the dead and more!
Who knows if April, May or June?
Yet Christ's worth waiting for!

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale 26th of July 2017.

Ian shared his testimony on Revelation TV's
The Late Show on the 29th of September 2022.

(The Gospel poem got shared on the 27th of July 2017.
NB Revelation TV's R-Mornings show concerning
the previous evening's show Just A Minute topic
about life after death... The poem itself told of

the life and death experiences of Ian McCormack,
as revealed in the Gospel film The Perfect Wave.)

Visit aglimpseofeternity---dot---org

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the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
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Denis Martindale

The Full Armour Of God!

Two men were walking to Heaven,
The first clothed with the full armour of God.
He was truly blessed, like a knight of old,
His armour shining like precious gold.
He was running into every battle, full of faith.
Then he met the second believer...
This man was walking, bent low, muttering in pain.
'Where is your armour, my brother? '
The man looked up, amazed at the other man's armour.
'I have no armour! ' he replied.
'It is in your heart, my brother, call it out! '
The man responded. His armour appeared on the ground.
'Help me put my armour on! ' he asked.
'I am not permitted to do that. You must do that.'
Then he ran on towards his next battle.
The second man put his armour on.
His armour had corrected his body. He stood tall.
He picked up his sword and his shield...
And then he started to run towards his next battle...
Both men were blessed and yet I ask you now...
Do you want to be blessed? Have you got your armour on?

Denis Martindale July 2017.

A poem shared by Christian TV presenter
Lesley Conder today on Revelation TV's
R-Mornings on the 26th of July 2017.

Further explained in the Gospel message
given by Joyce Meyer in that same show!

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
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Denis Martindale

* Who Is Jesus?

Who is Jesus Christ to me? Why should I serve the Lord?
What proof have I of Calvary? How may I stand assured?
Such questions caused my heart dismay and yet I learnt by faith,
The truth Christ died for me one day, my sad lost soul to save!
Who is Jesus Christ to me? He's all, He's everything...
He's light and love and harmony, my friend and yet my King!

Denis Martindale July 2017.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
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Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Framous!

Imagine born some time ago,
To grow, then go to School,
To learn all things you're meant to know
And thinking life's so cool...
Then leaving School, to learn skills well,
Such that great art gets known,
Such that you've got a tale to tell,
Your artworks meant to own...

Then paintings come as good as gold,
Respected far and wide,
So fame itself can then take hold
And fill your heart with pride...
Yet wisdom calms that spirit, too,
Humility brings peace,
God's grace then comes in all you do,
God's wonders never cease...

So famous though you truly are,
Your paintings are the key,
Though you still prove the rising star
Till all that you can be...
The legacy you leave behind
Transcends both time and space,
Because God blessed your heart and mind
With talents... skills... and grace...

Denis Martindale July 2017.

A poem based on the magnificent Stephen Gayford
wildlife paintings. Google search phrases
gayford prints and Stephen Gayford poetry
and also for Heaven and Earth Designs...

Denis Martindale

Remarkable

Some artists add a final touch,
Their first sketch of their art,
The one that helped them oh so much
Before they could take part...
And so that sketch in black and white
Portrays a certain style,
As if the artists got it right,
Then went the extra mile...

It's seen on many modern prints,
Of lions, tigers, bears,
A gentle face in subdued tints,
No treetops, streams or lairs...
It's just a token that portrays
That small things can be great
And how the artists spent their days
In new ways to create...

For details grant us so much more
And last, the creatures' eyes...
On seeing what those creatures saw,
Their thoughts we realise...
So look out for these extras, too,
They symbolise by faith
How artists plan what they must do,
The details they must save...

Denis Martindale July 2017.

The black and white sketches are called remarques.

A poem based on the magnificent Stephen Gayford
wildlife paintings. Google search phrases
gayford prints and Stephen Gayford poetry
and also for Heaven and Earth Designs...

Denis Martindale

Adorable, Too

The cheetah looked adorable,
A specimen sublime,
Pristine and like a miracle
And truly in its prime...
Alert to scents upon the air
And sounds that came nearby,
A predator beyond compare,
With food in full supply...

What then would such a cheetah need,
Except a mate to choose?
A fellow cheetah to succeed
And rarely ever lose...
No cheetah lives forever more
And soon each cheetah's gone,
With such a mate, their line was sure,
To gamely carry on...

A dozen years can come and go,
Each numbered day departs,
With cheetahs born and blessed to grow,
Until new life then starts...
If Man proves not to be extreme,
So cheetahs co-exist,
Then Nature holds on to the dream,
That cheetahs will persist...

Denis Martindale July 2017.

A poem based on the magnificent Stephen Gayford
wildlife painting. Google search phrases
gayford prints and Stephen Gayford poetry
and also for Heaven and Earth Designs...

Denis Martindale

Billions Of Believers!

Behold Christ's Church upon this Earth,
Billions of believers!
In Him, they seek to prove their worth,
Because they love Lord Jesus!
Behold the value God bestows
Upon each soul Christ saved,
Behold God's love that overflows,
Behold the sins He's waived...
Forgiven through the Cross of Christ,
Then Holy Spirit blessed,
Then reaching out when they're baptised
To prove God's love is best...

Such that when Easter comes again,
God's children can rejoice,
Lord Jesus proved, right there and then,
He died that day by choice...
To think, He suffered on that Cross,
That billions would believe...
Christ died for you and me because
In Him, we could receive...
The blessings Heaven has to share,
The blessings from God's Throne,
The blessings Jesus grants through prayer
That prove we're not alone...

Denis Martindale July 2017.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
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Denis Martindale

Great Birds Of Great Britain!

An artist learns his skills at home,
Such that he studies all
And yet it's known, leave home and roam,
Find some great miracle...
And when God's birds are seen anew,
Their plumage comes to mind,
Their coloured wings of red and blue,
Or peacocks, so refined...

Wherever artists come to rest,
Perhaps new birds they'll see,
Or by their little songs feel blessed,
Should these bring harmony...
We may not know each bird by sight,
Yet artists study well,
As if to capture each delight,
Each has a tale to tell...

So when an artist of renown,
Gets all such details done,
His paintings found in every town
To celebrate such fun,
Then I'm impressed and blessed by these,
When loved from coast-to-cost
And yet of all God's birds that please,
I love the Robin most!

Denis Martindale July 2017.

A poem based on the magnificent Stephen Gayford
wildlife paintings. Google search phrases
gayford prints and Stephen Gayford poetry
and also for Heaven and Earth Designs...

Denis Martindale

Quote Jesus! Quote Jesus!

Quote Jesus through revelation,
Use Scriptures old and new,
On each journey through the nation,
The way disciples do...
Each has a precious part to play,
Just do the best you can,
Each learns the words to choose to say,
Support your fellow man...
Use Spirit wisdom from above,
Speak with authority,
Quote Jesus with a heart of love,
Use truths from Calvary...
Of all God's gifts you've got within,
Tell others what Christ's done,
Each needs God's Saviour for their sin,
Just Jesus Christ, God's Son...
Each time that others hear God's Word,
Some lost souls say, 'AMEN! '...
Use prayer, because when hearts are stirred,
Someone gets born again!

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale July 2017.

The acrostic poem message says:
QUOTE JESUS! QUOTE JESUS!

The Gospel poem promotes Howard Conder's
QUOTEJESUS bus poster campaign in London.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

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the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581

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Denis Martindale

Contentment, Too

Two lions let the day pass by,
Contentment there to share,
As if no reason they should cry,
Or kneel as if in prayer...
No solemn thoughts consumed their minds,
Though death was part of life
And conscience killed presents no signs,
No burden, guilt or strife...

The predators do what they do,
They don't want leaves or grass,
They seek fresh meat, new bones to chew,
To them, these are first class...
And Man must choose what he would eat,
Accept God's laws if changed,
Cook food till safe and quite complete,
Eat from clean plates arranged...

So we're no different to dismiss
Their lifestyle choices, friends...
If each, in truth, knows how life is,
Or, in time, comprehends...
The lions merely eat their prey,
Then, satisfied, they rest,
They eat to live another day,
Then see themselves as blessed...

Denis Martindale July 2017.

A poem based on the magnificent Stephen Gayford
wildlife painting. Google search phrases
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Denis Martindale

God's Power And Provision!

From power and provision shared,
The Lord can save the lost,
Yet only if the blessed ones cared
And sought to count the cost...

To some, God grants His special grace,
Power and provision,
As if He shines upon each face,
To serve His great commission...

To pour out blessings one-by-one,
With others still in mind,
Such that they seek to serve God's Son,
As if with gold refined...

Then they arise, dig deep and pray,
With revelation found,
Not holding back upon that day,
So grace may yet abound...

PoemHunter.com

From power and provision shared,
The Lord can save the lost,
Yet only if the blessed ones cared
And sought to count the cost...

Denis Martindale July 2017.

The Gospel poem was shared by
Sylvia Balogun who promotes the
Revelation TV Compassion Project
and childrens' sponsors' scheme.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

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Denis Martindale

The Impact Of A Sponsor!

A sponsor seeks to help one child,
Yet helps a family,
So that their bills are reconciled,
So that they stand debt free,
Such is the sponsor's love outpoured,
Not just for one alone,
With blessings that will please the Lord,
When His love, too, is shown!

The sponsor has a noble soul,
A heart that's good as gold,
A life that serves and plays a role
That's worthy to behold
And so I pray, for such as these,
That God will bless them, too,
To honour them and grant them peace,
For all the good they do!

Let angels smile as each one shares,
Give thanks with one accord,
Let angels witness precious prayers,
Let angels praise the Lord,
Let angels watch what God will do
Because of Calvary!
For sponsors seek to help one child,
Yet help a family!

Denis Martindale July 2017.

The Gospel poem was shared by
Lesley Conder who promotes the
Revelation TV Compassion Project
and childrens' sponsors' scheme.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!

DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

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Denis Martindale

Positive Proof Of Compassion!

'Dear Father, send us help! ' they prayed,
Sweet children needing love,
Compassion that would lead to aid,
Ordained by God above...
Yet praising God before help came,
United in one cause,
Not burdened by the thought to blame,
Or pointing out Man's flaws...
Just waiting, hoping, praying still,
Not giving up at all,
But knowing they were in God's will
Until that miracle...
And when it came, what joy they knew,
Their needs were thus addressed,
When revelation came to you
And then you did your best...
That's why I thank God for your life,
You proved, by faith, you could...
Reducing pain, reducing strife,
Just like God knew you would!

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale July 2017.

The Gospel poem was shared by
Lesley Conder who promotes the
Revelation TV Compassion Project
and childrens' sponsors' scheme.

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Denis Martindale

The Gorgeous Girl Of My Dreams

For just a time, a precious time,
She meant the world to me,
In every way, as if sublime,
Deserving poetry...
But love acts like a bar of soap,
As slippery as can be,
It casts out fear and offers hope,
Yet love is never free...

A thousand bills were dead ahead,
If I proposed one night
And all at once, if we two wed,
Rejoicing with delight...
But money doesn't grow on trees
And so no hope in sight,
Another man must come to please
And thus do what was right...

And thus I let her wed that man,
At home I chose to stay,
Agreeing to her wedding plan,
Upon her wedding day...
I was the greatest true love fan,
Yet saw love slip away...
But next time, I'll do all I can,
Beyond the prayers I pray!

Denis Martindale July 2017.

Denis Martindale

The Christian Voice?

Pray tell... What is the Christian voice?
A whisper or a shout?
A volume set for changing choice?
A chance to sort things out?
A platform on the Internet?
Just social media?
Or thoughts and prayers by those upset
By lost souls year by year?
Would God deny His character?
Would Jesus silence keep?
Would Christians let all sins occur,
As if each chose to sleep?
Or would a Christian kneel in prayer,
Think 'What would Jesus do? '...
Or just say, 'That's not my affair! '?
Your choice is up to YOU!

Denis Martindale July 2017.

PoemHunter.com

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Denis Martindale

My Best Blessed Poem!

My best poem, of course, must be the one that God loves best,
For He can see eternity, to find the one most blessed...
Perhaps He gave a helping hand! Perhaps He led the way!
Perhaps He helped me understand the choicest words to say!
My best poem, of course, must be the one that God used most,
The one that preached of Calvary and of the Holy Ghost...
The one that praised Lord Jesus Christ, God's own begotten Son,
Or mentioned folks should be baptised because of what God's done...

My best poem, of course, must be the one that shared God's Word,
Such that it offered clemency for each sin that occurred...
Perhaps to melt away all doubt, Christ's Blood to cleanse from sins,
That's what the Bible's all about, all doubters to convince...
My best poem, of course, must be the one that saved lost souls,
That granted them God's destiny, so they'd fulfill their roles...
Perhaps that poem says it all, perhaps there's more to say...
But thank God for that miracle Lord Jesus gave that day!

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale July 2017.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
that's part of the 'Church Without Walls'.

Denis Martindale

Eternity, Eternity, Eternity...

When God created all there was, with light first on His list,
He also knew about Christ's cross, the nails within each wrist,
Six hours spent on Calvary, six hours full of pain,
The Saviour who would die for me, my sad lost soul to gain…
To Christ, that was eternity, not centuries that fly,
But moments cursed with agony, until the time to die…
When blood drained from His hands and feet and from the crown Christ wore,
Till death brought pardon so complete, yes, that's what Christ died for…

While others had to die as well, upon that fateful day,
My Saviour had to go through Hell for Mankind's debts to pay…
And thus redeem, buy back Mankind, atone right there and then,
Who else was there that God could find to be the light of men?
Eternal life was on the line, would Jesus suffer all?
Would Jesus pay for each sin's fine and be God's miracle?
Or would He scream and then give in, to call the angels down,
Forsaking all that He could win and thus remove His crown?

Eternity, six hours long? You'd know if you stood there…
You'd know the courage to stay strong, to care… to care… to care…
Eternity, that's how it felt, forsaken by the Lord,
The One to whom the Saviour knelt, who must not be ignored…
And yet His Father suffered, too, to see His only Son,
Who has saved me and could save you, through all that could be done…
Baptised believers share God's grace for all eternity,
But who of these have seen Christ's face when He faced Calvary?

Denis Martindale July 2017.

This Gospel poem's verses can be sung to the famous
Easter hymn tune, There Is A Green Hill Far Away...

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
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Denis Martindale

Where Would We Be Without Coffee! ?

Coffee in moderation, friends! Except, of course, for me!
Or else, I'll sleep and my day ends and that's a certainty!
And as for tea, no fear of this! How boring that must be!
I've found each coffee perfect bliss! One sugar, that's the key...

Coffee in moderation, yes, perhaps two cups or three,
I've proved how much each one can bless and yet some disagree
And yet I'd rather stay awake and face each day with glee...
Don't put me off my coffee break! I love it, can't you see! ?

Coffee in moderation, now, that's proved by history!
Use self-control! It helps somehow! Yes, all addictions flee...
It's really hard, but don't give in! God wants you fancy-free...
Coffee, for you, may be a sin! But, thank God, not for me!

Denis Martindale July 2017.

PoemHunter.com

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

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Denis Martindale

Prayer Warriors And Intercessors!

While there's a single thought to live, a single breath to share,
A man can at the end forgive, confessing all in prayer
And in that moment, set in time, the faithful know God hears,
Despite each folly, sin and crime, despite a thousand fears...

Lord Jesus died and took our place, the punishment was His,
That's why we sing, 'AMAZING GRACE! ' for we know who He is...
The Lord of Lords, the King of Kings, the symbol of God's love,
One day, the ruler of all things, returning from above...

Thus intercessors won't give in, lost souls may yet be saved!
Who knows how many souls they win? How many sins are waived?
Prayer warriors! That's what they are! God bless them one-by-one!
No matter whether near or far! Because they serve God's Son!

Denis Martindale July 2017.

PoemHunter.com

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
that's part of the 'Church Without Walls'.

Gospel poem shared on Revelation TV's
Voice In The Wilderness show, UK Sky's
channel 581, on the 9th of July 2017.

Denis Martindale

Thank God, There's So Much More!

Life wasn't all I thought it was
When I was just a child,
I didn't know, that by the Cross,
Man's sins were reconciled!
I didn't know a single song
With which to praise the Lord,
I didn't know I could belong,
By faith, then stand assured...
No wonder that I trusted Christ
For truths I had to learn,
No wonder that I was baptised,
This action to discern...
And like a dolphin, leaping high,
To leave the water there,
Or like an eagle, born to fly,
I rose without a care...
Then Heavenward my spirit went
Towards God's Holy Throne,
A sinner saved, who could present,
Good News in Christ alone...
My body's here, I know full well,
Yet saints know what I mean
When Heaven casts out fears of Hell,
When true love's truly seen...
If I could pray like others do,
With Amens by the score,
Then I would pray for folks like you,
That know there's so much more!
By faith, I pray my little prayers,
So my big God will hear!
Because I'm blessed to know He cares,
Year... after year... after year...

Denis Martindale July 2017.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
that's part of the 'Church Without Walls'.

Denis Martindale

Intercessors And Prayer Warriors!

While there's a single thought to live, a single breath to share,
A man can at the end forgive, confessing all in prayer
And in that moment, set in time, the faithful know God hears,
Despite each folly, sin and crime, despite a thousand fears...

Lord Jesus died and took our place, the punishment was His,
That's why we sing, 'AMAZING GRACE! ' for we know who He is...
The Lord of Lords, the King of Kings, the symbol of God's love,
One day, the ruler of all things, returning from above...

Thus intercessors won't give in, lost souls may yet be saved!
Who knows how many souls they win? How many sins are waived?
Prayer warriors! That's what they are! God bless them one-by-one!
No matter whether near or far! Because they serve God's Son!

Denis Martindale July 2017.

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Gospel poem shared on Revelation TV's
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Denis Martindale

Intercessors!

While there's a single thought to live, a single breath to share
A man can at the end forgive, confessing all in prayer
And in that moment, set in time, the faithful know God hears,
Despite each folly, sin and crime, despite a thousand fears...

Lord Jesus died and took our place, the punishment was His,
That's why we sing, 'AMAZING GRACE! ' for we know who He is...
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Denis Martindale July 2017.

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Denis Martindale

Spider-Man: Homecoming

What makes a hero, just a suit?
A costume or a cape?
Or just a hulk, some muscled brute,
A giant or an ape?
Or mutant powers, gamma rays,
Or chemicals gone bad?
Or tragedies you can't erase
That make you feel so sad?

Or just revenge that turns to good?
A vigilante team?
A friend who guards the neighbourhood?
A nerd who's got a dream?
Or genius or scientist?
Some rich guy who still cares?
Or maybe an evangelist
Who answers his own prayers?

A hero could be any guy!
Just one guy on his own...
Who doesn't have the wings to fly
And yet goes it alone...
Who has the guts to face the worst,
Until the battle's won...
Who's sometimes blessed and sometimes cursed,
Yet tries to get things done!

Yeah, he's the guy who perseveres,
Who simply won't give in,
Who won't give up despite his fears,
He simply has to win...
He saves the city, town or street,
He fights to save the day...
Yeah, he's the guy I'd like to meet!
He's SPIDER-MAN, O.K.! ?

Denis Martindale July 2017.

The hero poem is based on the new film called Spider-Man: Homecoming starring Tom Holland and Robert Downey Jr and Michael Keaton...

Denis Martindale

Can I Write You A Poem?

If you gave me permission to,
I'd write a poem just for you,
Describing good points now and then,
Of memories from way back when,
Such that perhaps a tear you'd cry,
Or wistfully let out a sigh,
Or laugh out loud or simply smile,
Regardless of my poem's style…

If you gave me permission to,
I'd write a poem just for you,
Describing moments you felt mad,
Or times when you felt glad or sad,
But more than these, I'd hold you close,
To whisper secrets no-one knows,
Then tell you straight, that God forgives,
The proof of that is that Christ lives…

If you gave me permission to,
I'd write a poem just for you,
Describing things I know you love,
Not just the buying of new stuff,
But goodness, kindness, gentleness
And courtesy that's meant to bless…
So grant permission, please, I pray,
Then I'll get started WRITE AWAY!

Denis Martindale July 2017.

Denis Martindale

W.H.A.T. Keeps You Motivated?

If you but Worship, Hope And Trust
Then motivation grows,
Because, by faith, each dream's discussed
And wisdom overflows.
Then like a river from above,
A waterfall of grace,
A fountain sparkles with God's love,
So parables take place…
No need to go through life alone,
As many writers do,
Consider poets near God's Throne,
In search of all things new…
Like humble children, waiting still,
Depending on the Lord,
They cherish every single thrill,
His smile is their reward…
Without Him they would fade away,
Their talents brought to nought
And yet with Him, night's turned to day,
That's why they're overawed…
No wonder poems cross the globe,
Like little telegraphs,
You see, they're meant to share some hope
And not just tears or laughs…
If not for hope, where would we be?
What reasons for our cheers?
Yet God points us to poetry
To bless our future years…

Denis Martindale July 2017.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581

that's part of the 'Church Without Walls'.

Denis Martindale

Every Nation Needs Revelation!

Has God held back Good News for all?
Or is it shared worldwide?
Has God denied a miracle?
Or was Christ crucified?

Has God raised Jesus from the dead?
Or did God leave Him so?
Remember Doubting Thomas said
The truth was there to know!

The nations need the Saviour's care,
The battle's still the Lord's,
The nations need our precious prayer,
Not bombs and guns and swords!

Wake up to what the Saviour needs!
He won't do this alone!
His Church must pray so He succeeds,
One day upon His Throne!

PoemHunter.com

Jerusalem will prove God right,
Through prophecies in time!
Then all the world will learn God's might!
Christ's peace will prove sublime!

Denis Martindale July 2017.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
that's part of the 'Church Without Walls'.

Gospel poem shared on Revelation TV's
Voice In The Wilderness show, UK Sky's

channel 581, on the 8th of July 2017.

Denis Martindale

Centuries Scanning The Skies!

As soon as evening came again,
The first man saw the stars,
God's handiwork beyond his ken,
How did they come to pass?
And watching these as each would glide,
He reasoned something more,
They each have secrets they must hide,
Some truths as yet in store…
And when Man fell from perfect grace,
Some worshipped sun and moon,
Though now that seems a passing phase,
With Jesus coming soon…
No matter what each star conveys,
God blesses each on Earth who prays!

Denis Martindale July 2017.

PoemHunter.com

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

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the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
that's part of the 'Church Without Walls'.

Denis Martindale

End Times Beat!

The drummer beats upon the drum,
To signal passing time,
Of prophecies and each outcome
That proves our God sublime,
For He declared such things must be,
No changing left or right,
Just like the Cross of Calvary,
When daytime turned to night...
The nations plan their subtle schemes,
They lurch from war to war
And better bombs have proved their dreams
In search of more and more...
The hearts of men will fail them soon,
Finances brought to nought,
Perhaps one sunny afternoon,
Mankind is trapped and caught...
Then comes the Antichrist to steal
The precious souls of men,
A miracle that seems to heal,
Declaring there and then...
I pity Israel even now,
But Jesus will return
And blessed are those with faith somehow
And wisdom to discern...

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale July 2017.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

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Denis Martindale

The Girl With Exquisite Beauty!

My, my! True beauty once thought seen
Surpassed by her sweet smile,
Like she was born to intervene,
Portraying grace and style...
Such that her hair seemed like her crown,
To grant her dignity,
With different shades of gold and brown,
Befitting royalty...

For in that moment, caught in time,
God's snapshot of her form,
I thought of her as though sublime,
My heart now calm and warm...
It was as if God blessed me there,
Transcending all I'd known,
To drain away each trace of care,
Each burden, fear or groan...

They say that music calms the soul,
Yet I was lost to love,
Not quite the same with self-control
That's always proved enough...
I heard a sigh draw from my heart,
The moment I was blessed,
She proves herself a work of art,
The best of the best of the best...

Denis Martindale July 2017.

The poem is based on the gorgeous photograph by
Oleg Gekman that I saw on the 500px site recently.
Title: Blonde Woman With Long Shiny Wavy Hair.

Denis Martindale

Every Little Helps!

Ah only have seven dollars!
Ah got no dimes or cents!
And God only knows what follers…
While ah'm still in suspense!

Ah only have seven dollars,
No other cash to claim,
That's not much reason for hollers
Or cheers to praise God's Name…
And yet, by faith, ah can but give,
Just like the Widow's mite,
To help some other person live,
Not just this day and night…

Ah only have seven dollars!
Ah got no dimes or cents!
And God only knows what follers…
While ah'm still in suspense!

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale July 2017.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

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Denis Martindale

My Bank Account In Heaven!

My bank account in Heaven waits
For blessings yet in store,
They're what each angel celebrates
And thrills them to the core!
They've heard that saints have prayed for me
And all my sins were waived!
They've heard I've been to Calvary!
They know Lord Jesus saved!

My bank account in Heaven grows,
Increasing as I pray,
Outweighing debts each sinner owes,
More reasons to obey...
More reasons still to preach the word,
So others get saved, too,
Such that within, their hearts feel stirred,
Perhaps like me and you...

When others preach, let's listen well,
Let's learn the wisdom brought,
Let's cherish all the tales they tell,
Let's thank God for each thought...
My bank account may seem quite small
Compared to such as these,
Yet God grant each a miracle,
Their precious hearts to please!

Denis Martindale July 2017.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
that's part of the 'Church Without Walls'.

Denis Martindale

When Revelation Comes, Think Big, Thank God!

By faith, a man can have a dream in hopes to bless Mankind
And then start small and build a team, as visions come to mind
And then think big and then thank God that blessings are in store,
Just like the time when Jesus trod this Earth and went on tour...
From town to town the Saviour went, to Gentiles and to Jews,
With all God's love to represent and thus to bring Good News...

And in His Name, a man can dream in hopes to bless Mankind
And thus provide a constant stream of truths lost souls can find...
Yet who will stand with that man there, as partners on the way?
Beyond the saying of a prayer, perhaps his bills to pay?
If we quote Jesus, stand assured, prepared to count the cost,
By faith, I trust the Lord will bless the ones who save the lost!

Denis Martindale on the 4th of July 2017.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

PoemHunter.com

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
that's part of the 'Church Without Walls'.

Shared on Revelation TV's R-Mornings by
Lesley Conder, to promote the Howard Conder
Quote Jesus bus poster campaign in London.

Denis Martindale

I'll Soon Fix That!

As a scientist, I knew that time travel was possible, the secret was to start the time machine in space and not anywhere near a strong gravitational field. Having secured enough finances to get the prototype on board the space station, the tests were extensive and successful, but only for the past. I went back in time to find the Garden of Eden. I was going to destroy the tree that caused the fall of Adam and Eve and I found it. The laser gun was primed. I aimed, then the gun disappeared.

'I cannot allow that! ' said God. 'Destroy the tree and you would never have been born.' I then collapsed to the ground in a deep sleep. When I awoke, I was at home on Earth. There was a phone call.

'Sorry, Professor… the project has been cancelled. The President thought it was a waste of time! '

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale July 2017.

Denis Martindale

+ Keep Calm And Quote Jesus

Within this world of aches and pains,
Of wearies, worries, woes,
There's still this truth, God's love remains
And that each Christian knows!
That's why when revelation shares
Its portion of God's light,
There proves an increase in their prayers
For wisdom and insight...
It's only then that God takes note,
With gifts worth more than gold,
As if these were His antidote
That helps us to be bold!
So we quote Jesus lovingly,
Point others to His Cross,
Explain the points of Calvary,
Why Jesus suffered loss!
If not for Jesus, what's the point?
Life's work and buying things!
And yet by faith, praise God we're joined
To Christ, the King of Kings!

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale the 3rd of July 2017.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
that's part of the 'Church Without Walls'.

The Gospel poem was shared by Lesley Conder on
Revelation TV's R-Mornings on the 3rd July 2017
to promote the QUOTE JESUS bus poster campaign
in London, started by Howard Conder in 2017.

Denis Martindale

Keep Calm And Quote Jesus

Within this world of aches and pains,
Of wearies, worries, woes,
There's still this truth, God's love remains
And that each Christian knows!
That's why when revelation shares
Its portion of God's light,
There proves an increase in their prayers
For wisdom and insight...
It's only then that God takes note,
With gifts worth more than gold,
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That helps us to be bold!
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If not for Jesus, what's the point?
Life's work and buying things!
And yet by faith, praise God we're joined
To Christ, the King of Kings!

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale July 2017.

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The Gospel poem was shared by Lesley Conder on
Revelation TV's R-Mornings on the 3rd July 2017
to promote the QUOTE JESUS bus poster campaign
in London, started by Howard Conder in 2017.

Denis Martindale

Pray First, Love Always...

There's a holy, precious Saviour,
Just one God gave to us
And who died to grant us favour,
God's Son, the Lord Jesus...
And in His Name, His Name alone,
The sinner can repent,
For only Jesus can atone,
For He's the Sinner's Friend...

That's why forgiveness comes to those
Who choose to kneel and pray,
Delivered since Lord Jesus rose
From death on that third day...
His Blood was shed, the Lord was dead,
Yet Jesus lived once more,
No wonder that the demons fled
When God's grace could restore...

The faithful know that God is love,
That Christ will come again,
With revelation from above
That's meant for there and then...
Yet now's the time when saints must pray,
Forgiving while they can,
So that they serve the Lord each day,
Then help their fellow man...

Denis Martindale July 2017.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

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the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
that's part of the 'Church Without Walls'.

The Gospel poem was shared on Revelation TV's
Voice In The Wilderness show on the 2nd July 2017.

Denis Martindale

Loneliness Is A Lonely Mess...

I can't remember the loneliest moment in my life...
Simply because there have been too many...

Denis Martindale July 2017.

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Glory Be To God!

Can God be measured by the stars, or sunshine from above,
Or prophecies that come to pass, or great eternal love?
Or by a precious miracle that only millions see,
While billions haven't seen at all... or heard of Calvary?
Can God be measured by the lands that we build houses on,
Or by His handiwork, or plans, though centuries have gone?
Or by the angels near His Throne, or Heaven full of grace,
Or by the secrets He's made known, to this, the Human Race?
I tell you now and tell you straight, God's Son once died for me!
Our God is good, our God is great! He's all that He can be!
And if He loves you, from the heart, forgiving day by day,
Just think of gifts He would impart... to guide you on your way!
Believe in Him! Receiving Him! Your life won't be the same,
The day He fills you to the brim... with love... in Jesus Name!

Denis Martindale June 2017.

PoemHunter.com

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

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the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
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The Gospel poem was shared on Revelation TV's
Voice In The Wilderness show on the 1st July 2017.

Denis Martindale

The Passion Of The Spirit-Filled Poet!

He didn't know the title yet, yet faith took full control
And you know how some poets get when something stirs the soul…
Then heart and mind come into play, sometimes the spirit, too,
Then, suddenly, without delay, that poem's coming through!
The love the poet holds within can now come to the fore,
Such that new lines can then begin to build up and restore…
To comfort broken hearts again, to let new beacons shine,
To bring some light to guide all men or some sad Valentine…

The audience has no idea, just like that poet there,
Who battles darkness making clear what's noble, pure and fair…
No tainted words to stab or wound, to leave us high and dry,
Or on some island left marooned, no rescue ships nearby…
That poet loves to help Mankind, that poet loves to write,
That poet shares what he can find, no matter, day or night…
When time and space no longer seem the limits of all things,
He sits alone, as in a dream, yet sees the King of Kings…

Then unto Him, that poet walks, in Heaven, up above,
Thus with God's Son, he daily talks about this thing called love…
'What must I write today, my Lord? What must I write this time? '
And then he listens, overawed, to hear truths quite sublime…
With thanks beyond my heart or yours, that poet writes them all,
God's wisdom shared so it assures faith for a miracle…
Though doubters think all poets sad, my friends, if you but knew,
The way God makes His poets glad when they do what they do!

Denis Martindale June 2017.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

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the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
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Denis Martindale

God's Royal Pardon!

While there's still time, God waits for you,
To bless, though life's unfair,
Behind the scenes, where you can't view,
He's there, He's always there!
You see, my God can be yours, too,
Because He's everywhere!
And so, no matter what you do,
God waits upon your prayer...

Would God ignore your broken heart?
Would God ignore your grief?
Would God let lives stay torn apart
When He could grant relief?
The centuries have proved Man smart,
Yet fools choose disbelief...
It's up to you to make a start...
Take care, life proves so brief...

Today may be your perfect time!
No need to take the blame!
Forgiven every sin and crime?
That's why Lord Jesus came...
God's Royal Pardon's quite sublime!
You'll never be the same...
Believe like me! For I know I'm
Forgiven in Christ's Name!

Denis Martindale June 2017.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

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the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
that's part of the 'Church Without Walls'.

Denis Martindale

Revival Of The British!

When God surveys this Earth of ours,
At first, He sees the lost,
Unsaved... and with no gifts or powers...
Though Jesus paid the cost.

It's Calvary that they've ignored!
The cross, the nails, the thorns!
The day they crucified my Lord...
And yet God's sign still warns...

They challenge God at every turn,
From birth to death they fight!
They rage against what they must learn,
They rage against God's light...

And then, they wonder, 'What's gone wrong? '
Till one day, things make sense,
The day they're humbled, not headstrong,
When God and they make friends.

PoemHunter.com

That only comes through Jesus Christ,
The King once crucified!
For in His Name they're saved, baptised!
Forgiveness now supplied...

Revival comes when sinners find
That Jesus took their place.
The Blood of Jesus saves Mankind,
Transcending time and space!

Revival comes when Christians pray,
Then revelation brings
God's light to those who now obey
God's Son... the King of Kings!

Denis Martindale June 2017.

The Gospel poem was shared on Revelation TV's late night show called Voice In The Wilderness on the 30th/31st of July 2017 concerning the prayed-for revival, here in Great Britain...

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV, the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581 that's part of the 'Church Without Walls'.

Denis Martindale

God Bless You! God Bless You! God Bless You!

As long as God's light shines and shines... as bright as hair of gold
And sweethearts send their Valentines, as tales of love unfold,
As long as God stays centre stage, upon His Royal Throne,
May grace abound from age to age... and all our sins atone...

As long as preachers stand and share, enough to prove God wise
And He hears every precious prayer... and guides those who baptise,
Then I will pray unceasingly, determined to the end,
Forgiving every enemy and loving every friend...

A lifetime isn't long enough! We've got eternity!
So many lost souls still to love... to lead to Calvary...
Yet still, I pray for those in Christ, for Gentile and for Jew...
Amen! Hosanna in the highest! In Christ's Name, God bless YOU!

Denis Martindale June 2017.

PoemHunter.com

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
that's part of the 'Church Without Walls'.

Denis Martindale

The Perfect Father!

When God created Man on Earth
And woman as his wife,
He thus bestowed both grace and worth
Each precious day of life...
To think, that though each one had sinned,
The Lord forgave with love,
But to the Devil, who still grinned,
The Lord had had enough...

But grace abounds to all Mankind,
We're cherished, every one,
That's proved in every truth we find
In Jesus Christ, His Son.
To think, God let the Saviour die,
To save lost souls from Hell,
That Jesus Christ lost souls could buy,
Before life says farewell...

That causes me to see God's love
As perfect love indeed,
That casts out fear... His grace enough...
In each drop Christ would bleed...
I tell you, truly, God is good!
He's proved that from the start!
And blessed are those who've understood
The perfect Father's heart...

Denis Martindale June 2017.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
that's part of the 'Church Without Walls'.

Denis Martindale

God's Lovely Viewers!

There's still a righteous faith within
That hearts of gold can share!
Despite each sorrow and each sin
That saints confess in prayer...

For saints are saved by faith alone,
Not works that one should boast,
Yet humble saints draw near God's Throne,
Blessed by the Holy Ghost...

By faith, with thanks! Let's take God's grace!
Quote Jesus while we can.
God's precious pardon to embrace,
Then tell our fellow man...

God's lovely viewers! Join with us!
Share revelation now...
Because at the Name of Jesus...
Every knee shall bow...

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale 26 June 2017.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
that's part of the 'Church Without Walls'.

The Gospel poem was shared on Revelation TV's
R-Mornings programme today, with the 700 Club
Howard Conder interview about QUOTEJESUS and
the London Bus Gospel advertisements' campaign.

Denis Martindale

Pray For One Another!

There was a man of God I knew...
Grace blessed him every day,
When sorrows came, he struggled through...
But then he fell away...

He left all duty far behind
And doubts filled him with cares,
Yet God forgave, transformed his mind,
Because he said his prayers...

Unless God can restore the soul,
Each man would suffer so,
For life brings strife beyond control,
More than each man should know...

To think, that others prayed for me,
Just like they prayed for you,
Makes me praise God for Calvary,
For what Christ chose to do.

PoemHunter.com

Christ died to save us one and all,
So that we're Heaven-bound,
Christ is God's greatest miracle
That Man has ever found...

Denis Martindale 25 June 2017.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
that's part of the 'Church Without Walls'.

The Gospel poem was shared on Revelation TV's

Voice In The Wilderness programme tonight.

Denis Martindale

The Special Qualities Of A Poet!

Behold the poet deep within, that awesome little soul,
That tiny light that won't give in, give up or lose control...
That precious beauty, shining bright, amid a stream of stars,
That gracious duty meant to write, that seeks to be first class!

Behold the poet striving still, with truths he must unfold,
Then choosing just a pen or quill, for tales that must be told...
The ink, like blood, flows down till read, right there upon the page,
While he must muse what lies ahead at every single stage...

Behold the poet battling through, determined to the end,
In writing poems just for you, as if his closest friend...
With hopes to please your heart and mind, your future life as well,
No wonder poets bless Mankind, love Heaven and hate Hell!

Yet are they paid in petty cash? Rewarded now and then?
Or poems thrown out with the trash? Despised by manly men?
Do women treat them with disdain? Do fellow poets frown?
Yet still I write, while hopes remain, they shall not drag me down!

I'm just a man, a poet, too, a God-blessed child of grace,
A man must do what he must do, so poems must take place...
And if the only place is mine, I'm blessed beyond compare!
But if some hate my rhymes, that's fine! I love them all! So, there!

Denis Martindale June 2017.

Denis Martindale

I Will Persevere!

I have lived in interesting times...
I have lived through wars and earthquakes.
I have endured aches and pains
And I have endured agony... and hated it.

And as for a life of poverty...
I have suffered years of unemployment.
I have survived decades of loneliness.
I have reached old age and lost my youth.
I have seen teeth come, I have seen teeth go.
My eyes are not as strong as they once were.
My body not as fit as it once used to be...
And death is much closer than ever before...

But, if you think that I will give up now,
After all that was endured before...
Then think again... for I will persevere.
For I have known the Lord of Lords,
For I have known the King of Kings...
And while God still grants His pardon
And a foretaste of grace and revelation,
Then it is by faith... in the Name of Jesus...
That I will persevere!

Denis Martindale June 2017.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

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the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
that's part of the 'Church Without Walls'.

Denis Martindale

How To Start Writing Poetry...

The competition prize looked great, he puzzled what to write,
He wanted it to be first rate, stand out in black and white...
Not just look good there on the page, but something to recite
And even thought he'd reached that stage at ten o'clock that night...

Then off to bed, for blissful peace, to dream the time away,
Upon his bed to take his ease, but then he paused to pray...
For niggling doubts consumed his mind, his hopes began to stray,
Was there more treasure still to find, to make things clear as day?

He went downstairs and studied hard and errors made him shake,
So many that he must discard, reducing each mistake...
Such that the poem was transformed because he stayed awake,
Till, all at once, his heart was warmed by such a lucky break...

And that was how he won first prize, with judges quite impressed,
Because God opened up his eyes so faults could be addressed....
By faith, there's more to realise, by faith, we do our best,
By prayer, the Lord can make us wise, it's then we're truly blessed!

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale June 2017.

Denis Martindale

Compare The Meerkat!

Of all the meerkats that I've seen,
The laziest of all,
Was one who woke up not quite keen
And he was known as Paul...
While others woke up with a smile
And grinned from ear-to-ear,
That Paul would always stretch a while
Before he would appear...

While that first hour soon passed by,
The others went above
And though they saw that birds could fly,
They thought their gifts enough...
But Paul would merely squint and stare,
For him, things looked the same...
Ho-hum, he said, without a care,
No extra joy to claim...

The young ones scampered left and right,
Jumped over rocks and such,
While keeping parents still in sight,
Because they cared so much...
But Paul was lonesome as could be,
No girlfriend yet at all...
Dear God, please end his misery,
Grant Paul a miracle!

Denis Martindale June 2017.

A poem based on the magnificent Stephen Gayford
wildlife painting. Google search phrases
gayford prints and Stephen Gayford poetry
and also for Heaven and Earth Designs...

Denis Martindale

Pastor Moses

JESUS IS FOR EVERYBODY!

Because God loved the world He gave
His one and only Son,
Because no other came to save
With grace for everyone...

For everybody here on Earth has sinned
And fallen short,
Despite this fact, each soul has worth,
In Christ, each soul is bought!

In Christ, the debt for sin was paid,
As Easter has revealed,
For on Christ's body sin was laid...
Through Christ we can be healed!

That's why each preacher tells us so,
That each may be baptised,
Such that Man's Saviour each may know.
Thank God for Jesus Christ!

To think, men whipped God's Son that day...
And watched Him crucified,
While John and Mary stood to pray,
Until the time Christ died...

For one and all His Blood was shed!
Here's why each Christian sings,
The Lord of Lords rose from the dead,
To be the King of Kings...

Denis Martindale the 13th of June 2017.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
that's part of the 'Church Without Walls'.

Pastor Moses appeared on the Word And Prayer
show on Tuesday, the 13th of June 2017 and he
was wearing a T-Shirt with the Gospel slogan:

JESUS IS FOR EVERYBODY...

Use Search Google for keywords
Pastor Moses faith miracle centre

Denis Martindale

Jesus Is For Everybody

Because God loved the world He gave
His one and only Son,
Because no other came to save
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PoemHunter.com

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Denis Martindale 13th of June 2017.

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Denis Martindale

The Generosity Of Jesus!

A billion diamonds dwell on Earth, for wedding rings and more,
For those in love who found true worth and pray for what's in store.
Their future beckons day-by-day, perhaps with children, too...
Yet lonely people pine away, no blessings yet in view...

So pray for such as these, dear friends, that Jesus grants them love,
Companionship that never ends, with grace that proves enough...
While loneliness can foster grief, let revelation share
Each Christian tale of true belief, God's answers for each prayer...

Behold God's Son, in whom God brings all blessings meant to find,
The Lord of Lords and King of Kings, the Saviour of Mankind.
Without the Lord what use are we? He's still the King of Love,
No greater love than Calvary once sent from Heaven above...

Denis Martindale June 2017.

PoemHunter.com

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
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Denis Martindale

God-Blessed Artistic Endeavours!

Imagine being really blessed,
The way some artists are,
Such that each painting has impressed
Each buyer near and far,
Such that a million prints were sold
Before such lives must end,
When talents proved as good as gold
For all to comprehend...

Just think of such a legacy
That spans a hundred years,
A treasure trove God meant to be,
A blessing that still cheers...
For only then could you explain,
Success upon that scale,
As dedication helps to train,
While others merely fail...

Imagine standing brush-in-hand,
To paint for hours there,
To see things through as one first planned
And yet with utmost care...
It's only as that destiny
Brings all good things to pass
That beauty's all that it can be,
Outstanding and first class!

Denis Martindale June 2017.

A poem based on the magnificent Stephen Gayford
wildlife paintings. Google search phrases
gayford prints and Stephen Gayford poetry
and also for Heaven and Earth Designs...

Denis Martindale

The Principles Of The Prince Of Peace!

If Man proclaims the principles the Prince of Peace explains,
Just think of all God's miracles! Just think of all Man's gains!

Reflect upon the Holy Word, the teachings of the Lord,
For by such teachings hearts are stirred, they must not be ignored!

A child can learn and lead the way, like Jesus long ago,
The young Messiah loved to pray, that's how each saint can grow...

The guidance comes and flows like wine, God's Holy Spirit shared,
With precious power that's divine, to prove how much God cared!

When revelation comes to bless, when inspiration's near,
It's then we share Christ's happiness, it's then God casts out fear!

If Man proclaims the principles the Prince of Peace explains,
Just think of all God's miracles! Just think of all Man's gains!

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale June 2017.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
that's part of the 'Church Without Walls'.

The Gospel poem was shared on Revelation TV on
the R-Mornings show on the 13th of June 2017.
It was also shared that same evening on the
Word And Prayer show as a second blessing...

Denis Martindale

The Covenant Of Calvary!

'It is finished! ' Lord Jesus said, the covenant complete
And soon enough, the Lord was dead! To some, that seemed defeat.

Completion to the Lord was good... and holy in His sight,
Because God truly understood the meaning of the fight...

The war of good and evil meant that Mankind sinned each day!
That's why, from Heaven, Christ was sent, to take Man's sins away...

The cost was everything to Christ, His safety, health and life!
His final breath was sacrificed, no way He could survive...

The Blood of Jesus shed for Man, sins laid upon Him there,
According to God's perfect plan, all guilt and shame to bear...

To think, we need not go to Hell! Christ saved the Human Race!
If that's not love, what is? Pray tell! Two thousand years of grace!

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale June 2017.

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Denis Martindale

Give God The Glory!

Can you create the Universe, each galaxy and more
And then control what then occurs, more blessings to outpour?
Creating suns and moons and stars, as if to grant them birth,
While angels watch what comes to pass upon this planet Earth?
Can you create a snowflake's form that floats upon a breeze?
Make one place cold? Make one place warm? Make forests full of trees?
Can you prepare a Paradise for righteous souls to share,
The Earth to fall... the Sun to rise... or harken to each prayer?
If not, give glory to the Lord! Be humbled by His might!
With wisdom, let God be adored... no matter, day or night...
In Jesus, God grants happiness! More than our hearts could know!
Our God is good... He wants to bless... and Jesus proves this so...

Denis Martindale June 2017.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

PoemHunter.com

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
that's part of the 'Church Without Walls'.

The Gospel poem was shared on Revelation TV
on the Voice In The Wilderness programme's
broadcast on Sunday the 11th of June 2017.
Later there was the YouTube Gospel song
How Great Thou Art, sung by Don Moen...

Denis Martindale

In The Shade, Too

The lioness and cub remained
At rest for all to see,
From all their worries they refrained,
To taste tranquillity...
As if the nectar men spoke of,
A gift for those perplexed,
A symbol of God's grace and love,
Defeating thoughts quite vexed...

No point in walking round and round,
The sun above so hot,
Nor being fearful of each sound,
Then rooted to the spot...
With lions here and lions there,
Let such as these take guard,
Yes, let these take the lions' share,
Her duties to discard...

And so, she stayed, her cub close by,
Serene, protected, safe,
Not jealous of the birds that fly,
Nor seeking to be brave...
For now, to play her mother's role,
Her cub content that day,
No other aim, no other goal,
But in the shade to lay...

Denis Martindale June 2017.

A poem based on the magnificent Stephen Gayford
wildlife painting. Google search phrases
gayford prints and Stephen Gayford poetry
and also for Heaven and Earth Designs...

Denis Martindale

Comfort... Yes, Comfort My People!

Comfort... Yes, comfort My people...
That Scripture shows God cares,
When the strong support the feeble...
And give thanks in their prayers...

It's singing psalms and hymns of praise
And interceding, too,
It's Lord Jesus with us always,
In those good works we do...

When money serves to bless the poor,
When wisdom serves the sad,
When Christians live by grace, not law,
That others can feel glad...

To practice what we preach proves right,
It's love in action, friends,
It's always walking in the light,
It's love that never ends...

PoemHunter.com

And while God knows donations bless,
He loves the human touch,
In serving, we find happiness,
The kind God loves so much...

Denis Martindale June 2017.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
that's part of the 'Church Without Walls'.

The Gospel poem was shared on Revelation TV

on the Voice In The Wilderness programme's broadcast on Saturday the 10th of June 2017.

Denis Martindale

The Day I Got A Computer!

The day I got a computer, I opened wordpad fast,
With fonts that looked much cuter than once seen in the past
And, all at once, a poem came and off I typed again,
I even had a title name, yet didn't need a pen…
So I began to type ideas upon each brand new line,
Just pressing Enter, each line clears, thanks to some great design…
A line gap here, a line gap there, with all my verses done,
Such that I reached the time to share, still smiling, having fun…
Highlighting text from start-to-end, I copied it as well,
Then emailed it to my best friend, as something new to tell…
And within minutes, he replied, ‘Wish I could write like you! '
And yet it couldn't be denied… computers helped me to…

Denis Martindale June 2017.

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Try Poetry God's Way!

I wake up from the dreams that daze, alert to God again,
Receiving wisdom from a phrase that He shares now and then.
With revelation here inside, what insights must be born?
What secrets that I must confide to comfort those forlorn?
I pray for something to unfold, with my computer on,
The greatest story ever told not written by Anon…
But those entrusted with God's heart, reflecting day and night,
Beyond the humble works of art that poets seek to write…

There's so much more than pilgrim prose a newborn saint could share,
There's so much more that Jesus shows as Christians kneel in prayer!
To think, there's more, yes, so much more, anointings borne of love,
Enough to fill each heart with awe, then praise the Lord above…
That's why I kneel at Calvary and also at God's Throne
And hope when writing poetry, in Christ, I'm not alone…
So if I wrote a truth divine, some blessing to bestow,
God has His heart indwelling mine, that others, too, may know…

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale June 2017.

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Denis Martindale

A Narrow Hit-And-Miss Scenario!

An archer has to get things right,
Beyond the fumbles and the fright…
Take heart of all that you can be…
Then you'll be perfect… just like ME!
You come up short so you fall short,
You ain't as great as you first thought!
You may be wise in your own eyes,
But Murphy's Law can still surprise!
So watch out, pal, grow up a bit!
Or else the target you won't hit…
Aim high, aim low, then concentrate!
Or else you'll never celebrate!
An archer has to get things right,
Beyond the fumbles and the fright…
Take heart of all that you can be…
Then you'll be perfect… just like ME!

Denis Martindale June 2017.

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale

Do Something Special!

When God prompts us to share a gift, it's good to serve the Lord,
It's good and gives our hearts a lift if faith leaves us assured...

If not, then doubt stands in the way, our hearts gets harder still,
It's then much harder to obey... We lose that Jesus thrill...

Yet God has gifts for me and you! By faith we can receive!
Yes, God rewards the good we do each time that we believe...

Faith blesses each evangelist, each preacher in Christ's Name,
Yet only if they don't resist the reason why Christ came...

Do something special if you can! Just like the poet here!
Because the Lord has got a plan each day, week, month and year!

Denis Martindale June 2017.

PoemHunter.com

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

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the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
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The Gospel poem was shared by Revelation TV presenter
Cyrus Fernando on the late night Time For Revelation
fundraising show on Wednesday the 7th of June 2017.

Denis Martindale

I Haven't An Ocean!

Of all descriptions ever penned
The ocean stays the same,
With depths Man cannot comprehend,
Except to map and name…
The ocean acts without a thought,
It bears no guilt at all,
Not like a man who could be bought
Or angel doomed to fall…
No point in pointing fingers at,
It has no eyes to see,
It has no mouth, no cause to chat,
It stays a mystery…
Though Man can build before he dies,
The ocean can destroy,
It matters not how hard Man tries
Should God wish to annoy…
For only God decides its use,
A carpet ships can glide,
Or tighter than the hangman's noose
Once drawn down deep inside…
While some risk all they ever hold
For treasures down below,
A man is worth much more than gold
Than he could ever know…
And that is why I keep on land,
The ocean far away,
Let others swim beyond the sand
Exploring where they may…
Let others sail from east to west,
Such exploits I ignore,
For me, to live on land seems best,
So why should I want more?

Denis Martindale June 2017.

Denis Martindale

Let Revelation Renew Your Faith!

While peace abides within your heart,
With sorrows far away,
Don't waste the gifts God may impart
That come afresh each day,
Tomorrow grants no guarantee,
Not all of us survive,
I'll pray for you, please pray for me,
As long as we're alive...
If burdens try to drag us down,
It's faith that seeks God's will,
It's faith that helps remove each frown,
It's faith that serves God still.
Some call it courage, being brave,
The guts to make a stand,
Deciding not to quit or cave,
We merely hold God's hand...
There's still a Heaven meant to gain,
A place where Jesus smiles...
Beyond this world, with all its pain,
Its tragedies and trials...
And it's by faith and grace we pray,
Not ceasing in our love,
Let's still quote Jesus and obey
And look to Him above...

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale 5th of June 2017.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

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the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
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The Gospel poem was shared by Lesley Conder

on the Revelation TV's R-Mornings programme
on Wednesday, the 7th of June 2017.

Denis Martindale

Marilyn: Beautiful, Just Beautiful!

Beyond the realm of beauty seen,
When she came, she lit up the screen,
Her hair aglow, red lips pristine,
Outshining every beauty queen...
And like a star God set on high,
Each man agreed as she passed by,
Such that they each let out a sigh,
Thanks to the twinkle in her eye...
She knew full well her sex appeal,
The way a lonely man can feel,
The way love proved somehow to heal
And that she told from reel to reel...
Film posters drew men by the score,
Because to them she had no flaw,
She truly filled each one with awe,
As if a goddess to adore...
And when she sang her siren song,
They sensed that she could do no wrong
And from this came a love so strong
Each man on Earth seemed to belong...
No wonder hopes and dreams came fast,
Today they linger from the past,
Her legacy is truly vast,
She was a star from first to last...

Denis Martindale June 2017.

Denis Martindale

Energy Conservation!

The central heating's never on! I wear my anorak!
The first day that September's gone, till I learn June's come back!
I catch the bus, as I've no car… They cost the Earth today!
And anyway, I don't go far, at home, I'd rather stay…
I'll never go abroad at all, so keep your planes and trains!
Stay on the ground, you'll rarely fall, avoid those aches and pains!
Don't need a passport, never will, I've got no cause to roam…
Of true romance I've had my fill, I've got no wife at home!
My food's delivered week-by-week, that's hundreds saved each year,
But even when things look so bleak, I never buy a beer!
I'm saving money where I can, I'm full of energy…
And conservation's my life's plan, look how it's worked for me…
Cash in the bank, enough to pay my funeral costs and more…
A cardboard box will do okay… Three flowers, maybe four…

Denis Martindale June 2017.

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

The Day The Devil Had Enough!

Oh, no, he's sitting down again, with pen and paper, too.
He likes to do that now and then… It's ALL he wants to do!
Oh, no, a title's come to mind! He's started straight away…
He's even got it underlined! Oi vey, oi vey, oi vey!

Oh, no, he's off, no stopping now! The housework's never done.
But there's no need to ask me how… I know, he's having fun!
Oh, no, he's on the second verse! He's got that crinkly smile…
The one that almost makes me curse! He'll be a long, long while…

Oh, no, he's staring at the page! That's more bad news for me…
He's paused now in the praying stage! God's helping him for free!
Oh, no, he's got his Bible out! He's checking line-by-line…
He's overcoming every doubt! Well, he's no friend of mine!

Oh, no, his writing's so sublime! He's such a clever dick!
If I stay here I'm wasting time… He really makes me sick!
Oh, no, this guy's a writing pro! His heart's got too much love…
I'll find some other so-and-so… For now, I've had enough!

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale June 2017.

Denis Martindale

Let's Make The Choice To Hear God's Voice!

Life's full of chaos, mid the noise, yet God still speaks to you.
So make the choice to hear God's voice with Scriptures old and new.
Though saints may walk the wilderness, like Jesus on His own,
We're not alone since God can bless each saint from Heaven's Throne!
To hear His voice directing still, to sense His presence near,
Because of these, there comes the thrill, to know He's always here
And with such faith, to hold on fast, despite the doubts we share,
To know that we've survived the past and thanked God in each prayer.
With each to blossom like the rose that prospers through God's love,
Among the multitude God chose that proves His grace enough.
Eternity lies in God's hands, yet God remains the same.
God bless each saint who understands and prays in Jesus Name!

Denis Martindale June 2017.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

PoemHunter.com

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
that's part of the 'Church Without Walls'.

Denis Martindale

What Does Poetry Do For Us?

I sought an answer from the Lord concerning poetry
And thankfully, was not ignored, this answer came to me,
That we were born with wisdom gained, enough to bless the heart,
Enough to help truths be explained through language and through art.
It was not just by words alone that we could find insight,
For wisdom travels from God's Throne, to reach us day and night…
A man can dream and puzzle through the symbols God would share,
Like prophets who can show God's view beyond a simple prayer.
Consider music as a way that God can stir the soul,
Sometimes to melt the fears that stay when we lack self-control,
Consider statues craftsmen make that point to higher things,
As blocks of marble stone they break to fashion angels' wings.
Or artists that stretch out their hands to paint new portraits well,
Or gymnasts who prefer to dance to stories they can tell…
Yet poets span art's spectrum, too, with verse and style and rhyme,
Such that the best Man ever knew have proved their thoughts sublime.
Not all can lift a statue high to move from place to place,
Yet poetry can share a sigh each nation can embrace…
A single page with song, or psalm, or sonnet meant to bless,
A lilting lullaby to calm a babe with happiness…
A tribute to one's latest love, confessing hopes and dreams,
Yes, such as these still prove enough beyond ten thousand reams…
And so, I pen these words today, confirming God's intent,
For poetry is here to stay, like all great gifts God's sent…

Denis Martindale June 2017.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
that's part of the 'Church Without Walls'.

Denis Martindale

Just Quote Jesus!

How many saints quote Jesus now?
When sadness comes, some stop,
Despite freewill God must allow,
The Good News, some will drop...

Yet not all cease from prayer and such...
Some choose to battle on,
It's just by faith they keep in touch...
For these, it's never gone...

Good times or bad... they preach the Word...
Lost sinners must be saved,
Such that, on hearing, hearts are stirred...
They're born again, sins waived...

Forgiveness is a precious thing...
It's thanks to Calvary,
That's where they crucified a king...
Who died for you and me...

PoemHunter.com

That's why to Christ each knee shall bow...
God's truth can't be ignored...
How many saints quote Jesus now?
How many love the Lord?

Denis Martindale June 2017.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
that's part of the 'Church Without Walls'.

Denis Martindale

The Beautiful Ballerina!

A friend of mine suggested we attend a dance he'd seen,
I sat, impressed by scenery, beyond that wasn't keen…
But then, a vision walked on stage and thus began her dance,
So flexible at her young age, with skills that could entrance…
The music blossomed like a rose, unfolding, yielding still,
Sometimes to pause, to let her pose, then faster, meant to thrill…
Now captivated by true love, no other thoughts to think,
I merely gazed at her above, not wishing now to blink…

And suddenly, she looked below, directly at my face,
As if the only man to know who welcomed her embrace…
And while not part of what to do, she smiled for me alone,
As if to say, 'I love you, too…' and thus, my heart to own…
I waited when her dance was done… Backstage, that's where we met,
With no doubts left, not one, not one, our destinies were set…
We dated often, till the time I went and bought a ring,
Because, to me, she's quite sublime… In fact, she's everything!

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale June 2017.

Denis Martindale

Would That We Could Save Mother Earth!

If only Man had time to spare, yet wars have spoilt it all,
Such that we turn to God in prayer, to seek a miracle,
For nothing short of grace divine could turn the tragic tide,
In times like these, Man needs a sign, that God is on our side.
Yet there remains a cosmic war, beyond this aching Earth,
God's angels have an ancient score, despite Man's private worth.
The evil has not been removed, it lurks in every heart,
No wonder Man has not improved beyond a feeble start.
Just listen to the daily news, take note of what was said,
Not merely listen, pick and choose, then fumble on ahead.
For time is running out, dear friends, the Doomsday Clock says so,
The world at war, until Earth ends, it will, if God lets go.
Yet God has promised better things, through Jesus Christ, His Son,
Who comes with healing in His wings, restoring what was done.
Till then, Earth's capitals will melt, the cities built to last,
The deck is stacked, the cards are dealt and flags are at half mast.
No wonder Christ must come again, no wonder Christ must rule,
Replacing kingdoms mourned by men and kings blood-stained and cruel.

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale May 2017.

Denis Martindale

Praise God For Prayer!

Let's praise God for the gift of prayer ascending Heaven's Throne,
Beseeching love beyond compare that comes from God alone...

For this we know, above all things, the Blood of Jesus saves,
The Lord of Lords, the King of Kings, the friend above all faiths...

Prayer beckons us to close our eyes yet lift up holy hands,
Because for us, Christ paid the price, more than each understands...

His Name brings healing from afar, His Name fills us with praise,
His light transcends each sun and star in ways that would amaze!

Because of all the joys He's brought, our lives can't stay the same!
Because of all the truths He's taught, let's praise God in His Name!

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

PoemHunter.com

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
that's part of the 'Church Without Walls'.

The Gospel poem was shared by Mark the Cabbie
on the Revelation TV show, Word and Prayer, on
the 30th of May 2017, following the video, called
The Fire Of Your Spirit, Mark's 'Desert Song'...

Denis Martindale May 2017.

Denis Martindale

Sometimes I Wonder!

When I observe God's creatures here,
How artists pick and choose,
The animals they hold most dear,
The scenery they use...
Well, I reflect on those not shared,
The less adorable,
You see none of these artists cared,
Beyond the beautiful...

And yet, some artists still omit
The classic creatures here,
Because they just don't care one bit
On how these could appear...
I'd rather be a genius,
An artist truly blessed,
To share what God has shared with us,
Not just the very best...

I would be doing all I could,
Beyond cute dogs and cats,
Beyond the horse that nobly stood,
The parrot known for chats...
If I could paint a dolphin's smile,
That would be out of sight!
As long as I could paint with style,
Each morning, noon and night!

Denis Martindale May 2017.

A poem based on the magnificent Stephen Gayford
wildlife paintings. Google search phrases
gayford prints and Stephen Gayford poetry
and also for Heaven and Earth Designs...

Denis Martindale

Birds Of Britain!

When I reflect on Nature's realm
And all that God has made,
To see the Lord still at the helm
While beauty's here displayed,
I look at tiny birds nearby,
As I, in England live,
To see them fly across the sky
And think what joys they give.

I cannot fly! I walk this Earth!
Yet they ascend above,
That proves to me that each has worth,
Deserving of Man's love...
That's why we feed the birds that roam
Our gardens day-by-day,
Or even little birds at home,
Protected there O.K.

I like the robins most of all,
They cheer me up no end,
To me, each seems a miracle,
To me, each seems a friend...
And freedom proves their blessing still,
When Christmas comes, I'm glad...
Because each robin brings a thrill,
I've no need to feel sad...

Denis Martindale May 2017.

A poem based on the magnificent Stephen Gayford
wildlife paintings. Google search phrases
gayford prints and Stephen Gayford poetry
and also for Heaven and Earth Designs...

Denis Martindale

Big Cats!

On Sky TV, I watched two shows
That told the big cats' tales,
Of how their journey grows and grows
Thanks to these alpha males...
From land-to-land and shore-to-shore,
Exploring here and there,
Surviving all by tooth and claw,
No matter how unfair...

Whatever big cats choose to eat,
They hunt and kill each day,
They use their heads, their backs, their feet,
Designed to catch their prey...
They crawl, they walk, they run, they leap,
They glide from tree-to-tree,
Sometimes they hide, sometimes they creep,
With awesome subtlety...

Then came the cute domestic cats,
That feed on fish and such,
That live inside our homes and flats,
Caressed and loved so much...
With prints and paintings on our walls,
Displaying all they are,
God's precious, mighty miracles,
For each cat looks a star!

Denis Martindale May 2017.

A poem based on the magnificent Stephen Gayford
wildlife painting. Google search phrases
gayford prints and Stephen Gayford poetry
and also for Heaven and Earth Designs...

Search for Sky One's two shows, BIG CATS!

Denis Martindale

The King Of Calvary!

'Forgive them, Father! ' Jesus said...
'They know not what they do! '
Despite His death that laid ahead,
Christ died for me and you...
With crown of thorns that made Him bleed,
He proved His destiny!
Messiah Jesus! Yes, indeed!
The King of Calvary!
Christ died, our precious souls to gain,
That's why we give God praise!
Behold the Lamb of God once slain,
The symbol of God's grace!

Christ promised one thief Paradise...
And more than this because
Lord Jesus came to pay the price,
Right there, upon that Cross...
What else gives us God's great rewards?
Grace means no man can boast!
That's why saints trust the Lord of Lords!
That's why we love Him most...
To think, God raised Him from the dead,
Fulfilling prophecy
And though that's true... I can't forget
That Jesus died for me...

Denis Martindale May 2017.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
that's part of the 'Church Without Walls'.

The Gospel poem was shared by Lesley Conder on the Revelation TV's R-Mornings show,29th of May 2017.

Denis Martindale

Coffee Poem

CHRIST OFFERS FORGIVENESS FOR EVERYONE EVERYWHERE!

It was through Jesus and His death, forgiveness came to Man,
Because Jesus of Nazareth fulfilled God's perfect plan,
So perfect that Christ died for sin, then took Man's sin away,
Then through His Spirit we begin, beyond the words we pray...

And thus, once called to Calvary, we learn death was God's proof,
Such that, for all eternity, this stands as solid truth...
In fact, what use denying now, that Jesus prayed for you?
'Father, forgive! ' and thus allow... 'They know not what they do! '

Two thousand years have almost gone, forgiveness yet remains,
The words of Jesus still live on and through these, each soul gains...
God sends each brand new miracle with His evangelists,
Without these, where is hope at all? No second chance exists...

From land-to-land, such Christians walk, quote Jesus strong to save
And hand-in-hand such Christians talk, equipped to share their faith!
Receive Christ! Everyone on Earth! And not just here and there!
Because each lost soul still has worth, God's grace is everywhere!

Denis Martindale 28th of May 2017.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
that's part of the 'Church Without Walls'.

C.O.F.F.E.E. was explained on Revelation TV's,
Church Without Walls, because it stands for

Christ
Offers
Forgiveness
For
Everyone
Everywhere!

Denis Martindale

The C.O.F.F.E.E. Poem!

CHRIST OFFERS FORGIVENESS FOR EVERYONE EVERYWHERE!

It was through Jesus and His death, forgiveness came to Man,
Because Jesus of Nazareth fulfilled God's perfect plan,
So perfect that Christ died for sin, then took Man's sin away,
Then through His Spirit we begin, beyond the words we pray...

And thus, once called to Calvary, we learn death was God's proof,
Such that, for all eternity, this stands as solid truth...
In fact, what use denying now, that Jesus prayed for you?
'Father, forgive! ' and thus allow... 'They know not what they do! '

Two thousand years have almost gone, forgiveness yet remains,
The words of Jesus still live on and through these, each soul gains...
God sends each brand new miracle with His evangelists,
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Denis Martindale 28th of May 2017.

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Church Without Walls, because it stands for

Christ
Offers
Forgiveness
For
Everyone
Everywhere!

Denis Martindale

Revelation Brings Revival!

Eternal life has just begun... God's miracles convince!
Forgiveness cleanses through God's Son! Christ takes away our sins.

Yet in life we suffer sorrows, like Job, who lost so much,
Burdened by tears of tomorrows, like tears, this day, we touch...
But while there's faith that leads to hope, like Job, we carry on,
Despite the fact we've learned to cope, some faith in God has gone...
And yet revival comes again, like Pentecost anew!
God's Holy Spirit touches men... women and children, too!

Eternal life has just begun... God's miracles convince!
Forgiveness cleanses through God's Son! Christ takes away their sins.

Denis Martindale 28th of May 2017.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

PoemHunter.com

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
that's part of the 'Church Without Walls'.

The Christian poem was shared on the Revelation TV show,
Church Without Walls, on the 28th of May 2017.

Denis Martindale

Respecting God's Revelation!

Let's reach out to every nation... for that's our destiny
And let's preach God's revelation of Christ and Calvary...
Respecting courage borne of love, determined to life's end,
For only Jesus proved enough... to be the Sinner's Friend...

To think, that many know Christ lives, yet guilty silence keep,
To think, they know that God forgives, yet such as these still sleep.
But if you're saved and truly saved, you'll care for others, too,
You won't deny your sins were waived... Lord Jesus died for you!

If we quote Jesus every day, we'll help set others free!
That's why we pause, to kneel and pray... for that's our destiny!

Denis Martindale May 2017.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

PoemHunter.com

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
that's part of the 'Church Without Walls'.

The Christian poem was shared on the Revelation TV show,
Voice In The Wilderness, on the 27th of May 2017.

Denis Martindale

From Loneliness To Love...

Life in itself proves not enough,
The lonely heart still pines for love
And till that day or night appears,
Find beauty in the passing years,
Such that each precious heart within
Holds on to hope and not to sin,
With all its earnest plans or dreams,
Rejecting willful, foolish schemes,
Then in the midst, to see a face,
Perhaps a poet borne of grace,
Who shares the gift of words divine,
Enough to be your Valentine...
Then, with all courage, risking all,
Pray God grants you a miracle,
For that, of course, is what love is,
Beyond the kiss of perfect bliss...

Denis Martindale May 2017.

PoemHunter.com

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

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the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
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Denis Martindale

Something Is Better Than Nothing!

The Christian Spirit cannot be destroyed,
at its height it is resplendent,
resilient, steadfast to the end,
boldly opposing injustice,
stridently overcoming adversity,
saluting all that is noble and pure,
for it is a determined spirit -
defiant, brave, visionary in its essence,
and one to be nurtured in all men...

JESUS SAID TO HIS DISCIPLES,
'Without Me, you can do nothing! '

So imagine how much NOTHING is going on
in those who are not believing Christians...

It is truly beyond belief...

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
that's part of the 'Church Without Walls'.

The message above was shared on Revelation TV's
R Mornings show on Friday, the 26th of May 2017.

Denis Martindale

When Writing A Poem...

Let lightning strike outside my home, let lions roam the land,
I'll stay here busy with my poem, to see what God has planned…
For when God calls me to one side, with new thoughts in my mind,
My willing heart stays open wide, for treasures meant to find…
With open arms, I may begin, yet then it's time to write,
A brand new trophy yet to win, a portion of insight…

So lightning holds no fear or threat, the lions pass me by,
I'm here to get all I can get, no longer asking, 'Why? '
When God proves willing, sharing still, let inspirations thrive,
Let revelations start to thrill as soon as they arrive…
But if I can't think straight at all, how may I serve the Lord?
How may I gain a miracle that offers some reward?

Let patience prove the golden rule, the core of all I seek,
Despising what can please the fool, I search for what's unique…
What will God do? Will He explain? Will He reveal once more?
Providing something soothing pain or prophecies galore?
It's time to write! I'm not alone… The Lord's here in my home,
It's up to Him what will be shown in this, OUR brand new poem!

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale May 2017.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

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the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
that's part of the 'Church Without Walls'.

Denis Martindale

Just One Day To Write A Poem!

Within the dream I dreamt last night, the Lord declared to me,
My final day of blessed insight for prose and prophecy…
Such that I knew a final time, a time of utmost grace,
To write a poem so sublime, God's smile shone on His face…

That's when I woke and prayed and prayed, reflecting on my death,
Then suddenly no more dismayed, as long as I had breath…
I started my computer then, to wait upon the Lord,
What should I preach to reach all men, so they could live assured?

That's when I wrote of Calvary, of Jesus there with John,
The Lamb of God who died for me, then suddenly was gone…
The way Christ's death changed everything, sins pardoned in His Name,
The Holy Spirit still to bring, the reason why Christ came…

That's when the final verse was done, or so it seemed that day,
For Christ appeared, God's risen Son, to take my soul away…
But this I pleaded, 'Type one verse! Add something more, right here! '
A chance such that Christ's message stirs and casts out all my fear…

That's when I died and left this Earth, that poem left behind,
For all God's saints to test its worth, when Jesus was so kind…
Together, we, two poets shared, how God had blessed us so,
The day we typed, Christ proved God cared, when time for me to go…

Denis Martindale 25th of May 2017.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
that's part of the 'Church Without Walls'.

Denis Martindale

Ireland 4 Jesus!

When prayers are laid before God's Throne,
The Holy Spirit knows,
For in our prayers we're not alone,
Where prayers go, there He goes!
And seeing revelation come,
A word of knowledge flows,
A word received, not just by some,
But far off, not just close...

Therefore, the world map gave a clue,
About God's future plans,
Such that revival comes anew
To each who understands!
As if a line's drawn at Christ's cross,
That spans from lands to lands,
Beginning where Christ suffered loss,
Feet pierced and also hands...

Yet in that holy sacrifice
We learnt Christ had a name,
He promised one thief Paradise
Though both would die in shame!
More than a billion trust Jesus,
Their lives no more the same,
Because Christ died for each of us,
Lost souls to save and claim...

No wonder, men of God still pray,
Anointed in God's cause,
Appointed every night and day,
Proclaiming righteous laws!
Yet more than this, they preach God's grace,
With Holy Spirit force,
To see joy shine upon each face,
As love from God outpours...

Therefore, the great commission calls,
The risen Lord decrees,
Baptisms borne of waterfalls,

God's latter rain agrees!
Christ's hands outstretched to touch each heart,
Saints praying on their knees,
For only Christ can still impart
God's perfect love and peace...

So pray, dear saints, to God Most High,
Declare Christ's victory,
Declare that though Christ came to die,
We're saved through Calvary!
Eternal life, God's gift! Amen!
Fulfilling prophecy!
It came that precious moment when
Christ died... for you... and me...

Denis Martindale 24th of May 2017.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
that's part of the 'Church Without Walls'.

The Ireland4Jesus ministry details are
online for 2017. Seek and ye shall find!

Denis Martindale

Believe In Better!

Believe in better, if you can! Hold on to what proves good!
Be there to help your fellow man, in your own neighbourhood...
If bad times come, do more than pray beyond life's learning curve,
Towards a truly better day, God guiding you to serve...
Be cynical, that's human, friends, but let the Lord grant grace,
For that's a gift that never ends, it's found in every place...
For there are heroes everywhere, you'll find them near and far
And yet you, too, have much to share, yes, you can be a star!
If so, shine bright, your head held high, look up to God above,
Believe in better, though you cry and doubt that God is love...
If God forgives and bids us to, it's faith that strengthens still,
That's why each hero prays for YOU and always, always will...
Believe in better, if you can! Hold on to what proves good!
Be there to help your fellow man, in your own neighbourhood...

Denis Martindale 24th of May 2017.

PoemHunter.com

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
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The Gospel poem was shared by presenter
Lesley Conder on the Revelation TV's
R Mornings show on the 24th of May 2017.

Denis Martindale

Third Day Warning!

A thousand years, dear saints on Earth,
To God, compose one year,
Another dawn is granted birth
And this, God's angels cheer...
But two world wars then take their toll,
To end God's second time,
The third day Jesus takes control,
His power quite sublime...

Man's wisdom melts, like shining gold,
His strongholds turned to dust,
As prophecies come true as told,
Christ's saints not losing trust...
The Saviour who was pierced with nails,
The Lamb of God held high,
Returns and brings His judgement scales,
Each sinner's case to try...

And who can stand upon that day?
Not one if unsaved still,
Not one, for Jesus is the way,
For He obeyed God's will...
Obeyed, yes, even unto death,
Yet sinless from the start,
Behold, Jesus of Nazareth,
They even pierced His heart...

And yet the Saviour's heart somehow
Acts like God's clock within,
Till SUDDENLY, the time is NOW,
No more lost souls to win...
The Church of Jesus made complete,
Saved by the Son of Man,
When every conflict faced defeat,
According to God's plan...

The third day warning tells us so,
That we might be prepared,
That we might let the whole world know

The patience God has shared...
What are such truths made crystal clear,
Thought foolish by the fool?
They start with God's Messiah here,
A thousand years to rule!

Denis Martindale 24th of May 2017.

This End Times poem is based on the YouTube videos,
Third Day Warning, by Peter Howard. These have
been further explained in his End Times e-book...

Denis Martindale

Revelation From The Lord!

The greatest revelation known
Comes from the Lord direct!
Such that He speaks beyond His Throne,
To saints He would select...

To think, that we, of all Mankind,
Are favoured by His choice,
To listen with our ears inclined,
To hear our Saviour's voice...

The voice that can forgive the lost,
The Son of God most High,
The Son who truly paid the cost,
For our sins made Him die...

He whispers to the meek and mild,
He sends them His regards,
He smiles upon each gentle child
And those with sacred hearts...

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale 23rd of May 2017.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
that's part of the 'Church Without Walls'.

The Gospel poem was shared by presenter
Mark The Cabbie, on the Revelation TV show,
Word And Prayer on the 23rd of May 2017.

Denis Martindale

Poetry, The Poet's Final Friend

And shall it be that Man denies the essence of his soul,
Such that he rarely laughs or cries, maintaining self-control?
Without so much as thought or whim, desire borne of hope,
But merely clinging just to him, for courage meant to cope?
Or should it be that love transcends just like a miracle?
I guess, in truth, that all depends if Man in love would fall…
Yet should Man love sincerely so, with all his heart and mind,
To court fair maiden, let love grow, another heart to find,
Perchance that God grants happiness that spans across the years,
Then such as this seems bound to bless and still a hope that cheers…

Yet until then, when love draws close, I walk this Earth alone,
Confined to merely writing prose, until true love is known…
With past loves done, no longer fun, no lady love is mine,
As yet, no need to buy someone gifts from this Valentine…
To pine proves not the answer, yet the lonesome heart beats on,
Numbed to the core, borne of regret, that all such loves have gone…
Old men lament their loneliness, unloved until life's end,
To learn nobody else cares less or seeks these as a friend…
So find true love while in your prime, not when you're old and grey,
If you can't find true love sublime, you'll rue each lonely day…

Denis Martindale May 2017.

Denis Martindale

Kilimanjaro!

The elephants were walking on,
As strong as tanks that day,
Beneath the sun that daily shone
Till night drew it away...
The elephants had time to spare,
No need to run ahead,
They crossed the land without a care,
No trace of fear or dread...

Kilimanjaro set the scene,
Snow-capped, it touched the sky,
Unmoving, tranquil and serene,
While life on Earth passed by...
Majestic, yes, yet not alive,
Unfeeling every hour,
The elephants must still survive,
Preserving life's true power...

It's only life that indwells time,
Aware of every thought,
Appreciating things sublime
Of good and wise report...
It's elephants that make a stand,
Protecting one and all,
Surveying what the Lord has planned
Within life's miracle...

Denis Martindale May 2017.

A poem based on the magnificent Stephen Gayford
wildlife painting. Google search phrases
gayford prints and Stephen Gayford poetry
and also for Heaven and Earth Designs...

Denis Martindale

King And Queen!

The lion and the lioness
Were restful and serene
And savouring how life can bless
Each one as king and queen...
Such that, adorned in glowing gold,
Their love came shining through,
As if their partnership took hold
In all that they would do...

Thus neither needed to display
Their status at that time,
As both embraced life, come what may,
While they were in their prime...
For now, they ruled, that fact was plain,
Though others sought a throne,
The land was theirs, their sole domain,
God's gift for them to own...

Yet God can give and God can take,
Of that, there was no doubt,
They must protect what stood at stake,
With rivals still about...
Yet they, together, set the stage,
How royals should behave,
When not locked up inside a cage,
No longer strong and brave...

Denis Martindale May 2017.

A poem based on the magnificent Stephen Gayford
wildlife painting. Google search phrases
gayford prints and Stephen Gayford poetry
and also for Heaven and Earth Designs...

Denis Martindale

Revelation Rewards The Righteous!

Quote Jesus and appreciate the King of Calvary!
What miracles as yet await? God knows! And so shall we!

When sacred scriptures come to mind, God's blessings overflow,
The more we seek, the more we find, it's like they'll never go!

Yet should we choose to memorise, quote Jesus and gain peace,
We're blessed more than we realise! God's wonders never cease!

Therefore, believers in the Lord, consider facts and proofs,
Apostles learnt and stayed assured, reflecting on Christ's truths...

Quote Jesus and appreciate the King of Calvary!
What miracles as yet await? God knows! And so shall we!

Denis Martindale May 2017.

PoemHunter.com

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
that's part of the 'Church Without Walls'.

The Gospel poem was shared by presenter
Lesley Conder on Revelation TV's R-Mornings
programme on the 22nd of May 2017.

Denis Martindale

Forest Water Hole

'Oh, what a day! ', the tiger thought,
'So hot, so very hot! '
So when his strength had come to nought,
He sought a cooler spot...
It was as if he pined for this,
Like one who understands,
Because he knew what joy there is
In making future plans...

The water hole awaited those
Who knew its blessings well,
The ones in whom God's favour grows,
Each with some tale to tell...
And when that tiger waded in,
He savoured his retreat,
He greeted it with such a grin,
As if life seemed so sweet...

Wet legs and back and whiskers, too,
Heat fading fast away,
Yet all that tiger had to do
Was stay there... simply stay...
And once the healing waters flowed,
That tiger's heart was glad,
Because, by grace, that hour showed
Life wasn't all that bad!

Denis Martindale May 2017.

A poem based on the magnificent Stephen Gayford
wildlife painting. Google search phrases
gayford prints and Stephen Gayford poetry
and also for Heaven and Earth Designs...

Denis Martindale

The Righteous Rock Of Revelation!

When Jesus Christ came to this Earth,
He brought God's righteousness,
As if to prove His Father's worth
Through miracles that bless...
And with disciples at His side,
He preached to all He met,
Until the very day He died,
A day we'll not forget...
For on that day, the day Christ bled,
One thief believed God's King,
Despite the coming death ahead,
For faith destroyed its sting...
Stand firm, receive each miracle
And all God would allow...
The Blood of Jesus helps us all
Beyond the here and now!

Denis Martindale May 2017.

PoemHunter.com

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
that's part of the 'Church Without Walls'.

The Christian poem was shared on the Revelation TV show,
Voice In The Wilderness, on the 27th of May 2017.

Denis Martindale

Love Kills Hate!

If God can love through Jesus Christ,
Forgiving Mankind's sins,
Then blessed are those who've been baptised,
For these new life begins
And life means love instead of hate,
With Jesus as our King,
Such that His love we celebrate
And daily praises sing!
If adoration leads to love,
What part has hate or fear?
What part if God's grace proves enough,
With Jesus ever near?
Revive us, Lord, lost souls to win,
So hate gets less and less...
Such that we walk with love within,
Our very hearts to bless...

Denis Martindale May 2017.

PoemHunter.com

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
that's part of the 'Church Without Walls'.

The Gospel poem was shared by Gordon Pettie
on Revelation TV's Church Without Walls show
on Sunday morning for the 21st of May 2017.

The show referred to a website domain name and
this was used as the Gospel poem's title about love.

Denis Martindale

If Someone, Why Not You?

Someone right now is being saved, someone receiving Christ,
Someone right now has their sins waived, someone has been baptised!
Someone right now has truth revealed, someone finds Calvary,
Someone right now is being healed, someone, though blind, can see!

Someone right now has been restored, someone has all they seek,
Someone right now is preaching, Lord! Someone hears Jesus speak!
And if someone is anyone, no matter, rich or poor,
Then pray to Jesus Christ, God's Son, He loves you, that's for sure!

God willing, signs and wonders flow! Just like a waterfall...
If God's someone who loves you so, what's your next miracle?
A billion Christians daily pray so someone can be blessed!
If someone, why not you, today? If not, pray for the rest!

Denis Martindale May 2017.

PoemHunter.com

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
that's part of the 'Church Without Walls'.

Denis Martindale

Vote Jesus! Quote Jesus!

Let's respect God's revelation each prophet ever gave,
When time brought confirmation how Jesus Christ could save.

For Pentecost, explained in Acts, recalled what God had done,
Presenting truths, presenting facts, to glorify God's Son!

No other Saviour would God share, just His and His alone,
The name we praise within each prayer, the greatest ever known!

For in Christ's name, we're born again! God's Spirit makes us sure!
Not just forgiven now and then! We're saved for ever more!

Preach the Good News to each nation! Help others make their choice!
Let's respect God's revelation... Quote Jesus and rejoice!

Denis Martindale May 2017.

PoemHunter.com

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
that's part of the 'Church Without Walls'.

Denis Martindale

God's Light!

When God's light spreads God's holy word,
Like sunshine from above,
The man of God finds himself stirred
To praise God for His love...
Remembering the man of prayer
Who died lost souls to save,
Who showed us love beyond compare,
Who proved Himself so brave!

To think, if Jesus never prayed,
We'd all die in our sins
Yet through God's light God's Son obeyed
So we could be His friends...
In this dark world of thieves and frauds,
His faith shines good as gold,
The Bible shares this Lord of Lords,
The greatest story ever told!

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale May 2017.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
that's part of the 'Church Without Walls'.

The Gospel poem was shared by
Lesley Conder on Revelation TV's
R Mornings show,10th of May 2017.

Denis Martindale

Become A Voice Of Revelation!

Become a voice for Christ the Lord!
A voice that shares God's love,
That helps believers stay assured
That God's grace proves enough...

Not one that warns and warns and warns,
As if no other way,
Yet seeks to be the rose, not thorns,
But helps folks every day...

God reaches out to help us still,
His Son died for us all
And yet Christ lives, our lives to fill,
With each new miracle...

So live to be a voice that shares,
A voice that God can use,
A voice of hope anointing prayers
That bring Mankind Good News!

PoemHunter.com

Become a voice for Christ the Lord!
A voice that shares God's love,
That helps believers stay assured
That God's grace proves enough...

Denis Martindale May 2017.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
that's part of the 'Church Without Walls'.

Denis Martindale

If You Believe In Jesus Christ

Quote Jesus so that hearts are stirred, obedient to God's will...
The Holy Bible's proved God's word with promises that thrill...

If you believe in Jesus Christ, then God can't love you more!
If you receive what's sacrificed, God's grace replaces law!

If you accept Christ took the blame, He takes your sins away!
If you abide in Jesus Name, then God will bless each day!

So why not take God at His word? So why not trust Him still?
Quote Jesus so that hearts are stirred, obedient to God's will...

Denis Martindale May 2017.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

PoemHunter.com

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
that's part of the 'Church Without Walls'.

Denis Martindale

The Most Important Thing Is Love

One day, I thought about Mankind, what of his destiny?
To muddle through? New things to find? Wage wars so foolishly?
Inventing stuff that he can sell? Polluting here and there?
To live, then die, then go to Hell? As if without a care?
One day, I thought about Mankind, some starve, while others feast...
What of the sick, the lame, the blind? Must sorrows be increased?
What legacy can we bestow when we must pass away?
I wondered, for I didn't know, that's why I chose to pray...
One day, I thought about Mankind, yet now I was in love,
It was as if I'd lost my mind and she was all enough...
To marry her seemed quite divine, the whole world I forgot
And in that state, prayed she'd be mine and yet God answered not...
One day, I thought about Mankind, though ten years had passed by,
Yet now so blessed I felt inclined no more to question why...
Donating funds to charities, was now my prime concern,
No more to do just as I please, but God's respect to earn...
One day, I thought about Mankind, despite my being old,
Alone at home and yet resigned to do what I've been told...
To help the sick, the lame, the blind, before, I, too, must die
And leave this sad old world behind, with all its tears to cry...

Denis Martindale May 2017.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
that's part of the 'Church Without Walls'.

Denis Martindale

Some Covet To Prophesy!

I had no topic in my mind, yet here I start today,
In search of new rhymes yet to find to help me on my way…
I've made a start yet where from here? I ponder for a while,
Then all at once, I lose all fear and simply have to smile!

I got a wondrous thought just then, it's caused me to take care,
As facing truths beyond my ken, yet being made aware…
This thought has spurred me further still, so my heart feels content,
As if in service to God's will, the Gospel to present…

And so I write of Gospel themes, like prophets long ago,
The ones with visions and with dreams, the ones who loved God so…
Such that I pause, content to be, among their number now,
Aware of awesome prophecy, the things God must allow…

And can it be, the visions seen, revealed before my eyes,
Prove that the Lord will intervene no matter what Man tries?
To bring to pass the words declared, each earthquake and much more?
Then Christ returns, the world's repaired and peace replaces war?

I only know that I still hope, despite what men deny,
As I looked through God's telescope, with my head still held high,
For revelation tells me all, beyond this present year,
God's promised me a miracle… I'll soon be leaving here!

Denis Martindale May 2017.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
that's part of the 'Church Without Walls'.

Denis Martindale

Peaceful Solitude

Perchance to get some tranquil rest
Encouraging my soul,
A time deciding to be blessed
Caused me to take control...
Expressing joy in simple things,
Faith showing quite enough,
Until I sense that my heart sings,
Let loose by thoughts of love...
Such that I pause to think of you,
Of all the girls I've known,
Like one who's found a girl so true,
I feel I'm not alone...
To think of all the kisses shared,
Until our final day,
Delighting in the fact you cared,
Each time we paused to pray...

Denis Martindale May 2017.

PoemHunter.com

This acrostic style poem PEACEFUL SOLITUDE
is actually telling the story of a man who fell in love,
got married, lived a long happy life with his wife,
until she passed away. Only later could he finally
come to terms with the loss and it is now that he
can experience peaceful solitude, because even
though she passed away, his precious memories
of her live on, in his thankful heart...

Denis Martindale

Let's Reflect On Revelation!

Let's reflect on revelation
Once borne of sacrifice
And each gala celebration
And all that God supplies...
When Christians meet and greet and such,
United side-by-side,
Because they love the Lord so much
And preach the whole world wide.
Togetherness and harmony,
God's family so blessed,
Yet building Christ's community,
So each becomes His guest...
Who knows how God will reach Mankind?
If not through love, then how?
Perhaps through times we've wined and dined,
Years in the past and now!

Denis Martindale May 2017.

PoemHunter.com

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
that's part of the 'Church Without Walls'.

Denis Martindale

Go Forth And Multiply!

God spoke the word and light appeared,
Outstanding, yes, it was!
From out of nothing! Angels cheered!
Our Lord's shown He's The Boss!
Right there and then they all declared,
The Lord's proved Lord of all...
He had that power all prepared
As His great miracle!
Now let's all praise His holy Name,
Delight in what God made,
Making that light turn into flame
Until we stared afraid!
Let's honour God and add our praise,
Then bow before His Throne,
It truly helps to learn His ways,
Praise God and Him alone!
Let's see what He intends to do!
Yes, I'm amazed! Aren't you! ?

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale May 2017.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

This is an acrostic Gospel poem and the first letter of
each of these lines spell out the title that was God's
command in the Garden of Eden to Adam and Eve.

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
that's part of the 'Church Without Walls'.

Denis Martindale

From Lesley To Bethany!

Love is like sand,
keep it in the palm of your hand
and it blows away,
yet if you make a fist,
it slips through your fingers,
so cement it with tenderness,
water it with affection
and build a house that will stand,
for love is like sand...

Love may come fast, love may come slow,
Yet trust commands respect
And woe to those who let trust go,
God's treasures to neglect...
Love bids us nurture children, too,
All their needs to address,
May God bless everything you do,
So you find happiness...

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale May 2017.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
that's part of the 'Church Without Walls'.

The Gospel poem was shared by Lesley Conder
on R Mornings on the 2nd of May 2017 in regard
to the family topic of the naming of our children.

Denis Martindale

How To Find Happiness!

Love is like sand,
keep it in the palm of your hand
and it blows away,
yet if you make a fist,
it slips through your fingers,
so cement it with tenderness,
water it with affection
and build a house that will stand,
for love is like sand...

Love may come fast, love may come slow,
Yet trust commands respect
And woe to those who let trust go,
God's treasures to neglect...
Love bids us nurture children, too,
All their needs to address,
May God bless everything you do,
So you find happiness...

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale May 2017.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

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the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
that's part of the 'Church Without Walls'.

Denis Martindale

Denis The Determined!

When I consider what I was and what I am right now,
I know that I am me because I muddled through somehow.
I couldn't walk when I began, I couldn't talk or think,
Yet here I stand, tall as a man, my veins now full of ink!
For I can write by day and night, the hours matter not,
A single thought and I must write, before I lose the plot.
Computer on, wordpad on screen, God's heart in tune with mine,
Reflecting on the truths once seen, then typed out on each line...
Behold, a poem must be born, a labour borne of love,
To comfort like the coming dawn, with fresh skies up above...
Though sabotage meets me as well, I strive beyond the pain,
I cling to Heaven not to Hell, so I may write again...
And when I've done all I can do, I highlight, copy, paste...
My poem then gets shared with you, so it may be embraced...
Determined Denis strikes again! Folks find my poetry!
I've got no clue what happens then... That's still a mystery!

Denis Martindale May 2017.

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale

Reach Out For Revelation!

Let's all reach for revelation.
Let's seek the Lord again!
Let's all preach to every nation.
Let's reach out to all men!

Let's intercede for all Mankind.
Let's do our very best!
Let's help, so God renews each mind.
Let's make sure each gets blessed!

For what else have we been saved for?
For what else are we here?
For what else would we still implore?
For what else, if sincere?

Let's all strive towards perfection.
Let's pause and count the cost!
Let's all pray for God's direction.
Let's pray to save the lost!

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale May 2017.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

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that's part of the 'Church Without Walls'.

Denis Martindale

Chaffinch

There is a precious thing I know,
A chaffinch that I heard,
For in the wood I walked below
That fragile little bird...
And as I walked a few steps more,
That bird kept close to me,
Yes, even me, a man so poor
I lived in poverty...

That bird knew nothing of my plight,
So was he lonely, too?
You see, that bird kept me in sight,
As if the thing to do...
I whistled and I chirped along
To imitate his voice,
For I felt hope lived in his song,
As if he chose that choice...

And so we travelled in that wood,
Content like we were friends,
I walked back to my neighbourhood,
Was that where friendship ends?
I only know that from that day,
Each chaffinch charms me still,
Such that I whistle on my way
And guess I always will...

Denis Martindale April 2017.

A poem based on the magnificent Stephen Gayford
wildlife painting. Google search phrases
gayford prints and Stephen Gayford poetry
and also for Heaven and Earth Designs...

Denis Martindale

Let's Talk About Revival!

Our God is good and from above He knows His children here,
His perfect heart sends perfect love, true love that casts out fear!
Who else could love the way God does? Who else could bless each one?
Yet God does this to bless Jesus, His one and only Son.

Of all the things to pray about, pray for a miracle,
The time when faith can conquer doubt and spirit blessings fall.
For when revival's everywhere, with all in one accord,
Our perfect praises lead to prayer to call upon the Lord!

In Jesus Name, let saints proclaim that God saves sinners still
And from then on, we're not the same, if we obey God's will.
We're born again, we're Heaven-bound! Christ died for you and me!
Revival turned our lives around! Praise God for Calvary!

Denis Martindale April 2017.

PoemHunter.com

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
that's part of the 'Church Without Walls'.

The Gospel poem was shared on the
Voice In The Wilderness late-night show
on the 29th of April 2017.

Denis Martindale

" I Am The Way, The Truth And The Life! "

When Jesus walked from place to place, the Holy Spirit smiled
And put His smile upon Christ's face, as though upon a child.

To grant Him joy to preach and teach, with signs and wonders, too,
Each time with wise words to beseech and change Man's point of view.

And yet one day, the Lord declared, to those in pain and strife,
There's just one way God has prepared that brings both truth and life.

Thus Easter proved God's only way, when God's Son was made known,
God's Royal Pardon saves the day, through Jesus Christ alone.

Our risen Saviour's still adored, by those who can discern,
Why each disciple serves the Lord, awaiting His return...

Denis Martindale 27th of April 2017.

PoemHunter.com

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
that's part of the 'Church Without Walls'.

Denis Martindale

Responding To Revelation!

When revelation comes in view, it brings with it God's truth,
Enough to show us what to do, our faith as good as proof...
That's why the prophets spoke to kings and pharaohs long ago,
To warn them of the future things God wanted them to know...
God's prophecies are meant for all, that's how we learnt of Christ,
Of Easter and each miracle, with Jesus sacrificed...
Yet this same Jesus proved God's claim, as Saviour of Mankind,
That's why we praise God for His name that blesses heart and mind!
Let's exercise our faith each day, not just our bodies here...
Let's follow Jesus all the way, year... after year... after year!

Denis Martindale April 2017.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

PoemHunter.com

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
that's part of the 'Church Without Walls'.

The Gospel poem was shared by Lesley Conder
on R Mornings, on the 26th of April 2017...
following discussions on health and exercise!

The image of the heart and the book was
shown during the reading of the poem...

Denis Martindale

Blessed Beyond Belief!

Each Christian's blessed, beyond the rest, the Bible stands complete,
Each prophecy will pass each test, the Devil to defeat...

Such that the world will then be stirred, God's secrets to unfold,
Our God will surely prove His Word... the greatest story ever told...

When Jesus Christ returns once more, this world that seems so strange
Will find the Saviour and adore what He has come to change...

The risen Lord will shine like gold, His glory everywhere,
The day that mortal eyes behold God's answer to Man's prayer...

So keep on praying, here on Earth, bless others while we can,
It's up to us to prove our worth, to help our fellow man.

Denis Martindale April 2017.

PoemHunter.com

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

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that's part of the 'Church Without Walls'.

Denis Martindale

A Young Lady...

I saw her dancing so I stayed, unable to depart,
Because of talents there displayed that stirred my very heart...
The moment that she stopped was when I ventured learning more,
As if new courage prompted then as I had crossed the floor...
She looked ahead and saw me smile and in that moment knew,
That very soon and in a while, I'd whisper, 'I love you! '
And so she smiled acceptingly, as if to coax me on,
I flirted quite outrageously with all my doubts now gone...
And then I took her hand to dance, a slow dance cheek-to-cheek,
With that sweetheart I'd met by chance, so precious and unique...
I'm meeting her tomorrow night, our next dance as agreed,
A second chance to get things right, because this time I'll lead!

Denis Martindale April 2017.

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

The Heart Of The Matter

The first Man's heart was blessed indeed when Eve came on the scene
And Adam saw that he could breed and for that he was keen...
To hold her body close to his, to look into her eyes,
To cuddle close and then to kiss, seemed wonderful and wise...
Yet love proved not the most to gain, with wisdom to discern,
The tree of knowledge thrilled his brain with secrets still to learn,
That's when his heart took centre stage, with longings deep inside,
To surface like full passion's rage till knowledge was supplied...
Yet with it came a mighty guilt, while he stood naked there,
That made his stature somewhat wilt, now lost beyond compare...
But God was willing to forgive, up to a point, no more,
With Man cast out and forced to live with every sin and flaw...
That's why each heart now aches with grief as death comes to us all,
While some find solace in belief God grants a miracle...
Come Resurrection Day, dear friends, our hearts will beat anew,
In ways none other comprehends, the day I stand with you...

Denis Martindale April 2017.

PoemHunter.com

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

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Denis Martindale

Seeking The King's Revelation!

How best to serve the King of Kings?
How best to live this life?
Should we seek only selfish things,
Avoiding pain and strife?
Did Jesus plan His life ahead,
Or lean on God's advice?
Did Jesus follow, as God led,
Or doubt and then think twice?
And what of us, at this great time?
Are we within God's plan?
Aware of prophecies sublime
Awaiting every man?
Our faith proves good, yet praying's best,
Let's wait upon the Lord...
God's revelation makes us blessed,
Such that we're overawed...
God's plans are perfect, this we know,
His plans embrace all things,
Let's pray His Spirit helps us grow
To serve the King of Kings!

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale April 2017.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

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the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
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Denis Martindale

God Bless The Voice In The Wilderness!

I won't despise the wilderness, though I may walk alone,
Not while my God has cause to bless my soul upon His Throne.
He thinks of me and talks with me and comforts me again,
To grant my heart serenity, as I pray now and then...

I won't despise the wilderness, while God provides my needs,
He shares enough, no more, no less, as Jesus intercedes.
For I've a Saviour who's my friend, as proved by Calvary,
With constant love to comprehend and plan my destiny...

I won't despise the wilderness, because I'm passing through,
Beyond each setback and distress to find God's pastures new.
As long as Jesus leads the way, this true love that I've found,
Reminds me every time I pray, that now I'm Heaven-bound!

Denis Martindale April 2017.

PoemHunter.com

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
that's part of the 'Church Without Walls'.

The Gospel poem was shared on the
Voice In The Wilderness programme
on Sunday the 23rd of April 2017...

Denis Martindale

Jungle Pool Two

The tiger wasn't too displeased
His jungle pool had gone,
A second pool had quickly teased
His hopes to rest upon...
So off he strolled, content at heart,
Aware what lay in store,
A hideaway where life could start
With pleasures there galore...

As if God had reserved his place,
He gently plodded in,
His paws positioned on the base,
As he smirked with a grin...
This is the life, he seemed to say...
What more could he ask now?
And so he spent that time of day
Enjoying life... and how!

My camera clicked this merry soul
As I stood in the shade,
That tiger lost all self-control,
As if he had it made!
The sun was way too hot and yet
That tiger swam in peace
And was I jealous? Yes, you bet!
All I had was a breeze...

Denis Martindale April 2017.

A poem based on the magnificent Stephen Gayford
wildlife painting. Google search phrases
gayford prints and Stephen Gayford poetry
and also for Heaven and Earth Designs...

Denis Martindale

Jungle Prince, Too

The tiger's stripes appeared like snakes
Had crawled upon his sides,
As if what liberty each takes,
While in plain sight, none hides...
As if to claim, we're clinging here,
We won't be shooshed away!
As if a fact that they'd made clear
And had just cause to stay...

Yet still he looked like royalty,
With stature all his own,
A regal stance though none could see
A palace, court or throne...
What need was there for human things,
Proud symbols he thought vain,
Yet sought by princes and by kings,
Portraying each domain?

He felt no need to carry gold,
Or jewels in a crown...
What use a sceptre he must hold?
Such weights would slow him down...
He'd surely starve in search of prey,
They'd outrun him each time,
So keep such trinkets, for I'd say,
Right now, he looks sublime!

Denis Martindale April 2017.

A poem based on the magnificent Stephen Gayford
wildlife painting. Google search phrases
gayford prints and Stephen Gayford poetry
and also for Heaven and Earth Designs...

Denis Martindale

Amber The Snake!

There was a teeny-weeny snake
Who didn't have a name,
She wanted one, for goodness sake,
Her parents were to blame...
Rejecting this, rejecting that,
With no decision yet,
While people named their dog or cat
So they don't get upset...

So teeny-weeny tried to find
A girl's name on her own,
A name that somehow she thought kind
By which she could be known...
So in a garden, hid by grass,
She watched some children play,
To hear their names as each would pass,
Till she heard someone pray...

PoemHunter.com

A teeny-weeny girl began,
'Dear God, it's me again!
I know that You've still got a plan,
That helps me now and then...
Why Amber, Lord, not Natalie,
Or Jennifer, or June?
If I'd one wish, then it would be
Another name real soon! '

And yet the snake had disagreed,
'I like her name the best,
In fact, that's just the name I need
And how I'll be addressed! '
Her parents smiled, no longer sad,
When she chose to proclaim,
The day she told her Mum and Dad,
'I'm Amber! That's MY name! '

Denis Martindale April 2017.

Denis Martindale

Logan The Lion!

There was a little lion who
Was still without a name!
He wanted one! Who wouldn't do?
His parents were to blame...
Rejecting this, rejecting that,
With no decision yet,
While people named their dog or cat
So they don't get upset...

So little lion tried to find
A guy's name on his own,
A name that somehow he thought kind
By which he could be known...
So in the distance, hid by grass,
He watched some children play,
To hear their names as each would pass,
Till he heard someone pray...

A passing pilgrim boy began,
'Dear God, it's me again!
I know that You've still got a plan,
That helps me now and then...
Why Logan, Lord, not Timothy,
Or Philip, Frank or Fred?
If I'd one wish, then it would be
Another name instead! '

And yet the lion disagreed,
'I like his name the best,
In fact, that's just the name I need
And how I'll be addressed! '
His parents smiled, no longer sad,
When he chose to proclaim,
The day he told his Mum and Dad,
'I'm Logan! That's MY name! '

Denis Martindale April 2017.

A poem based on the magnificent little lion cub Stephen Gayford wildlife paintings. Google search for phrases gayford prints and Stephen Gayford poetry and also for Heaven and Earth Designs...

Denis Martindale

The Powerful Impact Of Revelation!

When leaders try to prove their might, their wisdom comes to nought,
Because God sees them day and night and knows their every thought,
Our God is sovereign over all, His laws are just and good
And blessed are saints who can recall what God wants understood.
We may not be the richest guys this world has ever known
And yet our God can make us wise, our destinies to own.
Such that we stand... as watchmen still... with Israel centre stage,
Because we know Christ said He will fulfil each Bible page.
The more that God reveals to us, the more we understand,
The less we fret... the less we fuss... as we learn what is planned.
The Holy Bible tells us things, as future schemes unfold,
Yet we recall the King of Kings! The Greatest Story Ever Told!

Denis Martindale 19th of April 2017.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

PoemHunter.com

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
that's part of the 'Church Without Walls'
plus the Quote Jesus bus posters in London.

The Gospel poem was shared on UK Sky's
Christian Channel Revelation TV, by
Lesley Conder on the R Mornings show
this morning, the 19th of April 2017.

This Quote Jesus bus poster picture was also shown.

Denis Martindale

God's Armageddon Corner!

When leaders try to prove their might, their wisdom comes to nought,
Because God sees them day and night and knows their every thought,
Our God is sovereign over all, His laws are just and good
And blessed are saints who can recall what God wants understood.
We may not be the richest guys this world has ever known
And yet our God can make us wise, our destinies to own.
Such that we stand... as watchmen still... with Israel centre stage,
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The Holy Bible tells us things, as future schemes unfold,
Yet we recall the King of Kings! The Greatest Story Ever Told!

Denis Martindale 18th of April 2017.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

PoemHunter.com

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the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
that's part of the 'Church Without Walls'.

Denis Martindale

The Debt We Owe To Romeo

The broken heart of worlds apart
Can like a river flow,
As if once pierced by Cupid's dart
To pine like lovers know...
To drain the life's blood meant to bless,
To weaken all within,
Yet boldness seeks its happiness,
Refusing to give in...

Then courage courses through the veins,
To fight the valiant fight,
Perchance to strive for future gains
If standing firm with might...
Yet standing firm's not standing still,
It's reaching full across,
In hopes that precious dreams fulfil
What now would count as loss...

That's how a mustard seed of faith
Compels one's heart to act,
To suddenly approach and brave
How others may react...
It's what drove Romeo one day
To seek out Juliet,
Else merely let her slip away
And live years of regret...

If all went well, I'd copy, too,
I'd bridge the gap between,
But Romeo, I pity you,
Fate had to intervene...
You loved and lost, you lived and died,
The gap proved way too much
And yet your love's now known worldwide,
Each lover's heart to touch...

Denis Martindale April 2017.

Denis Martindale

Serving Others

If all you seek proves self, self, self,
No other heart to love,
Then God must leave you on the shelf,
As your love's not enough...
Consider poets all alone,
No other soul in sight,
Yet by their loving words they're known
With every verse they write...

Consider love songs and those stars
There on your TV screen,
Outstanding talents, they're first class,
No wonder they're so keen...
Perhaps some end up millionaires
And in their mansions live,
While starving children whisper prayers
For food that others give...

Consider actors on the stage,
Or seen in films as well,
Of such as these, who's reached the stage
Salvation's truths to tell?
Yet people live and people die,
Some saved and Heaven-bound,
While others ponder, asking why?
As if grace can't be found...

And who donates in times like these
Regardless of the cost?
In answer to a billion pleas
By those both saved and lost?
And who asks God for sage advice,
For insights old and new?
I know that I seek Paradise,
But wonder if you do...

To think, that Easter comes each year
And Christ calls us to serve,
He beckons us to volunteer,

To start God's learning curve...
For only then, when God comes first,
Can we do what we can,
To end all hunger and all thirst
And serve our fellow man...

Denis Martindale April 2017.

Denis Martindale

Yes, Grandmother!

You know how relatives can be,
Each has a tale to tell,
Some sell you stuff, some give it free,
God knows that very well...
Reach out to some and they refrain
And yet a few embrace,
Not stopping there, they smile again,
Don't doubt their share of grace...
My Mother's Mother was so grand
Of all I've come to know,
To think, she'd often take my hand,
Hold tight and not let go...
Each has sweet memories to enthrall,
Rejoice, true love's God's miracle...

Denis Martindale April 2017.

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

The Revelation Of Jesus!

Of all the people who once lived, not one was like God's Son,
Because He was God's greatest gift, as proved by what Christ's done.

No other loved as Jesus could, no other blessed this Earth
In every way that God thought good and of eternal worth...

Lord Jesus proved Himself so brave, beyond each miracle,
Yet God so loved this world He gave His Son to save us all...

Thus at His Name, each knee should bow, because His Blood was shed!
That's why we still quote Jesus now! He's risen from the dead!

When Easter's here, let each reflect, like angels up above,
So that this whole world can respect our precious Saviour's love!

Denis Martindale April 2017.

PoemHunter.com

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
that's part of the 'Church Without Walls'
plus the Quote Jesus bus posters in London.

The Gospel poem was shared on UK Sky's
Christian Channel Revelation TV, by
Lesley Conder on the R Mornings show
this morning, the 18th of April 2017.

This heart book picture was also shown.

Denis Martindale

The Girl Who Took My Breath Away!

As I was walking down the street,
I chanced that very day
To see the girl I'd like to meet,
She really looked O.K.
And when she smiled, she looked so sweet,
She took my breath away,
Perhaps she'd make my life complete,
If I knew what to say...

I couldn't let my chance go by,
I'd never be the same,
Full of regrets and asking why
I never asked her name...
And so, deciding, chose to try,
As if to stake my claim,
Else knowing, till the day I die,
I'd be the one to blame...

We walked and talked, we laughed as well,
For love was in the air,
I felt so glad, for I could tell
She was beyond compare...
Love filled my heart, how hard I fell,
As if without a care,
Beguiled, enchanted by her spell,
Her beauty, pure and fair...

To think that she was joyful, too,
That caused my doubts to flee,
Yet still I wondered what to do
And what she hoped could be...
So I thank God affections grew
So that she could agree...
The day I told her, 'I LOVE YOU! '
She said she'd marry me!

Denis Martindale April 2017.

Denis Martindale

The Miracle Of The Mystical Girl!

I see the beauty in her eyes
More than she first reveals,
More precious than folks realise,
For that's how my heart feels...

I find that beauty in her voice
That others merely hear,
Such that my heart can still rejoice
Whenever she comes near...

Is beauty borne of fantasy,
Or conjured up by lies?
Through my love, see reality,
In those mystical eyes!

Denis Martindale April 2017.

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

The Wonderful Wisdom Of Sparrows

While Man can study maps of war
And move the soldiers on,
The sparrows know what life is for
And live till life has gone...
Man builds his tanks and shells and such,
While sparrows build their nests,
Man so completely out of touch,
His evil never rests...
The sparrows merely search for twigs,
Till nests come into form,
Then every jagged point will fix
Till each nest feels quite warm...
But Man shoots bombs across the skies,
At strangers far away,
As if somehow this still proves wise,
Ignoring Judgement Day...
The sparrows raise their little ones
Who chirp for food to eat,
While Man as ever proves the dunce
Who kills just to compete...

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale April 2017.

Denis Martindale

Quote Jesus This Easter!

Of all the people who once lived, not one was like God's Son,
Because He was God's greatest gift, as proved by what Christ's done.

No other loved as Jesus could, no other blessed this Earth
In every way that God thought good and of eternal worth...

Lord Jesus proved Himself so brave, beyond each miracle,
Yet God so loved this world He gave His Son to save us all...

Thus at His Name, each knee should bow, because His Blood was shed!
That's why we still quote Jesus now! He's risen from the dead!

When Easter's here, let each reflect, like angels up above,
So that this whole world can respect our precious Saviour's love!

Denis Martindale April 2017.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
that's part of the 'Church Without Walls'
plus the QuoteJesus bus posters in London.

Denis Martindale

The Week That Changed The World!

God seeks to bless Mankind anew, God seeks to save the lost,
God's Royal Pardon's meant for YOU... Lord Jesus paid the cost!

No greater love than that of Christ, the Son of God is He,
The Lamb of God they sacrificed that day at Calvary...

Within the week that changed it all, beloved, betrayed then whipped
And crowned as King by men most cruel, despised as His blood dripped.

Disciples scattered, yet John came, with Mary at the Cross,
To testify Christ bore our shame, our suffering and loss...

That day the Saviour's faith was tried, He stayed the sinner's friend,
For hours later, Jesus died, yet that was not the end!

As God proved faithful to His word, He raised Christ from the dead,
His mortal body being stirred, despite the fact He bled...

God seeks to bless Mankind anew, God seeks to save the lost,
God's Royal Pardon's meant for YOU... Lord Jesus paid the cost!

Denis Martindale April 2017.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
that's part of the 'Church Without Walls'.

The Gospel poem was shared on Revelation TV's
Voice In The Wilderness, during the Sunday
night's programme on the 9th of April 2017.

Denis Martindale

From Unbeliever To Son Believer!

From childhood, I was good and bad,
A lost soul to be sure,
While sometimes happy, sometimes sad,
Still asking, 'Is there more? '
Exploring what the world could give,
Then taking here and there,
While knowing I'd not always live
And yet I didn't care...
But death would come, one day I knew...
What then? Was Heaven real?
To God I prayed, 'What should I do?
I need Your love to heal...'
And suddenly, I sensed a peace
God sent in Jesus' Name,
From sin and shame Christ brought release,
Lord Jesus took the blame...
Praise God for Easter's gift to me,
I've found my Lord and King,
Forgiven, thanks to Calvary,
I owe Christ everything!

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale April 2017.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
that's part of the 'Church Without Walls'.

The Gospel poem was shared on Revelation TV's
Voice In The Wilderness, during the Saturday
night's programme on the 8th of April 2017.

Denis Martindale

Armageddon Corner!

Behold, they gathered to discuss God's Scriptures now and then,
With Saint Mark praising Lord Jesus, saying, Amen and Amen...
And with their wondrous wonderings, their talks went back and forth,
Reflecting on the King of Kings and those of south and north...
Jerusalem blessed on the map, in Israel as foretold,
With treasures nations hoped to grab, some worth much more than gold!
With Jesus waiting for the day, the day of His return,
What has the Bible got to say? The scholars sought to learn...

Discern, then, scholars if you can, when wrath must be outpoured,
When God destroys each wicked man through Jesus Christ the Lord...
Appointed and anointed, too, with power from on high,
To do what only Christ can do, to those who would defy...
Let Israel stay! Let Israel be! But wisdom they denied,
Not thinking back to Calvary, with Jesus crucified...
So Armageddon, come you must, with all your tragedy,
Because in God men didn't trust, behold your destiny!

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale April 2017.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

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the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
that's part of the 'Church Without Walls'.

Denis Martindale

Revelation Develops Faith!

God knows you fail sometimes and yet, He's faithful to forgive,
So copy Christ, forgive, forget, so that new life you live...
A Friday's faith proves well and good, but that's not all to seek,
For life's much better understood with faith for all the week...

For each Saturday and Sunday, for Monday, Tuesday, too,
For each Wednesday and each Thursday, God's here to comfort you!
His armour strengthens every hour, His Word guides here and there,
His Holy Spirit grants you power, more than you're now aware...

To speak in tongues, or heal your friends, or prophesy, or preach,
For revelation never ends, it's got so much to teach...
God knows you fail sometimes and yet, He's faithful to forgive,
So copy Christ, forgive, forget, so that new life you live...

Denis Martindale April 2017.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
that's part of the 'Church Without Walls'.

The Gospel poem was shared on R Mornings,
on Revelation TV, on the 7th of April 2017.

Denis Martindale

Lion Hearted!

Some say a lion's heart grows strong,
Like destiny or fate,
As if a lion does no wrong,
To live with love, not hate,
Yet in the real world, truths can't change,
They always stay the same,
Statistics Man can rearrange
And sometimes without shame...

Yet lions live their lives their way,
To this, they're reconciled,
So many won't be tamed today,
Once born free, they stay wild...
Perhaps that's why they're still revered
And held in high esteem,
Not just because each lion's feared
For being quite extreme...

Each has a royal presence there,
With matching strength in tow,
That's why the others have a care
And watch him come and go...
Stay low, don't move, don't interfere,
Don't let him see your face!
Will he chase you if he gets near?
Yes! Yes! All over the place!

Denis Martindale April 2017.

A poem based on the magnificent Stephen Gayford
wildlife painting. Google search phrases
gayford prints and Stephen Gayford poetry
and also for Heaven and Earth Designs...

Denis Martindale

Serengeti Evening, Too

The tiger looks a noble sort,
I think that you'd agree.
It doesn't really take much thought,
It's there for all to see.
The tiger smoulders in the sun,
Like marmalade on toast -
His orange stripes so crisply done
To stand out uppermost.
His swishing tail, his piercing eyes,
His rippling muscles, too.
His camouflage meant to disguise,
To do what he must do...
Together, how they all impress -
Both young and old take note.
With tigers, there's no need to guess,
You just look at that coat.
His whiskers twitching up and down
And sometimes left and right.
Each forehead stripe just like a frown,
As if he just took fright.
The tiger looks a noble sort,
Determined through and through!
But sadly, I must now report:
Run fast or he'll catch YOU!

PoemHunter.com

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Serengeti Evening II'.

More Stephen Gayford poems here:
denis-martindale-dot-blogspot-dot-com

NB There is a lion poem called Serengeti Evening.

Denis Martindale

How He's On The Ball...

While football's such a well-known game,
Some players are obsessed,
Wives often point out things to blame
When they don't give their best...
Perhaps they've just ignored the tips
The coach shouts in each ear,
Perhaps they've scoffed down fish and chips,
Or had an extra beer...

Yet there are players who run fast
And dash across the pitch,
With stamina from first-to-last,
As if without a glitch!
Spectators watch these players run,
That's why they all applaud,
Yet when the games for them were won,
Should their fans praise the Lord?

For there are players now and then
Who sometimes kneel and pray,
For revelation for their men
Who'd like to win the day...
Such players seek the Lord to bless
Their side and theirs alone,
Regardless of unhappiness
The other sides have known...

Yet there are times God grants a draw,
Each side scores one or two,
Or maybe three, or even four,
Yet God gave them no clue...
A goalie blinks, complains of aches,
Then some guy gets a goal
And yet all players make mistakes
That drive them up the pole...

Denis Martindale April 2017.

Denis Martindale

We Are Nothing Without The Lord!

Some walk this Earth yet without pain,
They sing and dance and smile,
Yet who of these are born again
And love God all the while?
I count as nothing all the years
Each time I walked alone,
Instead of kneeling, shedding tears,
Before God's Holy Throne...

Yet now I'm saved and now rejoice,
Despite my pains and aches,
Because one day I made the choice
That every Christian makes...
Yet more than this, I preach Good News,
I share my Lord each day,
Despite all others with their views
That lead Mankind astray...

When revelation comes to you,
Be thankful God is good,
Be thankful that God loves you, too,
That you are understood...
Your wants and needs, your loves and hates,
Your thoughts and prayers tonight,
For blessed each heart that celebrates
When Jesus makes things right!

Denis Martindale April 2017.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
that's part of the 'Church Without Walls'.

Denis Martindale

Do It Again, Lord!

Do it again, Lord! This we pray...
So that revival comes to stay
With Spirit blessings every day...
In the Name of Jesus!
Do it again, Lord! Grant Good News,
To each lost soul You seek to use,
Such that a new life each would choose,
In the Name of Jesus!

Do it again, Lord! Help us, please,
Forgive us, Lord, then grant us peace,
So that Christ's Kingdom may increase,
In the Name of Jesus!
For without Christ, each soul is lost,
Our damaged souls as cold as frost,
Yet now we know who paid the cost!
And yes! His Name is Jesus!

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale April 2017.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
that's part of the 'Church Without Walls'.

The poem title is for a Christian Revival book
by Gordon Pettie of Revelation TV that's called
DO IT AGAIN, LORD! The Gospel poem was shared by
Lesley Conder on R Mornings, the Revelation TV's
show on the 4th of April 2017.

Denis Martindale

God's Knight In Shining Armour!

Behold the dream that came last night, a lucid dream as well,
A dream that caused a fearsome fright, as if it came from Hell!
For demons fought and dragons, too, against a righteous man,
Encased in armour, faithful, true, so brave he never ran!
He stood his ground, thus not to yield and prayed with all his might,
He stayed steadfast behind his shield, as he fought the good fight!
Thus demons cowered, dragons, too, no greater faith on Earth,
In fact, they knew not what to do against a man of worth!
Despite the storm they brought in tow, that maelstrom they released,
That man of valour would not go, his courage never ceased!
Thus, in defeat, the demons left, the dragons crawled away...
Decidedly outraged, bereft, they could not win the day!
The knight arose and raised his sword, no greater joy than this!
The champion knelt to praise the Lord! The victory was His...

Denis Martindale April 2017.

PoemHunter.com

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

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that's part of the 'Church Without Walls'.

Denis Martindale

Stand Still And See The Salvation Of The Lord!

The dream felt real, so real to me, upon that sloping hill,
A distant hill was there to see, with darkness brooding still...

My Saviour's cross was barely seen, yet there, Christ was in pain,
So far I couldn't intervene, no choice but to remain...

Then shone a beam of light above my Saviour's silhouette,
As if, by then, He'd done enough, while I stood with regret...

Then from His cross, a red light glowed and suddenly drew near,
Engulfing me, it overflowed, consuming me with fear...

But then fear went, I was at peace, God's love was burning bright,
So warm it made my tensions cease as if they'd taken flight...

Thus perfect love forgave my sins, through God's Son, Jesus Christ,
Through Easter, He's the Prince of Peace, hosanna in the highest!

Denis Martindale April 2017.

PoemHunter.com

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

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Denis Martindale

What Is Free Verse?

What is free verse! ? What is free verse! ?
I'll tell yer what's free verse!
Free verse? That's when the poet gets nuffink!
Not a penny, not a sausage for his poem...
He spent hours on that poem, yeah, hours...
Nobody spent a penny on buying his poem.
He had to pay for his home and his car.
He had to pay for his family's food and clothes.
He had to pay for his paper and pen and typewriter.
He had to pay for his computer and his printer.
He had to pay electricity, water and gas bills.
He had to pay VAT and the terrible TV licence tax.
He had to pay for his phone line rental and Broadband.
He had to pay for every flipping thing!
Nobody else helped him. Nobody sponsored him.
Free verse? That's what poets share with skinflints!
Yeah, that's what free verse is. It's free...
But it's won too free if you ask me!

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale April 2017.

Denis Martindale

God Bless My Brother And Sister In Christ!

O Lord, bless my brother in Christ, for You are good and just,
You know all that is sacrificed by those You come to trust...
And since my brother proves he cares in everything he does,
I pray that You will hear his prayers because he loves Jesus...
So, Lord, anoint Your servant now, grant him Your blessings, too,
Such that Your Spirit can allow more blessings to come through...
O Lord, just think what could be done to save lost souls from Hell...
I pray You use this precious son, he wants to serve You well!

O Lord, bless my sister in Christ, for You are good and just,
You know all that is sacrificed by those You come to trust...
And since my sister proves she cares in everything she does,
I pray that You will hear her prayers because she loves Jesus...
So, Lord, anoint Your servant now, grant her Your blessings, too,
Such that Your Spirit can allow more blessings to come through...
O Lord, just think what could be done to save lost souls from Hell...
I pray You use this precious one, she wants to serve You well!

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale April 2017.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
that's part of the 'Church Without Walls'.

Denis Martindale

God Bless My Sister In Christ!

O Lord, bless my sister in Christ,
For You are good and just,
You know all that is sacrificed
By those You come to trust...
And since my sister proves she cares
In everything she does,
I pray that You will hear her prayers
Because she loves Jesus...

So, Lord, anoint Your servant now,
Grant her Your blessings, too,
Such that Your Spirit can allow
More blessings to come through...
O Lord, just think what could be done
To save lost souls from Hell...
I pray You use this precious one,
She wants to serve You well!

Denis Martindale April 2017.

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You know all that is sacrificed
By those You come to trust...
And since my brother proves he cares
In everything he does,
I pray that You will hear his prayers
Because he loves Jesus...

So, Lord, anoint Your servant now,
Grant him Your blessings, too,
Such that Your Spirit can allow
More blessings to come through...
O Lord, just think what could be done
To save lost souls from Hell...
I pray You use this precious son,
He wants to serve You well!

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Denis Martindale

Jesus Loves Me!

Justified for eternity,
Embraced both night and day,
Sanctified thanks to Calvary,
Used by God when I pray...
Set free for service not reward,
Let loose for higher things,
On track for Jesus Christ my Lord,
Valued as King of Kings!
Evangelising now and then,
Seeking to save the lost,
My Christian faith to guide my pen,
Expressing what it cost...

Denis Martindale March 2017.

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Denis Martindale

Look For Revelation!

LOOK FOR REVELATION!

Look, I am the bread of life...
Yes, You are!
Look, I am the light of the world...
Yes, You are!
Look, I am the gate...
Yes, You are!
Look, I am the good shepherd...
Yes, You are!
Look, I am the resurrection and the life...
Yes, You are!
Look, I am the way, the truth and the life...
Yes, You are!
Look, I am the true vine...
Yes, You are!
LOOK, I AM COMING SOON!
Yes, You are!

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale March 2017.

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Denis Martindale

Is It Good Enough! ?

The poem dangled straight ahead
And hypnotised my eyes,
At first, it filled my heart with dread,
That tempting tiny prize…
I had to break the magic spell,
Not dawdle or delay
And since I had a tale to tell,
It must be done today…

I paused to get the title right,
In wait for my first line,
The poem dangled still in sight,
That poem would be mine…
I'll not give up, I'll not give in!
You little so-and-so!
I'll battle through until I win,
I'll never let you go!

I thumped the keyboard mightily,
Each little letter pressed,
Determined to make poetry
And so I did my best!
The editing was really hard,
The poem way too long,
Alas, one verse I must discard,
I sighed, yet I stayed strong!

I said that poem twenty times,
Although that proved a chore,
Improving phrases and their rhymes
Until there was no flaw…
And all the while, I prayed and prayed
Until that moment when...
ANOTHER poem was displayed
And dangled there again!

Denis Martindale March 2017.

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale

Fire Of The Spirit!

The Holy Spirit comes to those aware of sin and death,
Yet who is He who died yet rose? Jesus of Nazareth!

With Pentecost, the Church began and tongues of fire, too,
To manifest God's holy plan to Gentile and to Jew.

With visions and with prophecies, forgiveness of their sins,
Accompanied by love... joy... peace... so everybody wins!

It's in Christ's Name salvation flows, His Blood was shed for all...
The fire of the Spirit glows through every miracle!

The Holy Spirit comes each day, yes, even to us now,
To prove that Jesus is the Way, all blessings to allow.

What more is there for God to do? What more could prove enough?
The Gospel shows that God loves YOU, in Christ, the King of Love!

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale March 2017.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
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The Gospel poem is based on the Sarah Liberman
Gospel song, Fire Of The Spirit. The youtube video was
shown on the Revelation TV show Word And Prayer.

Denis Martindale

Why Do You Write?

The prophet woke up from his bed,
He then began to write,
Explaining thoughts still in his head
God helped him dream that night...
And when his wife had watched him so,
She asked him why he wrote
And he revealed such truths to know,
She wept as she took note...

He carried on what must be done,
She wiped away her tears,
Then comforted their only son
Who listened, full of fears...
The prophet told them keep the faith,
Good News was on its way...
Take courage, loved ones, just be brave,
God hears us when we pray...

And so the prophet wrote his dream,
The future God had shared,
Mankind so vicious and extreme
As if nobody cared...
But God would send His only Son,
To die for sins and more,
The Saviour, so lost souls were won,
To learn what true love's for...

And so the prophet's family
Took comfort in the Lord,
As if now bound by harmony
When faith kept them assured...
The prophet's words are read today,
By billions far and wide,
For God fulfilled His words His way
When Christ was crucified...

Denis Martindale March 2017.

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Denis Martindale

Father, Forgive Them!

Father, in Heaven, forgive them,
They know not what they do,
For their hatred is the problem,
It clouds their point of view...
Their conscience does not prove enough,
They lack Your guiding hand,
They lack the precious Saviour's love,
They do not understand...
Yet You are able to redeem,
To rescue and to save,
The Gospel Truth is not some dream,
In Christ, all sins to waive...
Through revelation we receive
Your blessings now and then,
So, in Christ's Name, help them believe
And thus be born again!

Denis Martindale March 2017.

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GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
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The Gospel poem was shared by Lesley Conder
today on the UK Sky Revelation TV channel's
R-Mornings show, Monday 27th of March 2017.

Denis Martindale

I Thank God For Your Life!

As long as good stays in your heart, to guide you on your way,
Such that the Lord can still impart His blessings every day,
Then I give thanks for all that's done, despite each pain and strife,
For God will bless you through His Son... I thank God for your life!

As long as you help others, too, so they receive God's grace,
Such that they learn what they can do, His blessings to embrace,
Then I give thanks God knows your name, no answers to deprive,
Our God forever stays the same... I thank God for your life!

As long as love can help you smile and laughter lifts your soul,
No serpent spirit can beguile or make you lose control,
Such that you prosper day and night and not merely survive,
Give praise to God, in Him delight... I thank God for your life!

Denis Martindale March 2017.

PoemHunter.com

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

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the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
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The Gospel poem was shared on the UK Sky
Revelation TV channel's late night programme,
Voice in the Wilderness,27th of March 2017.

Denis Martindale

What Makes Poetry Beautiful?

What makes a poem flow like wine or dance upon a page,
Or celebrate all truths divine, transform both love and rage?
What makes a verse converse and share or touch as if a breeze,
Or whisper like a secret prayer one says upon one's knees?
What makes that final line express a magic all its own,
Or by its force spread happiness or mercy to atone?
What makes the readers pause and smile or read the poem twice,
Or memorise a little while such gently-shared advice?
What makes the poet's gifts transcend commonly-spoken thought,
Or beckon us to comprehend the double meanings taught?
What makes the beauty all it was and ever more shall be,
In truth, I tell you, it's because God's blessed great poetry!

Denis Martindale March 2017.

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

* Cataneo Bt Font Size 20

What Makes Poetry Beautiful?

What makes a poem flow like wine or dance upon a page,
Or celebrate all truths divine, transform both love and rage?
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Denis Martindale March 2017.

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale

What Can I Write? What Should I Write?

What can I write? What should I write?
In truth, it would be nice,
Within a dream, unveiled each night,
To get the Lord's advice…
Not dreams that take some fancy flight
Then take us by surprise,
Or nightmares giving us a fright
And chills as cold as ice…

What can I write? What should I write?
Perhaps it's time to pray,
For some sweet vision or insight
That's meant to lead the way,
Or revelation granting light,
Or wisdom to relay,
As if to make the future bright,
Beyond a sombre day…

What can I write? What should I write?
Is there some tale to tell?
Man's Saviour borne of truth and might,
Who died to save from Hell?
Some sci-fi story to excite,
Some novel I could sell?
Or like some do, give up the fight,
Then watch TV as well?

Denis Martindale March 2017.

Denis Martindale

Can You Share A Poem About Love?

At the Creative Writing Circle that evening,
The poetry's main theme was about love.
We began writing down our thoughts as usual.
Within minutes, I had finished my poem,
Then came the waiting for the others...
I started editing and corrected a few lines,
So I thought I was OK with the new poem.
I changed the title to a different girl's name.
That seemed to make the poetry better this time.
When it came to my turn, I read out the words,
I put a bit of acting into the poem's presentation.
When finished, I looked around at the others,
Each was smiling away in response to my poetry.
After a while, all the poems had been heard.
I guess I'll never know if my poem was the best.
The class ended, I left the College and walked home.
There was nobody there at home to meet me...
And now, when completely alone... I wept...
The reality of my loneliness was overwhelming.
There are over six billion people on the planet Earth
And yet... nobody loved me... Absolutely nobody...

Denis Martindale March 2017.

Denis Martindale

White Wolves

Are white wolves merely dogs to you,
While you are safe at home?
Or do you have another view
While in the woods you roam?
For wolves are out there, even now,
In woods worldwide today,
Against all odds, alive, somehow,
As long as they find prey...

Lots of films have shown a wolf pack,
The alpha male and more
And TV shows helped folks keep track,
With facts none should ignore...
White wolves are prone to foul black deeds,
When hunger takes its toll
And if each hunting skill succeeds,
They quickly lose control...

Are white wolves merely dogs to you,
Like huskies often seem?
Or were you wiser when you knew
Wolf actions proved extreme?
The wolves seem tame to humans, though,
For we build bombs and stuff,
Polluting everywhere we go
When hatred outweighs love...

Denis Martindale March 2017.

A poem based on the magnificent Stephen Gayford
wildlife painting. Google search phrases
gayford prints and Stephen Gayford poetry
and also for Heaven and Earth Designs...

Denis Martindale

As Cold As Canada!

As one who's hardly been abroad,
So few rights to complain,
Can't think of any warm reward
Of getting cold again...
Left to decide, I'm staying here,
Don't want to shiver there
And yet I need to make that clear
Since I'm no millionaire...
Close to my heater I must stay,
At home, here, safe and sound,
Not pack my bags then fly away
As if I'm Heaven-bound...
Don't risk that hypothermia!
Admit it's cold in Canada!

Denis Martindale March 2017.

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

My Heartfelt Message Of Love...

From my sweet heart to my sweetheart,
The words flowed fancy-free,
To summon up the wordsmith's art,
Imparting poetry...
And in those minutes flying past,
Those verses shared my love,
For I loved her from first to last
And hoped this proved enough...

I bought a single soft pink rose
And placed it in her hand,
Then spoke the words my poem chose
To help her understand...
She looked at me and then she smiled,
She blushed then kissed my cheek,
That's why I stared, transfixed, beguiled,
Just like a child so weak...

And so right there, I prayed again,
Our lips came into touch,
She held my rose, much closer then,
Because it meant so much...
I can't explain how glad I felt,
That poem changed my world,
I took a chance from cards life dealt...
And now that girl's my girl...

Denis Martindale March 2017.

Denis Martindale

Walking With Jesus...

Disciples are walking with Jesus,
The Holy Spirit there,
In so many ways to reach us,
To serve and say a prayer.
A word of comfort now and then,
A prophecy or two,
To grant God's vision for all men
And revelation's view.
Thus from the Holy Bible learnt,
Disciples preach God's Word,
With bold authority discerned,
So hearts are blessed and stirred.
Man's faith comes hearing what Christ said,
With signs and wonders now,
That's why Lord Jesus walks ahead
And guides us still, somehow.
Disciples are walking with Jesus,
The King of Kings and more,
He's the Saviour to release us,
It's what God's Son died for.
Let's walk to Heaven and God's Throne,
For Jesus is The Way!
In Jesus Name, His Name alone,
Let's walk and talk and pray...

Denis Martindale March 2017.

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Denis Martindale

You Won The Auction!

The birthday of my friend drew near,
I had a gift in mind
And once that thought was crystal clear,
That gift I had to find!
I Google searched and found eBay,
Amazon and Gumtree,
But I struck out, until one day,
God answered prayers for me!

A Stephen Gayford! I was chuffed,
My bid was really high,
Yet it was something my friend loved,
That meant I had to buy!
And all at once, the big day came,
The auction's final hour,
Who'd be the winner of the game
To leave the losers sour?

But I was ready secretly,
A higher bid reserved,
I prayed that none could beat me!
That thought left me unnerved!
The final minute, 'You're Outbid! '
I clicked and bid once more...
I raised it up by TWENTY quid,
That told THEM all what for!

Denis Martindale March 2017.

A poem based on the magnificent Stephen Gayford
wildlife paintings. Google search phrases
gayford prints and Stephen Gayford poetry
and also for Heaven and Earth Designs...

Denis Martindale

The Stephen Gayford Art Gallery

There came a time when hearts were stirred
Towards a gallery,
With one great artist they preferred
And all he brought to be...
Remembering how long he stood
As he would paint away,
To do the very best he could
Day after day after day...

Collectors gathered, deep in thought,
Compared each frame at hand,
Reflected on the prints they'd bought,
The ones they saw as grand...
And thus the final choices came
From hundreds that were sold,
That proudly bore the artist's name
On silver frames and gold...

And so the public came to view
And marvel at them all,
Each one pristine, presented new,
Each one a miracle...
Then buyers searched the Internet
To find his art as well,
Since beauty that's hard to forget
Is always bound to sell...

Denis Martindale March 2017.

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Denis Martindale

The Precious Pinnacle Of Poetry!

She fashioned prose from hopes and dreams,
She mulled and mused all day,
She pressed ahead through thoughts and themes
God's wonders to relay...
She brought to mind a thousand things,
Selected here and there,
Then wrote of how the small bird sings
Then flies upon the air...

She mulled afresh and wrote again,
She praised the eagle's flight,
To soar above and settle then
Mid thermals at great height...
Then wrote of aeroplanes and jets
And rockets to the stars,
The sacrifices and regrets
To make these come to pass...

She paused, reflecting all God made,
Then suddenly, she wept,
To see His Universe displayed,
Still there each time Man slept...
And in a moment, bowed her head,
'Dear God, help me to write...'
And from that day her heart was led
With treasures and insight...

She didn't write for wealth or fame,
She humbly wrote for love,
For God loved her and blessed her name
And she thought that enough...
While others worked for fortune's sake,
She worked for all Mankind,
Just to ease another's heartache,
Sad memories in the mind...

That's why I've loved her all this while,
Encouraged her each day
And made her laugh and made her smile

And watched her kneel and pray...
I thank God she became my wife
The day she said, ‘I do...'
I thank God that she changed my life
And helped change others, too...

Denis Martindale March 2017.

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Denis Martindale

Do I Make Plans Before I Write?

Do I make plans before I write, or simply let words flow?
Can I be perfect day and night, then scribble to and fro?
Erm, well, it's not that easy, friends, I'm prone to fumble through,
For that next rhyme God comprehends, He'll tell me what to do!
I act by faith, let phrases fly, watch words take shape and form,
I rarely pause to question why, I just write up a storm!
I'm letting my mind's eye see things, I'm typing fast and loose,
I write for paupers, princes, kings, it's their choice to peruse...

While there's a cup of coffee near, my eyes stay opened wide,
I'll carry on, of that, no fear, when done, I'll say I tried...
But then the hard part, oh, my, my! My spelling's up the creek!
Sometimes my typing makes me sigh, perfection's hard to seek!
So pardon me, if things go wrong, my eyes aren't what they were,
My eyesight isn't all that strong and some words tend to blur...
But I'm still here at dawn again, no clue what life's about...
It's time for bed... till up at ten... I'm just plum tuckered out!

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale March 2017.

Denis Martindale

" Look, I Am Coming Soon! "

As Jesus Christ, I once declared, that one day I'd return,
Beseeching saints to be prepared and all God's signs discern.
For what's the use of sleeping still, or lying, counting sheep,
With lost souls all around you ill, while you, no vigil keep?
Where are the watchmen on the wall? Prayer warriors of faith,
Who daily seek a miracle to strengthen and to save?
Who intercedes while there's still time? The harvest's not complete,
Beguiled by sin, by hate and crime, lost souls dwell in each street.

Yet saints the Father's called to Me are destined for much more,
Each one was cleansed at Calvary, no matter, rich or poor.
Will they just quote My words alone from centuries ago,
Or boldly draw near to God's Throne and in their spirits grow?
God doesn't need a light gone out, He needs His saints to shine,
Of purest gold that leaves no doubt, that shows they're His and Mine.
Look up, for your redemption's nigh, that's why each angel sings!
I shall return to prove that I am still the King of Kings!

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale March 2017.

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The Gospel poem was shared on the Revelation TV
show Word And Prayer, on the 28th of March 2017.

Denis Martindale

From Scribbler To Scribe!

As soon as I picked up a pen,
I looked at it a while,
Not knowing from that moment then
How this could make me smile...
And yet what wonders pens unfold,
Their life's blood made to flow,
With precious words, worth more than gold,
Across this world to go...
A flood of pondered poetry
That hearts once kept inside
Ran like a river to the sea
Then to the oceans wide...
Thus from my heart came forth the same,
In swirls across each page,
As if a beacon lit by flame,
Or tiger from its cage...
Yet was I born with gifts installed,
Condensed within my form?
Or suddenly to memory called,
As if that were the norm?
Yet this I know, all truths above,
My God was kind to me,
To share a portion of His love
Within my poetry!

Denis Martindale March 2017.

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Denis Martindale

We Thank You, Lord!

If only people knew the facts,
The truths that God reveals,
The ways in which the Lord reacts,
Compassion when He heals...
His angels and His miracles,
His visions and His dreams,
His prophecies and apostles,
For life's not all it seems...

Behind the scenes, God sees what's done,
He hears the saints in prayer,
He answers them through Christ His Son
In ways we're not aware...
Yet at the end of life we'll learn
God's wonders meant for us
And every blessing that we yearn
The day we meet JESUS!

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale March 2017.

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Denis Martindale

Look, I Am Coming Quickly!

As Jesus Christ, I once declared,
That one day I'd return,
Beseeching saints to be prepared
And all God's signs discern...
For what's the use of sleeping still,
Or lying, counting sheep,
With lost souls all around you ill,
While you, no vigil keep?

Where are the watchmen on the wall?
Prayer warriors of faith,
Who daily seek a miracle
To strengthen and to save?
Who intercedes while there's still time?
The harvest's not complete,
Beguiled by sin, by hate and crime,
Lost souls dwell in each street...

Yet saints the Father's called to Me
Are destined for much more,
Each one was cleansed at Calvary,
No matter, rich or poor...
Will they just quote My words alone
From centuries ago,
Or boldly draw near to God's Throne
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God doesn't need a light gone out,
He needs His saints to shine,
Of purest gold that leaves no doubt,
That shows they're His and Mine...
Look up, for your redemption's nigh,
That's why each angel sings!
I shall return to prove that I
Am still the King of Kings!

Denis Martindale March 2017.

This can be sung to the hymn,
'God Rest Ye Merry Gentlemen,
Let Nothing Ye Dismay! '

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Denis Martindale

A Tale Of Two Cultures

At first, they couldn't understand
The way the others dressed,
With one flamboyant and one bland,
So neither was impressed...
And words were awkward for a time,
Hard to explain as well,
As if no reason and no rhyme,
So truths were hard to tell...

The art and music said a lot,
Contrasting thoughts and themes,
So many questions asking what
When all's not as it seems...
And while they both had solid laws,
The judgements weren't the same,
Two cultures with good points and flaws
To fill with pride or shame...

Yet, on the whole, both chose to care
About the young and old,
With faithful saints who knelt in prayer
Who seemed as good as gold...
So, all in all, they got along,
Some even fell in love,
Two cultures joined, in Christ made strong,
In fact, more than enough...

Denis Martindale March 2017.

Denis Martindale

The Most Beautiful Smile In The World!

Since I saw her photo on Quora,
I love her, so I can't ignore her,
Yet if I told her so,
She'd simply say, ‘No! '
It's so sad, as I simply adore her!

Denis Martindale March 2017.

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Gibbon

A gibbon's such an agile thing,
It moves as if a blur,
It takes firm hold, then starts to swing,
A trail of tail and fur...
It may not own a peacock's grace,
Or match a dolphin's smile,
But there's a fact that we must face,
A gibbon's sure got style...

Athletic twists, athletic turns,
A gymnast soaring high,
With all the tricks that each one learns,
Almost like it could fly...
Like Spider-Man, up there, at ease,
A show-off now and then,
Content to leap between the trees,
Then, sometimes, back again...

I used to be quite agile, too,
But that's a young man's game,
Old age can change your point of view,
Ain't that a crying shame! ?
But when I see a gibbon glide
Across its neighbourhood,
I must confess, I think inside,
'I used to be that good! '

Denis Martindale March 2017.

A poem based on the magnificent Stephen Gayford
wildlife painting. Google search phrases
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Denis Martindale

Lioness, Too...

The lioness played many parts,
At first, the cub, no more,
Enough to capture all their hearts,
So perfect, without flaw...
No need to hunt for food as yet,
No need to fear at all,
Just walk around without regret,
Enjoy life's miracle...

But then things changed and life took hold,
No more to fool around,
Her years began to make her bold,
Her ears fixed on each sound...
And scents that trailed upon the breeze
Could not escape her now,
Sometimes her fears could steal her peace,
Until she calmed somehow...

Then came the time when motherhood
Caused her mind to reflect,
On everything she thought was good
And worthy of respect...
When old age came, she left behind
Her cubs now fully grown,
And to her death, she was resigned,
For death, she, too, must own...

Denis Martindale March 2017.

A poem based on the magnificent Stephen Gayford
wildlife painting. Google search phrases
gayford prints and Stephen Gayford poetry
and also for Heaven and Earth Designs...

Denis Martindale

The Famous Blood Red Bus!

The blood red bus stirred from its rest,
The driver hummed a tune,
The bus sensed that today was blessed,
Something would happen soon!
Then from the depot to the town,
Where Londoners walked near
And yet not all would wear a frown
At this cold time of year...

The people pointed to the bus
And seemed to be beguiled
And suddenly would make a fuss
And with each other smiled...
The bus felt glad, 'They've noticed me
And all the work I do...'
That's when it smiled with certainty,
Mistaken in its view!

On its side, the words, QUOTE JESUS,
That's why the people stood
And praised God's Son who died for us
And helped us do what's good...
The bus then heard the driver pray,
Wise words none else could know...
The blood red bus was glad all day,
To see the people so...

Denis Martindale March 2017.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
that's part of the 'Church Without Walls'.

Denis Martindale

Memories, Maladies And More...

Oh, would that I with lonesome heart
Had winsome thoughts that charmed,
Instead of aches within each part
That even now have harmed...
To think that love can fall from bliss,
Dismiss both joy and grace,
As if it's merely hit-and-miss,
When gone, none can retrace...

And yet I loved, with all my love,
No part of me restrained,
Because I gave more than enough
For all I might have gained...
But spurned was I, no gentle blow,
To live unloved, alone,
In fact, you didn't want to know,
Your poor heart cold as stone...

And should that be, then I forgive,
You couldn't offer more,
For you, that was the way to live,
Not noticed as a flaw...
I guess one day you'll understand,
Mature as God expects,
Things didn't go the way I planned...
I'm one of your rejects...

Denis Martindale March 2017.

Denis Martindale

This Precious Gift Of Love!

Of all God's gifts that I've received,
In this, my life on Earth,
From that first moment that I breathed
When Mother gave me birth,
It's love alone that still stands out,
It's love that's seen me through,
Such that it's love, beyond all doubt,
That I must share with you...

For love can span the darkest night,
The darkest year as well,
It's love that helps us do what's right,
Brings Heaven out of Hell...
And love transforms the coldest heart
From bitterness and ice,
So at life's end, it can depart,
From Earth to Paradise...

That's why I pray, with love each day,
My vigil still to keep,
Till time when I must slip away,
Beyond both life and sleep...
That's when I'll find the Lord above,
That's when I'll see Christ's face,
That's when I'll meet the King of Love
And melt in His embrace...

Denis Martindale March 2017.

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Denis Martindale

Invest In Your Calling!

Though Christians pray with all their might,
Quote Jesus now and then,
There comes the time to do what's right,
It's just a matter when...
Yet in the meantime, think ahead,
Take time to count the cost,
To follow where the Lord has led,
In hopes to save the lost...
What can I do? What should I do?
How can I do what's best?
Always keep God's love in view
And only then invest...
God will supply you every day,
Your calling takes first place,
It's always God who leads the way,
So Christians learn His grace...
Invest whatever money's paid,
Do what God tells you to...
Because you'll never be dismayed!
Quote Jesus! God bless YOU!

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale 14th of March 2017.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

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The Gospel poem was shared by
Lesley Conder on R-Mornings,
Revelation TV on UK Sky today.

Denis Martindale

Fifty Shades Of Nay!

I've got a list of fifty names, of crushes to this day,
The girls and ladies I longed for, yet all who got away,
The sweethearts borne of loneliness, affections known of Man
And yet not even one was mine, despite each prayer and plan.
So now I merely fall in love and yet that secret keep,
No dates, no gifts, no promises, at home, alone, I sleep.
Let other guys romance and wed, raise children if they will,
But as for me, I'll count my cash and then I'll keep it still.
And should I choose sweet charity, my fellow man to aid,
I'll share the blessings I kept safe, donating unafraid.
To charities that match my gifts, a double blessing found,
Far better than one nagging wife and any frowns then frowned.
I think I'd rather bless someone who'd never know my name,
Than live with someone who thinks that I'm the only one at blame.
For married blitz destroys the mind then chills the heart and soul,
Some say that it can get so bad it drives you up the pole!
I'll not propose, get wed, divorced, then moan and live alone...
I'd rather live alone right now, as King upon my throne!

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale March 2017.

Denis Martindale

How Do I Write My Poems?

How do I write my poems down?
The title must come first,
Because it's like the poem's crown,
It's then I get immersed...
A sudden rush of phrases come,
Like waves upon the seas,
Yet from all these, I just pick some,
From then on, it's a breeze!

The verses form lines short and sweet,
Sometimes they even rhyme,
Till that new poem's all complete,
Quite perfect and sublime!
Alas, not so, for errors lurk,
The little so-and-sos,
That's when I really start to work,
To bring things to a close...

It's still not done! I'm not quite through!
The readings must be done!
Ten times or more, not just a few,
I sing it just for fun!
The words and phrases look O.K.
And Grammarly agrees,
That's when my poem's made my day!
Come on, next poem, please!

Denis Martindale March 2017.

Denis Martindale

The Probability Of Being Me!

Formed by the grace of God above,
Resigned to human care,
Born of the union of their love,
In answer to their prayer...
Transformed from sacred cells so small,
Dividing here and there,
In answer to God's miracle,
My precious life to share...

And after my Mum's sacrifice,
Her portion and her pain,
She stared at me, God's great surprise,
His legacy to gain...
And from then on, once clothed and fed,
I went to School to train,
So information filled my head,
Kept stored within my brain...

Then came the teenage years of change,
Exams I had to take,
Some of the facts so hard, so strange,
They caused my brain to ache...
I persevered through such as these,
With so much yet at stake,
For I had parents I should please,
A future still to make...

And when work came, I did my part,
I laboured like the rest,
Sometimes it even broke my heart,
Though sometimes I impressed...
Then poems came, transformed my mind,
Thus by such thoughts twice blessed
Was motivated and resigned
To share my treasure chest...

The chance that I, of all Mankind,
Should ever be so bold,
Still stirs my heart, yet blows my mind,

As words like scrolls unfold...
Yet English language proves to be
As precious as pure gold,
That's why I tell through poetry
The greatest story ever told!

Denis Martindale March 2017.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

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Denis Martindale

Do You Quote Jesus?

While some quote Jesus every day,
The unsaved rarely do,
In fact, they seldom kneel to pray
Or see God's point of view...
While Easter comes and Easter goes,
The unsaved hardly care
About Christ's love that overflows
With love beyond compare...
Eternal life they do not crave,
This life is all they see,
Yet Jesus Christ once died to save
Their souls on Calvary...
The risen Lord can save the lost,
Through Christians now and then,
The saints who truly count the cost
Of being born again...
So they quote Jesus every day,
For what else can they do?
While they quote Jesus and obey,
Do you? Can you? Will you?

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale March 2017.

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Denis Martindale

Who Is Your Audience?

Each writer and each poet knows
An audience awaits
And every day it grows and grows
And that it celebrates...
For all that's taught and all that's pleased,
For all the time it took,
To help the greatest and the least
To sit and read each book...
And even if a single page,
That took some time to share,
With wisdom till its final stage,
Because someone took care...
It's only then that readers find
A treasure trove within,
As if to reach and bless Mankind,
If pure and without sin...

Great films are based on books that sell
And that's the Gospel Truth,
Yet comics have their fans as well,
The Big Bang Theory's proof.
In submarines, when time allows,
Both captain and the crew
Are known to rest and then to browse
Great novels old and new...
Consider readers young and old,
On this Earth and in space,
For astronauts, we're also told,
Like tales they can embrace...
A billion readers every day
Were taught to read and write
By parents who first showed the way
To make their futures bright!

Denis Martindale March 2017.

Denis Martindale

Flipping Exams!

Oh, good, exams are here again,
What ecstasy, what bliss,
Each question seems beyond my ken,
No pressure, then, in this...
Just open text books and revise,
Until my mind melts down,
Then after sleeping, open eyes,
Beneath a frightened frown...

Well, morning's here, no turning back,
No skiving off today,
So off towards my School I crack,
Revising on the way...
But then the trembling shakes begin,
My heart starts racing now,
But I press on, I won't give in,
I'll struggle through somehow...

It's time, it's bloody time, it's here,
The teachers stand on guard,
With their broad smiles so full of cheer,
Like passing's way too hard!
They're cruel to children everywhere,
Despite the stuff they taught,
In truth, they're paid, so they don't care,
Hence every bad report!

They've really got it in for me,
I'm done for, that's a fact...
Who cares, it's only chemistry! ?
It's not that I'll get smacked...
Just disappointed looks, that's all,
Dad couldn't give a damn,
Mum's praying for a miracle...
I'll do the best I can!

And then it's done, I crawl back home,
In shock for all to see,
My hair's messed up, I need a comb,

‘I'm starving, what's for tea! ? '
Then Dad asks me what grade I got!
He's shocked to hear me say,
‘Although they put me on the spot,
Thank God, I got an A! '

Denis Martindale March 2017.

Denis Martindale

Put God First!

A boy returned from Church one day,
In love with Jesus Christ,
At home, his mother heard him pray,
'I want to be baptised...'
Just five words spoken from the heart
Transformed that family,
Yet where on Earth did those words start?
They came from Calvary...
A man returned from Church one day,
In love with Jesus Christ,
At home, his brother heard him pray
And boy, was he surprised...
Yet God was there to hear those vows,
True love was then set free,
Yet who could bless them in their house?
The Lord of Calvary...
So put God first, like Christians should,
Find ways to please God's Son,
Perhaps to serve your neighbourhood,
So that good works get done...
Whatever gifts God grants to you,
Please do the best you can,
Because there's so much left to do
To bless your fellow man!

Denis Martindale 8th of March 2017.

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Denis Martindale

Out Of Silence, Beauty...

Out of the silence borne of fascination,
Comes a wondrous experience,
For, within it, comes beauty…
And truth comes clearly…
Sometimes enough to disturb or lift the soul…
And here am I, a lover of truth,
Whether as the herald of agony or ecstasy,
Yet should it come, with the purity of a lover's kiss,
Let it be unto me with the flavour of romance,
Borne of a precious, unique and perfect love…
For in the silence, when I look at the one I love,
All manner of words wither within me,
I cannot speak, beauty has consumed me,
It is only now, through poetry,
That words return… and all I dare say is,
I LOVE YOU…

Denis Martindale March 2017.

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale

The Treasured Time To Rhyme...

He trained his mind to recognise
The first line of a verse,
So syllables were seen as nice,
His talents to rehearse,
To scan the lines and seek to rhyme,
Whatever came his way,
Investing just a little time
In hopes to make his day…

And then it's on, he's in the zone,
To focus on the page,
The world departs, he sits alone,
Now comes the writing stage…
And all at once, the rhymes jump out,
No other eyes can see,
He writes by faith destroying doubt,
Then strives for what must be…

The verses melt, from pen to pour,
To flow like wondrous wine,
His eyes their witness, lost in awe,
As if each seemed God's sign…
Thus, by the thousand, verses came,
Like starlings swirling near,
That's why he'll never be the same,
With truths made crystal clear…

The love of God, the love of Man,
The love for girls he knew,
Helped him to learn God had a plan
And helped him see it through…
He'll leave behind a legacy,
That few on Earth could beat,
The precious gift of poetry,
A treasure trove complete…

Denis Martindale March 2017.

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale

The Mistake Of The Lake...

I stood before the languid lake,
So calm yet deadly still,
Remembering one day's mistake,
That caused my thoughts to chill…
I dare not cross the lake at all,
Where my friends died before,
I saw each one from small boats fall,
Each drowned and then no more…
Though Nature walks bring me this way,
No chance would I then cross,
Life's pleasures stay this side each day,
No need to suffer loss…
I've seen this lake claim friends of mine
Who once thought they were brave,
I planted here a warning sign
To keep all others safe…
It's why I check it now and then,
To see that sign's still here,
You see, I'm not like other men…
This lake fills me with fear…
Life proves too precious even now,
Despite its tests and trials,
So I walk on, around, somehow,
On land for miles and miles…

Denis Martindale March 2017.

Denis Martindale

When Is A Poem A Poem?

When is a poem a poem,
When sharing truths sublime,
When answering the poet's whim,
Compressed complete in rhyme?
Or can lines not rhymed still portray
The poet's mastery,
Such that with winsome thoughts relay
Respected poetry?
When is a poem a poem,
When shining clear and bright,
When poets cut long words to slim
And trim till taut and tight?
Or can unfettered themes run wild,
No punctuation zone,
Yet leaving readers quite beguiled
With words and words alone?
When is a poem a poem,
When forceful like a sword,
Or sanctified within a hymn
That draws us to the Lord?
Or can some poets reach the stage
When nonsense verse seems best?
I choose to write to bless each page
So readers are refreshed!

Denis Martindale March 2017.

Denis Martindale

The Man Who Quoted Jesus

He quoted Jesus every day, each morning, noon and night,
Each time he knelt and chose to pray, each time he gained insight.
He wore a golden cross as well, he studied Scriptures, too,
He thought he'd never go to Hell while Heaven stayed in view.
Yet one night came and in a dream, he saw Lord Jesus die,
The Roman way was quite extreme, the sight caused him to cry.
Yet then a voice from Heaven came, 'Repent and turn to Christ,
You pray your prayers in Jesus Name, it's time to be baptised! '
And so the man obeyed the Lord and he was born again,
Received God's Spirit as reward to help save souls from then.
Since revelation shows us how God wants for us His best,
Perhaps it's time for others now to be baptised and blessed...

Denis Martindale 6th of March 2017.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

PoemHunter.com

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The Gospel poem was shared today by
Lesley Conder on the R-Mornings show...

Denis Martindale

What Is So Amazing About Poetry?

If God wants poems to be shared,
Then surely they must be,
To help each heart that has despaired
Through wholesome poetry,
Such that by faith each heart feels blessed
Beyond what eyes can see,
That's why by poems I'm impressed
And best of all, they're FREE!

Denis Martindale March 2017.

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

One Day You'll Write A Masterpiece!

The child looked up with longing eyes,
One dream still pining for,
Not old enough and not yet wise
To even know the score...
The rhyming schemes that made words plain,
The shifts like rolling sands,
Just childlike words within the brain,
Till working out the plans...

The subtleties emotions weave,
The white lies lovers tell,
The tricksters we must not believe,
Love's Heaven and Love's Hell...
The promises of Romeos,
The changing of one's life,
The loneliness the sad heart knows
When one man seeks a wife...

The child would learn as time moved on,
Age gives and also takes,
Until one day, the childhood's gone,
Life's played for higher stakes...
God bless you then, you bonny child,
With love songs yet to be,
For you've still yet to be beguiled
By smiles you long to see!

Denis Martindale March 2017.

Denis Martindale

The Green Lantern!

He stands against the fiend, the foe,
The guardian with his ring,
To fashion energy's great flow
To do what it must bring...
Then streams that power with great force
To grant Mankind some peace,
Then he, our hero, takes the course
That makes the bad times cease...

For he was chosen to defend,
To stand tall day and night,
In ways our minds can't comprehend,
Nor grant us true insight...
He's there when troubles must be fought,
When villains plan their schemes,
Until these criminals are caught,
He fights their darkest dreams...

Green Lanterns guard the Universe,
While he remains on Earth
And so, no matter what occurs,
He's here to prove his worth...
Ten thousand weapons he can wield,
By thought and thought alone,
As long as power's still revealed
And suddenly made known...

The Justice League knows him, of course,
Of that, you can be sure,
His lantern charges from its source,
The ring glows green once more...
And so, together, side-by-side,
They serve this Earth so well
And in each hero we take pride,
Each has his tale to tell...

Green Lantern, thank you, yes, indeed,
So valiant and so brave,
We pray God helps you to succeed,

We pray God keeps you safe!
Heroic deeds, you've done them all...
Outshining all the rest,
We thank God for each miracle
That proves you're still the best!

Denis Martindale March 2017.

Denis Martindale

My Girl, My Friend, My Girlfriend!

Be patient as you read my thoughts,
Compressed upon this page,
In contrast to all known reports,
This poet's come of age...
And in this time when feelings flow,
Like champagne and like wine,
It's only you I long to know,
My yearned-for Valentine...

From that first day, Fate brought us near,
Our very lives to change,
If only we would volunteer
And not think love as strange...
Initial tensions to subside,
To merely chat a while,
To gaze on you as if with pride,
Till charmed by each new smile...

And, oh, the joy to hear you laugh,
Or gently hold your hand,
As if you were my better half,
None finer in the land...
And that first kiss made time stand still,
To crush all doubts within,
Replacing these with such a thrill,
My lonesome heart to win...

Yet true love proves much more than this,
More than your lips and hair,
More than each sweet and soft warm kiss
And bliss beyond compare...
Let true love be our constant quest,
Our journey to life's end,
A journey God has always blessed
For each romantic friend...

Denis Martindale March 2017.

Denis Martindale

My Poetry Is Good!

My poetry is good, in fact,
It's really, really good
And I don't care how folks react
If that's not understood...
I aim to write with style and tact,
Like other poets would,
Sometimes with poems power-packed,
I knew I always could!

That's why I tried my very best
And failed at first, no doubt,
Yet wouldn't give up like the rest
Who wouldn't sort things out...
Instead, I struggled through each test,
As that's what life's about,
To write and get things off my chest,
Not keep these in and pout...

I vent my feelings now and then,
From Heaven or from Hell
And I've done that since way back when,
So long that's hard to tell...
But if I've paper and a pen,
I'll cast another spell,
I'll simply pause and start again
And sometimes I do well...

And yet, of course, not every time,
Sometimes I know I fail,
Perhaps there was a better rhyme,
Or some more noble tale...
I did my best when in my prime,
Though now I'm old and frail,
One truth remains, one truth sublime,
I'm Denis Martindale!

Denis Martindale March 2017.

Denis Martindale

What Does It Take To Write A Poem?

Oh, come, now, do you need to ask,
As if without a clue,
For something that's so small a task,
You don't know what to do?
Just pick a sound that vowels make,
Like A, E, I, O, U
And start right there, for goodness sake,
They're bound to see you through!

I've got two thousand verses done,
I simply took the time,
I merely did them one-by-one,
Reflecting when to rhyme.
From limericks to better tricks,
Yet songs I've done as well,
Some stories, too, yet just for kicks
Or had a tale to tell.

I must admit, I used to write
With paper and with pen,
To scribble half-way through the night,
But that was way back when.
I now use my computer, friends,
It really does me proud,
So that each reader comprehends
Whatever's read aloud.

I punctuate and grammar check
And study what I wrote
And though I'm now a nervous wreck,
There's no quick antidote.
Sometimes life's light, sometimes life's dark,
That's why words overflow,
So I'll press on towards the mark,
Until it's time to go!

Denis Martindale March 2017.

Denis Martindale

That Poem Taught Me A Lot!

My word, that poem said it all! It captured thoughts divine,
It poured out blessings to recall as if God's Valentine.
As if God spent an hour or two, then called a poet near,
To listen to His point of view and then to make it clear.
As if to get the poet's skills, to fashion word by word,
As if to give it thoughts and thrills so that each man was stirred!
To punctuate, elaborate, add humour now and then,
Then focus in and concentrate in ways beyond my ken.
I wished that I could write that way and so I paused and prayed
And all at once and since that day that vision's never strayed.
That's why I write the way I do, pour out my heart and soul,
In hopes to please both God and you and thus fulfil my role.
That poem helped me to succeed, it taught me I should try!
Now I'm a poet, yes, indeed, until the day I die!

Denis Martindale March 2017.

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

God Bless The Artist's Legacy!

Sometimes on eBay's site I've seen
An artist's merchandise,
Such that, when I feel oh so keen,
Each one's a real surprise...
With greeting cards like mini prints,
Or fine art calendars,
Or maybe plates not meant to rinse
That no-one could surpass...

Perhaps a jigsaw puzzle's sold,
A cavalcade portrayed,
With animals both brave and bold,
Pieced well and then displayed...
Or maybe there's a watch to buy,
Or T-shirt I could wear,
Delivered here to test and try,
Kept safe within my care...

Yet canvas prints are worth much more,
I hang these on each wall,
Sometimes I simply stare in awe
At each new miracle...
I like to think the artist's glad
That I should buy his art,
That he shared all he ever had
That God put in his heart...

Denis Martindale March 2017.

A poem based on the magnificent Stephen Gayford
wildlife paintings. Google search phrases
gayford prints and Stephen Gayford poetry
and also for Heaven and Earth Designs...

Denis Martindale

White Tigers!

White tigers rested, so at ease,
Beside a gentle stream,
Assured of comfort and of peace,
As if within a dream...
A wistful breeze upon the air,
Sunshine for warmth and light,
A treasured treat beyond compare
And such a wholesome sight...

My camera took some pictures, too,
So I was really glad,
Right on the spot, the place to view,
Oh, my, what luck I had...
As if God wanted this to be,
To capture beauty so,
As if to share their legacy
Before they chose to go...

That's why, with camera, I stayed still
And like a statue stood,
My racing heart portrayed the thrill
And, my, that sure felt good...
The adult cat and cubs moved on,
Yet I've no cause to grieve,
Because today, though years have gone,
Such memories never leave...

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Denis Martindale

The Precious Gift Of The Holy Spirit

The Saviour promised precious things, each far beyond compare,
For any gift the Saviour brings, He truly means to share
And when Christ said that He must leave, He spoke of Calvary,
Yet to His friends He knew would grieve, He promised company.

The Comforter would soon be sent, thus Pentecost must come,
As soon as sinners would repent, He came to all not some
And thus was born the Church of Christ, redeemed by Christ alone,
So, in His Name, they were baptised and by God's angels known.

The Comforter could intercede, with earnest groans of grace,
To meet each new disciple's need, so miracles took place.
Thus signs and wonders came to Earth, like nothing known before,
To prove the name of Christ had worth in what God's Son died for.

That's why today when Christians pray, the Holy Spirit's near,
Sometimes with songs or words to say, as if to make things clear.
A Scripture or a prophecy, a vision or a dream,
Whatever God decides to be will always prove supreme.

PoemHunter.com

Eternal life and great rewards, forgiveness at the start,
So that we serve the Lord of Lords with purity of heart.
The Holy Spirit beckons still, He's with us every hour,
So we obey God's perfect will, abiding in His power!

Denis Martindale March 2017.

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DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

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Denis Martindale

Who Am I?

There's one great song that Elvis shared,
A song I overheard,
It told me just how much God cared,
Such that my heart was stirred...
To think Lord Jesus died for me,
Upon that Easter Day,
To bear His cross on Calvary
To take my sins away...
'AMAZING GRACE' is like that song,
That song called 'WHO AM I? '
To promise me, I can belong,
Where all God's angels fly...
Where stands God's great eternal throne,
Where saints adore Him, too,
That's how I know I'm not alone,
The Lord will see me through...
And with such songs and hymns at hand,
My spirit called to Christ,
I told the Lord, 'I understand!
I want to be baptised! '
Though decades came and decades went,
Each day He's still close by,
And while Christ stays my precious friend,
I still ask, 'WHO AM I? '

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale March 2017.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
that's part of the 'Church Without Walls'.

The Elvis Presley song's lyrics can be found
with a Google search check, to confirm the

Gospel message and find the YouTube video.

Denis Martindale

A Loving God

Behold the Cosmos God has made,
First light, then form, then Man,
Behold the power He displayed,
Behold His perfect plan...
And then reflect upon free will,
The choices good or bad,
Yet, even then, God loved us still,
His perfect grace to add...

Behold the promise He expressed
To Adam and to Eve,
Behold how God would do His best,
Behold truth and receive...
For, otherwise, what rest is gained,
What peace, what joy, what love,
If Man, through doubt, would be restrained,
Though God provides enough?

Behold the angels God has sent,
Their ministry on Earth,
Behold each changing world event,
Behold each newborn's birth...
For there are joys and sorrows, too,
Yet God has sent His Son,
To prove His love for me and you
Through what Jesus has done...

And if the risen Lord of Lords
Has called you by your name,
Then granted you what grace affords,
You'll never be the same...
By faith through grace and grace through Christ,
Eternal life is ours,
That's why believers are baptised
And granted godly powers...

Therefore, God asks, what more remains,
What more could God now give,
Through love to cast off all our chains,

Through love with Him to live?
It's up to us, will we respond,
Give up our foolish ways?
If yes, there's so much more beyond
A life of perfect praise!

Denis Martindale February 2017.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

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the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
that's part of the 'Church Without Walls'.

Denis Martindale

The Four Lists Of The Evangelist!

The old preacher had come to the end of his life,
Thus, upon his long-suffering passing away,
He was lifted up by his angels towards Heaven
And there, upon meeting Jesus the Saviour,
He was given the four lists of the evangelist...

The first list was the names of those
he had told about Jesus.

The second list was the names of those
he never told at all.

The third list was the names of those
he could have told about Jesus.

The fourth list was the names of those
he was meant to...

The preacher was told to study the lists and he did...
Jesus left him alone to do what he was told he must do.
It took the preacher so long that he prayed for Jesus to return.
The Lord appeared and asked him if he had finished.
The man got down on his bended knees...
'Send me back, send me back...
Let me preach again, let me try again.
I will reach out to everyone on the fourth list...'

Jesus told him the truth about the four lists...
'I only gave you the first page of each of the lists...
Go back and try again... Preach to everyone you can...
Only this time... DO BETTER! '

Denis Martindale February 2017.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
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Denis Martindale

Yes, It's Just A Matter Of Time!

Yes, it's just a matter of time before I write again,
Before I type something sublime, so I'll wait until then…
I won't press forward till it's here, yet my computer's on,
Once it's arrived, it's crystal clear, ignore it and it's gone!
But if I'm ready, watch me write that black text on my screen,
Upon a background oh so white, so brilliant and pristine…
And when I'm done, I'm not quite done, for editing persists,
Until I've really, really won and true success exists!
I make my saving file, of course, I backup this as well,
As if its safety to enforce before things go to Hell…
Then I press on towards the end - shared on the Internet,
As if it were a faithful friend that I'll not soon forget…

Denis Martindale February 2017.

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Only The Imperfect Seek Perfection

To conquer Heaven, Earth and Hell,
The noble spirit must excel
And by God's grace there comes the time
To stand triumphant and sublime...

That's why much more each pilgrim finds
Than little thoughts in little minds
And borne of failures comes success,
Then truly Man gains happiness...

For nothing more would God expect,
Nor bid your talents to neglect,
But press on, friends, take heart, press on,
Before our precious lives are gone...

God still bestows good hearts of cheer
Each day, each week, each month and year
And with the waving of His hand,
Grants miracles that He has planned...

PoemHunter.com

Therefore, I plead that we stand fast,
We're not the first, we're not the last,
This is our time, our time to shine,
God bless what's yours... God bless what's mine!

Man's saddest thought is perfection,
It stops us in our tracks,
For it makes us seek reflection
Of what a person lacks
And with such thoughts, the demons play,
To taunt our weakest links,
Because you know what people say,
A man is what he thinks...

Denis Martindale February 2017.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!

DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

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the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
that's part of the 'Church Without Walls'.

Denis Martindale

Remember The Redeemer!

Redeemer's such a special word,
The buyer of a debt,
For every sin that has occurred
That fills us with regret...
Lord Jesus, by our plight, was stirred,
So, on the Cross, He bled,
There to die as our good shepherd,
So that we'd not forget!
For all, like sheep, have gone astray,
Departing from the Lord,
So Jesus faced our Judgement Day,
No wonder He's adored,
None else could take our sins away,
Forgive and yet reward
And with our spirits here to stay,
So that we'd be assured...
Once enemies, we're now God's friends,
New life has just begun,
That's evidence that should convince,
To prove the battle's won,
Because a multitude of sins
Were paid for by God's Son,
Believe in Christ, God's precious prince
And marvel what He's done!

Denis Martindale February 2017.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

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that's part of the 'Church Without Walls'.

Denis Martindale

How To Write A Funny Poem!

Well, ferst of awl, it helps to spel,
It reely, reely does,
And grammer helps each boy and gel
To overcome a fuss…
Exaggerate a little bit,
Tell lies about their nose,
Their quirks are targets you can hit,
So study for yore prose…

Imagine situations when
They're bound to get fings wrong,
They mess up punchlines now and then
Or they carnt sing a song…
And accents can be reely great,
Some posh and some refined,
While others you can reely hate,
Like slang words brought to mind…

So don't just keep it nice and prim,
Yore poem's on parade,
Dig deep, hurt them, hurt her, hurt him,
They're bound to be dismayed…
Of coarse, it's reely up to you…
You norty so-and-so…
But to yore art you must be true,
Though all yore friends may go!

Denis Martindale February 2017.

For more ideas, check the
Google search result for
poetry cartoon, then click
for the images... LOL...

Denis Martindale

Close Family, Too

Five meerkats huddled side-by-side,
So close, no gaps between,
To pose for me, as if with pride,
Like none I've ever seen...
With smiles so broad that I smiled, too,
They made me laugh as well,
Because of all the things they do,
Enchanting like a spell...

It made me miss my family,
My precious Mum and Dad,
No longer on this Earth with me,
Thus reasons to feel sad...
Yet those five meerkats said it all,
Enjoy good times each day,
For true love's such a miracle
Till death steals it away...

I took my pictures one-by-one
And thanked God for the light
That He provided with the sun
To grant me such insight...
Reminding me of all I had,
The memories that blessed,
Reminding me of Mum and Dad
Who truly were the best!

Denis Martindale February 2017.

A poem based on the magnificent Stephen Gayford
wildlife painting. Google search phrases
gayford prints and Stephen Gayford poetry
and also for Heaven and Earth Designs...

Denis Martindale

This Is Revelation Tv!

Among the channels shown on Sky,
On Freesat and Freeview,
There's one that makes us laugh and cry
That prays for me and you...
There's one that radiates God's love,
There's one that says it all,
There's one that helps with holy stuff
And numbers we can call...
Behind the scenes, God plays His part,
The Holy Spirit's there,
His handiwork can guide each heart
With truths He wants to share...
Perhaps a precious verse or word,
A promise God will keep,
Perhaps a prophecy that stirred
And woke us from our sleep...
From such as these, true friendships grow,
Like roses white and red
And yet more blessed are those that know
There's so much more ahead!
Among the channels shown on Sky,
On Freesat and Freeview,
There's one that makes us laugh and cry
That prays for me and you...

Denis Martindale February 2017.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
that's part of the 'Church Without Walls'.

The poem was read out on Sky UK's
Revelation TV's R-Mornings show today.

NB repeated from 4 pm, too.

Denis Martindale

Believers' Instructions Before Leaving Earth!

The Bible shows that it's God's Word,
It's full of prophecies,
It also tells what once occurred,
Beyond both war and peace...
It beckons us with precious proofs
Of Christ from Nazareth,
Providing us with treasured truths
That Jesus conquered death...
He raised the dead, He offered life,
Eternal life and more,
Beyond these times of pain and strife
That make us feel unsure...
It's faith not feelings that can bless,
The Bible proves its worth,
Believers' instructions, more or less,
Before we're leaving Earth!
That's why we preach of Jesus Christ,
Quote Jesus day by day,
That's why believers are baptised
And in His Name we pray...

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale February 2017.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

B.I.B.L.E. = Believers' Instructions Before Leaving Earth!

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
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Denis Martindale

Let Jesus Be Your Living Lord!

Let Jesus be your living Lord,
The King who leads the way,
The King who keeps your soul assured
Each time that you obey...
Draw strength from Him to spur you on,
Gain wisdom now and then,
Before you die and life has gone,
Rejoice you're born again...
The multitudes may wander round
Like sheep that go astray,
Yet, as for you, let grace abound
For each and every day...
For Heaven watches your light shine
As God's Word grows in you...
Lord Jesus then says, 'This one's Mine!
Found faithful through and through...'

Denis Martindale February 2017.

PoemHunter.com

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

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Denis Martindale

There's Got To Be An Answer!

There's got to be an answer, Lord! So many still in pain,
So many left to be ignored, again and again and again.
We've seen these in the far-off lands, we've seen these here as well,
We've seen the failures of men's plans, we've seen things go to Hell.

If only Jesus could return, clear up the mess we've made,
For revelation helps us learn from what the saints have prayed.
Sweeter... kinder... meeker... nicer! What praises we shall sing!
Since this world needs someone wiser, send Jesus as our King!

THEN GOD REPLIED,

'Behold the multitude unsaved! Till saved, My Son must wait!
Yet come that day, their sins are waived, I shall not hesitate!
My Son shall triumph and renew, with healing in His wings,
The Prince of Peace who died for you, shall be the King of Kings! '

Denis Martindale February 2017.

PoemHunter.com

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

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the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
that's part of the 'Church Without Walls'.

Denis Martindale

Behold The Vast Effects Of Time!

Behold the vast effects of time!
Some wondrous and some sad,
Some quite exquisite and sublime,
Some even make us glad...
Consider how the butterfly
Emerges then takes flight,
Consider as each dawn glides by,
Replacing what was night...

Reflect upon Man's awkward youth,
Ungainly at the start,
Yet gaining wisdom, strength and truth
That guide his growing heart...
And how the Universe plays out
And stars, like men, must die,
When destiny's the final doubt
Beyond all reasons why...

The mind can contemplate it all,
To muse, yet find no gain,
Beyond that life's a miracle
God chooses to explain...
Yet God has all eternity,
Like angels in His care,
Fulfilling all that's yet to be,
According to each prayer...

Thus time's the plaything of God's choice,
In which He still excels,
While fathers leave their girls and boys
When each bids their farewells...
Yes, Mankind's mortal, that we know,
One life alone to live,
Yet, on to Heaven, Christians go,
Because God can forgive...

Denis Martindale February 2017.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

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the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
that's part of the 'Church Without Walls'.

Denis Martindale

I Love You! I Love You! I Love You!

If I were rich and brave and cute,
Life wouldn't be the same!
Of all the changes to bear fruit,
Vows meant to change your name...
Expressed upon our wedding day,
Yet perfect and sublime,
Ordained by God to lead the way,
Until the end of time...

If then, called worthy to receive,
Love granted in return,
Or privileged by some reprieve,
Values I've yet to learn,
Encouraged by your hand in mine,
Your fingertips so near,
Oh, let me be your Valentine,
Until our final year...

If I were all that you could love,
Like none you've loved before,
Or simply seen to rise above,
Vouched safe and without flaw,
Engaging, charming and God-sent,
Yet smitten by your smile,
Oh, let me be your perfect friend,
Unfailing for a while...

Denis Martindale February 2017.

Denis Martindale

No Greater Love Than This!

Each man who ever fell in love
Could promise anything,
Go out and buy her fancy stuff,
Or even buy a ring...
Compose a poem or a song,
Or write a book or two,
With hopes that there could be no wrong
In saying, 'I LOVE YOU! '
Perhaps to fight within a war,
When others seek to hurt,
Perhaps to sacrifice much more,
To die and not desert...
Yet God sent Jesus as His Son
To die upon His cross
And God remembers what was done,
So we gained from His loss...
Saint Valentine's could not compare,
With all its love and bliss,
In answer to the Sinner's Prayer,
No greater love than this...

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale February 2017.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

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the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
that's part of the 'Church Without Walls'.

Denis Martindale

Suggestions For Writers!

Well, first of all, it helps to learn
The letters, words and such,
So that true wisdom you discern
And love it oh so much...
For wisdom proves the sovereign key,
The order of all things,
No matter, friends, what you may be,
If paupers, or if kings...

And secondly, of course, it seems,
That love can guide us all,
Beyond the sharing of our dreams,
Beyond each miracle...
For love condemns the vicious tales
That we see on TV,
In plays or films, where carnage trails,
In shame and infamy...

And thirdly, revelations shared,
That God Himself bestows,
All others should not be compared
When inspiration flows...
And with their coming like a breeze,
With truths God means to bless,
God also brings a sense of peace
And wondrous happiness...

It's through such things, that I suggest,
Each writer could be good,
Then truly seek to do their best,
To tell the tales they should...
If not, then wander like a fool,
Dismissing what makes sense,
Ignoring every righteous rule
God grants so we make friends...

Denis Martindale February 2017

Denis Martindale

As Fantastic As Photosynthesis!

When God made creatures in their turn and for each kind of thing,
He had the wisdom to discern that Man should be the king...
Yet wisdom meant there should be less upon this Earth to rule,
That's why He chose this world to bless, from vast to miniscule...
Within the oceans and the seas, within the streams and ponds,
God's sunlight's golden energies grant life its strengths and bonds...
Yet God ordains the miracles that govern life on Earth,
Regardless if it runs or crawls, God sees each creature's worth...

The plants just grow and grow and grow, converting chemistry,
This happens still, in ways we know, thanks to biology...
And plants convert the sunlight, too, efficiently each time,
Far better than the humans do, that's why it's so sublime...
The scientists unravel well, they study what they can,
Revealing truths, so they can tell, how much God had to plan...
Then Man takes heart in God's designs, His supreme mastery,
It's how God works so He reminds how wondrous He can be!

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale February 2017.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
that's part of the 'Church Without Walls'.
Dr Richard Kent's 'Did U Know? ' clip told
us viewers of the many God-given miracle
processes and designs for photosynthesis.

Denis Martindale

You Must Be Born Again!

Yes, yes, you must be born again,
Of all the things to do,
Undo the past, repent and then
Make God grant something new...
Unless you seek no God to love,
Sin-stained to walk alone,
To spurn the Heavens up above,
Begrudge His Holy Throne...
Expect no royal pardon till,
Believing in God's Son,
Of those who climbed up Calvary's hill,
Rose from the dead when done...
Now choose, if Saviour Christ should be,
Accept Him or refuse!
Get saved for all eternity
And pardoned by Good News!
If not, Hell waits for those who doubt,
No other Saviour gets you out!

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale February 2017.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

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Denis Martindale

The Sinful Nature Of Man!

When God made every life on Earth,
He said that it was good,
For everything He made had worth
In Eden's neighbourhood...
But Adam sinned and God declared
The Earth, with him, was cursed
And since that day Man has despaired,
With sorrows well dispersed..
That's why the realm of Nature's sad,
For death comes to us all,
It takes the so-called good and bad,
The long, the short and tall...
Thus kings and queens and lords and earls,
In all their finery,
Are just the same as boys and girls
Who die in tragedy...
The creatures face the bitter cold,
The creatures face the heat,
They may be brave, they may be bold,
Yet time brings each defeat...
The tallest tree, the smallest flea,
Just like the dinosaur,
Must face its own fatality,
As if the final straw...
The oldest man, Methusaleh,
Endured until his end,
He wandered near, he wandered far,
On that you can depend...
But in this current age of ours,
We lack that stretch of years,
Because we don't have superpowers,
It's why we're prone to fears...
It's why the creatures strive to live
The shortness of the lives,
It's why they take and seldom give,
As long as each survives...
Yet Man runs headlong into war,
As if his nature must,
Borne of the settling of a score,

PoemHunter.com

Of hatred and distrust...
Without God's love, he muddles through,
Takes victims to their graves,
There's just one hope for me and you,
The faith that Jesus saves...

Denis Martindale February 2017.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

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Denis Martindale

How On Earth Do I Write It! ?

Oh, how on Earth do I write it,
That poem of renown,
Encompassing both skill and wit
To get those verses down?
Am I to study poets' themes,
Then copy what I've found,
Or merely filter through daydreams
While this old world spins round?

I get this urge, this awesome urge,
This inkling to explain,
This quest, this drive, this sacred search
That strives from heart to brain...
And tinkers here and tinkers there,
Mid phrases young and old,
Compelling me to sit and stare
While miracles unfold...

And like a scroll that's then unfurled,
New lines no more concealed,
As if they're meant to bless this world
As soon as they're revealed...
I squint and peek at themes and thoughts
And verses float on high,
With brand new updates and reports
That tantalise each eye...

And I'm transfixed, I'm hooked, drawn in,
Like watching my TV,
Because I know I won't give in,
I want that poetry...
That poetry that changes so,
My life and others, too,
Dear God, let insights overflow,
That I may yet praise You...

For I'm a scribe and not much more,
A follower of truth,
Of all that's thrilled me to the core

And helped me as a youth...
Yet now I seek to bless Mankind,
Transcend what's been expressed,
That's why I pray, each night and day,
God, help me do my best!

Denis Martindale February 2017.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

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Denis Martindale

Meerkat Sunrise

The older meerkat led the way,
The young ones followed close,
To see the dawn of one more day
And yonder light that glows...
That great-eyed god without a name,
That circle in the sky,
That sent out heat, yet without flame,
That glides so slowly by...

The older meerkat stood up straight,
The young ones copied, too,
In awe, as each was forced to wait,
As light from darkness grew...
And there it was, the sunrise shown,
As if like burning gold,
As if to say, 'You're not alone!
Live life and live it bold! '

It wasn't just another dawn,
They had a friend above,
Of each new danger to forewarn,
By sharing light and love...
They knew not God like humans can,
Yet they walked in His light,
The faithful trust God has a plan
For all things in His sight...

Denis Martindale February 2017.

Based on the magnificent Stephen Gayford
wildlife painting sold on the bid.tv channel.

Google search phrases:

gayford prints and Stephen Gayford poetry
and also for Heaven and Earth Designs...

Denis Martindale

The Revelation Of God's Love!

When Jesus taught us how to pray,
He really helped us out,
By giving us the words to say,
He ended every doubt...
For in those words He helped explain
How much the Father cares,
If we please Him, there's much to gain,
Beyond our selfish prayers.
God understands that we need bread,
Yet that means money, too,
God understands we must be fed,
How else can we get through?
Yet if we help another live,
God surely would be pleased,
If enemies we could forgive,
God's love would be released...
If we unite our prayers as well,
What wonders would unfold,
So that each day we'd love to tell
The greatest story ever told!

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale February 2017.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

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the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
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Denis Martindale

Dreamy...

The lioness was near to sleep,
Eyelids felt heavy now,
It looked quite hard for her to keep
Herself awake somehow...
She breathed a little deeper then,
Her chin laid on her paws,
That was, of course, the signal when
Sleep closes all life's doors...

Her dreamy state began so fast,
She didn't have a clue,
From here to there, her thoughts had passed,
With nothing she could do...
I smiled to see her slip away,
I envied her that peace,
Because it was so hot that day,
Who knew when it would cease?

The others left her all alone,
Their time would come as well,
When eyelids weigh as much as stone,
When twilight casts its spell...
But as for me, I stayed awake,
My eyes were open wide,
For I was having my lunch break...
With coffee at my side...

Denis Martindale February 2017.

Based on the magnificent Stephen Gayford
wildlife painting on the bid.tv channel
during a Stephen Gayford Art Evening show.

Google search phrases:

gayford prints and Stephen Gayford poetry
and also for Heaven and Earth Designs...

Denis Martindale

Intense!

There comes that hour leopards search,
When food weighs on their minds,
When every leopard feels that urge
Till promptly food he finds...
Unless, of course, luck hides away,
Like creatures often do,
For what would want to be the prey
When life's worth living, too?

And so, this leopard prowled around,
As softly as he could,
Perchance for something to be found
Within the neighbourhood...
With soft-laid steps, with intense thought,
While breezes carried scents,
Content if something could be caught,
No chance that he repents...

The age-old story played each scene,
The scenes he'd played before,
With no-one there to intervene,
Or even up the score...
That's why he feasted and lived on
And stole one life that time,
That precious life, forever gone,
That could have proved sublime...

Denis Martindale February 2017.

Based on the magnificent Stephen Gayford
wildlife painting on the bid.tv channel
during a Stephen Gayford Art Evening show.

Google search phrases:

gayford prints and Stephen Gayford poetry
and also for Heaven and Earth Designs...

Denis Martindale

Rescue The Rainforests!

Redeem yourselves, Mankind, I say!
Escape the loss of land,
So that you save what's left to stay,
Check what the Lord has planned...
Undo the damage borne of greed,
Express more than your grief,
The choices show you must succeed,
Heal now, don't play the thief...
Each evil's stained your hearts too long,
Reflect and then repent,
Act now, while you can right the wrong,
If death you can prevent...
No tears can wipe away what's done,
For truly, lives were lost,
Outweighing all the profits won,
Repent and count the cost...
Each forest that God ever made
Serves Him who rules above,
Take time to change things when you've prayed,
Somehow to prove your love...

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale February 2017.

An acrostic poem based on the magnificent
Stephen Gayford wildlife paintings.
Google search phrases gayford prints and
Stephen Gayford poetry and also for
Heaven and Earth Designs...

Denis Martindale

Is Writing Poetry Addictive?

The angel of the Lord came down
And placed his hand on mine
And told me I don't need to frown
If I'd write out each line...
For, in the writing, words appeared
To rest upon the page,
Such that my doubts had all but cleared,
Now locked up in a cage...

From that day on, I've tried to write,
Fresh lines that share new faith,
To fill this dark world up with light,
In hopes to make it safe...
So writing's not a hobby, friend,
To while away the hours,
But something wise to comprehend,
That grants us godly powers...

PoemHunter.com
It's not like magic borne of Man,
Or casting spells abroad,
But gently fitting in God's plan
To lead us to the Lord...
That's why the preacher writes a hymn,
A psalm of perfect grace,
Not just to satisfy a whim,
But that we seek God's face...

Thus, to the Throne of God, draw close,
Beyond the poet's rhyme,
To God above, for He well knows
What's perfect and sublime...
For this old world needs so much more
Than things that shoppers buy,
It needs a reason to live for,
Beyond that question, 'WHY? '

To help another on the way,
That's why I choose to write,
It doesn't matter, night or day,

As long as there's insight...
A beacon set upon a hill,
A star set high above,
Though writing's known to give a thrill,
Let's write by faith, with love...

Denis Martindale February 2017.

Denis Martindale

Would Anybody Care?

If I should pen my deepest thoughts,
For this whole world to share,
Not treat these as my life's reports,
Of which I'm well aware,
Or pour out prophecies untold,
For this whole world to heed,
Would these be treated like pure gold
By those who paused to read?

If I should raise my pen again,
For love songs from my heart,
Not treat true love with true disdain
But like God's greatest art,
Or press ahead to write a play,
Some drama to express,
Would such be seen as just O.K.,
Or cause great happiness?

If I should dream and wake anew,
In Heaven, not on Earth,
Would Jesus tell me what to do,
So that I proved my worth,
Or would He merely say I lack
The writer's gentle touch
And then politely send me back,
As if not loved that much?

If I should die, then laid to rest,
Would angels hold my hands,
Be full of praise that I was blessed,
Successful in God's plans,
Or would I merely rest as dust,
Unbidden to God's Throne,
To join the faithful and the just
For whom Christ died alone?

If I should fail the poet's path,
That pilgrimage to make,
Would failure be my epitaph,

My legacy to break...
And yet I ask, of readers now,
As if a solemn prayer,
Is there one soul who cares somehow,
Would anybody care?

Denis Martindale, February 2017.

Denis Martindale

It's Been A Long Day, Too

My word, white tigers look so fine,
Yet this one looked worn out,
Flat out, as if he must recline,
No more to stroll about...
His eyelids lowered to his nose,
His every breath controlled,
His sense of peace replaced his woes,
Despite now feeling old...

He opened up his eyes again,
Looked at the world once more,
And suddenly, right there and then,
He knew what life was for...
To learn your place, your destiny,
Beyond the times of youth,
To gain a precious clarity,
A foretaste of the truth...

And in the valley, there, below,
Some tiger cubs played on,
In years to come, each one would grow,
Then die when life had gone...
Yet now he smiled, his heart transformed
In this, his interlude,
You see, through them, his heart was warmed,
With hope and strength renewed...

Denis Martindale February 2017.

A poem based on the magnificent Stephen Gayford
wildlife painting. Google search phrases
gayford prints and Stephen Gayford poetry
and also for Heaven and Earth Designs...

Denis Martindale

It Won't Be Long!

Saint Valentine's! It won't be long!
We're in that fortnight now!
When men can get it right or wrong
With gifts they bought somehow...
A rose or two, or maybe more,
Who knows if they're enough! ?
Romantic feelings to explore,
All in the name of love...
Yet when she smiles! Thank God, what bliss!
Then pass the choccies round...
Then pause to celebrate a kiss,
If true love you've both found...
I envy you! You lucky things!
I'm jealous as can be!
For truly blessed each heart that sings,
'Look what God's done for me! '

Denis Martindale,6th of February 2017.

PoemHunter.com

The poem was read out by Lesley Conder on
R-Mornings for Revelation TV on Sky UK.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
that's part of the 'Church Without Walls'.

Denis Martindale

Felicity!

The Lord's so gracious to forgive
And righteous in His ways
And seeking those who want to live,
Like angels, full of praise...
For life's much more than food and drink,
More than you hear and see...
Let Jesus change the way you think!
You'll find felicity!

To some, we know sincerity
Is more than just a word,
Beyond both hope and dignity,
Not simply overheard...
Faith grants a sweet humility
That's borne of grace and love,
Yet greater still, felicity,
When we please God above...

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale February 2017.

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Dictionary details:

1. the state of being happy, especially in a high degree;
bliss: marital felicity.
2. an instance of this.
3. a source of happiness.
4. a skilful faculty: felicity of expression.
5. an instance or display of this:
the many felicities of the poem.

6. Archaic. good fortune.

Denis Martindale

The Importance Of Prayer!

Behold the importance of prayer,
The foremost act of choice,
To intercede, beseech, or share,
Perhaps with spoken voice...
Perhaps with silent thoughts unsaid,
Perhaps with grieving groans,
Yet God, of course, can raise the dead,
Cause kings to sit on thrones...

Both young and old are known to kneel,
Some even plan to fast,
Because they know that God is real,
With us from first to last...
No wonder, then, that some will tithe,
Or help some soul find peace,
Not merely living to survive,
But that their trials may cease...

PoemHunter.com

The Lord still harkens to Mankind,
He urges us each day,
As if, like gold, to be refined,
To live the Jesus way...
Forgiving sins and granting gifts,
Because He loves so much,
That's why His Holy Spirit lifts
Each prayer that stays in touch...

Behold the importance of prayer,
It goes beyond the norm,
Mankind is blessed when made aware
Of lives it can transform...
Eternal life and healings, too,
Prayer changes everything...
God wants to hear from me and you!
By faith, talk to the King!

Denis Martindale February 2017.

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Denis Martindale

God's Ultimate Revelation!

God's ultimate revelation,
I wonder what it is,
Was it merely the Creation
That brought the angels bliss?
Was it Genesis and Adam,
A helpmate known as Eve?
Or proving that God loved them,
All blessings to receive?

These were the starting points, of course,
Yet God foretold of Christ,
His Holy Son who loved God's Laws,
That's why He was baptised...
That's why He preached Good News and prayed
And for Mankind He died
And when, in death, Christ still obeyed,
God's Son was glorified...

The risen Saviour calls your name,
He beckons you draw near,
Forgiving you, not casting blame,
Such love casts out all fear...
Therefore, believers, seek the Lord!
Find out how best to please...
Then, in good service, find reward
In Christ, the Prince of Peace...

Denis Martindale February 2017.

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Denis Martindale

Guy

Guy the Gorilla was famous,
He lived at London Zoo,
Yet perhaps that fact should shame us,
To put his life on view...
To lock him up, to make him stay,
To let the public stare,
But that, I guess, is just Man's way,
For convicts in his care...

Guy the Gorilla stayed enclosed,
To walk from left to right,
While humans looked on, quite engrossed,
At such a wondrous sight...
Yet who of these would take his place?
Exchange their lives for his?
They merely stared at Guy's old face
And not much more than this...

Yet in those eyes there seemed a soul,
That looked right back as well,
Beyond the playing of a role,
No words his mouth could tell...
I'm glad I never joined that crowd
Of strangers passing by...
Because I'd never have allowed
What humans did to Guy...

Denis Martindale January 2017.

A poem based on the magnificent Stephen Gayford
wildlife painting. Google search phrases
gayford prints and Stephen Gayford poetry
and also for Heaven and Earth Designs...

Denis Martindale

A Prayer For The Nations

Dear Lord, we pray for the nations,
The children of this Earth,
For their joys or tribulations,
For each land has its worth...
Each valley, hill or mountain,
Each river, stream or brook,
Each ocean, sea or fountain,
Deserves a second look...

Dear Lord, this world feels downcast,
It's old before its time,
No longer quite so steadfast,
No longer quite sublime...
It's lived through wars both young and old,
With Mankind as their cause,
It's just like Jesus who foretold
That Man forsakes Your laws...

Dear Lord, remember, Man was dust,
Borne of Your hands and heart,
In whom You placed a sovereign trust,
If he would play his part...
But all like sheep have gone astray,
The nations each make claims,
Then, afterwards, there comes the day,
Recalling victims' names...

Dear Lord, You ask that we pray now,
That You might intervene,
As if to turn the tide somehow,
For You've seen what we've seen...
Cut short the time destruction nears,
Else every soul will die,
No more to face their final fears,
No more to kneel or cry...

Dear Lord, please send Your Son again,
Believers to receive,
That precious, gracious moment when

It's time for us to leave...
Deliver us from evil's hand,
Transport us to Christ's love,
Whatever evil still has planned,
Safe with Your Son above...

Dear Lord, the nations seem so lost,
Your holy name's still spurned,
Man lacks the grace to count the cost,
For truths not loved or learned...
Pour out Your Spirit day and night,
Like waterfalls each hour,
To comfort and declare with might,
The Saviour's healing power...

Dear Lord, though old age dims the eyes,
The angels see us all,
They see the wicked and the wise,
They see each miracle...
Receive their earnest prayers as well,
As You receive ours, too,
For Your Good News, we know and tell,
To lead lost souls to You...

Denis Martindale January 2017.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

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Denis Martindale

Jesus, The Messiah!

Is Lord Jesus the Messiah?
No demons need to ask
And no spectres would inquire,
No point in such a task...

They know the awesome truth full well,
They cringe to hear His Name,
They know of Heaven, Earth and Hell
And God's eternal flame...

And though their kingdom limps along,
Defeated day and night,
They waste their strength in doing wrong,
As if with all their might...

Yet none can stand His holiness,
They cower at the thought,
For He, alone, God sent to bless
And so, their time is short...

PoemHunter.com

Disciples come, disciples go,
Named in His Book above,
More blessed in Heaven than below,
By Christ, the King of Love...

The saints give praise and intercede,
Christ's blood has made them bold!
He's your Messiah when you heed
The greatest story ever told!

Denis Martindale January 2017.

Remember the Gospel has been explained
in the film, The Greatest Story Ever Told...

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Denis Martindale

Bless Israel!

Of all the nations God would bless, it's Israel, that's for sure,
As if the whole world to impress, with wonders to outpour...
With grace and favour in Christ's Name beyond all gifts of gold,
With worldwide peace yet to proclaim from prophecies foretold...
Yet what on Earth can you do now? Can you bless Israel, too?
Can you stand by, or act somehow? Can you pray what to do?
To pray, is sometimes thought enough, yet Jesus blesses those
Who really seek to prove their love, like revelation shows...
Bless Israel now, with more not less, then watch the Saviour act!
Of all the nations God would bless, it's Israel, that's a fact...

Denis Martindale January 2017.

The GOD.TV Bless Israel 2017 Project
was featured on the TV channel recently.

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Mark's Gospel!

When God called Mark to preach the Word,
He taught him from the start
And so, Christ's teachings overheard,
Remained and stirred his heart...
And that's why Mark found hope within
Since he was born again
And why lost souls he sought to win,
Through Jesus now and then...

Consider how the Lord prepared
Each journey Mark would make,
Consider truths that Mark has shared,
The knowledge still at stake...
The Scriptures granted for Mankind
Are Heaven's gift to bless,
These are thoughts that come to mind
Our God chose to express!

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale January 2017.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

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Denis Martindale

Hisrael!

His purposes are well-defined
And Israel is the key
And why He keeps this land in mind
Throughout all history...
For Israel is the Lord's domain,
To do with as He will,
The nations seek a prize to gain,
Yet He is watching still...
And mighty is the hand that moves
And stirs the souls of men
And guides a million horses' hooves
To march nearby again...
So much for words of prophecy,
That may seem too sublime,
But God observes Man's destiny,
Each day, ahead of time...
Thus nothing happens to surprise,
No secrets stay ignored,
From Him and His eternal eyes,
You see, He is the Lord...
So, when He warns, it helps to heed,
Sometimes to walk away,
Not ride upon each noble steed
Towards your judgement day...
The peaceful heart stays pure and calm,
The cold heart strives for war,
The humbled heart is saved from harm,
The proud heart beats no more...
His purposes are well-defined
And Israel is the key
And why He keeps this land in mind
Throughout all history...

Denis Martindale January 2017.

Denis Martindale

A Channel Of His Peace!

When revelation came to us,
It really meant a lot,
It was how we found Lord Jesus
And He put us on the spot!
Christ told us, we should count the cost,
Stand up for what was right,
Christ told us, we could save the lost,
Turn darkness into light!
And so, by faith, we do our best,
We tell the whole world wide,
We pray for others to be blessed,
In Jesus to abide...
The Church Without Walls brings Good News,
Eternal Life awaits,
It's up to others, if they choose
Each blessing God creates...
But as for us, we aim to please,
To share God's point of view,
To be a channel of His peace!
By faith, that's what we do!

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale January 2017.

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Denis Martindale

Quote Jesus!

It isn't just evangelists
Who quote Jesus each day,
The common Christian still insists
To share Him in some way...
For words aren't all we've got to give,
For revelation shares
And teaches us how we might live,
Beyond our private prayers...
It isn't just the Saviour's love
That we're all pointing to,
For this alone won't prove enough
To always get us through...
He's still Jesus of Nazareth...
Man's sacrifice for sin...
The One who gave His final breath,
Our very souls to win!
His words are precious prophecies
That promise us rewards,
Because He's still the Prince of Peace...
King of Kings... and... Lord of Lords!

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale January 2017.

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Denis Martindale

Praying For Revelation!

Who is the Christian God will hear
And not just now and then?
Who is the Christian God calls near
Who often says, 'Amen! '?
Who is the Christian God will cheer
When sad times come again?
Who is the Christian God holds dear
And has since way back when?

If you are such a saint as this,
A pilgrim and much more,
Then you know where your treasure is,
In Heaven, safe and sure...
A Paradise of perfect bliss
And well worth waiting for,
Where not one prayer could go amiss,
If noble and if pure...

And so, the righteous intercede,
Through Jesus Christ, God's Son
And in His Name, present each need,
To pray God's will be done...
So His decisions are decreed,
With miracles that stun,
So that sin's captives can be freed,
With none lost... no, not one...

Denis Martindale January 2017.

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Denis Martindale

By Faith, By Prayer, By Love!

Sometimes it takes an act of faith beyond reality,
Not merely courage to be brave to bear calamity...
Sometimes it takes a patient soul, a willingness to wait,
Before the Saviour holds control of destiny and fate...
We know the battle is the Lord's, not ours to stumble through,
As if we only seek rewards, or simply have no clue...
God has a season clearly planned, a lifetime all mapped out,
He gently asks, 'Come, take My hand! Let faith replace your doubt! '
Take heart, dear Christian, God knows all, God sees all from above,
By faith, receive your miracle, by prayers you prayed with love...

Denis Martindale January 2017.

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Denis Martindale

Tiger And Cubs

Tiger and cubs felt quite composed,
Despite the frost and snow,
As if by perfect peace engrossed,
No urgent place to go...
And with a gentle pace at last
The cubs embraced the day,
As if content and not aghast
That Winter chills held sway...

I envied their serenity
As I surveyed the scene,
Their portrait of tranquillity,
Untainted and pristine...
An hour lasting, maybe more,
Yet what knew they of time?
They had no pressing daily chore,
So this was so sublime...

Must Man take leave of time as well,
Before he finds his rest?
Dismiss his bondage to its spell,
Before he can be blessed?
Or does he merely need to pray,
Give thanks and say, Amen?
What greater words are there to say
To Jesus, now and then?

Denis Martindale January 2017.

A poem based on a magnificent Stephen Gayford
wildlife painting. Google search phrases
gayford prints and Stephen Gayford poetry
and also for Heaven and Earth Designs...

Denis Martindale

The Cheeky Chocolate Chomper!

She loiters near the table tops,
In search of her next feast,
For her addiction never stops,
It just can't be appeased...
And so, her eyes look everywhere,
Yes, even on the floor,
For chocolate proves her constant prayer
That melts her heart for sure!

Of course, she does it on the sly,
So scared of being caught!
She couldn't tell the public why
She gives it so much thought...
That creamy taste her tongue desires,
That awesome melting treat,
Small wonder, then, she so admires
And needs much more to eat...

When folks move on, she stands alone,
In restaurants and such,
In search of bars of Toblerone
And KitKats, Flakes and fudge!
Weight Watchers tried and failed with her,
Samaritans as well,
Her Mum and Dad felt such despair,
Yet none could make her well...

At Christmas, we put on the pounds,
Like Humpty Dumpty would,
Despite our conscience warning sounds,
Fresh chocolate tastes so good...
And though we think it's such a shame,
We crave the stuff we love,
But chocolate bars aren't right to blame...
We're just not strong enough!

Denis Martindale, January 2017.

Denis Martindale

The Beautiful Brown-Headed Duck

I saw that duck just yesterday,
Today, he's back again,
Still quacking in that raucous way,
Since he did way back when...
Yet he's so cute and tame as well,
He's eaten half my bread,
I bet his tummy's bound to swell,
Now that he's fully fed!

Instead of simply paddling by
With webbed feet at first rate,
I hope he's still got strength to fly,
Because he's put on weight...
I've put a broad smile on his face
He didn't have before,
Perhaps he'll like the Human Race,
We're sharers that's for sure...

We like to feed the ducks we meet,
There's joy in giving, friends,
A joy that's innocent and sweet,
A joy that never ends...
As long as bakers have the dough
And I've the dough to pay,
I'll feed that little so-and-so
And hope I make his day!

Denis Martindale January 2017.

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Denis Martindale

* God's Finest Revelation!

When revelation comes to mind,
It's God's love that I see
And greater love no man can find
Throughout all history...
A love that blossoms like the rose
And yet that has no thorn,
A love that every Christian knows,
Reborn with each new dawn...
When revelation comes to stay,
It's God's love for all time,
A sacred, precious, gracious way
That's always proved sublime...
Therefore, dear saints, hold fast this year,
360 days and more,
For revelation grants us cheer,
That's what God's love stands for...

Denis Martindale January 2017.

PoemHunter.com

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

The Gospel poem was read out on the
R-Mornings show on Revelation TV on
the 3rd of January 2017 to mark as
a celebration of the New Year 2017...

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Denis Martindale

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Denis Martindale

Night Watchman, Too

When big cats pause in self-defence
And harken to each sound,
It's then they think of foes, not friends,
Nearby that lurk around...
And when night comes and moonlight glows,
The big cats stand alert,
Because you see, not one yet knows
If they, too, could get hurt...

Imagine darkness like a shroud,
A wall against the light,
With all the dangers then allowed,
The creatures that could bite...
Some hunt alone, some form a team,
Some run, while others fly,
The slightest sound, no chance to dream,
Then fear's in full supply...

Then hearts beat faster for a while,
Though silence may return,
What's happening in that square mile?
What chance is there to learn?
To slink away, or wait it out,
To climb a tree, then hide?
Survivors choose, outlive the doubt,
The rest, of course, have died...

Denis Martindale December 2016.

A poem based on a magnificent Stephen Gayford
wildlife painting. Google search phrases
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Denis Martindale

Morning Pride

The lioness with three cubs laid,
With morning pride as well,
Beside the stream that gently played
As night to day once fell...
Gone were the silver stars above,
The moon now hid from sight,
All she could see was love, sweet love,
Her cubs were her delight...

And while they bit and chewed and yelped,
Like young cubs, full of fun,
For such as these she gladly helped,
Because she loved each one...
As if they were her legacy,
Her treasure here on Earth,
Unfolding like a mystery,
Each yet to prove their worth...

Yet lions have survived so long,
Because of ties that bind,
Together they are more than strong,
As long as food they find...
As long as streams with waters flow,
As long as sunshine falls,
Each cub will have some place to grow
To share such miracles...

Denis Martindale December 2016.

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Denis Martindale

Leopard Sanctuary

Some see the leopard as a prize,
A trophy of their own,
A predator, I realise,
Yet men have hearts of stone...
The creatures of this wondrous Earth,
Sometimes have no defence,
Regardless of their harm or worth,
A time for foes, not friends...

The species of this Earth decline
According to reports
And yet Man's options don't prove mine,
Although they're in my thoughts...
While children starve and children thirst,
I must respond in time,
While I do this, Man does his worst,
Extinction's still a crime...

The cheetah, too, is prone to die
And soon to fade from sight,
With barely thousands that get by,
Until that final night...
And tigers, too, must face the fact,
That sanctuary proves rare,
Unless Mankind elects to act,
Like stewards who still care...

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Denis Martindale

Triplets, Too

The tiny wolf cubs paused and posed,
Like puppies often do,
As if they were something to boast
And yet they had no clue...
They never hunted for their food,
Nor killed the creatures caught,
So there was nought to change their mood
Or taint their every thought...

Their parents knew the tragic cost,
Survival in the wild,
The lives they found and lives then lost,
How else to feed each child?
The only doubts were where and when,
No point in asking why,
So parents hunted now and then,
So cubs would live not die...

But Man can't judge what he's done, too,
With chicken, cow and lamb,
Whatever's killed to make a stew,
Or sliced up ham or spam...
When time to snack, or dine, or feast,
Survivors lack remorse,
With scarce the pity for the beast
That once was their first course...

Denis Martindale December 2016.

Poem based on the magnificent Stephen Gayford
wildlife painting. Google-search phrases
gayford prints and Stephen Gayford poetry
and also for Heaven and Earth Designs...

Denis Martindale

How Do You Combat Writer's Block! ?

When writer's block creeps up on me
And words seem far away,
That's when I think of what must be,
That's when I pause to pray...
For there are poems not yet penned
And stories not yet told,
Each one, to me, becomes my friend,
Each one as good as gold!
That's when my doubts won't dominate
This heart, this mind, this soul,
For I'm the captain of my fate,
The poet in control...

By faith, just like disciples know,
Believers hold the key,
By faith, God's light inside can grow,
That's how it works for me...
And so I write this poem now,
From phrases that appear,
They come to me, as if, somehow,
I've overcome all fear...
And in that writing zone of mine,
Fresh thoughts are held most high,
It's like each one's a neon sign
Not merely passing by...

And so, I play the fisherman,
The angler on the wait,
The one who does the best he can
So he can celebrate...
The words transcend both time and space,
Dimensions stand aside,
I dwell in realms of utmost grace,
The Cosmos open wide...
So, pardon me, should I succeed
When others doubt and fail...
From writer's block this poet's freed!
I'm Denis Martindale!

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale December 2016.

Denis Martindale

Cross The Nations

Cross the nations and spread the Word,
The Gospel Truth be told,
To tell the tales of what occurred,
That's worth much more than gold...
Disciples come, disciples go,
Yet few would bear a cross,
For many do not want to know
The pain, the shame, the loss...
Yet there are some who gladly bear
What others would disown,
As if somehow they paused to share
The glory of Christ's Throne...
For He alone of all Mankind
Atoned for all our sins,
Such that the Lord transforms each mind
And brand new life begins...
For He alone rose from the dead
As He once prophesied,
Despite the fact He faced the dread
Of being crucified...
And that's for you and that's for me
And many yet unborn,
For His grace spans eternity,
Refreshed each coming dawn...
Cross the nations and spread the Word,
The Gospel Truth be told,
To tell the tales of what occurred,
That's worth much more than gold...

Denis Martindale December 2016.

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
that's part of the 'Church Without Walls'.
TV interview,22nd of December 2016...

Denis Martindale

We Do Christmas!

The Christmas Season brings us cheer, it blossoms like the rose
And blessed are those that volunteer as God's love overflows...
For from His Throne, where angels serve, His glory circles high
With joy then spread upon the Earth in bountiful supply...
We do Christmas, December time, send Christmas cards and more,
Regard this Season as sublime, not something to ignore...
Content to celebrate again, each carol, hymn and song,
For Jesus is the Light of Men, in whom we can belong...
If angels praise the Lord above, then Man should praise God, too...
May Christmas be a time of love and peace and joy for YOU!

Denis Martindale December 2016.

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
that's part of the 'Church Without Walls'.

PoemHunter.com

WE DO CHRISTMAS is the new Revelation TV
bus campaign poster promoting all of the
Christian blessings and aims of Christmas.

MERRY CHRISTMAS
SANTA
HAPPY NEW YEAR!

Denis Martindale

From Poetry To Poverty!

When first I chose to sit and write,
Unbidden phrases came,
Yet all at once they brought delight,
Because that was their aim...
Because they taught me all I know,
I welcome them each day,
I say to each, 'Please come, don't go...'
I won't shoo them away!

And over time, my voice joined in,
With phrases never sought,
I've watched each poem then begin
With each new train of thought...
Yet reading through the first draft penned,
My word, I saw things change,
This discipline was my best friend,
Though editing felt strange...

Now I can write a dozen lines
And read them through and through,
Perhaps to spot the warning signs
Before I share with you...
But even with my poems right,
No-one pays a penny!
So, pardon me, if not polite,
YOU LOT WON'T GET MANY!

Denis Martindale December 2016.

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Oh, When Will This Winter Be Done! ?

The twilight lingers hourly,
To leave me somewhat sourly,
For lights put on can cost me dear,
Yet better light than dark to fear...
And each grey mist devours day
And dampens sunshine in its way
And even gardens can't provide
A ray of sunshine here inside...

I look towards the coming Spring,
Which brightens almost everything
And clocks spring forward with delight,
As if to conquer darkest night...
I'll wait till April makes me glad,
Beyond this Winter grey and sad,
Though Christmas Day grants hope till then,
I bet I get grey socks AGAIN!

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale December 2016.

Denis Martindale

Destiny Beckons!

Behold the fashion and the form,
The inkling there within,
A shining light beyond the norm,
A prize you're meant to win.
A calling on your life, your time,
No matter, night or day,
The passion seeking truths sublime,
To share these in some way.
And be your stories short and sweet,
Or epics stretching on,
Take courage till the work's complete,
Cast out each doubt till gone.
For love commends the bravest soul,
When only words will do,
When only phrases grant control
Of poems old and new.
Would God deny the poet's prayers?
Would God let faith subside?
A billion poets prove God cares,
That's why He's glorified.
When destiny approaches near,
To you with outstretched hand,
It's time that you cast out each fear
And face what God has planned.
For only then, when pages fill,
With wisdom from on high,
Can readers learn the Father's will,
From us, yes, you and I...

Denis Martindale December 2016.

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on Sky TV 581 that
is part of the 'Church Without Walls'...

Denis Martindale

Mother's Favourite, Too

The lioness had cubs her own,
She watched them one by one,
She knew when these were fully grown,
They'd walk tall in the sun...
Replacing adults in their prime,
As generations change,
And while their lives seemed so sublime,
Each death was still quite strange...

For now, these cubs were playing games,
Like siblings on the prowl,
Content to live with short-lived aims,
Chew tails, bite ears, then scowl...
But later years would offer more,
With independent thoughts,
Not just these cubs sometimes at war,
Exploring games and sports...

That's why the lioness watched now,
Each strength and weakness clear,
Still with the chance to guide somehow,
Improve each cub held dear...
Responsible and sensible,
Determined to preserve,
To teach the cubs most gullible,
That even these have worth...

Denis Martindale December 2016.

Poem based on the magnificent Stephen Gayford
wildlife painting. Google search phrases
gayford prints and Stephen Gayford poetry
and also for Heaven and Earth Designs...

Denis Martindale

Polar Bear

Was it just fate he posed right there,
That Polar Bear I saw?
Then at his own domain to stare,
Not hoping for much more?
Upon a frozen mountain peak,
To see his world below,
Mid temperatures so cold and bleak,
The likes that few could know?

Yet I was there, nearby, unseen,
I saw what he could see,
An outstretched landscape, pure, pristine,
Reflecting majesty...
He saw his home, while I saw land,
He saw his life ahead,
I saw a vacant void God planned
And yearned my home instead...

The bear thought it was Paradise,
The place where he was born,
To me, a giant block of ice
That made me feel forlorn...
While he was glad to live and stay,
I saw no need to roam,
Except to leave, to walk away,
Back to my own warm home...

Denis Martindale December 2016.

A poem based on the magnificent Stephen Gayford
wildlife painting. Google search phrases for
gayford prints and Stephen Gayford poetry and
also for Heaven and Earth Designs...

Denis Martindale

Snuggling Up...

There comes a time before they snooze
When lions snuggle, too,
When such a closeness none refuse,
As that's the thing to do...
And so a warmth ensues each time,
A sweet tranquillity,
A bond of friendship so sublime,
As if it's meant to be...

It's not their way to stay aloof,
No profit comes by that,
Each generation serves as proof,
That true love's where it's at...
Nobody's there to say that's cool,
Yet each knows, it feels great...
Nobody thinks that they're a fool,
They see it as first rate...

When people hug, it's quickly done,
But snuggling close persists,
It's more than love because it's fun,
Unless some fool resists...
I thought that it was understood,
Like kissing... day and night...
So please don't shun what looks so good!
Join in and snuggle tight...

Denis Martindale December 2016.

Poem based on the magnificent Stephen Gayford
wildlife painting. Google-search phrases
gayford prints and Stephen Gayford poetry
and also for Heaven and Earth Designs...

Denis Martindale

The Companions, Too

When tigers choose to form a bond,
Great positives can flow,
Like energies that pass beyond
These lives, yet forward go...
Into the lives of those unborn,
As generations change,
Such that no tiger feels forlorn,
Alone, distant, or strange...

To have companions makes life great,
Because each teaches love,
Because each helps us celebrate
Each time we rise above...
And tigers feel that way as well,
As long as friends stay close,
As long as there are tales to tell
From memories they chose...

If tigers, common beasts they are,
Embrace companions near,
Or think of those who live afar,
Recalling times held dear,
Then why should we, deny such joys,
Not one thought to discuss?
Each one of us must make a choice,
You see, that's up to us!

Denis Martindale December 2016.

Poem based on the magnificent Stephen Gayford
wildlife painting. Google-search phrases
gayford prints and Stephen Gayford poetry
and also for Heaven and Earth Designs...

Denis Martindale

Wading In, Too...

The tiger sweltered in the sun
And wandered to the stream,
Then, finally, that battle done,
He stood there in a dream...
To wade in now, or wait a while?
To wade in now, or not?
He waded in, with such a smile,
Because it was so hot!

Then came the shivers, waters high,
That sudden cooling chill,
Adjusting to it by and by,
As if a short-lived thrill...
Then mellowing to all it gave,
The mud beneath his feet,
With time enough to gently bathe,
Sensations, oh, so sweet...

The tiger humbled, yet at rest,
His whiskers drooping wet,
Yet memories of feeling blessed,
The likes he'd not forget...
Perhaps it's only humans who
Praise God for such repose,
Or could it be, that big cats do?
Alas, God only knows...

Denis Martindale December 2016.

Poem based on the magnificent Stephen Gayford
wildlife painting. Google-search phrases
gayford prints and Stephen Gayford poetry
and also for Heaven and Earth Designs...

Denis Martindale

Enchanted!

The first white tiger ever seen
Was quite a while ago,
Yet, from then on, Mankind was keen
To let the whole world know...
And while its numbers are quite small,
It's famous far and wide,
Its beauty still enchants us all,
For this, the Lord supplied...

To some, the Bengal Tiger's great,
Though it's not black and white,
That first white tiger turned up late,
But, boy, was he a sight!
When decades passed, I saw one, too,
Yet doubted for a while...
But suddenly, it filtered through,
That's when I chose to smile!

But don't think I approached real close,
I kept right where I was,
No point to pat him on the nose,
No need to make him cross...
I took some pictures, left him there,
Praised God, then walked away...
Next year, I saw a Panda Bear,
That really made my day!

Denis Martindale December 2016.

Poem based on the magnificent Stephen Gayford
wildlife paintings. Google-search phrases
gayford prints and Stephen Gayford poetry
and also for Heaven and Earth Designs...

Denis Martindale

The Robin And The Snowman!

The robin on the tree branch saw
The children in the snow,
To see a sight none could ignore,
He watched their snowman grow...
Two arms, two legs, two ears, two eyes,
One mouth, one nose, one scarf,
The robin smiled with some surprise
And then began to laugh!

And when they turned to go inside,
He landed on its head,
The children's mouths dropped open wide,
So they stood still instead...
The robin twisted left and right,
Like Elvis in his prime,
The children giggled with delight
At something so sublime...

And with their smartphone cameras there,
The videos were made,
For sites like YouTube, where folks share
The funny stuff that's played...
And someone added music, too,
You know how people are,
And yet, in truth, I'm telling you,
That robin's now a star!

Denis Martindale November 2016.

Poem based on the magnificent Stephen Gayford
wildlife painting. Google-search phrases
gayford prints and Stephen Gayford poetry
and also for Heaven and Earth Designs...

Denis Martindale

Snow Leopard, Too

The sad snow leopard waited still,
Perhaps he'd eat today,
Perhaps find warmth against the chill
That was snow-bound to stay...
The sun arose, yet gave no heat
Enough to melt the ice
And so life wasn't quite as sweet
And hardly Paradise...

But life goes on, and on, and on,
So hope guides daily through
And even when that sun has gone,
Returning with the dew...
That's why this leopard persevered,
A lesson to us all,
Despite the fact that life felt weird
And joy hard to recall...

He was no tiger, strong and brave,
Yet still he stayed alive,
Accepting everything God gave,
In order to survive...
I can't say that I envy him
When I pause to reflect,
Yet he continues, though life's grim...
And that deserves respect...

Denis Martindale November 2016.

Poem based on the magnificent Stephen Gayford
wildlife painting. Google-search phrases
gayford prints and Stephen Gayford poetry
and also for Heaven and Earth Designs...

Denis Martindale

Merry Christmas Wishes!

May God bless those who love His Name this coming Christmas Day,
Because life's never quite the same when we give thanks and pray.
God's Son was born to save Mankind... Men brought gifts from afar.
By faith, they followed close behind the glowing guiding star.
By night the distant lands they crossed, a king to meet and greet.
We can but guess how much it cost to lay gifts at His feet.
To them, He was of noble birth, predestined yet to rule.
To them, His mother proved her worth within God's miracle.
They looked to Heaven's silver sign and yet they brought Him gold.
To them, you see, He was divine and glorious to behold.
It mattered not to see Him there, a babe in Mary's arms.
A helpless child who needed care, a lullaby that calms.
Together now, this scene portrays the wise and mystical.
So celebrate this day of days... Because it's beautiful...

Denis Martindale December 2008.

PoemHunter.com

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
that's part of the 'Church Without Walls'.

The Christmas poem was read out on the
R-Mornings show,22nd of December 2016.

MERRY CHRISTMAS
SANTA
HAPPY NEW YEAR!

Denis Martindale

How To Write That Poem!

That first line dangles in the air,
It's ready to be caught,
As if its very soul to bear
Within your every thought...
For you alone receive that task,
That burden great or small
And all that poem has to ask
Is just one miracle.

That miracle is you, my friend,
If poet you would be,
Who seeks the start and then the end
Expressed in poetry...
And using paper, pen, and ink
To fashion themes sublime,
It's now you ought to sit and think,
Investing in each rhyme.

Yet if to rhyme proves not your style,
Free verse sets out each phrase,
Sometimes it even makes you smile
When learning brand new ways...
So don't believe that you won't learn
Through poems that you write,
Enough to prove you can discern
When God grants you insight.

No need to struggle like a fool,
God wants to help as well,
Perhaps reminding of some rule,
Or with a tale to tell...
Or sprinkling pictures in your mind,
Or feelings in your heart,
Because through such as these you'll find
More truths you can impart.

That last verse beckons, almost done,
Don't give up or give in,
Perhaps here comes the final fun,

The precious prize to win...
I envy you deserved success,
Each measure of acclaim,
Yet I've discovered happiness,
Despite the lack of fame!

Denis Martindale November 2016.

Denis Martindale

The Cool Guy From Kent!

There was an old lady from Glasgow,
There was an old guy from Kent
And every place that she would go
That gent seemed glad he went...
He followed her to Frankfurt,
He followed her to France,
As sometimes she was known to flirt,
Tell jokes and sing and dance...
But when she went to cold Tibet,
That's when he drew the line,
Because he knew how cold she'd get,
But Cannes turned out just fine!

Denis Martindale November 2016.

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Acrostic, Acrostic

Am I in love with Annika?
Can I confess it's true?
Rely on roses I'd pick her,
Or chocolates boxed and new?
Speak winsome words that I'd rehearsed
Till each word sounded right?
In hopes that I'd be reimbursed
Come the stroke of midnight! ?

Am I in love? I am indeed!
Could I be more than this?
Rejoicing if I should succeed,
Obtaining future bliss...
So, pray for me! That I might win
The love of one so fair,
In time, our marriage to begin,
'Cos Heaven's there, right there...

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale November 2016.

Denis Martindale

If Not For Jesus

If not for Jesus, this I know, lost souls can't be set free,
That's why my Jesus chose to go to Calvary for me.
God's revelation showed me all, no secret to conceal,
My heart received a miracle, beyond what it can feel.
He's always helped me find the light, the path I'm meant to share,
He's always pointed out what's right, you see, He's always there.
A royal pardon for my sins, a brand new life to live,
Baptised in Him, God's grace begins, what blessings God can give.
If not for Jesus, this I know, lost souls can't be set free,
That's why my Jesus chose to go to Calvary for me...

Denis Martindale November 2016.

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on Sky TV that is
part of the 'Church Without Walls'...

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

No Woman, No Child...

No poems can I leave behind to bless my children here,
Because, you see, of all Mankind, no woman sought me near...
No wife, no child, to grace my home, no future legacy,
No need reciting of a poem or any poetry...
No purpose, then, to write for these, in some attempt to preach,
No sought-out thought-out rhymes to please, to entertain or teach...
No wisdom, humour, tales to tell, no prophecies to bless,
Just years to live the living hell that Man calls loneliness...
Yet in that lonesome state sublime, no interruptions stir,
So in that outstretched span of time new poems can occur...
And these I share with one and all, across the Internet,
While I, at home, can still recall lost sweethearts I regret...
I had a dream that burdened me, two children yet unborn,
They could be mine, if only she, bestowed true love not scorn...
But she, like others, offered nought, they looked and then moved on,
Till one day I no longer fought, because my youth had gone...
The old man that God caused to live the final years of life,
Abides in silence hours give, without a wondrous wife...
But while I live and while I breathe, who knows what I will write?
Yet when it's time for me to leave, I'll walk into God's light...

Denis Martindale November 2016.

Denis Martindale

The Most Eloquent Poet

My word, that guy could really write,
He knew what words to use,
Yes, even if he took all night
And day in what he'd choose...
He wouldn't let a line go by
Without some fancy phrase,
For he'd got those in full supply
And thus was met with praise!

Like Oscar Wilde, he fooled around,
With puns that punished folks,
So quotes from him are always found,
From wisecracks, insults, jokes...
And yet romance would rise again,
As if to play its part,
To prove he wrote like other men,
Devotions from the heart...

Yet when he wrote a hymn or two,
He really gave his best,
As if to state God's point of view,
Yet more than we'd have guessed...
The eloquence that he then shared
Transcended all before,
The like of which can't be compared,
The like none could ignore...

Denis Martindale October 2016.

Denis Martindale

Remember Me On Remembrance Day

And can it be, this day has come,
Recalled by that selective some,
Who still survive what came to be,
For folks like those and folks like me?
And can it be, of good report,
For stand-still pose and silent thought,
Reflecting on such misery,
For folks like those and folks like me?
And can it be, a poppy worn,
That heals each broken heart forlorn,
Or offers succour, biscuits, tea,
For folks like those and folks like me?
And can it be a thing to change
From future wars to rearrange,
For years of peace and harmony,
For folks like those and folks like me?
Or is this day a time for tears,
To mark the sacrifice of years,
Unlived by soldiers, passed away,
Recalled on this Remembrance Day?
Yet I'll stand still in silent thought,
Upon this day, with memories caught,
Wars' price of freedom wasn't free,
For folks like those and folks like me...
Until Christ comes and rules this Earth,
Man thinks each life of little worth,
How else can wars appear to be,
For folks like those and folks like me?
Life's still a precious, dainty thing,
For prince, or pauper, queen, or king,
A gift from God for all to see,
For folks like those and folks like me...

Denis Martindale

A poem written for The Poppy Appeal.

Denis Martindale

Lone Wolf, Too

The lone wolf, like a statue stood,
Feet firmly in the snow,
Surveying all the neighbourhood
While feeling somewhat low...
For hunger in that bitter cold
Was like a pain that gnawed,
With food more precious than pure gold,
Refined and freshly poured...

His black coat matched his stern-faced gaze,
His eyes searched here and there,
Were these his awful, final days
Or was there food somewhere?
Though humans judge what he must do,
They, too, would hunt as well,
Slowed down by snow, less life to view,
The opposite of Hell...

But Winter takes its toll on all,
No life on Earth gets spared,
Keep warm, safe, fed... or else you'll fall,
As if nobody cared...
The food he caught was all his own,
No other dividends,
The lone wolf had to hunt alone,
No fellowship, no friends...

Denis Martindale October 2016.

Poem based on the magnificent wildlife painting
by Stephen Gayford. Google-search phrases
gayford prints and Stephen Gayford poetry
and also for Heaven and Earth Designs...

Denis Martindale

What On Earth Is Life?

A fellow poet asked me this,
As if he'd never lived,
To feel love's touch and heartfelt bliss,
To call it God's great gift...
Yet did not God create us all,
The fabric of our form,
With Adam as His miracle
And Eve to keep him warm?

Because of Man's philosophy,
God had forgiveness planned,
That's been explained by Calvary,
So that we'd understand...
Lord Jesus said, be born again,
From Heaven's grace receive,
Like Pentecost, for thousands then
Repented to believe...

Saint Paul learnt, too, God's ways are best,
He preached to save the lost,
The truth alone helped each be blessed,
For Jesus paid the cost...
This life is full of questions, friend,
I told my poet pal,
Where do we go when life must end?
Each dies... In truth, we shall...

In time, he prayed the Sinner's Prayer,
In time, he was baptised,
His life has changed beyond compare
And all because of Christ...
Man's wisdom comes, Man's wisdom goes,
Lord Jesus stays the same
And blessed is he who in faith grows
And loves to praise His Name...

Denis Martindale October 2016.

Denis Martindale

The Purposeful Poet!

The purposeful poet must please... with power in his pen,
To tell folks of the Prince of Peace, often, not now and then.
To fashion phrases borne of love, to structure line-by-line,
Describing Heaven's realm above, enough to prove a sign.
The poet isn't just a scribe, or wise man on his own,
Or teacher for a single tribe, or local place he's grown.
If he's seen things no other's seen, heard things no other's heard,
Let him be keen, instead of mean, then simply spread the word.

Some say they've had a vision, friend, the Lord explained it all,
Yes, He's in charge, on that depend, He'll grant a miracle.
Some say they've been to Heaven, too, met Jesus on the way,
His gracious message, 'I LOVE YOU! ' No wonder that they pray.
I've not been there! I'm stuck on Earth! Lord Jesus wants me here,
So now I've got a sense of worth, I'd like to make that clear.
So many topics on my heart, beyond my mortal mind,
These are the blessings I'll impart, so God can bless Mankind...

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale October 2016.

Denis Martindale

You're Just Another Girl

I've seen some pretty girls before,
My heart has played love's game,
I've even been thrilled to the core,
Sometimes some joy to claim...
Sometimes my love began one week,
Yet faded with the next,
Or limped along, till cold and bleak,
Used-up, then quite perplexed...

I've known the pining and regret,
My life's like shattered dreams,
I've grown, of course, yet can't forget
Such sorrow-filled extremes...
So much, in fact, that love feels strange,
Yet that's the way it goes,
Or till my life I rearrange,
Upset at what love shows...

I've given gifts I thought enough,
My tenderness revealed,
I've sometimes penned my thoughts of love,
So often left concealed...
So, pardon me, if I play safe,
Yet that's the way I am,
Outspoken, yet not always brave,
Until I give a damn...

Denis Martindale October 2016.

The poem has an acrostic message that is
the opposite of the verses in plain sight.
I MISS YOU... I MISS YOU... I MISS YOU...

Denis Martindale

See Jesus

If not for Jesus Christ I know that life could not exist,
No Universe in which to grow, to prosper and persist...
No sun, no moon, no distant stars, no planet Earth at all,
For, without Him, none come to pass, without some miracle.
If not for Jesus Christ I know that mercy could not be,
No Lamb of God for us to show, if not for Calvary...
No holy blood of sacrifice, no pardon in His Name,
No chance of Heaven's Paradise, till Jesus died in shame.
If not for Jesus Christ I know that Christians could not pray,
Nor see God's blessings overflow from day to day to day...
When we see Jesus, we believe, like Peter, James and John,
Both King and Saviour to receive, then share from that day on!

Denis Martindale October 2016.

This is to promote Revelation TV's
SEE JESUS film bus poster campaign.

PoemHunter.com

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on Sky TV that is
part of the 'Church Without Walls'...

Denis Martindale

Waiting For Mother, Too!

Two tiger cubs watched Mother go,
While they sat still to wait,
But how long for, they didn't know,
So patience would be great...
But time went by, so they laid down,
Eyes upward now and then,
To see her stripes of black and brown
If she came back again...

Distracted, they began to play,
As if that never fails,
They chewed each other's ears that day,
Then switched to biting tails...
The novelty, of course, wore thin,
Pain tends to do that fast
And since not one of them could win,
Not one came first or last...

Their Mother in the distance stood,
At peace for both to see,
So their mood changed and for the good,
For she brought harmony...
Chewed ears and tails would heal in time,
Yet now a bond was made,
They saw their Mother as sublime,
Who walked tall, unafraid...

Denis Martindale October 2016.

Poem based on the magnificent wildlife paintings
by Stephen Gayford. Google-search phrases
gayford prints and Stephen Gayford poetry
and also for Heaven and Earth Designs...

Denis Martindale

How Is A Good Poem Written?

How is a good poem written?
Is it from Heaven sent?
Does it come one day unbidden?
No purpose, no intent?
As if by random chance to rest
Within the poet's heart,
As if this were some treasure chest
Where all good poems start?

And is that poet worthy of
The content that's therein?
To fashion thoughts, stirred on by love,
Some precious prize to win?
And is that poet famous now,
Or with his name unknown?
Yet to become esteemed somehow,
No more at home alone?

And can it be that God commands
That poet to receive,
His lonesome life to then enhance,
That he might yet believe?
That God loves him and hears his prayers,
For some great verse to write,
Then answers with each rhyme He shares,
With visions day and night?

And did the Prophets share God's thoughts
In ancient times gone by,
God's angels sent with their reports,
With wisdom from on high?
With insights of the future kings,
Their names and exploits, too,
For Prophets to write down such things,
To prove God's Word is true?

Or are good poems borne of Man,
His intellect and guile,
His memory of life to scan

That makes him weep or smile?
His chosen times to learn what brings,
His switched-round rhymes to suit,
His tinkerings, his editings,
That he might seem astute?

All that I know, from rhymes I penned,
Is that God's on my side,
As if He seeks to stay my friend,
So my heart's opened wide,
To higher thoughts and higher themes,
To precious pearls of grace,
To penetrate my nightly dreams,
Man's follies to replace...

Then come the poems week-by-week,
Like pages from a book,
With all the goodness that I seek,
For me to take a look,
Such that my pen pours out the lines,
The stories to unfold,
As if fulfilling God's designs,
With treasures good as gold!

Denis Martindale October 2016.

Denis Martindale

The So-Called Value Of Freedom

If servitude was all there was, if freedom never came,
Then Jesus wouldn't suffer loss upon a cross of shame...
For freedom brought its curses, too, as Adam went astray,
Ask Eve as well, because she knew God's judgement on that day...
If servitude was still intact, no independent thought,
Then Lucifer could face the fact, no evil need be caught...
No punishment, just harmony, humility and grace,
Instead of pride and infamy that haunts his ancient face...

If servitude grants Man rewards God only can bestow,
It's wise to serve the Lord of Lords, the King of Kings to know...
To keep one's own appointed lot and covet nothing more,
To bear no blemish, mark or spot, or sin worth dying for...
If servitude can bless the heart, the spirit, mind and soul,
Far better then, not to depart, one's own fate to control...
For God knows all eternity, the best that's waiting still,
So servitude, let's bow to thee, obedient to God's will...

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale October 2016.

Denis Martindale

Leopardess!

The leopardess ran whizzing past,
A blur from left to right,
At first, of course, I felt aghast,
As I stood still in fright...
But when I had the legs to move,
My camera held up high,
I transferred close to catch the truth,
The creature still nearby...

The leopardess had found her way
Towards a Summer stream,
With full intentions there to play,
No more to hunt and scheme...
She seemed to smile from ear-to-ear,
Her Shangri-La to find,
Her favourite place to hold most dear,
It brought such peace of mind...

So I kept awful quiet there
And sketched her in the sun,
A happy huntress with no care,
Just swimming, having fun...
I was so jealous, when she went,
That I jumped in as well!
That Summer stream felt Heaven-sent!
Just where I'll never tell!

Denis Martindale October 2016.

Poem based on the magnificent wildlife paintings
by Stephen Gayford. Google-search phrases
gayford prints and Stephen Gayford poetry
and also for Heaven and Earth Designs...

Denis Martindale

Tenderness, Too...

The lioness and cub walked on,
The cub in awe of her,
Despite her size, all fear had gone,
For what harm could occur?
For perfect love casts out all fear,
As if no threat exists,
And only love would dare appear,
Then stay, for love persists...

The cub looked up to her each day,
Each dawn and afternoon,
When evening came and light gave away,
With each night coming soon...
Yet in the twilight, twinkling eyes
Still shone like beacons there,
For steadfast love none can disguise,
If we but stay aware...

And so the cub grew strong and brave,
As handsome as could be,
Because of love his mother gave,
From when he was born free...
Such that her wisdom filled his heart,
To guide him through and through...
And while that wisdom was the start,
She brought her tenderness, too...

Denis Martindale October 2016.

Poem based on the magnificent wildlife painting
by Stephen Gayford. Google-search phrases
gayford prints and Stephen Gayford poetry
and also for Heaven and Earth Designs...

Denis Martindale

Family Ties

A family of elephants
Were strolling side-by-side,
As if they were forever friends,
With love not one could hide...
For love's like that, it's fancy-free,
It's winsome in its way,
It's charming and it's meant to be,
No matter what some say!

The elephants were in a mood,
All cosied-up and close,
No need for drink, no need for food,
Just standing nose-to-nose...
Trunks dangling here, trunks dangling there,
Tranquillity on show,
Beyond all thoughts of worldly care,
As gentle breezes blow...

I envied such as these I saw,
All lost up in their youth,
Because they didn't know the score,
They couldn't know the truth...
For Man could help, or track and kill,
Take pictures, or take lives,
Obedient to God's holy will,
Or hunt what still survives...

Denis Martindale October 2016.

Poem based on the magnificent wildlife painting
by Stephen Gayford. Google-search phrases
gayford prints and Stephen Gayford poetry
and also for Heaven and Earth Designs...

Denis Martindale

Sad Old Sourpuss!

Oh, man, that tiger sure looked mean,
A sourpuss, indeed,
And as for friends, he wasn't keen,
A lonesome life to lead...
He didn't need to chat a while,
Nor show off now and then,
In fact, he rarely seemed to smile,
Was love to blame again?

I pitied him for all he was,
A tiger in his prime,
Something went wrong, I knew because,
I watched from time to time...
From what I've seen, I've learnt he's wise,
He's cautious every day,
But there's a sadness in his eyes,
With joy so far away...

I learnt a lot from his despair...
I'd not become that grim!
Although I'm not a millionaire,
I'd never act like him...
There's hope for me! There's hope for us!
Don't dwell upon the past!
If we won't act the sourpuss,
We'll never be downcast!

Denis Martindale October 2016.

Poem based on the magnificent tiger paintings
by Stephen Gayford. Google-search phrases
gayford prints and Stephen Gayford poetry
and also for Heaven and Earth Designs...

Denis Martindale

Tigress!

The tigress wondered what life's for,
As she, her world, would roam,
As if she sensed there was much more,
Both family and home...
But where was he, her mate to be,
Her truest one of all?
Because he was her destiny,
Her lifelong miracle...

And he, too, wondered, just like her,
A dozen miles away,
Not knowing what must soon occur
Upon one fateful day...
But closer, closer, still they strode,
Across the land between,
While pining, longing, yearning showed,
Like none they'd ever seen...

Yes, loneliness can tame the beast,
Till stern looks change to cheers,
Till suddenly, all tension's eased,
If true love lasts for years...
The tigress and her hero met,
Then Nature took its course,
No loneliness and no regret,
Just cubs with fluffy paws!

Denis Martindale October 2016.

Poem based on the magnificent wildlife paintings
by Stephen Gayford. Google-search phrases
gayford prints and Stephen Gayford poetry
and also for Heaven and Earth Designs...

Denis Martindale

Purrfect Paintings, Pictures And Prints!

To think that big cats still survive
The havoc Man has done
And in great paintings come alive,
To thrill us one by one...
The detail struck with every stroke,
The insights old and new,
Not just to please the common folk,
Not just to please the few...

Then photographed for all to see,
Through pictures and in prints,
Enduring for posterity
From those times ever since...
For anyone who can afford
At auctions or online,
As if becoming their reward,
When each said, 'Now, it's mine! '

They're purrfect, yes, if you're a fan,
Or else try others found,
Buy elephants, because you can,
Or dolphins when around...
Buy polar bears and penguins, too,
Or meerkats or macaws...
What pictures will you put on view?
Dear friends, the choice is yours!

Denis Martindale October 2016.

Poem based on the purrfect big cat paintings
by Stephen Gayford. Google-search phrases
gayford prints and Stephen Gayford poetry
and also for Heaven and Earth Designs...

Denis Martindale

The Jesus Revelation!

If Jesus truths we must proclaim, what Scriptures should we preach?
And yet, how can we share His Name, if we won't learn, then teach?
The Holy Bible shares God's word with both the young and old,
Through holy prophets who were stirred to make us wise and bold...

With the words of grace to live by, the psalmists proved their faith,
Beyond the times they asked God why or needed Him to save...
They learnt God's lovingkindness well and learnt His judgments, too,
To write of Heaven and of Hell, to see God's point of view...

And then they prophesied of Christ and all Lord Jesus brings,
The Lamb of God once sacrificed, now called the King of Kings!
If Jesus truths we must proclaim, what Scriptures should we preach?
And yet, how can we share His Name, if we won't learn, then teach?

Denis Martindale October 2016.

PoemHunter.com

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on Sky TV that is
part of the 'Church Without Walls'...

Denis Martindale

Safety In Numbers, Too

The zebra foals are precious things,
Great legacies of love,
As from their mothers each one springs
And then stands up above...
To take first steps before they run,
To learn truths thought as good,
For dangers prowl beneath the sun
Within their neighbourhood...

If not for thousands old times past,
What numbers would survive?
For predators are mean and fast,
Hunt food to stay alive...
For bellies grumble, full of pain,
Determined to live on,
So predators must hunt again
Till yet more lives are gone...

The zebra foals can smile all day
When all is going well,
Both safe and sound, yet must not stray
Or lag behind a spell...
But just the same, the numbers count,
Once dwindling, all is lost,
As long as predators surround
To make some pay the cost...

Denis Martindale October 2016.

Poem based on the magnificent wildlife painting
by Stephen Gayford. Google-search phrases
gayford prints and Stephen Gayford poetry
and also for Heaven and Earth Designs...

Denis Martindale

Watchful!

The creatures that survive the best
Stay watchful as a rule,
To keep an eye on all the rest,
They must not act the fool...
For while it's nice that friends exist,
Some foes surround us all,
So it's much safer to persist
Than need a miracle...

The wily wolf still hunts his prey,
The lion, too, must eat
And it would really make their day
To taste something that's sweet...
God's creatures try to keep alert,
By land, by sea and air,
So that their loved ones don't get hurt,
They strive to stay aware...

The watchful ones climb trees or hide,
Like meerkats down their holes,
Or learn the tricks their parents tried,
Like zebras and their foals...
If life's worth living, live it well,
Be wise as you can be
And keep close watch, so you can tell,
You're safe from all you see!

Denis Martindale October 2016.

Poem based on the magnificent wildlife painting
by Stephen Gayford. Google-search phrases
gayford prints and Stephen Gayford poetry
and also for Heaven and Earth Designs...

Denis Martindale

Such Is My Love

Such is my love, that it can't end,
Nor fade as day to night,
It's like a waterfall, my friend,
No failing there in sight...
But ever flowing year by year,
As if it were divine,
To offer blessings of good cheer,
To you, my Valentine...

From first to last, that's often said,
Describing mortal love,
Till one of two has died instead,
As if that love's enough...
But this can't be how true love shares,
This life and then no more,
It can't be for Man's precious prayers
Grant faith forever sure...

And God has heard my prayers for us,
Regardless of our sins,
Forgiven through the Lord Jesus,
Eternal life begins...
Let His peace reign within your heart,
Just like it reigns in mine,
With steadfast faith that can't depart
From you, my Valentine...

Denis Martindale October 2016.

Denis Martindale

Together, We Can Make Things Happen!

Go it alone if you want to,
Go it alone day by day,
Go it alone without a clue,
Go it alone all the way...
But when you're done, come back to me,
With all your pain and doubt
And then, together, one, two, three,
We'll really sort it out!

Go it alone if you're steadfast,
Go it alone if you must,
Go it alone if you're downcast,
Go it alone till you're bust...
But when you're done, come back again,
With frowns upon your brow
Because, together, there and then,
We'll both succeed and how!

Go it alone if you're willing,
Go it alone if you dare,
Go it alone if fulfilling,
Go it alone, yet beware...
For when you're done, my frail old friend,
With battle scars galore,
It's then, on me, you can depend!
I'll help you out for sure!

So make your mind up and be wise,
Together, we're a team,
Our heads held high, towards the skies,
Not sleeping in a dream...
Success can happen for us two,
If side-by-side we march!
There's just one thing that you must do:
Remember! I'M IN CHARGE!

Denis Martindale September 2016.

Denis Martindale

If Only, My Dear, If Only...

If only, my dear, if only, yet I'm no millionaire
And without you I'm so lonely and fading with despair...
But if such riches to possess, what precious gifts I'd bear,
Perchance to grant you happiness... in answer to my prayer...

This cold world's not seen fit to show one morsel or one feast,
Nor cared if I should come or go, as if I've never pleased...
Yet you please me with twinkling eyes and laughter fit to burst
And like red wine that tastes so nice, for you alone I thirst...

Yet tender words don't buy a ring to grace your finger close,
Nor was this poor man born a king, to kneel down and propose...
And so I humbly stand aside, let other suitors kneel,
To fashion you into a bride, while I, crushed feelings, feel...

But if none come, what then, my dear? No husband's love at all,
No soft caressing of your hair, no newborn miracle...
No tender looks at break of dawn, no kisses late at night,
Just loneliness, like me to mourn, no love to make things right...

PoemHunter.com

If only, my dear, if only, yet I'm no millionaire
And without you I'm so lonely and fading with despair...
But if such riches to possess, what precious gifts I'd bear,
Perchance to grant you happiness... in answer to my prayer...

Denis Martindale September 2016.

Denis Martindale

Treasure In Heaven!

Though I am poor upon this Earth, as many poets are,
The Lord above still knows my worth, as if I were a star...
For my light shines from East to West, from North to South as well,
For I take time to write my best! With such Good News to tell!

Though I am poor, I pay my bills, yet this is by God's grace,
They say that self-control instills a discipline that stays...
While any savings I can find add to my winning streak,
God's charity helps me be kind, each day throughout the week...

There is a treasure up above, God set aside for me,
As if He knew that I would love a mansion property...
So all in all, I bide my time... just thanking God each day,
Just thinking up another rhyme, beyond the prayers I pray...

Let others work, let others fret, I sit down by myself,
Not striving for the things they get, nor pining after wealth...
But thinking of the finer things that God lays on my heart,
In service to the King of Kings who knows I played my part...

Though He chose me to write and write, I had no inkling why,
Yet ink I use each day and night until the day I die...
A century can come and go, till soon, I, too, am gone,
Yet God was kind to let me know my poems will live on...

Denis Martindale September 2016.

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on Sky TV that is
part of the 'Church Without Walls'...

Denis Martindale

Heavy Going!

The Bengal Tiger heaved a sigh
As through the snow he lurched,
For, without food, he soon would die,
So onward still he searched...
The pure white dazzling snow would crunch
Beneath his furry feet,
Yet he could only think of lunch,
But what was there to eat?

He still recalled the Winters past,
So heavy going then,
Yet this one now could be his last,
Would he see one again?
Despite the cold and bitter winds,
He wondered what he'd done,
Reflecting on his lifestyle's sins
Beneath that distant sun...

When once he'd eaten, doubts were changed,
No more the daunted soul,
No more, as if new hopes arranged,
Fresh thoughts now in control...
Come Summer and some friendly mate,
A family could start!
And suddenly, he felt just great,
All warmed up in his heart!

Denis Martindale September 2016.

Poem based on the magnificent wildlife painting
by Stephen Gayford. Google-search phrases
gayford prints and Stephen Gayford poetry
and also for Heaven and Earth Designs...

Denis Martindale

The Reasons That I Write!

I'd rather write than mow the lawn, or hoover up the stairs,
My love for these has truly gorn, as one who rarely cares...
I'd rather write than wash the plates, or paint the garage door,
For such as these none celebrates, because each proves a chore...

I'd rather write than file my bills, what invoices I get!
You see, the writing gives me thrills and chills I don't regret...
I'd rather write than put up shelves and saw off planks of wood,
To tell some fairy tales of elves and witches bad and good...

I'd rather write than work all day, with nothing much to show,
Perhaps a poem or a play, my thoughts to overflow...
I'd rather write than go to sleep, but sleep I must, my friend!
Till my alarm begins to beep, then I write to

THE END...

Denis Martindale September 2016.

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale

Spider One, Spider Two, Spider Free!

I expelled TWO of the creepy-crawlers this morning.
They were huge! Three inches across from creepy limb to another.
I was literally up the wall with the dustpan and brush.
The first spider was in the bag, so to speak.
Didn't know what swiped him into the pan.
He was soon out the front door, I can tell you!
Like Evel Can heeve all, straight onto my front garden!
Kerboom! Good night and Good-bye!

The second spider took his time crawling...
Soon he would be across the wall, I thought...
To where I could get him! I waited impatiently...
I watched him a-creeping, tip-ee-toe like,
Until he was in position, then I was ready for him!
But when I swiped him into the pan,
Boy, was he fast on his feet! Where was he?

He had scampered to the edge and the side of the pan.
Oh, no! I fumed. But I twisted the pan onto its side...
I got down from the chair and kept one eye on that spider.
He was still on the move, but I k.k.kept c.c.calm...
And within seconds, he, too, was scooting in mid-air!
Fly, you spider, fer...ly! Erm, not exactly as I planned...
I aimed to the other side of the garden, so I thought,
But he didn't quite make it. He landed on the pathway.
Oh, dear, what a pity, never mind...

As for me, I didn't wait around to shut the front door!
Blam, click, lock! Thank God, it's all over... till the next time!
Till then, I'm spider free! Yet this much I know,
With great power, comes great response ability!

Denis Martindale 26 September 2016.

Denis Martindale

The Dashing Young Dolphin!

My word, this dolphin's very fast!
He zips along at speed!
He's been that way from first to last,
Determined to succeed...
I bet he'd win a race or two,
I've got no doubt of that
And even somersaults he'll do,
When each time he flips flat...

As long as I still feed him fish,
He swims till he's up close,
It's like he knows my every wish
And his affection grows...
I've taught him tricks like throw the ball
And backward gliding by,
When he jumps, it's a miracle
That he can rise so high!

One day, I knew he was impressed,
I did a handstand there!
He stared at me like I was blessed
And quite beyond compare...
As if to say, 'I can't do that!
But, blimey, if I could,
I'd make a dash and scarper, scat!
Then leave this neighbourhood! '

Denis Martindale September 2016.

A poem based on two magnificent Stephen Gayford
wildlife paintings, Tranquillity and Serenity...
Google-search phrases for dolphin paintings,
gayford prints and 'Stephen Gayford poetry'.

Denis Martindale

Lurking Lobo!

The lurking Lobo wolf stood there,
Impatiently again,
For hunger drove him to despair,
As it did now and then...
And to survive another day,
Perhaps another week,
He hoped his next meal came his way,
Or things, for him, looked bleak...

The Lobo wolf leaned out next to
The tall tree by his side,
To salivate as dogs would do,
With their mouths, open wide...
As if some new scent drifted close,
Of his meal on the move,
To tempt his now delighted nose,
With sighs it would approve...

The Lobo wolf then licked his lips
As his prey ran in sight,
Poor thing, not sensing how life slips,
As that wolf planned its plight...
So one life lives as one life dies,
As Nature plays its game,
I know that's not a great surprise,
But isn't it a shame?

Denis Martindale September 2016.

A poem based on the magnificent wildlife painting
by Stephen Gayford. Google-search phrases for
gayford prints and 'Stephen Gayford poetry'.

Denis Martindale

How Many Tigers?

How many tigers will exist
A hundred years from now?
How many tigers will persist
Surviving Man somehow?
For Man can be both good and bad,
The sinner or the saint,
Controlling everything he had,
All creatures bound or chained...

How many tigers will resist
The sabotage to be?
How many tigers will be missed
Throughout eternity?
For Man seeks trophies now and then,
From both the weak and strong,
Sometimes he hunts to eat again,
Sometimes it's just plain wrong...

How many tigers will enlist
The wise ones who've campaigned?
How many tigers will insist
That their rights are maintained?
For Man seems prone to let things die,
From great to small alike,
That's all it takes, stand idly by,
Then let extinction strike...

Denis Martindale September 2016.

A poem based on the magnificent Stephen Gayford
wildlife paintings promoting wildlife conservation.
Google-search phrases for such news articles,
gayford prints and 'Stephen Gayford poetry'.

Denis Martindale

Exquisite Feline Grace

Black panther creature, slim and sleek,
As slinky, silky lace,
You move with style, as if unique,
As if with feline grace...
You saunter left, you saunter right,
You glide from place to place,
As if presenting pure delight,
To mesmerise and daze...

And when I saw you that first time,
I stared upon your face,
Because your beauty was sublime,
To me, as one that stays...
What other creature caught my eyes,
So my attention strays?
And yet, you took me by surprise,
My tender heart to praise...

To be firm friends with such as you,
Your friendship to embrace,
I'd show compassion through and through,
For kindness always pays...
I'd prove to you, of all you've known,
Of us, the Human Race,
This man's respect stands out alone,
In, oh, so many ways...

Denis Martindale September 2016.

A poem based on the magnificent wildlife painting
by Stephen Gayford. Google-search phrases
gayford prints and 'Stephen Gayford poetry'.

Denis Martindale

Loneliest Man In The World...

My birthday's soon, just weeks to go,
Yes, less than forty days
And only God above to know
Of how the future plays...
As time flies by, the hours fade
Like sunshine clear and bright,
Surrendering, yet unafraid,
Like all to sacred night...

The year has almost run its course,
October waits me now
And with its coldness I close doors,
Conserving heat somehow...
It seems my heart is double-glazed
Just like the window panes,
Such that for grace the Lord is praised,
For benefits and gains...

Yes, almost there, just weeks then done,
Outliving Mum and Dad
And even then, their younger son,
The brother I once had...
At home, alone for every day,
No other voice is heard,
At home, alone yet here I pray,
Despite what has occurred...

How long I'll live, the Lord must choose
For He holds centre stage,
Till then I'll preach my points of views
As if within this cage...
This house called home where no wife smiles,
This place where no child laughs,
Is where my heart still reconciles
My choices and my paths...

Denis Martindale 19 September 2016

This was read out on the R-Mornings show on UK Sky Revelation TV channel today, as the topic for discussion was about loneliness. It was read out before the Gospel song called Where Is The Love?

Denis Martindale

I Love To Write!

I love to write by day and night, it makes me feel alive,
With some new poem in plain sight that I must help survive...
It lies there dangling on each line, as fluid as the sea,
Till I improve it by design, it's not quite poetry...
The challenge prompts my poet's heart, with dignified response,
That's when I set my words apart, or switch to other fonts...
Or plod along from verse to verse, from phrase to phrase as well,
With my whole being to immerse for that one tale to tell...
So pardon me, if I stay in, at home, to type again,
To carry on, some prize to win, like I've done now and then...

While this old world turns round and round, four seasons year by year,
I'm contemplating truths I've found that make things crystal clear...
I'd rather write than go outside, no matter, hot or cold,
The Internet helps me confide, to share what I behold...
And be this God or Jesus Christ, or angels helping Man,
Like Church believers once baptised, I'm doing what I can...
I could reach millions even now, bring fresh hope to the sad,
To ease each frown upon each brow, show blessings each has had...
I could reach billions over time,2,000 poems done,
I love to write and love to rhyme, to help them one by one...

Denis Martindale September 2016.

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on Sky TV that is
part of the 'Church Without Walls'...

Denis Martindale

The Primary Purpose Of Prayer!

I don't pray to the saints we had, departed from this Earth,
Nor hope that they would make me glad, nor seek to prove my worth.

I don't pray to my friends who lived, as equal to the Lord,
Nor seek of these a boon, a gift, a treasure or reward.

For I will pray... eternally... to God who understands,
In memory of Calvary... Christ's blood, Christ's feet, Christ's hands.

That's why I pray to Jesus Christ, my Saviour, Lord and King,
The Lamb of God once sacrificed, for He gave everything.

I choose to pray to God above, the Father of my faith
And Christ who truly shows His love, the One who died to save.

The Holy Spirit intercedes beyond the times I pray,
Not only for my hopes and needs, but that God leads the way.

For all good works, not just for some, with thanks, I say my prayers,
For all I am and will become, for all God still prepares...

Denis Martindale September 2016.

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on Sky TV that is
part of the 'Church Without Walls'...

Denis Martindale

A Legion Of Lions!

The artist sketches some lions,
Gets better time by time,
Shows their stern growls of defiance,
Their strength when in their prime...
The lion cubs at rest, at play,
The lionesses, too,
The lion hunts in search of prey,
Not seen in any zoo...

Imagine lions young and old,
Their journeys to survive,
Each has a tale that must unfold,
While each can stay alive...
The artist sketching peacefully,
Till painting later on,
That masterpiece for all to see,
When lions' lives are gone...

The artist captures scenes of grace,
Tranquillity and calm,
Sometimes with close-ups of a face,
Perhaps with winsome charm...
Majestic, regal poses shown,
The like none can ignore,
So lions can be better known
Both now and ever more...

Denis Martindale September 2016.

A poem based on the magnificent wildlife paintings
by Stephen Gayford. Google-search phrases
gayford prints and 'Stephen Gayford poetry'.

Denis Martindale

The Eye Of The Tiger!

Two tiger paintings that I bought
Arrived one sunny day,
So by excitement I was caught,
Unpacking straight away...
And when the prints were side by side
Upon the wall to see,
I smiled at them, as if with pride,
For they belonged to me...

The Bengal Tiger stared ahead,
Brown eyes beneath each frown,
Striped tapestry of black and red,
Deserving of a crown...
The other tiger, black and white,
With wondrous eyes of blue,
More welcoming, so not a fright,
No harm to me or you...

I know that's silly, how that seems,
But now I'm such a fan,
Despite the obvious extremes,
I buy prints when I can...
White tigers are quite beautiful,
The cuddly cubs look sweet,
That's why their prints are on my wall,
Each one my special treat!

Denis Martindale September 2016.

A poem based on the magnificent wildlife paintings
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gayford prints and 'Stephen Gayford poetry'.

Denis Martindale

Our Precious Privilege Of Prayer!

The privilege of holy prayer
Commends us to believe,
Rewarding us each time we share
With what we then receive.
For those who pray, sit, stand or kneel,
Lift up their hearts and more,
By faith in Christ who came to heal,
Such prayers are heard for sure.
So ask... seek... knock... and intercede,
In Jesus Name, my friends,
That God will answer every need
With love that never ends!
For revelation comes each day,
Like sunshine and like rain,
To grant us power on our way
If truly born again.
So preach the Good News while you can,
That's what you're here to do,
So that you help your fellow man,
I'm praying, GOD BLESS YOU!

BibleHunter.com

Denis Martindale September 2016.

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Denis Martindale

Mark's Gospel

Chosen by God and Jesus Christ, Mark learnt to pray and preach
Of all Lord Jesus sacrificed, such truths Mark learnt to teach...

And those who listened to God's Word and to the prayers Mark prayed
Were almost always stilled and stirred that Mark, his God, obeyed...

Thus God blessed Mark with charm and grace, good humour and a smile,
The knowledge guiding to each place where God could spend a while...

For God is with the ones He finds, no matter, young or old
And willing to transform their minds with treasures to behold...

From miracles to prophecies and words of comfort, too,
With Jesus as the Prince of Peace who died... yet lives for you...

Denis Martindale August 2016.

PoemHunter.com

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the Christian channel on Sky TV that is
part of the 'Church Without Walls'...

Denis Martindale

Clouded Leopard

The Clouded Leopard had a face
That made me stop and stare,
Distinctive markings made me gaze,
In wonder, standing there...
The kind a painter wants to paint
And seek to do that right,
Yet not as if it looks so quaint,
But that it's quite a sight...

Close-up, the details are precise,
With contrasts plainly seen,
Its forward glance, its strong-willed eyes,
Demeanour stilled, serene...
A perfect subject to portray,
Exquisite and sublime,
No wonder that I spent the day
And thought it worth my time...

To think, such creatures great and small
Impress us now and then,
Recalling every miracle,
The captured moment when...
The second we stand motionless,
Observing while we can,
Contended that such creatures bless
The tender heart of Man...

Denis Martindale August 2016.

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Denis Martindale

Yes, I'd Love To Write A Poem!

Yes, I'd love to write a poem,
To find out where it goes
And then its verses tweek and trim
With edits that I chose...
Count syllables and punctuate
And check words how they're spelt
And finally to celebrate
The feelings that I felt!

To change a phrase that better fits,
To switch verse three to four,
To struggle and to use my wits
And pray a little more...
Perhaps to please God with some rhyme
That causes Him to smile,
Yes, that would truly be sublime
And make it worth my while...

I know He reads my work, of course,
Of that there's little doubt,
As long as I uphold His laws,
He helps me sort things out...
That's why I'm still a poet, friends,
Thank God for syllables,
In fact, the wonder never ends,
Just like God's miracles!

Denis Martindale August 2016.

Denis Martindale

Poetryman!

I like it most when writing rhymes and sharing what I think,
I've rarely had much better times than using up that ink!
Then reading out to Mum and Dad each poem start to end,
I never knew how much I had, on that you can depend...
But nowadays, I read to me, just me, now I'm alone,
Reflecting on my poetry, before I make it known...
But once it's done, it's on the Net, alongside all the rest,
2,000 strong and more to get, no wonder I feel blessed...
And that's the feeling I must share, a feeling that feels fine
And like none other to compare, as if by God's design...
For He made me and set me so, in England, strong and free,
With all its culture there to know, so that it could guide me...
While Shakespeare often leaves me cold, I'll give the Bard his due,
For he was fearless, he was bold, as fresh as morning dew...
I'm not as liked, or famous still, but I'll do what I can!
As long as God grants me free will, just call me, POETRYMAN!

Denis Martindale August 2016.

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale

Do I Make The Sky Feel Blue?

While I am but a mortal man who walks the Earth below,
To merely do the things I can as through this life I go,
The sky has both the sun and moon to watch me day and night,
Each like a wondrous round balloon that grants this world its light...
While I am but a mortal man who once walked near and far,
Survival seems my only plan, not quite as others are...
They wander here, they wander there, as if they love to roam,
But I know I cannot compare, I simply stay at home...
The sun sees me quite rarely now, when forced to mow the lawn,
Then wipe the sweat upon my brow, the timing meant to warn...
Then in I go for days and weeks, the sun not knowing why,
Though each day long for me it seeks, till yonder moon glides by...
So neither cares for me at all, as long as I stay in,
Enjoying each long interval, not caring if I win...
Yet every penny that I save I will donate in time
And God will know each pound I gave and think that quite sublime...
I care not of the sun and moon, yet God has my respect
And maybe I will meet Him soon, as one of His elect...
Exploring Heaven, meeting friends, to greet them old and new,
If everything on faith depends, who knows? I might meet YOU!

Denis Martindale August 2016.

Denis Martindale

Under Kilimanjaro

How earnest are the lives of those
God chose to locate there,
Such that, of course, one would suppose,
The cold was hard to bear...
Yet lives are lived and lives are lost,
By both the great and small,
Such that each learns the measured cost
Of God's great miracle...

The mountain merely spans the land,
Without a single thought
And yet, nearby, each hunter's planned
For prey that must be caught...
Life holds for such no guarantee,
No warranty to save,
It's do or die, that's plain to see,
Stay cowardly or brave...

A thousand years can come and go,
Some creatures may remain,
The rest extinct, no more to know,
No second chance to gain...
Yet if Man cares and really tries,
Some species may live on,
If not, who knows each one that dies?
How long till each has gone?

Denis Martindale August 2016.

A poem based on the magnificent wildlife paintings
by Stephen Gayford. Google-search phrases
gayford prints and 'Stephen Gayford poetry'.

Denis Martindale

The Old Warrior

As ancient as his old bones felt,
The lion stood his ground
And though their king, not one had knelt,
Nor by such signs were bound...
He was their sovereign, master, lord,
He had the upper hand
And that was why he stood assured,
The ruler of this land...

As long as might was on his side
And courage in his heart
And still protector of the pride,
He stayed and played the part...
For Nature gave him all he owned,
Permitted him this day,
As if presenting him enthroned,
The king they must obey...

Dissenters stood both left and right,
The groaners, wounded still,
Because he fought with all his might,
As if it were God's will...
But God would choose another king,
This week, this month, this year
And for the taking, everything,
This lion held most dear...

Denis Martindale August 2016.

A poem based on the magnificent wildlife paintings
by Stephen Gayford. Google-search phrases
gayford prints and 'Stephen Gayford poetry'.

Denis Martindale

What Exactly Is Poetry?

What exactly is poetry? To answer this I'd say,
It's seeking for true harmony, some topic to relay.
With artistry and eloquence and also savoir-faire
And editing with diligence, for lines beyond compare...
It's like an angel took the time to write of wondrous things
And thought such thoughts he thought sublime for citizens and kings,
Then asked the Lord for human aid to share such words below
And thus each poet has been made to let the whole world know...
It's like the creatures of this Earth asked God to share their plight
And cause some human souls of worth to pause and pray and write,
So God agreed to teach Mankind, then from such people here,
He chose the best that He could find to make such matters clear...

It's like the sun and moon and stars that lacked the chance to speak,
Yet had important news to pass that really was unique.
To glorify the Lord of all, beyond the lights they shone,
To share Creation's miracle that life's been built upon...
And yet some ask of poetry, 'What purpose does it serve? '
It's like they've lost the mystery beyond life's learning curve
And so God made the poets pause, for visions and for dreams,
To study God and all His laws, His purposes and schemes...
And this was how the verses came, in Scriptures old and new,
To help us not to stay the same, but do what we must do!
That's how the world can still improve, as poets share their rhymes,
To strength us, or simply soothe each soul for better times...

Denis Martindale August 2016.

Denis Martindale

Tiger Cub

At first, the tiger cub was small,
Almost a bag of bones,
When he could hardly stand at all,
As weak as one that groans...
The tigress was amazed, of course,
She had much higher hopes,
But patience proves the strongest force
So that each young one copes...

So she was there, right by his side,
To nudge him now and then,
As he looked up, eyes opened wide
To see her love again...
She was his rock, his steadfast friend,
Not judging like the rest,
The kind whose love is without end,
To make sure he felt blessed...

And that was how her love remained,
No matter, night or day,
So that both faith and strength he gained
To guide him on his way...
So once the years had rolled on by,
One day, he chose to roam,
When Nature gave no reason why
He had to stay at home...

Denis Martindale August 2016.

A poem based on the magnificent wildlife paintings
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gayford prints and 'Stephen Gayford poetry'.

Denis Martindale

A Modicum Of Talent

The writer sat... and close nearby, a demon, fit to burst,
Intent to make that poet cry, he vowed to do his worst
And with a simple seed of doubt, the battle had begun,
For doubt grows up and spreads about till damage hurts someone.

The writer sat... with pen-in-hand, still poised above the page,
With thoughts he couldn't understand, at this, the early stage.
Why couldn't he commence to write? He puzzled for a while
And having tried with all his might, this time, he lost his smile.

A modicum of talent lived within his heart and mind,
Which he perceived a godly gift, but words he couldn't find.
And so he prayed a humble prayer, for God to grant him grace,
Because he trusted God to care to get him past this phase.

That's when a title trickled through, a winsome wise remark,
An insight, bright and ever true, so bright it broke the dark.
Imagination took the hint and pictures paved the way
And that was when the poet grinned, to see faith save the day.

That's why he knows he's not alone, the writing's just a part
And while his skills he seeks to hone, with God, he shares his heart.
While prayer assists him now and then, he's not ashamed at all,
Though Demon Doubt may come again, faith grants God's miracle!

Denis Martindale August 2016.

Denis Martindale

Don't Dismiss Your Destiny!

If there, within your human heart, a godly light can shine,
A spark called faith can truly start and prove itself benign,
Such that the Scriptures God provides become the pathways home,
A treasure map that daily guides, so there's no need to roam...
And faith can grow and doubt can die and time preserves the best,
Like gold refined, till by and by, its purity gets blessed...
And stars that shine won't seem as bright as your light there within,
Each time you think, or paint or write, or good work you begin...

Success or failure, come what may, some lessons must be learned,
Until there comes one fateful day when success has been earned...
By then you'll know, praise God and smile at just how far you've come,
Despite the fact it took a while, sometimes much more than some...
Yet you got there, yes, you arrived, so none can doubt your strength,
It wasn't just that you survived, or you got there at length...
Nor was it that God slowed you down till you moved at a crawl,
Till finally you lost that frown and gained your miracle...

Your destiny gets played out slow, impatience changes nought,
It isn't just the things you know, or some insight or thought,
It isn't just the light, my friend, it's God's love just for you,
Without this, you can't comprehend, without this, you've no clue...
Let destiny unfold and bless, let destiny prevail,
Let destiny grant you success, or else you're bound to fail...
Humanity, humility, both serve this purpose well,
Will you achieve your destiny! ? Friend, only time will tell...

Denis Martindale August 2016.

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Denis Martindale

The Old Tusker!

Some elephants are really old,
With tusks that stretch so long
And so they're not just brave and bold,
But really, really strong!
So give respect to elephants,
They've got a lot to bear,
Up close, I've only seen them once,
In Regents Park, somewhere...

I'd go boss-eyed with tusks like those
That dangled long and low,
I've got no trunk, I've just a nose,
Much easier to blow...
Imagine if you stood as tall,
With tusks that weighed a ton,
I know I'd need a miracle
To stand, then walk, then run!

Look at their ears, my word, they're grand,
Like dustbin lids, my friends,
So try at least to understand
When you meet elephants!
Just think of those in Africa
And India as well,
It doesn't matter, near or far,
Each has a tale to tell...

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A poem based on a magnificent wildlife painting
by Stephen Gayford. Google-search phrases
gayford prints and 'Stephen Gayford poetry'.

Denis Martindale

God Bless Mothers' Day!

When I reflect on Mothers' Day
And Mothers near and far,
I'm pleased to learn that Mothers pray
For that proves what they are...
A caring and a sharing crowd
Well-known to God above,
The kind that makes all Mankind proud,
As symbols of true love...

And who knows how this world's been blessed
By what each Mother's done?
Each time they've truly tried their best,
They've helped us, every one...
And even as the years rolled by,
With Christmas come and gone,
They've made us laugh, they've made us cry,
Showed faith to build upon...

And though we know Christ died for all,
With Mother Mary there,
God had prepared a miracle
Beyond all hope and prayer...
And from this came the Mother Church,
That thrives unto this time
And from such truths, I felt the urge,
To celebrate in rhyme...

God blesses those that honour those
Who gave us life itself,
Who gave us food and gave us clothes
And knowledge, strength and health...
Such that the angels must reflect,
Like we do now and then,
How many times we show respect?
How often and how when?

Denis Martindale 15 August 2016.

A poem to celebrate Mothers' Day!

Denis Martindale

The Nice Mare

The dream began, unfolding night and scenery unveiled,
Drawn like a curtain bringing light, as if the morning hailed...
And there, before my sleep-filled eyes, appeared a pure white horse,
All saddled up that I might rise and ride it, then, of course...
I heard a voice explain to me, the nice mare had a name,
Her holy name was Bethany and service was her aim...
Obedient in every way, not selfish, prim or proud,
Nor like a horse that's prone to stray whenever it's allowed...

The voice explained that from a foal, she learned life's lessons fast,
Such that she only had one goal, to bless from first to last...
So I stood next to her and smiled, then rode across a field,
Her gentleness had me beguiled, no subtlety concealed...
The voice explained a little more, 'Keep this horse as your own,
Don't sell her though you may be poor, she's meant for you alone...
Look after her as if she's gold, or sunshine honeydew,
As if her story must be told next to your story, too...'

When I awoke from slumber's rest, that dream stayed on my heart
And even now, through this I'm blessed, as if it's played a part...
As if the nice mare proved to be the standard I should seek,
God's servant for eternity, not set times in each week...
So if you hear that I've been good, some service to express,
I've only done something I should, like Bethany, I guess...
One fine example changes things, like hers which was supreme,
Of all the gifts that God still brings, I thank Him for that dream...

Denis Martindale August 2016.

Denis Martindale

Look To The Lord!

Regardless of the lives we live, God's revelation shares
The awesome truth God wants to give and nothing else compares!

Nobody else foretells enough of what is yet to be,
About His Son, the King of Love and all eternity...

Look to the Lord, with eyes of faith, He knows the future well,
Beyond the prophecies He gave of Heaven and of Hell...

God's Holy Spirit blesses those forgiven through the Cross,
Who truly know that Jesus rose, despite the shame and loss...

Psalm 22, Psalm 23, these help us live God's way!
While revelation sets us free, look to the Lord each day...

Denis Martindale August 2016.

PoemHunter.com

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Denis Martindale

Oh, Lord, That I Might Understand

Oh, Lord, that I might understand
The dreaming of a dream,
I had not dreamed and had not planned
Or chosen for a theme...
That someone else had time to share,
That someone else explained,
Yet so mixed up I had to stare
And wonder what I gained...

But patience is a wondrous thing,
For prose and poetry,
Perchance to set thoughts wondering...
Or wandering quite free...
I know I cannot write that way,
All phrases thick and fast,
I sift through thoughts I need to say,
As if from first to last...

Then editing is all I seek,
I read the words I wrote,
Not always seeking words unique,
As if an antidote...
I have a dream that words are friends,
Not strangers still unknown,
I guess on this my hope depends
When in my Writing Zone...

Thus rhymes transcend the little lines
And verses play their part
Like crystal glasses, finest wines
And wisdom from the heart...
Let others share their dreams, of course,
Explaining what they will,
Yet help me to observe the laws
And rules that guide me still...

Denis Martindale August 2016.

Denis Martindale

I Need To Worship!

Oh, Lord! I need to worship You,
Declare the battles won,
For You proved steadfast, good and true
And so has Christ, Your Son.
With prophecies fulfilled and blessed,
What promises You kept.
Oh, Lord! Forgive my sins confessed,
The ones for which You wept...
So many times! You loved me still,
With words of comfort said,
Restored my health, when I was ill,
To raise me from my bed.
To lead my thoughts to give You praise,
Sometimes past tears and yet,
You gave me psalms to guide my ways
That I might not forget...
And when I think of promises
You meant for me alone,
I humbly say what love this is,
That Christ died to atone.
And raised from death, the Tomb to leave,
Ascending to Your side,
Triumphant joy, no more to grieve,
Now waiting for His Bride...
Amen, yet till that day draws near,
I need to worship You!
Each day, each week, each month, each year.
Today and my life through.
By faith, to see beyond Man's realm,
Beyond to Heaven's Throne!
With You, the Captain at the helm,
Such that all things are known...
All-seeing and yet full of love,
Your Spirit guides us all!
Your grace will always prove enough!
You are my miracle...

Denis Martindale August 2016.

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Denis Martindale

I Can't Write Poems Anymore!

Alack, alas and woe to me, I'm lorst without a doubt,
Devoid of upbeat poetry, can't sort my feelings out!
Nor be precise with rhymes and such, with phrases meant to fit,
That's why I'm feeling out of touch, I don't like this a bit!
Alack, alas, what shall I do? I'm lorst and up the creek,
No wonder that I'm feeling blue, can't get the joy I seek!
The drafts I start just break my heart, my pen shakes in my hand,
It's like my mind just fell apart so I can't understand!
Alack, alas, this can't go on, I've got to try again,
This writing gift, it can't have gone, that's quite beyond my ken!
I mustn't quit, I must persist, there's so much left to write,
If only I could get the gist, some insight shining bright!
Alack, alas, I'm playing now, just silly thoughts to share,
Yet writing these has helped somehow, in ways beyond compare...
8,6,8,6? The pattern's clear, the rhymes are back once more,
It's like they suddenly appear and who could ask God more! ?
I'm back! I'm on a roll! That's great! Champagne and caviar!
Or beans on toast to celebrate... Who knows if I'll go far! ?
My poems published on the Net, my poems on TV?
Thank God I've got more rhymes to get! Thank God for poetry!

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale August 2016.

Denis Martindale

Honest To A Fault!

He was a man, a holy man,
Of all that ever lived,
Not one who can deceive or plan,
Evading truths to drift...
So when Christ promised anything
To those God held most dear,
They knew the future had to bring
Outcomes that must appear...
A fool can tell a pack of lies
For every single day,
A man of God's both good and wise,
Upright in every way...
Lord Jesus told folks what to do!
Then everything's left up to YOU!

Denis Martindale August 2016.

Denis Martindale

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Rainbeau...

A tinkling sound was heard nearby, yet I sensed what it meant,
When suddenly the angels cry and tears seem Heaven-sent
And rain descends from yonder sky, reminding men of sin
And causing each to question why they're tempted and give in.

I drew the curtain back to see the measure of the rain,
The dry-walled bricks no more to be beyond my window pane.
The splattered droplets fell to Earth, regardless where to land,
One at a time not much had worth, yet not what God had planned.

Momentum building minutes on, the splatters thudded still,
The sunny sky of course now gone, the air now had a chill,
And yet I looked with new hindsight and saw a cleansing stream,
Perhaps to end before that night, before I paused to dream...

The roses buckled, petals slipped, blessed beauty lost in time,
Till finally no more they dripped, no more to seem sublime.
But God would grant new flowers soon, so I need not despair,
At precious petals harshly strewn and scattered here and there.

PoemHunter.com

And as the winsome rainbow came, one photo had it caught
And so I smiled, no more the same, another lesson taught.
I framed that photo for my wall, reminding me each day,
That God provides a miracle, sometimes, along the way...

Denis Martindale August 2016.

Denis Martindale

Stop... And Refocus!

My word, the world is going mad! It really is, dear friends,
The daily news can make us sad, till no-one comprehends!

Turn on your tellies, see the same, with scandals everywhere,
No wonder that us Christians aim to help the world by prayer!

Lord Jesus is the light of men, the One who saves from Hell!
When we wake up, we pray again... before we sleep as well...

The Church Without Walls helps somehow! God bless each one God calls!
But what about the here and now? We need more miracles!

Despair creates both don'ts and can'ts... this world can sure depress,
Yet when God grants a second chance, let's share our happiness...

Denis Martindale August 2016.

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Denis Martindale

Is Poetry A Lost Art, Dude?

When I explore the Internet and read what others write,
I think, how lucky can I get? For there's so much insight.
There's so much wisdom, humour, love, despite when someone's rude,
But when I read the pleasant stuff, I simply love it, dude!
When I peruse the library books and read anthologies,
My face has some amazing looks when God-blessed poems please.
And when I'm home, my pen awaits and paper's there as well,
It's then my little heart creates the tall tales that I tell...

Yet when a title comes to mind that stirs a winsome phrase,
To other thoughts I'm deaf and blind, my poem to embrace.
It's mine all mine, my chance to shine, my leap of faith and more,
My hand that guides each word and line while on some Mystery Tour!
And while I live and breathe and pray, a poem may be shared,
Perhaps until my dying day, as living proof, I cared.
And when I'm gone and Heaven-bound, my poems will remain
Upon this Earth, until they're found again and again... AND AGAIN!

Denis Martindale July 2016.

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale

Becoming A Christian!

While centuries have come and gone, God's Gospel stays the same
And like a beacon, it has shone, to glorify Christ's Name.
Since angels sang their songs above to shepherds there below,
Men celebrate the King of Love, the Good Shepherd to know.
No greater love could sinners see than Jesus crucified,
Because He died for you and me, by faith, arms opened wide.
Believing God would raise the dead, His body thus restored,
Helped Him each second that He bled, till raised as Christ the Lord.
And so, Christ left the Tomb behind, as Saviour, Lord and King,
Since then, lost souls have come to find that Christ means everything.
A Royal Pardon? Why delay? Eternal Life and more?
Becoming a Christian today... means that you can be sure...

How many billions could be saved? How many blessed by Christ?
How many sins can still be waived through what He sacrificed?
The sinless Son of God alone, just Jesus, that is all,
Upon Himself all sins to own, this is God's miracle.
So why not join the winning side? A crown of glory waits!
The Holy Spirit as your guide! The goodness He creates!
Why waste the last years of your life? Why muddle through somehow?
Why burden conscience adding strife? Don't wait, you need Christ now!
Not all get saved and yet you can, God has a plan for you,
A chance to help your fellow man, when told just what to do.
The choice is yours, you can be blessed because of Calvary,
You do your part, God does the rest, the best is yet to be...

Denis Martindale July 2016.

The poem is based on the e-book, Becoming A Christian.

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on Sky TV that is
part of the 'Church Without Walls'...

Denis Martindale

How Do You Analyse A Poem! ?

Though many would advise we read a poem line by line,
There really seems much more to heed, as I have learnt from mine!
I fight to find a title fit to set in motion then
The urge to wait and simply sit before I use my pen...
Yet when words come, my heart responds, my pen leaps to the page
And whirrs as if a thousand wands at every single stage.
I chase the words that come to me, the words none else could know,
The words that spark new poetry and cause the ink to flow...
Then, as the first to analyse, I fix my eyes on much,
As if I am the one most wise to add each fine-tuned touch.
Alliterations then appear with wisdom Scriptures teach,
God's precious treasure trove each year and every way to preach...
Yet in the midst of all such ways, I pray and meditate,
Despite the setbacks and delays, these times help me create.
With phrases checked and spellings, too, I read my poem still,
As if I know when I am through, these serve to please God's will...
Let others analyse my themes, my concepts and my rhymes,
As if these were my hopes and dreams, the symbols of my times...
Yet can they know the good achieved in people's hearts and more,
The lost souls who in time believed, or those that I wrote for?
I trust in God who gave me gifts, His lessons here and there,
Each winsome phrase that often lifts the downcast in despair.
The humour I expressed as well, the puns that made me smile,
The tall tales that I had to tell, the truths that took a while...
The chance to use the Internet, the chance to e-mail stuff,
Such wonders I will not forget, since poetry I love
And if I shared advice to aid some poets now and then,
I praise the Lord, the God who made each poet, page and pen...

Denis Martindale July 2016.

Denis Martindale

The Timeless Enchantment Called Love!

My captivated heart was racing,
Tremors greeted its journey,
The stars shone down without compassion,
While the moon still shone without thinking
And I was here, deeply in love,
Unable to breathe as such,
My breath was halted because of her,
She was stunning
And I just stared at her
And she came over and said hello
And I couldn't speak...
But she understood true love when she saw it
And that made all the difference!

Denis Martindale July 2016.

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Jack And Jill!

When Jack and Jill went up that hill,
They dallied for a while
And some believe they shared a thrill,
Returning with a smile...
Some say that Jill's quite pregnant now,
But proof's not there to see,
I guess we'll have to wait somehow,
It's no good asking me...

I wasn't one to snoop and pry
About a private task,
Nor brave enough to question why,
That's something I'd not ask...
But I suspect that Jack's a cad
And Jill's a girl who's dumb
And soon, we'll see, that Jack's the Dad
And Jill's tum makes her Mum!

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale July 2016.

Denis Martindale

Jaw, Jaw Is Better Than War, War!

Just think of all the burdens wrought
And widows, orphans, too,
What wisdom must there needs be taught?
Just think again, please, do!
And maybe, this time, get it right,
When God's light shines on peace,
In time, before the first day's fight,
So prayers help sorrows cease...
Believe me, I've seen how war goes,
Eventually, it chills,
The body blood that overflows,
The innocents it kills...
Ease slowly back from bombs and guns,
Respect the other side,
The time's here now, for all our sons,
Hope's doors are opened wide...
And think how many lives are spared,
Not wasted like the rest,
With all the good works if compared
And dreams meant to be blessed...
Redeem the future yet to be,
What's left to live and more...
And God will surely smile to see
Right thinking... not wrong war...

Denis Martindale July 2016.

Denis Martindale

Summer Gonna Like Summer!

The heatwave comes and clothes must change,
The swelter has arrived,
With sudden day trips to arrange
For those once heat-deprived...
So get the kids into that car,
Fill up with petrol, too,
We're not there yet, it's way too far,
We're going to the zoo!

And so the kids stare at each cage,
With oohs and ahs to boot,
With every creature there to gauge,
On if it's really cute...
The creatures stare back like before,
Just like they do each day,
Until the kids choose to ignore
And simply walk away...

The swelter wearies all on Earth
Within its clammy hold,
Till many wonder what it's worth,
So hot, not cool, or cold...
Then storm clouds signal change again,
With lightning bolts so loud,
God's power proves beyond our ken,
We're humbled, not so proud...

An evening chill indwells each home,
The sweating then subsides,
Though Summer's like the honeycomb,
It's here and then it hides...
Enjoy it when it's not too hot,
Enough to make you smile,
Though short, dear friends, it's all we've got,
Till it returns in style!

Denis Martindale July 2016.

Denis Martindale

How Is Poetry Measured?

How is poetry measured, then?
Is there some guide or scale?
Decided by the kings of men,
Or maybe just one male?
Or how translation works its charm,
From one heart to the next?
Perchance to share some peaceful calm
Or leave us all perplexed?

How is poetry measured, then?
Is there some golden rule
That short, sharp phrases rhyme again,
As that proves really cool?
Or full of thees and thous and such?
Archaic and verbose?
Or up-to-date and so in touch,
New wisdom overflows?

How is poetry measured, then?
By publishers with cash?
Or free style verse beyond our ken,
That comes across as trash?
Or optimistic to a fault,
Like Heaven's everywhere?
Or bringing such thoughts to a halt,
As sinners just don't care?

I only know that when I write,
I try to do my best,
To share each wisdom and insight
So everybody's blessed...
If that's the measure poets seek,
Then poetry survives,
To bring its gift that's so unique
That it can change our lives...

Denis Martindale July 2016.

Denis Martindale

Respectfully…

Regarding good works that you do,
Expecting nothing less,
Sometimes I pause to pray for you,
Perhaps with some success...
Eventually, good things occur,
Come sunshine, or come rain,
Transforming sorrows to a blur,
For blessings yet to gain...
Undoing what our errors cause,
Love blots out sins and fears,
Look to the Lord, for He ensures
Your hopes and dreams for years...

Denis Martindale July 2016.

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Barefoot Writer!

To look at her, barefoot, right there,
No writer would she seem
And yet she wrote without a care,
As if within a dream...
The poems came quite frequently,
She turned another page,
Another title came to be,
Then came the writing stage...

I wondered how she wrote so fast,
Like she was some machine,
Yet never did she look downcast,
For she was always keen...
She only stopped for coffee breaks,
Which she drank all alone,
With no friends and yet no heartaches,
No lovers on the phone...

Behind the counter, I worked on,
While she sat down all day,
Until my working time had gone,
Then she went on her way...
But something deep inside of me,
Caused me to follow soon,
To ask about her poetry,
Or tales set to a tune...

And when we talked, I fell in love,
My soulmate I had found,
Barefoot and yet for me enough,
For her beliefs were sound...
I placed new shoes upon her feet
And on one knee proposed,
Since then she's made my life complete,
For she loves me the most...

Denis Martindale July 2016.

Denis Martindale

How To Go About Writing A Poem!

Don't go about! Sit down and think!
Just rest your tootsies there…
Upon that sofa seat to sink
And squash out all its air…
Upon some paper, use your pen,
Just simply write a name,
Let pictures spring to mind and then
Treat writing as a game…
Be playful with a word or two,
A pretty phrase will flow
And followed by a precious few,
The time will surely go…

My bet is that, when doubts are dead,
The challenge can be faced,
Then suddenly, you speed ahead,
With pleasant rhymes embraced…
The verses jump from pen to page,
Like lightning from the sky,
Like lava streams that set the stage,
No time to question, 'Why? '
They just appear, from heart to mind,
From spirit then to soul,
As if each one you had to find
As you maintained control…

Piano players learn to play,
Yet writers merely wait,
It matters not the time of day,
Yet soon they celebrate…
Just press on till the very end,
Just press on till complete,
Success is tasty, yes, my friend,
Success tastes really sweet…
I ought to know, for I write plots
For poems, day and night,
I've got no mansions, cars or yachts,
Perhaps that's why I write!

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale July 2016.

Denis Martindale

Falling For You!

The stuntman knows the risks he takes,
The chances, good or bad,
The blood that bleeds, the bone that breaks,
The money to be had...
The hospitals he's been inside,
The consultations, too,
Transfusions that were then supplied,
Concussions, old and new...

But such is life, with lessons learned,
Precautions, great and small,
With greater money to be earned,
If he survives the fall...
And some respect along the way,
No matter, win or lose,
If things go bad, then, what the hey?
It's time to hit the booze...

But staying sober, that's the key,
No shaking in plain sight,
No trace of fear for friends to see,
No trembling in the night...
Just plain old courage, plain old greed,
That brand new girlfriend soon,
That second nature to succeed,
Just like that film, High Noon...

Don't matter if the film's a flop,
Just pay me well on time,
'Cos if you do, I'll never stop,
I'd risk it for a dime!
Somewhere along the line, my friend,
I'll do the best I can,
I'll be a stuntman to the end,
But more than that... a man...

Denis Martindale July 2016.

The poem is based on the TV series, The Fall Guy.

Denis Martindale

Disciple John, Friend Of Jesus

The Saviour ascended above
And waved His friends good-bye
And John, whose heart was filled with love,
Then heaved a lonesome sigh...
His dearest friend had said farewell,
His Saviour and His Lord,
Would He return? John couldn't tell
And yet such doubts ignored...

His cheeks were moist, like others, too,
Upon that fateful day,
If you were there, I know that you
Would wipe your tears away...
But John, with Mary at his side,
Saw Jesus weeks ago,
The hours Christ was crucified,
With hours still to know...

Thus John, a true friend to the end,
Had thought they'd seen it all,
With not one angel to defend
Despite each miracle...
The weeks had gone, Christ was alive,
Disciples told to wait,
The Holy Spirit must arrive,
God's new Church to create...

Thus John was waiting patiently
And praying like the rest,
Because by faith in Calvary
They now must do their best...
Together, closer than before,
Like true friends all the time,
Who found a friend they could adore,
Who truly was sublime!

Denis Martindale July 2016.

Denis Martindale

The Purpose Of Prophets And Poets...

Within the human mind at play,
There dwells a spark of love,
Such that the soul and spirit pray
For wisdom that's enough...
Enough to stir the words time stored,
Enough to serve release,
Perhaps to please our God and Lord
And Christ, the Prince of Peace...

For all the exploits Man achieves,
What greater works are done,
In he that pauses and believes
The victories of God's Son...
And blessed by prophets young and old
And psalmists glad or sad,
The poet waits what must be told,
Beyond the truths he had...

That's how and why the poet writes
If seeking higher themes,
Beyond the pleasures and delights
Of merely human dreams...
With aspirations Heaven-bound,
With faith that soars on high,
Determined for whatever's found,
That's caused his skills to try...

And in that blessed creative quest,
The poet presses on,
Till finally, he's done his best
And God's great light has shone...
Such that hope's beacon quells all doubt,
To kindle dreams anew,
When grace and favour's cast about
Among God's chosen few...

For such as these, lost souls, now saved,
The purity endures,
As if upon their hearts engraved

To guide them on their course...
What hope has Man without God's word?
No poets to explain?
No prophets so we can be stirred
To show us what's to gain?

So harken to creative clues,
Lines written rhyme by rhyme,
For prophecies you can't refuse,
For mysteries sublime...
Let kings and angels stare perplexed,
Let preachers study, too,
For wars must come... beware the next...
Its revelation's due...

Denis Martindale July 2016.

Denis Martindale

The Sensibilities Of Censorship

To some, the horror films seem cool,
They salivate and then they drool
And squirm on seats in cinemas,
At gruesome scenes that come to pass...
They dream of flashbacks when at home,
Sometimes so scared they dare not roam,
To face the world with some defence,
Depends on all their well-armed friends...

From well-heeled folks, come films in time,
Directors sharing blood and crime,
Each chilling scream the actors mime
And slime and grime they think sublime...
The body count increases fast
And those who watch just stare aghast
And Hollywood just rakes it in,
Their precious profits drenched in sin...

And all the while that this goes on,
Celebrities once feared are gone,
Perhaps you've seen the likes of these,
Who steal away your inner peace,
Replacing with a jaded soul
That simply lacks all self-control,
Such that the horror films seem cool,
While sane folks think that you're a fool...

Yet TV shows now drip with blood,
With sliced-off limbs that fall and thud,
While wolves and bats and ghosts haunt, too,
Behind the sofas close to YOU!
Thus Halloween seems normal now,
With all its evils to allow
And children who we're meant to love
Discover WE DON'T DO ENOUGH!

Denis Martindale July 2016.

Denis Martindale

Driven To Be A Writer!

When I, at first, found pause to write
And then to do that well,
Not all my English proved that bright,
My tiny tales to tell...
But still the stories dwelt within
This happy heart of mine,
Such that I knew I must give in
And press on with each line...

Since teenage years were quite a farce,
At school, and work, in time,
My writing slowly had to pass,
Though once thought quite sublime...
But when the pausing time returned,
Emotions calmed and soothed,
I thought of all the wisdom learned,
Thus writing was improved...

And decades high and decades low,
Can't brighten, shade, or dim
The added truths I've come to know,
Not written on a whim...
Nor forced to freedom on a page,
Nor battled to release,
Each mood swing's not the final stage
That blocks or beckons peace...

It's all by faith this heart still shares,
Beyond the good and bad,
Beyond life's carousels and cares,
Beyond all thoughts I've had...
For even now, I'm writing still,
To help my fellow man,
Until I die, I must, I will,
Determinedly I plan...

A title flashes left to right
Across my writer's eyes,
A sudden sparkle of insight,

PoemHunter.com

A hint of some surprise...
And with blank paper and full pen
This child of grace persists,
With winsome phrases now and then,
While poetry exists...

For I was born to write for you,
A message to relay,
God's mustard seed grows through and through,
For faith can save the day...
I count the syllables I think,
In search for eight or six,
To somehow get the thoughts in sync
And choose whatever sticks...

A common metre hymn style gave
This pattern for each theme,
To guide me so new words I save,
Each driven from each dream...
Such that a thousand poems on,
I'm here, new thoughts in mind
And why, until my life has gone,
I'll write to help Mankind...

Denis Martindale July 2016.

The poem can be sung to the Gospel hymn,
God Rest Ye Merry Gentlemen,
Let Nothing Ye Dismay...

Denis Martindale

The Reason I'm A Writer!

God's word commenced inside my heart
Then soared into my mind,
Then, suddenly, it split apart,
Now millions I can find…

And characters appeared to me,
Each with a tale to tell,
Creating constant mystery
For none would say farewell…

I see them as I slip to sleep,
They glide from left to right,
As if some vigil they must keep,
Throughout the darkest night…

And even in my dreams they're there,
At school, or work, or home,
In daydreams, too, I'm made aware
There's no safe place to roam…

PoemHunter.com

And so, they wake me from repose,
With poems in their hands,
Where these come from, God only knows,
Perhaps each serves His plans…

How else could I explain to you
The prophecies I'm told?
The revelations old and new,
Like silver and like gold?

Or how I edit poetry
From these initial drafts,
Creating truths from fantasy,
Observing skills and crafts?

And why I type and email stuff
And pray for some success,
And write of joy and peace and love
Amid my loneliness?

To live alone and write alone,
No human lips to kiss,
Just God above, upon His Throne,
To share eternal bliss…

With promises of great reward,
If I stay faithful still,
In service to my King and Lord,
In service to His will…

No other Master offers such,
No other friend have I…
You see, for me, Christ suffered much,
The day He had to die…

Denis Martindale July 2016.

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on Sky TV that is
part of the 'Church Without Walls'...

Denis Martindale

The Distant Stars!

When nights were clear of modern Man
And what pollution's done,
The telescopes could better scan
Far further than the sun...
Such that we must look up and sigh
With lesser stars to see,
Upon God's precious velvet sky,
With lesser mystery...

But Man explores and scans above,
No clouds to intervene,
At all the stars we're meant to love
When they're more clearly seen...
And oh what wonders fill the mind,
What secrets there unfold?
God's Cosmos realm we're meant to find
And with awe to behold...

Some go to sleep as stars glide past,
While others stay awake,
Astronomers from first to last
Who stare and photos take...
And these they share across the globe,
To show what came to pass,
When God created, full of hope,
The sun, the moon... the stars!

Denis Martindale July 2016.

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on Sky TV that is
part of the 'Church Without Walls'...

Denis Martindale

The Secret Pool...

The Bengal Tiger faced the dawn,
With hunger and with thirst,
With every stomach pain to warn
He felt like he'd been cursed...
Yet soon a meal came passing by
And when his pains had ceased,
The Bengal Tiger questioned why
Some feelings hadn't eased...

Then he recalled a miracle,
A hidden place to go,
Because it was his secret pool
That very few could know...
I saw him turn around that way
And sensed him heading there,
Some inner instinct to obey,
That soothed a solemn care...

The pool remained his sanctuary,
His realm of solitude,
A respite meant for harmony,
The healing of his mood...
The bubbles burbling cast their spell,
Reflections played their part,
An hour passed and all was well,
In mind and soul and heart...

Denis Martindale, copyright July 2016.

A poem based on a magnificent wildlife painting
by Stephen Gayford. Google-search phrases
gayford prints and 'Stephen Gayford poetry'.

Denis Martindale

Making A Splash!

'Are we there yet? ' the calf inquired,
As elephants would ask,
That walk so long their feet get tired,
As if too much to ask...
But then the water made him stare,
He ran and splashed with glee,
As if there's nothing to compare,
'This is the life for me! '

The older elephants agreed,
With twinkles in their eyes,
The water helped fulfill their need,
That came as no surprise...
But that young calf splashed up and down,
He thought life was sublime,
With squishy mud so moist, so brown,
He had a swell old time!

And then he laid flat like a king,
Devoid of pains and fears,
Content to stay, not do a thing,
Surrounded by his peers...
I watched them all, a distant friend,
No harm had I in mind,
For I was glad to comprehend
Their Shangri-La to find...

Denis Martindale, copyright July 2016.

A poem based on a magnificent wildlife painting
by Stephen Gayford. Google-search phrases
gayford prints and 'Stephen Gayford poetry'.

Denis Martindale

Affection!

Two tigers had now formed a bond,
The future looking bright,
Yet one of these was over-fond,
Affection in plain sight...
The other tiger looked bemused,
Discomfort on his face,
With cute advances not refused,
Yet not now, in this place...

So visible, no privacy,
Embarrassed, lacking tact,
Right there, no chance to disagree,
As if caught in the act!
The nuzzling tiger cuddled close,
While he stayed on the ground,
Next to that naughty tiger's nose,
As if the two were bound...

I giggled at the sight I saw,
For love was in the air,
For her, no need to ask for more,
For him, so hard to bare...
My camera clicked and caught these two,
Though neither should be named,
Poor thing, there's nothing he could do,
True love had got him tamed!

Denis Martindale, copyright July 2016.

A poem based on a magnificent wildlife painting
by Stephen Gayford. Google-search phrases
gayford prints and 'Stephen Gayford poetry'.

Denis Martindale

Mallard Duck

The Mallard Duck was quick to quack,
He wasn't one to halt
And with no language, bound to lack,
That hardly was his fault...
But on he went, with much ado,
Quite fervent for his size,
As if to quack was something new
And somehow was so wise...

I sketched away and marvelled there,
His plumage coloured so,
To patchwork quilts he could compare,
When waddling to and fro...
And yet a friendly chap was he,
Advancing to be fed,
Upon the crumbs I offered free,
From handpicked scraps of bread...

And then his quacks seemed not so queer,
Like 'Thank-you, you're a friend! '
As if though tall, he liked me near,
That's nice to comprehend...
My sketch was done, now time to leave,
All my bread gone, none left...
No wonder, ducks are bound to grieve,
In fact, he looked... bereft!

Denis Martindale, copyright July 2016.

A poem based on a magnificent wildlife painting
by Stephen Gayford. Google-search phrases
gayford prints and 'Stephen Gayford poetry'.

Denis Martindale

Oh, Fantastic!

The man got in my taxi cab,
That's when he asked me where,
God put some facts where folks could grab
His truths they could compare...

That's when I smiled and said I knew
The place of grace from Heaven,
It's that new channel on Freeview,
Now numbered 2-6-7...

Those Time Life films have tales to tell
That viewers love so much!
R-Mornings... Yes, that's loved as well!
That's how we keep in touch...

The 'Church Without Walls' says it all,
The website has archives,
God's made for us a miracle
That's meant to change our lives!

PoemHunter.com

So go compare fantastic things,
Find out what Jesus says!
Perhaps you'll trust the King of Kings,
So Christ can hear your prayers!

Fantastic if that happened, too...
Yes, that would be first rate!
Good-bye for now and God bless you!
Yes, that would be just great!

Denis Martindale July 2016.

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on Sky TV 581 that
is part of the 'Church Without Walls'...

Denis Martindale

African Gold

From just a cub, the lion grew,
From strength to strength to rise,
Such that, if now, he looked at you,
The sight would mesmerise...
As long as he stays over there,
A distant golden thing,
I wonder, would you be aware,
That he's the lion king?

Behold his stature and profile,
Observe his face so stern,
As if his heart were full of guile,
With nothing left to learn...
Yet he's the only alpha male,
Commanding fear from all,
He truly has a tale to tell,
For he's a miracle...

He serves the cause of Nature best
When he preserves his line,
That lion heart within his breast
Bears gold that's meant to shine...
For courage rules and courage takes,
His kingdom's quite sublime,
Yet starts anew, each dawn he wakes...
To fight another time...

Denis Martindale, copyright July 2016.

A poem based on a magnificent wildlife painting
by Stephen Gayford. Google-search phrases
gayford prints and 'Stephen Gayford poetry'.

Denis Martindale

Mother Cheetah

The Mother Cheetah stood her ground
Surveying all to see,
In silence, not a single sound,
Portraying mystery...
As if some strange event was close,
Not knowing good or bad,
Because such truths God only knows,
The future, glad or sad...

I watched intrigued, my camera raised,
Then waited, poised like her,
For sudden movement when she chased,
Expecting just a blur...
Then off she ran, my camera tracked,
As I panned left to right,
The prey was caught with such impact,
No chance for further flight...

I couldn't take a picture though,
Some photos I can choose,
Instead of yes, my heart said, 'No..'
And then I must refuse...
My awesome photo had to wait,
Another time and place,
Because I'd rather celebrate
That cheetah's style and grace...

Denis Martindale, copyright July 2016.

A poem based on a magnificent wildlife painting
by Stephen Gayford. Google-search phrases
gayford prints and 'Stephen Gayford poetry'.

Denis Martindale

Human Resources, God Resources!

Mankind's been blessed with wondrous minds,
His legacy's ensured
And so much more the day he finds
The blessings of the Lord!
For secret truths are then revealed,
Beyond the wit of Man,
Unfolding scrolls that God has sealed
According to His plan...

Imagine all of history,
Compressed into one week,
For here explains God's mystery,
The world ruled by the meek...
The prophecies explain the facts,
The future must belong
Not to the leader who reacts,
Not to the ones thought strong...

Resources that are now esteemed
Are temporary at best,
God's planned much more, beyond hopes dreamed,
It's like His treasure chest...
Today, Man fumbles here and there,
His bombs don't solve a thing,
That's why believers kneel in prayer,
To Jesus Christ, the King...

And in His Name, they prophesy,
Of blessings in good time,
Of peace on Earth that's meant to be,
A respite quite sublime...
When God preserves a world called lost,
When Man admits defeat,
When perfect love has paid the cost,
When life proves truly sweet...

Today, we linger, waiting still,
Resources almost spent,
But prayer's the resource doubts can't kill,

You see, it's Heaven-sent...
By faith, Mankind has come this far,
By faith, each nation learns,
By faith, we prove what good we are,
Till Jesus Christ returns...

Denis Martindale July 2016.

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on Sky TV that is
part of the 'Church Without Walls'...

Denis Martindale

Flight-Headed Girl...

Ascending... into the twilight,
My head's still in a haze,
Yet downward glancing at the sight,
The city now to gaze...
While inwardly, regretful, sad,
Yet growing more relieved,
Beyond the man I thought I had,
Yet foolishly believed...

Despite the fact, I miss him still,
This was no time to stay,
I miss him and I always will,
Though now I fly away...
One light, the moon I see in flight,
Small stars I wished upon,
So glorious, so pale, so bright,
Although all hope has gone...

The moon shines on, amid the stars,
So silver and serene,
All memories of me will pass,
All dreams of me once seen...
But I will dream of him for years,
Recall half-truths and lies,
Perhaps to wake up through the years,
With teardrops from my eyes...

But life's crammed full of lessons learned,
They linger in the mind,
The chance of wondrous true love spurned,
By one thought good and kind...
He's now the one man I can't love,
My Ex... now far apart,
For he's beneath me, I'm above,
Plane Jane... with a broken heart...

Denis Martindale June 2016.

Denis Martindale

How Do I Write Poems! ?

How do I sit down on a chair?
Gosh, how do I write stuff?
Perhaps to hold a pen right there?
That's good, but not enough!
Make coffee just to keep awake?
Some biscuits would be nice...
Eventually to take a break,
Or would that be unwise?

Then think, think, think! Just concentrate!
Just let the poem live...
Just let some phrases fascinate,
Give all that I can give!
Surprise my readers later on,
If God grants me His aid,
When inspiration's light has shone
And that new poem's made...

But then the editing begins!
To punctuate and plan,
To fix those little niggly sins
When every line I scan...
To read a dozen times or more,
To improvise anew...
There's just some things I can't ignore,
When God gives me some clue!

So on it goes! A masterpiece!
My word, did we do that?
I started scared, yet now have peace...
And only three days flat!
But next time, I'll know what to do,
I'll speed up in good time,
As long as God helps get me through,
I'll do much more than rhyme!

Denis Martindale June 2016.

Denis Martindale

How Do I Write Poems?

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Gosh, how do I write stuff?
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Denis Martindale June 2016.

Denis Martindale

Autumn And Beyond!

AUTUMN AND BEYOND!

Let Autumn come, for duty calls!
Let Summer bid farewell,
Replaced by woodland miracles
That cast their new leaf spell...
Green leaves transform to gold and brown,
As chills hang in the air,
When temperatures must dwindle down
And folks ask, 'Is this fair? '
Then gloves and scarves are worn again,
With thermals just in case,
Yes, even for the bravest men,
Some comfort to embrace...
And soon the shorter daylight nears,
Less sunshine to provide,
Far lesser joys, far lesser cheers
And hopes start to subside...
Yet carry on till Christmastime,
Let Autumn come and go...
While cold, there's something quite sublime
About that thing called... SNOW!

Denis Martindale June 2016.

Denis Martindale

Like Some Sweet Melody!

She is, to me, like sunshine spread
Throughout a winsome day,
I think of her like new-made bread,
Or roses as they sway,
Yet when she sits, or stands, or walks,
I sense her harmony
And feel such pleasure when she talks,
Like some sweet melody...

There is the casting of love's spell
So powerless to halt,
Despite the fact, I know so well,
This girl is not at fault...
Can beauty hide itself from Man,
Like shadows of the night?
As if obstructing God's great plan
That beauty grants delight?

Can I dismiss her perfect smile,
The blushing cheeks I cause,
Each time I linger for a while,
With she who shares no flaws?
Or tell her, go, find someone new,
Yet who could love her more?
Or say so gently, 'I LOVE YOU!
THE GIRL MY HEART BEATS FOR! '

To fall in love, was destiny,
To whisper in her ear,
To kiss her lips, pure poetry,
Perfection loved most dear...
Like-minded in our thoughts as well
And spirit-blessed within,
God Himself has sent an angel,
This human heart to win…

Yet am I worthy of her love,
So freely now bestowed?
And is my love for her enough,

So ever gently showed?
I pray God quickens such a bond,
That life would seem too short,
For my love truly goes beyond
My every waking thought...

Denis Martindale June 2016.

Denis Martindale

We Do God!

In steadfast faith each finds reward, from grace to grace we stand,
Providing service to the Lord that surely He has planned...
The Church Without Walls knows this well, the Gospel we proclaim,
To offer Heaven, warn of Hell, to share truth in Christ's Name...
For Jesus wants this world of ours to come to Him through love,
Confessing only He has powers, salvation from above...
And like Big Ben, God bides His time, the last days, come what may,
Wise souls will choose what proves sublime, Lord Jesus is The Way!
While revelation shares the Word, lost souls can still receive,
So that each conscience can be stirred, through Easter to believe!

Denis Martindale June 2016.

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on Sky TV that is
part of the 'Church Without Walls'...

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Serena's Serenade!

Oh, how blessed are they that hear it,
Serena's serenade,
For whoever stands there near it,
Such beauty shall not fade...
Her charms exude with every note
That glides upon the air,
As if she were the antidote
To loneliness right there...

And shall I dream of her this night
And dance the night away,
Confessing of the pure delight
To see her body sway?
And in that dream, would I propose
And sweep her off her feet,
As if through such a dream love flows
And she makes me complete?

Or should I now confess that love
That swells my heart with joys,
To swear that no girl stands above
My cherished God-blessed choice?
And would she serenade me still
Upon our honeymoon,
Or am I lost in thoughts that thrill,
Too lovesick and too soon?

Perhaps God could extend to me
A serenade for her,
That matched the beauty that I see,
None other to prefer...
Serena, may our songs entwine
In future harmonies,
When I am yours and you are mine,
Each other's heart to please...

Denis Martindale June 2016.

Denis Martindale

What Makes A Great Poet Great?

I met a poet full of grace,
A poet full of love,
Despite the wrinkles on his face
And leathered skin so tough...
His smiles were winsome to behold
And when he shared his verse,
His voice transformed his text to gold,
With no need to rehearse...

For he performed from memory,
His audience enthralled,
Now captive to his poetry,
As verses were installed...
Into their hearts, their minds, their souls,
Their memories in turn,
As if with words he gained controls,
That caused each one to learn...

Though poems came like birthday treats,
He paced himself that day
And though he was no Blake or Keats,
He held them in his sway...
And when they clapped, he gently bowed,
Some even called him great,
Yet to this day, I feel quite proud
That he called me his mate...

Denis Martindale June 2016.

Denis Martindale

Chimpanzee

The chimpanzee was quite a sight,
When I first saw him there,
You see, he looked quite young despite
The wrinkles everywhere...
His bright eyes shone so full of life,
Beneath a frown or two,
Though this day showed no pain or strife,
No cause for feeling blue...

He held a twig, poked it around,
Then tossed it at his friend,
It bounced off him and hit the ground
Before he could defend...
He picked it up and tossed it back
And so their game went on,
Then suddenly, they both lost track,
The novelty had gone...

If only Man could follow suit
And walk away from war
And not let battles still pollute
This world from shore-to-shore...
If chimpanzees can call a truce,
Can nations, yes or no?
With each new war, each side must lose,
Till nations make wars GO!

Denis Martindale, copyright June 2016.

A poem based on a magnificent wildlife painting
by Stephen Gayford. Google search phrases
gayford prints and 'Stephen Gayford poetry'.

Denis Martindale

Reflected Glory

The tiger and two cubs laid low,
The water soothed their skins,
No other place seemed wise to go,
For then nobody wins...
Reflected glory calmed them all,
That's what it did and more,
So in the stream, each cub would crawl,
Then stay there filled with awe...

They merely let the day go by
And watched the bubbles glide
And though some fishes wondered why,
The cubs chose to abide...
Their whiskers sparkling like the dew,
Their nostrils somewhat wet,
The cubs so glad of something new,
A day not to forget...

But time moves on, so up they stood,
The trio must depart,
Returning to their neighbourhood
Where they would play their part...
The sizzling sun would dry them out,
Majestic once again,
Contrasts are what life's all about,
For tigers... and for men...

Denis Martindale, copyright June 2016.

A poem based on a magnificent wildlife painting
by Stephen Gayford. Google-search phrases
gayford prints and 'Stephen Gayford poetry'.

Denis Martindale

Sun Worshippers, Too

The meerkats lounged as best they could
While on guard all the time,
That Summer's breeze, it sure felt good,
That sunshine felt sublime...
The sky devoid of clouds, so blue,
A symbol so serene,
As if with nothing still to do,
No reason to look mean...

The meerkats looked at rocks and dust
And holes in which to hide,
Always the same, close things to trust,
That Nature had supplied...
Yet that same sun now overhead
Was always on the go
And though at night it always fled,
Where to, not one could know...

And so the meerkats often stared
In wonder at the sun,
For nothing else on Earth compared,
For there was only one...
It seemed to bring them warmth as well,
Though how they could not say...
Because as far as they could tell,
It looked so far away...

Denis Martindale, copyright June 2016.

A poem based on a magnificent wildlife painting
of meerkats, entitled Sun Worshippers II.
Google-search phrases: Stephen Gayford
gayford prints and 'Stephen Gayford poetry'.

Denis Martindale

Eagle Owl

The eagle owl perched on a tree,
The branch beneath its feet,
So statuesque, so solemnly,
So seldomly to meet...
Yet there it stayed, so much at peace,
Content that I was near,
Unruffled by a soothing breeze,
Devoid of any fear...

I eased my camera to my face,
Slow motion was the way,
To raise it up with gentle grace
And all the time to pray...
My camera clicked and clicked again,
The zoom-in got it all,
It was my turn to smile right then,
To gain this miracle...

Photographers know what I mean,
To capture beauty thus,
To stand one's ground, not intervene,
To move yet cause no fuss...
And once the pictures had been saved,
That bird then flew above
And all at once, I stood and waved
At something new to love...

Denis Martindale, copyright June 2016.

A poem based on a magnificent wildlife painting
by Stephen Gayford. Google-search phrases
gayford prints and 'Stephen Gayford poetry'.

Denis Martindale

Mother Jaguar

Oh, how noble was the profile
Of Mother Jaguar
And so much so, she made me smile,
Because she looked a star...
And with her cub, she looked so proud,
As if she had enough,
As if her full share was allowed
And it was filled with love...

That little cub would cuddle close,
No other would it seek,
Like every special cub that knows
Their Mother's quite unique...
Their bond was everything, of course,
Survival at its best,
The very thing one would endorse,
It passes every test...

Though generations come and go,
That cub will grow up fast,
With passing years that always show
The values meant to last...
Without the guidance that's received,
What hope would help it through?
And that's the truth that I've believed
Can help me and help you...

Denis Martindale, copyright June 2016.

A poem based on a magnificent wildlife painting
by Stephen Gayford. Google-search phrases
gayford prints and 'Stephen Gayford poetry'.

Denis Martindale

I Gave Her...

I gave her choccies day by day
And flowers night by night,
I always let her get her way,
Though sometimes I was right…
I gave her watches, gave her rings
And bracelets now and then,
I gave her oh so many things
And would, of course, again…

If you saw her, you'd understand,
She's oh so very cute
And though she's got the upper hand,
I just don't give a hoot…
For when at night we kiss farewell,
Her lips are Heaven-sent
And they're the reason I can tell
I'm much more than a frent…

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale June 2016.

Denis Martindale

The Aftermath Of The Storm!

The storm comes fast like endless night!
Its fury's then released!
Mankind prays helpless in its fight!
To wait until it's ceased!
Mankind can only build again...
By faith and faith alone!
Pick up the pieces now and then,
Such setbacks to condone...

And so the journey starts anew,
The land's then flattened low,
The rubble's vanished from our view,
Where to, so few would know...
The land's then built up brick-by-brick,
The rooftops laid on last,
As if this were some magic trick,
Removing all the past...

For Man's no quitter, that's for sure,
While remnants still exist,
Survivors plan and then what's more,
They make sure they persist...
Another storm may come one day,
Or evening or one night,
But Man will always find a way
To make such wrong things right!

Denis Martindale June 2016.

Denis Martindale

You're Entitled To An Answer!

You're entitled to an answer
For poem titles thought,
Some can and yet some can't, sir,
To do the thing they ought...
Some start off with an idea
A dream or theme has wrought
And that first line is oh, so near,
It's like it's almost caught!

But titles then get in the way,
So that first line gets stalled,
In pondering how to relay
How best the poem's called...
It isn't even written yet,
So sudden doubt has galled,
No wonder poets start to fret,
No wonder they're appalled...

Alliterations help me out,
They've proved my faithful friends,
They match what poetry's about,
The wonder never ends...
A little here, a little there,
Such joy each comprehends,
They make most readers stop and stare,
I guess it all depends...

Sometimes I use a Bible quote,
A proverb or a psalm,
A fiery phrase so folks take note
And yet not cause alarm,
But rather kindle memories
Alive with wit and charm
And so much so, they tend to please,
For rarely would they harm...

Then there's a catchphrase from TV,
Like something someone said,
From real life or from fantasy,

Or from some book I've read...
Or gentle pun that brings a smile,
Or mixed-up words instead...
Whatever adds some extra style...
Or pops into my head!

Denis Martindale June 2016.

Denis Martindale

Inside Out!

Man's sadness, what a dreary thing,
It's really heavy, man,
It nags us with its worrying,
Our hopes and dreams to ban...

Man's disgust drives out tranquil time
That heals our hearts and minds,
Such that our lives don't feel sublime,
More like a chore that binds...

Man's fear proves such a feeble fear
That catches on our clothes,
To pull us back and keep us here
Till open doors can close...

Man's anger's such a downhill path
That drags us back each day,
Instead of joy that makes us laugh
And makes us want to pray...

PoemHunter.com

Four things deprive us of God's grace
That bids the eagles soar,
No wonder, then, we can't erase
The thought there's something more!

Yet when our hopes and dreams fight back,
They stand tall, side-by-side,
Despite the days when things look black,
They somehow turn the tide...

Man's joy returns and all seems well,
Like storm clouds on the run,
Replaced by sunshine for a spell,
To bless us one-by-one...

Let joy remain, let joy persist,
To blossom like a flower!
For life's not merely to exist!
Let joy grant inner power!

Denis Martindale June 2016.

The poem's based on the Inside Out film, that features the character called JOY! A truly beauty-full goodie-two-shoes kinda girl with a wonderfully winsome big heart of gold... She's ever-so-lovely and once seen, she's never forgotten!

Denis Martindale

A Prayer For Mexico!

A vision came to me one night,
Portraying poverty,
Revealing such a solemn sight
And squalor still to see...
Yet I arose, as one who kneels,
Expressing prayer for all,
Remembering Lord Jesus heals,
Faith grants each miracle...
Obtaining money that I'd earned,
Released it for God's cause,
My heart was moved by what I'd learned
Each time I saw Man's flaws...
X signifies the Cross of Christ,
It's love that saves the day!
Can we ignore what's sacrificed?
Or donate cash... and pray! ?

Denis Martindale June 2016.

PoemHunter.com

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on Sky TV that is
part of the 'Church Without Walls'...

Denis Martindale

Manual For Life!

God's manual for life provides
His truths outlined for all
And even now, God daily guides
Through each new miracle...
And prophecies of future years
Explaining what must be,
Thus not surprised, when each appears,
When revelation's free...

God made a book to guide Mankind,
It's read from east to west,
It's read because it helps remind
God's plans are still the best...
God sent His Son from Heaven's Throne,
An earthly life to live,
To rise from death and thus atone,
Eternal life to give...

The Holy Spirit leads us on
With glory and with might,
Until the Rapture, then we're gone,
When righteous souls take flight...
To join Lord Jesus, hand-in-hand,
Apart from pain and strife,
For this great destiny God planned:
EMMANUEL FOR LIFE!

Denis Martindale June 2016.

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on Sky TV that is
part of the 'Church Without Walls'...

The poem can be sung to the Gospel hymn,
God Rest Ye Merry Gentlemen,
Let Nothing Ye Dismay...

Denis Martindale

Imagine That!

While children are allowed to play
With tiny toys at hand,
Imagination's here to stay
Within God's Wonderland...
For children know a thing or two
And bring their dreams to bear,
That's why they do the things they do,
As if without a care...

Without a single horse in sight
They'll gallop down the street,
Like cowboys looking for a fight
With anyone they'd meet...
And then play pirates on the prowl
For booty to be had,
Until they see the fearful scowl
That's on the face of Dad!

While children draw and children paint
And doodle now and then,
Not everyone will act the saint,
Like we did way back when...
But soon they'll learn and master skills
That make us all impressed,
Grow up to work and pay their bills
Because they've done their best...

And in the workplace, they'll create,
Design and fashion things,
Perfect them so they celebrate,
As if they've earned their wings...
Imagination's everywhere!
You see, it's in our genes!
And you'll find out God put it there
To bless us human beans...

Denis Martindale June 2016.

Denis Martindale

The Gift Of Eternal Life!

When God made Man from common dust
And breathed life into him,
There came a sense of love and trust,
Like with the seraphim
Who worship God with constant bliss,
Before the Father's Throne,
Yet Adam felt apart from this
And stood on Earth alone…

The story wasn't over yet
For God gave him a mate,
So Adam was so pleased to get
A friend to celebrate…
Yet time went on and sin crept in,
Such that all creatures die,
So how on Earth is Man to win
Unless God answers, 'Why? '

From one great promise Christ was sent
According to God's plan,
A royal pardon to present
Through Christ, the Son of Man…
And though despised, betrayed and killed,
God's promise stayed restored,
Eternal life could be instilled
Through Jesus Christ the Lord…

This is the Gospel Christians share
With lost souls on the Earth,
To prove through Christ, our sins to bear,
Not one of us has worth…
Apart from grace, hellfire waits…
Apart from God, we die…
And yet, through Christ, faith now creates
Eternal life to try…

That's why so many have believed,
That's why their lives are blessed,
It's by God's grace that they received

The very very best…
Why choose just one life's joys and pains,
When Heaven's joys exist?
This life has only short-lived gains,
Yet Heaven's joys persist!

Good News remains on offer still,
As long as each can breathe,
Until according to God's will
Each from this life must leave…
That's why Lord Jesus says, ‘Choose well! '
Which future and which place?
Will it be Heaven's joys or hell?
My choice? Amazing grace!

Denis Martindale June 2016.

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on Sky TV that is
part of the 'Church Without Walls'...

Denis Martindale

A Great Depression...

A solemn mood came over me…
God knows why it appeared…
Revealing inner memory?
Expressing something feared?
A flashback to a childhood state?
Tricks played upon the mind?
Distress caused by a long-felt hate
Eventually to find?
Perhaps a remnant of a dream
Reporting something back?
Extending something quite extreme,
Somehow to stay on track?
So many thoughts of how mood swings
Invade our tranquil hearts…
Or what our melancholy brings
No matter how it starts…

Denis Martindale June 2016.

PoemHunter.com

Written only as an exercise in creating an acrostic poem...

Denis Martindale

Meet A Meerkat!

The painting on the wall had showed
A meerkat family
And oh the smiles each one bestowed,
Such that they called to me...
So off I travelled, on my way,
To visit them at home,
To meet a meerkat on that day
And watch them freely roam...

One adult meerkat whizzed around
And scampered to and fro,
As if quite nervous at each sound
He'd heard but didn't know...
And when a plane flew overhead
I saw him faint and fall,
As if his heart was full of dread
At such a miracle...

But, pretty soon, he stood again,
As courage conquered fear,
That was, for me, the moment when
I simply had to cheer...
He overcame, then he arose,
Much stronger than before,
The best choice that he ever chose
Had thrilled me to the core!

Denis Martindale, copyright June 2016.

A poem based on a magnificent wildlife painting,
by artist Stephen Gayford. Google-search for
'Stephen Gayford prints' and 'Stephen Gayford poetry'.

Denis Martindale

Can Anyone Write A Poem About A Poem?

When I was but a little lad,
As quiet as a mouse,
I looked up to my Mum and Dad
Who walked about the house…
I crawled upon the floor below,
Not knowing how to stand,
But God gave me the chance to grow
For greater things still planned…

And so, one day, I stood upright,
Upon my legs so frail
And gave my parents quite a fright,
In fact, each one went pale…
But time passed by and I walked well
And later on, could run,
But sometimes I'd just sit a spell,
Read poems one-by-one…

I vowed a poet I'd soon be,
With great enchantments shared,
Such that the world could know of me,
If I took time and cared,
Then edited to do my best
And thought and thought and thought,
So that my readers could be blessed
By poems long and short…

Two thousand poems have been penned,
Typed out, then put on-line,
Sometimes a poem's like a friend,
Much more so when it's mine…
And I can write one on the spot,
Just like I'm doing now,
Without a single theme or plot,
Just start it off somehow…

Not everyone could write like that,
Some really take their time,
I've finished in five minutes flat

Before they've got a rhyme…
But if their written work looks great,
Well, that's alright by me,
Because I'm glad to celebrate
Theirs and my poetry!

Denis Martindale June 2016.

Denis Martindale

Wait For Me!

The elephants were walking on,
The calf was last in line,
He turned around before they'd gone
And said, 'Well, that's just fine! '
They'd never said a word as such,
Just up and went and left,
Without a thought to stay in touch,
That's why he felt bereft...

Poor thing! My word, he looked surprised!
'Well, that's a fine to do!
It's good that I soon realised!
I'd not do that to you! '
They lumbered on and kept ahead,
Yet his feet were quite small,
Despite the speed at which he sped,
Which wasn't fast at all...

That's when he bellowed, 'WAIT FOR ME! '
That's when they each looked round,
Who made that noise? They stopped to see,
It was the strangest sound!
'Don't fret, dear child! You passed the test!
You let your voice be heard
And we're so proud you did your best!
Now, not another word...'

Denis Martindale, copyright June 2016.

A poem based on a magnificent wildlife painting,
by artist Stephen Gayford. Google-search for
'Stephen Gayford prints' and 'Stephen Gayford poetry'.

Denis Martindale

The Mission To Mars!

I had trained for this mission to Mars for so damned long,
Driven on by a compulsion to complete the task,
No matter what…
Chosen from hundreds yet among the final five
And weary of the physical exercises, but still on the team…
Well into my thirties, yes, but driven on…
Not by fame and fortune, or prestige, but ambition.
I hungered to get to Mars.

The journey was tedious, a long drawn-out affair,
No disguising that, everyone felt it…
But when we could see Mars for the first time,
In the distance, just waiting for us,
Man, I was overcome… and I wasn't the only one who wept…

The landing was without event, just as we had trained for,
I was the first man to walk on Mars, the first, get it?
Not the second, third, fourth or fifth…
I drew the highest card from the pack,
It was a dream come true…

PoemHunter.com

And when I got back to Earth,
Reporters asked me,
What did it feel like?
So I told them straight,
Man, it was out of this world!

Denis Martindale June 2016.

Denis Martindale

Building Upon Our Faith!

When Noah had a job to do,
He had to build a lot
And though joined by a favoured few
Just look how far they got...
He counted numbers now and then
While judges watched nearby,
He saw the stern stares on those men,
No need to ask God, 'Why? '

And so he drew and drew once more
The building plans and such,
Then prayed to God, then sealed the door,
As if the final touch...
And in the Ark, before the storm,
The animals were still,
Despite the fact that each felt warm,
They felt a sudden chill...

For water raised the Ark above,
To float upon true faith,
As God spared Noah by His love
And kept him strong and brave...
A remnant blessed survived and lived
And prospered as years passed,
But only as a gracious gift,
God sent from first to last...

Each chosen for a noble cause
That spanned the centuries,
In service to God's truths and laws,
Their holy Lord to please...
And saints like these, still build today,
Both paid and volunteers,
Because Lord Jesus is The Way
Who leads us through these years...

Denis Martindale June 2016.

Find out more by watching Revelation TV, the Christian channel on Sky TV that is part of the 'Church Without Walls'...

Denis Martindale

The Righteous Writer!

When fingertips can type like mine,
What wonders they explore,
Sometimes sublime, sometimes divine,
Meant for both rich and poor…
Such that from tiny keys once pressed
Come forth new words and rhymes,
Then comes the editing to test
The best for future times…

Think not such words are come and gone,
Like spoken words once said,
For written words have ever shone
Whenever they were spread…
For from the pages, hid in books,
They wait to be revealed,
Each time a reader stops and looks
At treasures still concealed…

When fingertips can type like mine,
New worlds are fashioned bold,
Creating tales that underline
Great truths for young and old…
And out of yonder thoughts abound
A cavalcade of dreams,
Triumphant with a new strength found,
No limits, no extremes…

To think, that writers span the globe
Caressing chapters near,
Then coaxing verses full of hope
To grant the downcast cheer…
And winsome wonders on the wing
Are called to join the cause,
To serve the scribe, to serve the king,
Enough to make each pause…

When fingertips can type like mine,
By faith and faith alone,
The poet stirs the Valentine,

To make his true love known...
And angels gather at the door
To learn what prophets write,
They know God gives these men much more
Than everyday insight…

Once called to preach or teach Mankind,
God bids no turning back,
His gift received and not declined
Keeps holy hearts on track…
Such that a lifetime's not enough
Our gratitude to show,
Nor tell the mercies of His love,
For there's much more to know…

When fingertips can type like mine
For decades, yet by choice,
Consider it a holy sign
Of Heaven's future joys…
Though little seems this life's rewards,
My hope eternal springs,
In writing for the Lord of Lords,
I serve the King of Kings!

Denis Martindale June 2016.

Denis Martindale

Lord, What Are The Joys Of Writing?

Lord, what are the joys of writing?
Expressing thoughts sublime?
Just hoping they seem exciting,
Perchance that they can rhyme?
As if to do some magic trick,
Illusions to perform?
To prove us clever, suave or slick,
Some stranger's heart to warm?

Lord, what are the joys of writing?
A pauper's wage, no more?
Granting wisdom quite enlightening,
While yet remaining poor?
To live apart with lonely heart,
Pen poems on the spot?
Some prophecy meant to impart
Your storyline and plot?

Lord, what are the joys of writing?
An audience to please?
Or life's battles that need fighting
Before Man finds true peace?
If all such things, then guide my hand,
This is my solemn prayer,
That I succeed in all You planned
And placed into my care…

Denis Martindale June 2016.

Denis Martindale

Final Chapter, Final Verse!

The Holy Bible tells us much
And revelation's there
In helping us to stay in touch
With love beyond compare...
With faith and strength to persevere,
With hope for future plans,
This year, next year and every year
So each soul understands...

The final chapter has a verse
That says Christ will return,
So now's the time life helps immerse
Our minds in truths to learn...
The greatest story ever told
Is why each Christian sings,
With faith that shines as good as gold
For Jesus, King of Kings!

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale June 2016.

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on Sky TV that is
part of the 'Church Without Walls'...

Denis Martindale

A Poem About A Nightingale

Its short-lived song salutes the night,
From April through to June,
According to the facts some write
That celebrate its tune...
And while some other birds sing, too,
Before time slips away,
Let's grant some credit where it's due,
Its nature to obey...

And yet, we, too, were born to praise,
Like songbirds near and far,
As if God's anthems meant to raise,
Beyond each sun and star...
Each tiny bird sends forth its sound
To force the silence out,
Enough to let its joys abound,
Regardless of each doubt...

For when night comes, it chills man's soul,
Some hardly sleep at all,
Yet nightingales have self-control
And that's their miracle...
Perhaps that's why, if men know fear,
They whistle like a bird
That sings its courage crystal clear
So that it's overheard...

When first I saw a nightingale,
I gazed up in surprise,
As if it had a tale to tell
That I must realise...
And peace of mind came flooding fast,
Like harps when softly played,
For happiness had come at last,
Like Heaven's serenade...

Denis Martindale for The Darling Buds Of May 2016.

This poem's written today, the 31st of May 2016,
thanks to watching the charming country TV series,
The Darling Buds Of May, which features the joys
of the nightingale's song in the very first episode.

When beauty Mariette hears a poem about a nightingale,
she's so taken with it that she says softly, 'That's lovely...
Fancy being able to write a poem about a nightingale.'
So that's why I paused to wrote this poem, just for her...

Denis Martindale

The Poetry Teacher

He stood before the class again,
The book held high to read,
Reciting things beyond our ken,
To help us to succeed…
So off he went and in full flow
Though words fell to the ground,
For we refrained such thoughts to know
As he cast these around…

Yet that time was a different time,
The ring of truth was heard,
Within each phrase, each line, each rhyme,
Each rhythm and each word…
And all at once, we fell in love,
The whole class on that day,
Because this poem rose above
What words could merely say…

For like a prayer, once sung in Church,
That resonates with joys,
There, in that reading, came a surge,
As each one made a choice…
Thus poetry came to our hearts
And not just to our ears,
Because that's how rhyme's magic starts
And transcends all these years…

For even now, with decades done,
I pause for poetry,
Though nothing's new beneath the sun,
There's magic still to see…
And I write, too, to share my verse
Across the whole world wide,
So that, through me, new magic stirs
Your precious hearts inside…

For you have hearts that beat like mine
That seek a noble light,
A revelation so divine

It grants us great insight
And goes beyond all hopes expressed,
All dreams and schemes and plans,
To help us strive to do our best
When each one understands…

That's why I paused to write these thoughts,
Though school was long ago,
No more exams, no more reports,
No homework to and fro,
Just winsome magic here and there,
A legacy to leave,
So poetry's shared everywhere
A blessed heart can receive…

Denis Martindale May 2016.

Denis Martindale

Here's To The Artists Of Renown

Here's to the artists of renown,
Their legacies pass on,
Paintings and prints in every town
For folks to look upon...
For in each exhibition hall
And in each gallery
God's treasure trove's a miracle
For those with eyes to see...

To stand and stare, then simply smile,
To memorise each frame
And causing these to stay awhile,
Now truly glad they came...
For those that smile are truly blessed
By artists young and old
Who shared with these their treasure chest,
Their silver and their gold...

The Internet preserves delights
With images and such,
Paintings and prints and precious sights
The whole world loves so much..
Here's to the artists of renown,
Each had their tales to tell
And while on Earth none wore a crown,
In Heaven, they're known well...

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale, copyright May 2016.

A poem based on all of the
magnificent wildlife paintings
by artist Stephen Gayford.
Use Google to search and find
'Stephen Gayford paintings' and
'Stephen Gayford poetry'.

Denis Martindale

They Also Serve Who Stand And Wait

They also serve who stand and wait,
Just like an artist can,
Great expectations to create
According to a plan...
With patient souls that seek to bless
Mankind with something new,
To share a special happiness,
Perhaps that's overdue...

That's why the watchman's on the wall,
Surveying near and far,
That's why the waiter's serving all,
No matter who they are...
That's why the doctor checks our hearts,
To make sure they're O.K.,
That's why the lighthouse keeper guards
The light that leads the way...

The artist paints as years roll by,
With skills beyond compare,
A tranquil scene beneath the sky
Transformed by thoughtful flair...
And at the end, a masterpiece,
A work of art and more,
Like God, whose wonders never cease
To bless both rich and poor...

And so a debt of gratitude
Forms in our hearts and minds,
With dedication thus renewed
Like every star that shines...
To praise the Lord for those who stood
Thoughout the years so brave,
To do the very best they could,
A testament to faith...

Denis Martindale, copyright May 2016.

A poem based on all of the
magnificent wildlife paintings
by artist Stephen Gayford.
Use Google to search and find
'Stephen Gayford paintings' and
'Stephen Gayford poetry'.

Denis Martindale

From Generation To Generation!

The meek young meerkat stared ahead
Beside his elder friend,
Who stood on guard until he fled,
On that you can depend..
But till that time, he looked quite stern
And steadfast in his way,
As if obedient to his turn
At keeping foes at bay...

The game, of course, was just to stand,
Defiant and to taunt,
The foes approached across the land
The meerkats' dens to haunt...
But elder meerkats have tricks, too,
Their beady eyes see all,
Determinedly they keep in view
When hunters pay a call...

The meek young meerkat learnt to run,
To scamper and to hide,
To screech his warnings to each one
So they got down inside...
Though humans have their house alarms
Detecting to and fro,
The mighty meerkats have their charms
Compared to all we know...

Denis Martindale, copyright May 2016.

A poem based on a magnificent wildlife painting,
Anticipation by Stephen Gayford. Google-search
gayfordgallery and 'Stephen Gayford poetry'.

Denis Martindale

Revelation From Heaven!

While revelations come and go,
Like eagles on the wing,
There's one that wants the world to know
How best to please the King!

The King of Love to bless and serve,
To glorify His Name,
To share His teachings here on Earth,
For that's why Jesus came!

To be a channel of His grace,
To gain and then stand ground,
So our Messiah shows His face
To everyone around...

While revelations come and go,
Like silver stars at night,
Lord, help this revelation grow,
Obedient to God's light!

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale May 2016.

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on Sky TV 581, as
it is part of the 'Church Without Walls'...

Denis Martindale

Determination Power!

There is a power known to Man
That quite excels all else
And there because it serves God's plan,
So it needs no farewells…
There is a power meant to please
The saddest soul on Earth,
Such that it grants a sense of peace,
Establishing one's worth…

For what is Man except that he
Should ponder and reflect,
Upon each cosmic mystery
To show it some respect?
So be it love or hate or such,
Each heart can comprehend,
Determination keeps in touch
With all thoughts till they end…

Be glad a noble soul explains
A point of view expressed,
Comparing values, losses, gains,
Yet seeking what proves best…
For poetry serves as the light,
As if a star above
That shines on through the darkest night
To beckon us with love…

Though lonely as a star on high,
A poet may appear,
Each ponders on that question why,
Till new words make things clear…
I stand alone, yet mid the stars,
That glide across the skies…
So that new poems come to pass,
Like wisdom in disguise…

Denis Martindale 20th May 2016.

Denis Martindale

Magical, Too...

The white wolf came to me one night,
His face intent, extreme,
Content to stare and cause a fright,
Though it was just a dream...
At peace, as if he'd found his prey,
His victim and his feast,
So proud, in fact, he could delay
His nature as the beast...

But in the dream, I stood my ground,
I owned the land and deed,
While he could make a fearful sound,
I knew I could succeed...
He stood alone, I stood alone,
Each one to wear a frown
And while I stood there on my own,
I simply stared him down...

While he was strong, I, too, was strong
And wily, just like him,
That's why we stared the hour long,
That's why we looked so grim...
But at the end, he slinked away,
That coward turned about,
Because my courage saved the day,
By faith, without a doubt...

Denis Martindale copyright May 2016.

A poem based on a magnificent wildlife painting,
by artist Stephen Gayford. Google-search
gayfordgallery and 'Stephen Gayford poetry'.

Denis Martindale

The Silken Tent Questions

First having seen her wondrous frame
And found such joy to learn her name
And courted her, that heart to tame,
Her silken tent was my sole aim…

That winsome essence of her smile
Had beckoned me as to beguile,
Accompanied by sweet profile,
Her silken tent, the test, the trial…

She held me closer to her lips,
To stroke her cheeks with fingertips,
Then to her heart, my own heart slips,
Her silken tent around me grips…

And would I stay an hour more
To merely worship and adore,
Regardless of respect and law,
Her silken tent there to explore?

Or should I bid such joy goodnight,
Dismissing kissing all in sight
And like a wise owl, then take flight…
From silken tent of love's delight?

The choice then made, thus thinking smart,
No more deceived by lover's art,
But calming down my beating heart,
From silken tent… I thus depart…

Denis Martindale May 2016.

Denis Martindale

If You But Knew...

If you but knew my love for you,
The heartbreak that it brings,
To comprehend my point of view,
The sorrows and the stings,
Of unrequited love's demise,
The essence of my pain,
For sure, you'd look into my eyes,
Yet would you look again?

Or would such love be never kissed,
Caressed in sweet embrace,
Such that, though true, it was dismissed,
All memories to erase?
And would you run towards me or
Just turn and run away?
No wonder that I hold in store
The words I yearn to say...

Yet please continue, fancy-free,
A dove upon the air,
Regardless of my poetry
And thoughts beyond compare...
To dally forth, without regard,
For all I'd choose to know,
Yes, loving you seems oh, so hard,
That's why I let you go...

Love's burden shouldn't crush the heart,
Nor strive within one's soul,
Nor tear the mind to stretch that part
That's meant for self-control...
Nor cause the belly butterflies,
Nor make one's knees to shake,
Nor cause such folly to the wise,
As if love's some mistake...

Yet I'll not yield to give up love,
I merely give up you,
For all I've felt proved quite enough

To do what I must do...
Farewell, my lovely, live your life,
I'll not stand in your way,
Proceed to be another's wife,
While I, at home, must stay...

Denis Martindale May 2016.

Denis Martindale

Am I Any Good At Writing Poetry?

Can someone read my poem, please?
Am I quite good or not! ?
Of course, I've got uncertainties,
Yes, they plague me a lot!
And yet I've really done my best,
I've even rhymed as well...
Have I done well? Have I been blessed?
If only I could tell!

It's true, I'm biased, yes, indeed,
I'd like another view...
Who knows, together, we'll succeed?
And yet, that's up to YOU!
Could you invest a little time,
Then comment if you would?
I think my poem's quite sublime!
In fact, I think it's good!

But when I see what others write,
Their eloquence and style,
Quite suddenly my hope takes flight
And then I lose my smile...
So, be a dear and help me out,
Bring comfort to my soul,
Help me to overcome my doubt,
Help me fulfill my role!

Though I feel led to persevere,
It's just I wonder how,
I want someone to make it clear,
Should I stop writing now?
Or should I strive for greater things,
Determined to the end?
As if to write for lords and kings
And not just for a friend?

My heart stands ready either way,
Yet feedback serves as proof...
Should I still write another day?

PoemHunter.com

Be honest! Tell the truth!
If no-one answers to my plea,
I guess, I'll write no more...
Good-bye to prose and poetry
And all that these stand for...

Denis Martindale, May 2016.

Denis Martindale

Outstanding Love!

There's such a love that comes and goes,
As if like Summer rain,
Outstanding love forever shows
It has much more to gain...
To care and care and always care,
That's something God sees best,
More than the mouthing of a prayer
For someone to be blessed...
A constant carer needs support
Just like the one cared for,
Not offered just a passing thought
Whenever we're aware...
While strangers offer help in part,
At times, they seem so few
And seldom match the loving heart,
So credit where it's due!

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale May 2016.

Denis Martindale

Sharing The Vision!

When God decided to redeem
And thus, buy back Mankind,
He chose a nightmare not a dream,
For all lost souls to find...
And that was why when Jesus came,
To suffer on His Cross,
It was for us He took the blame,
The shame, despair and loss...

When God decided to raise Christ
From death's grip in Christ's Tomb,
Eternal life was realised,
No more to just assume...
And that was why disciples shared
The promises God made,
With proof in Christ how much God cared,
With all our sins repaid...

When God helped Christian Churches grow
From land to land to land,
He gave the Gospel seed to sow
Then proved what He had planned...
For people changed and lived anew,
The Word of God to read,
So much, in fact, that's how they grew,
His parables to heed...

When God, through Jesus, lives inside,
What wonders then unfold,
It's like our hearts have opened wide,
Received much more than gold...
It's like we're cleansed and born again,
Yet who declares that's true?
Sharing the vision now and then!
If saved, I ask, do you?

When God poured out His sovereign grace,
The angels sang aloud,
They saw the great smile on Christ's face

And then their heads were bowed...
Have you that sense of awe as well?
Have you that light within?
Have you proclaimed God's tale to tell?
Or have you locked it in?

When God looks down upon this Earth,
Do you know what He sees?
Five billion lost souls with no worth,
Just doing as they please...
Apart from God, like distant stars,
That wander to and fro,
Not knowing what must come to pass
When from their lives they go...

When God commands saved souls to preach,
He grants no other choice,
Into each mouth, He puts His speech,
Yes, even girls and boys...
His word transcends all things sublime,
Outweighs the wise man's fears,
Because God rules both space and time,
Beyond ten thousand years...

When God calls us, He blesses us,
With gifts the Spirit brings
And so we glorify King Jesus
When every Christian sings...
Yet who will stand and simply walk
As one who comprehends?
And who will stand and simply talk
To more than just one's friends?

Five billion souls for whom to pray,
Five billion strangers still,
Five billion souls, so why delay?
If you will, others will...
Yet God forbid that saints ignore
And never count the cost...
Let's pray God opens up the door
To help us save the lost!

Denis Martindale May 2016.

Sharing the Vision!

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on Sky TV that is
part of the 'Church Without Walls'...
The poem can be sung to hymns like
'God Rest Ye Merry Gentlemen,
Let Nothing Ye Dismay...'

Denis Martindale

Love Is Patient And Love Is Kind...

Please open up your hearts to love,
Let God's grace prove more than enough,
Let revelation be your star,
Let Jesus bless you where you are!

Love is patient and love is kind
Beyond the workings of the mind,
Beyond the strivings of the heart
With strength of purpose to impart...
Love is patient and love is kind
Beyond the days we leave behind,
Beyond the future yet to be
With thoughts for all eternity...
Love is patient and love is kind
Beyond the present signs we find,
Beyond the prayers we often pray
With all God's love to lead the way...

PoemHunter.com

Please open up your hearts to love,
Let God's grace prove more than enough,
Let revelation be your star,
Let Jesus bless you where you are!

Denis Martindale May 2016.

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on Sky TV that is
part of the 'Church Without Walls'...

Denis Martindale

Thank-You For Standing With Us...

Yes, thank-you for standing with us!
Like watchmen on the wall!
By faith and your love for Jesus
That shines in one and all...
Yes, thank-you for praying wisely,
With answers to and fro
And when sharing so precisely
That blessings overflow...
For what are we if on our own,
No friends across this Earth?
And yet, with you, before God's Throne,
Let's seek to prove our worth!
May God love the cheerful giver
Lord Jesus would call friend
And then guide each true believer,
As if they're Heaven-sent!

Denis Martindale 5th of May 2016.

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale

Mariah! Mariah! Mariah!

Mariah, since I found true love
That nestled in your eyes,
No other maiden seems enough
To now outweigh my sighs...
For you have fashioned in my heart,
A throne just meant for you,
As if some wonder to impart
When you come into view...

For like a princess or a queen,
You sway me to your cause,
Such that there stands no gap between
Except for God's own laws...
For I would gladly follow on
The path you set for life,
As if God's light on you were shone,
Should you become my wife...

And if once blessed a child to bear,
Mariah called as well,
Perhaps, she, too, with golden hair,
Would have her tale to tell...
But only if you kiss my lips,
In Church and say, 'I do...'
And reach out to my fingertips
Confessing, 'I love you...'

Denis Martindale 5th of May 2016.

A poem that can be sung to the hymn,
God Rest Ye Merry Gentlemen
Let Nothing Ye Dismay...

Denis Martindale

White Majesty, Too...

White wolf! White wolf! I see you there!
Though you glide like a ghost,
Just like a blur upon the air,
As if a cloud to coast...
But your black eyes betray disguise
That Nature can't improve,
While up and forward limbs must rise,
Your bodyweight to move...

White wolf! White wolf! I've learnt your tricks!
You wily so-and-so,
That's why, right now, my camera clicks,
Before you turn and go...
Your majesty, your poise, your style,
I've captured all I can,
Though you may smirk and you may smile,
I'm not the average man...

White wolf! White wolf! A king to some,
A spirit on the prowl,
A haunting presence, still you come,
Then on some hill to howl...
But until then, my camera's stored
Your majesty and more,
So be you king, or sovereign lord,
I've got what I came for!

Denis Martindale, copyright April 2016.

A poem based on a magnificent wildlife painting,
White Majesty II by UK artist Stephen Gayford.
Google-search 'Stephen Gayford poetry'.

Denis Martindale

Lioness And Cub

The lioness and cub laid down
For standing's sometimes hard,
The lioness still wore a frown,
As if always on guard...
As cute as cubs appear to be,
Not one's that strong and brave,
That's why their Mother's there to see
What must be done to save...

Just think of tame domestic cats,
Without their hunting skills,
All cosy on our rugs and mats,
Where each one plays not kills...
No thoughts of living prey at all,
No lioness in sight,
No guardian to stop a fall,
Just humans day and night...

But in the wild, the cubs depend
On Mother keeping close,
The guardian who can defend
Against most kinds of foes...
That truly makes a lasting bond,
Almost their lifetimes through,
When love persists and goes beyond
What grown-up cubs can do...

Denis Martindale, copyright April 2016.

A poem based on a magnificent wildlife sketch,
by artist Stephen Gayford. Google-search
gayfordgallery and 'Stephen Gayford poetry'.

Denis Martindale

God's Plant Plan For Planet Earth!

When God had plans as yet to be,
He thought and thought and thought,
Reflecting on each mystery,
On lessons to be taught...
That's why the rambling rose was made,
With every leaf precise,
A factory meant for light to aid
The power it supplies...

Consider how the microscope
Reveals the micro world,
As if to grant each man new hope,
Dark curtains drawn, unfurled...
Such that the human eye can spy
On secrets plants still hold,
As if to show the reasons why
All life proves good as gold...

That tiny portion on a slide,
That sliver sliced and viewed,
It brings a tingle here inside,
It brings me joy renewed...
For here's now something better known,
Enhanced, displayed as great,
As if God meant it to be shown,
His grace to celebrate...

For evolution has no grace,
No power to improve,
Nor match the beauty of my face,
Nor wisdom meant to soothe...
A million miracles exist
Before life came to Earth
And even more, they still persist,
As long as each has worth...

And that's the reason plants remain,
In gardens everywhere,
For Man to nurture and to gain,

With fruits beyond compare...
How blessed Man stands, that God bestows
Each plant cell for each tree,
With sunlight power so it grows
With tranquil majesty...

A microscope, that's all I need
To prove God's truly real,
With new insights that I might heed
And wondrous truths reveal...
Thank God for photosynthesis!
Thank God for wondrous things!
The Lord of Lords! He's more than this!
Behold, the King of Kings!

Denis Martindale 24th of April 2016.

Denis Martindale

T.E.A.M.W.O.R.K.

Today is such a special day,
Each learns that now and then
And each one has a part to play,
Make sure of how and when...
Why run from opportunity?
Or hide from happiness?
Reach out, towards your destiny,
Keep striving for success!

Time marches on, no pause for Man,
Each knows by lessons taught
And that is why we try to plan,
More consciously by thought...
Why choose what some call second best?
Or let high standards slide?
Regard yourselves as truly blessed,
Keep hold of hopes inside!

Try harder when you can improve,
Each finds what yet remains,
A time to stand, a time to move,
Make losses into gains...
Why think the game is all but done?
Or quit before you win?
Remind yourselves of battles won,
Keep trying! Don't give in!

Denis Martindale 19th of April 2016.

Denis Martindale

Thank You, Anonymous!

My word, you really write a lot!
Your rhymes shared everywhere!
And you can write for any plot,
As if your soul to bear...
How many times did you help me?
I truly can't recall,
Yet I applaud your poetry,
It's like a miracle!

Yes, it's nice to know you're humble
And private in a way,
For you're much less prone to stumble,
Through pride, that leads astray...
So more power to your pencil,
More power to your pen,
So that more pages you can fill
With poems now and then...

PoemHunter.com

While all of us can't be like you,
Whoever you may be,
To your own self, you must be true,
Walk tall with dignity...
Because you've changed the world with prose,
You've shed your light abroad
And though your name God only knows,
Sometimes you've served the Lord!

Denis Martindale 17th of April 2016.

Denis Martindale

What Is Worth Writing About?

A holy man came up to me,
He held his Bible close,
He knew that I wrote poetry
And asked what themes I chose...
So we sat down and I explained
The titles helped me out,
From such as these a lot was gained,
So much to write about...

It wasn't only Genesis
That showed where life began,
I knew that there was more than this,
For God must have a plan...
So I revealed what history taught
And what we must believe,
From all the evil sin has wrought
Since one lie could deceive...

But God would send His only Son,
To help us change our ways,
From foolish things that each has done,
To good things angels praise...
And even now, this very week,
One poem said it all,
There is a path that each must seek
To find a miracle...

Unless we humble hearts and minds,
What use are we on Earth?
Yet on life's journey each soul finds
That God knows we have worth...
So He invests a Father's love
In everything we do,
If only we would look above
And tell Him, 'I love You! '

That holy man began to weep,
As one who loves the Lord,
As one who seeks God's laws to keep,

As one who stands assured...
He shook my hand, went on his way,
As if with faith renewed,
While I remained, to pause and pray,
With heartfelt gratitude...

Denis Martindale 17th of April 2016.

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on Sky TV 581, as
it is part of the 'Church Without Walls'...

Denis Martindale

Heart-Touching Poems Just For You!

The poets of the world reflect
Upon life's major themes,
For poetry we can respect,
As thoughts fulfill our dreams...
From childhood fairy tales once read,
To epics heroes graced,
To future hopes, or prayers we've said,
Or challenges we've faced...

Or could it be that poets shared
What most of us have thought,
Yet we've held back and never dared,
Like battles never fought?
Yet this I know, of all great muse,
The talents overflow,
Just like the best wine Man could choose,
The finest Man could know...

The idle poet merely pens
His new words in his mind,
The better poet looks for friends
From thoughts still there to find...
He mulls things over, edits well,
Presents his finest rhyme,
He knows he's found a tale to tell
That all could call sublime...

But seldom does he tug the heart,
Play pathos as a game,
Instead, he's faithful to his art,
Not seeking public fame...
But should he sometimes love or mourn,
Take note of all he writes,
For suddenly, his heart's been torn
And inspiration lights...

It's then the poet transcends all
He ever wrote before,
Transformed, he's like a miracle

Who thrills us to the core...
His passion pierces every page,
His power rages on,
Till finally, he's reached the stage,
The light that shone has gone...

Yet when it shone, it paved the way,
For others to embrace,
So they could write by night and day,
To reach the Human Race...
For there's no other species here
That's more in need of love,
For courage, that can conquer fear
And simply rise above...

The poet has such burdens, too,
And offers us new hope,
With poems that say, 'I love YOU! '
Or truths that help us cope...
His heart beats like a twinkling star,
A beacon in the skies...
Thank God, no matter where you are,
His wisdom makes you wise...

Denis Martindale 16th of April 2016.

Denis Martindale

What Makes A Great Poem?

Across the world, across the globe,
A million poems stir,
To grant us wonder, joy and hope,
Through thoughts, that just occur...
Yet from such poets, giants grow,
From thoughts to dreams and themes,
Then fairy tales and epics flow,
To oceans borne of streams...

A treasure trove of ancient verse
Still beckons from the past,
So even now we can immerse
Ourselves in tales that last...
Yet poets of today still write,
Of God and Man and such,
Commending everything proved right
Or noble or loved much...

A poem that the multitude
Esteems as truly great,
Contains the themes that stay and brood
And these we celebrate...
Each has some favoured verse within
That once read hasn't gone,
Perhaps that causes us to grin,
Or helps us carry on...

For we love poems that reflect
The challenges we face,
Or urge us on to show respect,
Or plead the Saviour's grace...
Or make us really, really think,
Of what life's all about...
Not merely to read lines and blink,
Move on, no pause to doubt...

When I sit down to write anew,
I pray, God grants me time,
To share something again with you,

PoemHunter.com

That you could call sublime...
Not just some limerick to pen,
But something truly grand,
That God would want to share with men
In every single land...

And if that poem's done by now,
With no more yet to come,
Then I can leave this world, somehow,
Contented, not like some...
To think, that I, could be so blessed,
That God would help me, too,
That's even better than the rest,
Who whispered, 'I love you...'

I guess some writers feel the same,
When they're close to the end,
If they, like me, could truly claim
That God has been their friend...
Perhaps to write alone at home,
No visitor at all,
Except for God who made each poem
A winsome miracle...

Denis Martindale 14th of April 2016.

Denis Martindale

Happiness, Come Rain Or Shine!

My wife's in bed this rainy day,
Hugging her, I'm happy,
As if God-blessed and come what may,
He grants us harmony...
For I love her so much I pray,
With thanks that she loves me
And turns all other loves away
To shield this certainty...

Just like the sun and moon above,
Each serves the other well,
Yet, such as we, delight in love,
Each with a tale to tell...
It's like God's grace has proved enough,
Our hearts and thoughts to gel,
To form a bond, should things get tough,
Bring Heaven into Hell...

Our wedding day was like a feast,
Our guests were having fun
And from that day, joy hasn't ceased,
It's like we've just begun...
Our loneliness has been released,
It's like the battle's won
And with each smile, we show we're pleased
That we've done what we've done...

No wonder that I hug her close
And compliments I share,
Because she blossoms like the rose
When true love's in the air...
The sun shines brightly, like it knows
Our love's beyond compare,
A miracle that grows and grows
In answer to our prayer...

Denis Martindale 13th of April 2016.

Denis Martindale

God's Wisdom For Eternity...

God's wisdom for eternity
Comes from the Lord alone,
Through this, He conquered Calvary
And more than Man has known...
How else could God preserve each soul
That He died for and saved?
How else could He grant self-control,
So that we're well-behaved?
Yet wisdom does much more than these,
For His grace proves enough,
So that in time, it's God we please,
Through love... with love... in love...
And so, get wisdom from the Lord,
Receive it day by day,
So that you live by faith, assured,
At peace, each time you pray...

Denis Martindale,11th of April 2016.

PoemHunter.com

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on Sky TV 581, as
it is part of the 'Church Without Walls'...

Denis Martindale

Something Out Of Nothing...

My word, my mind is challenged now
To get some verses down
And reach that final verse somehow
As if it were a crown...
To pen the thoughts before they fly
No more within plain sight
Such that I triumph when I try
From nothing here to write...

But then the challenge changes still
For something quite profound
To such a point I feel a thrill
As if now duty bound...
So here I pray for something new
To grace the page again
That God grants help in what I do
To make use of my pen...

And then it happens to unfold
As scenes my mind can share
And I know when the tale is told
That God has heard my prayer...
Yet not for me and me alone
When billions need God's word
And benefit from verses shown
That bless each time when heard...

Who knows what wonders yet await
That God could grant this day
From nothing to anticipate
To something new to say?
And so I bid each writer strive
With nothing yet at all
Until by faith each could arrive
At some sweet miracle...

Denis Martindale 10th of April 2016.

Denis Martindale

Oh, Brother, Testify!

An elder brother has the chance
To help his kith and kin advance,
Their very lives he can enhance,
Each choice is his alone...
An elder brother has the style,
The great charisma and the smile,
Or else deceit that can beguile,
Each choice is his alone...
An elder brother has the time,
Or makes it count so it's sublime,
Or else he's fallen into crime,
Each choice is his alone...

An elder brother finds the Lord,
Then lives his life in sweet accord,
Or else salvation gets ignored,
Each choice is his alone...
An elder brother leads the way,
To please the Lord by night and day,
Or else, like lost lambs go astray,
Each choice is his alone...
He can be glad, he can be grim,
Be brave and risk both life and limb,
In all things known, it's up to him,
Each choice is his alone...

And so it is, God grants us joys,
For all the children, girls and boys,
Brothers and sisters have the choice...
To make a happy home...
The blessed are those who live with love,
Who find the grace of Christ enough,
Until at last they rise above,
Unto God's Holy Throne...
What greater hope than Paradise?
What greater wisdom for the wise?
So live with love and just play nice...
The choice is yours alone...

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale 9th of April 2016.

Denis Martindale

Please Leave Me...

Please leave me to be caught above
By God's two hands on high,
That in God's care I find true love,
In wonder, asking, 'Why? '
And then to whisper, 'I love you!
My Lord, my God, my Friend! '
And nevermore to bid adieu,
To be loved without end!

For He is mine and I am His
And evermore shall be,
Contented by our constant bliss,
For all eternity!
Rejoicing in each other's smiles,
Beyond both space and time,
In Heaven, where no sin defiles,
In truth and peace sublime...

Where angels fly, with outspread wings,
Adorned with precious gold,
Before God's Son, the King of Kings,
His glory to behold!
Please leave me to be caught above
By God's two hands on high,
That in God's care I find true love,
In wonder, asking, 'Why? '

Denis Martindale 8th of April 2016.

This is a poem style that I choose most of the time,
as it fits the hymn, 'God Rest Ye Merry Gentlemen'.
That helps when I am reading or singing a poem with
a common metre structure using 8,6,8,6 syllables.

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on Sky TV 581, as
it is part of the 'Church Without Walls'...

Denis Martindale

Prince Of Peace!

We found a Saviour strong to save,
Forgiver of our sins,
We found the love that's proved so brave,
In Jesus Christ, our Prince...
The One who Pilate crucified,
The One who conquered death,
The King of Kings who's known worldwide,
Jesus of Nazareth!
And who else went to Calvary?
And who else loves us so?
And who else grants eternity?
And who else helps us grow?
It's only Jesus from the start,
It's Jesus to the end...
God bless you if He's in your heart,
As Saviour, Prince and Friend!

Denis Martindale 8th of April 2016.

PoemHunter.com

'Heaven is For Real' is the film that ends
with the painting called 'Prince of Peace'.
The Akiane Kramarik website is akianedotcom,
see gallery downloads. Google search info.
Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on Sky TV 581, as
it is part of the 'Church Without Walls'...

Denis Martindale

What Should Poems Accomplish?

I've got one purpose in my mind, one aim I must pursue,
Such that some phrases I must find before I bid adieu...
And so I pause, reflect and start and reminisce a while,
So that a message I impart to leave folks with a smile...

All righty, then, it's time to write, I'm at my keyboard now
And with my PC screen in sight, I'll struggle through somehow...
I'll pick a theme at random yet create some wondrous prose,
A precious thing folks can't forget, that keeps them on their toes!

I'll challenge them to be sincere each hour of the day!
I'll challenge them to discard fear, do everything God's way...
I'll challenge them, be strong, be brave, yet humble to remain,
To always strive and not to cave, for there's so much to gain!

I'll write of heroes from the past, commend them one by one,
The faithful saints who were steadfast in service to God's Son...
I'll share examples from my life, to boost morale and more,
The times I conquered pain and strife could thrill folks to the core!

PoemHunter.com

And when I'm through, they'll understand, each has a destiny,
Fulfilling what the Lord has planned and proved with prophecy...
My word, I'm fired up and so, it's time, my truths to share...
I've got the coffee on the go, I'm reckless without care!

I've got some custard creams as well, they'll all go down a treat,
I love that fresh-made coffee smell and custard creams are sweet...
OK, then, let me think a bit... I'll need a little time,
To really make a go of it, so that it sounds sublime...

I've gorn and done it, yes, indeed! Yeah, baby, yeah, that's good...
I knew, of course, that I'd succeed, by now, that's understood...
My poem's finished! That was quick! Great verses and pure gold!
C'est magnifique! C'est fantastique! And now my story's told!

Denis Martindale 7th of April 2016.

Denis Martindale

The Try Write Zone!

The English teacher made us write
A poem for the class,
So I went home and wrote that night
And saw the hours pass...
The next day, I returned to School,
My poem to recite,
Although, at first, I felt a fool,
I ended with delight!

The teacher clapped at what I did,
The whole class smiled as well
And from that day, though just a kid,
What stories I can tell!
And later on, when work was done,
I'd go to College, too,
The Writers' Group was so much fun
With tricks and tips to do...

PoemHunter.com

And now, at University,
I strive to prove my skill,
You see, I love all poetry,
I know I always will...
I surf the world wide Internet,
Uploading poems there,
A thousand poems folks can get,
Since I made time to share...

Perhaps, you, too, should learn to write!
Dig deep for truths within!
Dig deep and try with all your might!
Don't give up! Don't give in!
God blesses those who pen their prose
With wisdom and insight...
Until their lives come to a close,
Until they say, 'Good night...'

Denis Martindale 6th of April 2016.

Denis Martindale

White Magic!

White tigers like to bathe a spell
And so, of course, did he,
And with my camera, I knew well,
Great photos I would see...
Reflections that seemed Heaven-sent
And colours that were great,
I clicked away to my content,
With much to celebrate...

I love white tigers in the wild,
They look so debonair,
So I was staring like a child,
His first day at the fair...
Each spectacle that proves enough
And then, somehow, enthralls,
As giddy as a man in love,
When Nature's magic calls...

When that white tiger strode away
And on his journey strayed,
A part of me praised God that day
And that was why I prayed...
'Protect white tigers from Mankind,
Preserve them one by one,
From those proved foolish, cruel and blind...
Please, God... Thy will be done...'

Denis Martindale, copyright April 2016.

A poem based on a magnificent wildlife painting,
by artist Stephen Gayford. Google-search
gayfordgallery and 'Stephen Gayford poetry'.

Denis Martindale

White Tiger!

I looked intently at his eyes,
So blue and yet so pale,
As if I scanned the distant skies
Before a storm or gale...
And that pink nose of his stood out
Between his whiskers there,
That sourpuss could really pout,
As if designed to glare!

He made me glad that I could smile,
To loudly laugh and grin,
To thus enhance my own profile
And showcase what's within...
But all he did was sit and stay,
To flick his tail and such...
As if he had nothing to say
And didn't think too much...

But when he stood and walked ahead,
My word, he looked a sight!
I felt a sudden sense of dread
And ran with all my might!
I saw no need to stick around,
I've other things to do!
With smaller cats still to be found
And safer ones to view!

Denis Martindale, copyright April 2016.

A poem based on a magnificent wildlife painting,
by artist Stephen Gayford. Google-search
gayfordgallery and 'Stephen Gayford poetry'.

Denis Martindale

Indian Tiger Cub

The Indian tiger cub I saw
Looked noble and serene,
As if he stood without a flaw,
With stares meant to be seen...
Intimidating in his way,
Enough to bite and scare,
Beyond the times when he could play
With all the young cubs there...

I sensed he wasn't like the rest,
He knew his destiny,
He was aware that he was blessed
With something meant to be...
His father knew this from the start,
They shared a common bond,
As if they shared one beating heart
That made him more than fond...

And so, as fathers often do,
A favourite son was shown,
A somewhat inside point of view
On what things could be known...
That's why that young cub could excel
Beyond each brother's skill,
For favourite sons have tales to tell,
They have... and always will...

Denis Martindale, copyright April 2016.

A poem based on a magnificent wildlife painting,
by artist Stephen Gayford. Google-search
gayfordgallery and 'Stephen Gayford poetry'.

Denis Martindale

Cheetah Cub

The cheetah cub was way too cute,
Despite its face, so sad,
Yet with my camera, I could shoot
Something so it looked glad...
That was my challenge for today,
A cheerful cheetah grin,
Till then, I knew that I must stay
And simply not give in...

The other cheetah cubs looked fine,
Not glib or glum or grim,
Not in a mood to moan or pine
Each time they looked at him...
I think he was a jealous soul,
When Mother made a fuss,
As if the others to control
And he, excluded, thus...

But when she came and cuddled close,
His sad face was no more,
So while they stood there, nose-to-nose,
I smiled and looked with awe...
The camera clicked and caught the scene,
I learnt a thing or two,
The hardest heart that once turns mean,
Finds joy in, 'I LOVE YOU! '

Denis Martindale, copyright April 2016.

A poem based on a magnificent wildlife painting,
by artist Stephen Gayford. Google-search
gayfordgallery and 'Stephen Gayford poetry'.

Denis Martindale

And What Is Death To Me?

And what is death to me?
It is but an unexplored land beyond the mountain view,
unseen, yet its presence awaits the last days...
To me, death is but part of an eternal journey,
like a land to cross, or a stream, or an ocean...
It is not the beginning, middle or the end,
just a moment, a portion meant for one day,
then, its purpose achieved, and thus to die itself...

And what is death to me?
A mere stifling of existence, eternity to continue,
a body without breath, a spirit needing none...
A passing away, merely to maintain and persevere,
only a threat to those that believe life is all there is...
yet there is more, beyond imagination, there is more...
and beyond this current lively realm could offer,
if one is truly proved a saint of the Almighty, that is...

PoemHunter.com

And what is death to me?
To lose a frail and painful body, as if a great loss,
to lose eyes and ears, mouth and nose,
to lose mortal limbs that once were so strong,
yet at one's end, a mere shadow of past strengths,
and an aching of the joints, fewer teeth, and fewer smiles...
Would such a loss be so great to one who lived so long?

And what is death to me?
A thief of all we loved and lost to its clammy hands,
yet life goes on, for us as surviving souls,
our hour has not yet come, we merely weep,
we endure, we move on, like waves to the shore,
we explore, for what else is the journey for?
Are the skies our limitation, or the stars on high?
The moon itself is known, visited, overcome...

And what is death to me?
I smile at the awesome, pretentious delusion of it all,
for I am a spirit being, merely visiting this realm,
on a one-way trip from God's Earth to God's Heaven,

like a billion souls saved by a Father's great love,
like a part-time parable to all God's holy angels,
or a winsome child more precious than the Pearly Gates...

And what is death to me?
A scorpion without a sting, a snake without venom,
a pretence of a threat to my immortal destiny,
for all my legacies will remain, doing the good required,
extending the Kingdom of Christ upon this world...
Oh, death, for shame, to think I am defeated...
I have already won the war and that by faith,
a gift of grace, a blessing beyond belief...
I am only subject to my Father's love,
and thus, according to the number of my days,
so let it be...

Denis Martindale April 2016.

Denis Martindale

Ode To Jemma

If only I, with all my heart,
Could bless her heart in turn,
So that she had a brand new start,
From poetry to learn,
The length, the breadth, the depth, the height,
The content and the style,
I'd humbly pray with all my might...
To gently make her smile...

I loved a Jemma that I met
And not so long ago,
Her gracious smile I'll not forget,
She set my heart aglow...
I pined for her and felt bereft,
That day she walked away,
Because, with her, all my hopes left,
Now, in my house, I stay...

I think of her, yes, now and then,
Despite the months now gone,
Remembering that hour when,
Her hair, like sunlight, shone...
And words she spoke and my replies,
The flirting compliments,
Yet, later on, my winsome sighs,
We're strangers... not true friends...

I've not seen her in all this time,
Except when I recall,
Because, to me, she was sublime,
So I was bound to fall...
And fall I did, just like a kid,
The last crush crushed my heart,
The loneliness that I dreaded
Could nevermore depart...

Yes, there was a girl called Jemma,
The last girl that I loved...

Denis Martindale April 2016.

Denis Martindale

The Writer Within!

I saw the writer in my dream,
The pen and paper, too,
As if they acted as a team,
Some writing task to do...
When I approached, the writer stood,
He shook me by the hand,
As though I ruled his neighbourhood,
Controlled the words he'd planned...

'At last, we meet! So you're the one?
My word, you've aged quite well!
I hope together we've had fun,
Through tales, we chose to tell!
I've heard you laugh, I've heard you cry,
I've even heard you pray...
I know the times you've questioned, 'Why? ',
The words you want to say...
But let's sit down, let's just be glad...
We've helped so many folks!
And even when I've seen you sad,
You still wrote down some jokes...
Are you surprised there's darkness here,
Within this heart, I live?
The only light that grants me cheer
Is all the hope you give...
Without your love, it's all in vain,
Your heartbeats stir me on,
That's why I'm writing here again
And later, when you've gone...
You've proved the best friend I could know,
You've shown me all I need...
Much more than places I could go,
When Heavenward you lead...
I owe a debt of gratitude,
To God who let this be,
That every single interlude
Created poetry...
To think, I live within your heart
And see things through your eyes,

PoemHunter.com

Such that new poems we can start
From old truths God supplies...
My word, I'm so glad you are you!
The journey God ordained!
It's truly wondrous what comes through
From insights that we gained! '
He shook my hand, then said, 'Good-bye! '
For it was time to leave...

Now every time I question, 'Why? ',
God's wisdom I receive...

Denis Martindale 3rd of April 2016.

Denis Martindale

I Am The Writer!

I am the writer of each piece, the captain at the helm,
The one in charge who sets release the words from every realm...
So be it Heaven, be it Hell, or merely middle Earth,
I am the writer who must tell the length and breadth and worth...
Why interfere in what I write? Why intervene at all?
Why challenge me? Just stay polite, unless you hear me call...
I am the writer of each piece, each phrase and chosen word,
Responsible for every thought and blessing that occurred!

Denis Martindale 3rd of April 2016.

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

God's Rejected Redeemer!

When Jesus Christ was led away
Towards Golgotha's shame,
The angels stared, amazed that day,
The world no more the same...
As Heaven watched, did silence reign?
Did worship cease to be?
As if good reason to refrain
Because of Calvary?

Though Jesus worshipped in the past,
Disciples joining in,
This very day, perhaps His last,
He suffered for Man's sin...
The soldiers saw His blood descend
From thorns pressed to His brow,
His Mother there, beside His friend,
Still asking God, 'What now? '

The closing minutes came in time,
Yet Christ no rescue sought,
His courage proved to be sublime,
Until His final thought...
No man on Earth was privy to
The secrets in His mind,
Yet on this day, Christ died for you...
For me... and all Mankind...

Denis Martindale 31 March 2016.

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on Sky TV that is
part of the 'Church Without Walls'...

Denis Martindale

R-Mornings Poem

I watch in wonder day by day,
R-Mornings has it all,
A time to really, really pray,
To seek a miracle!

To get an update on the news,
The Good News and the rest,
To gain insights and points of views
And from these, to be blessed!

I love the smiles I see on screen,
I love the jokes as well
And songs of praise shown in-between,
What wondrous truths they tell!

God has so much to teach us!
There's lots to hear and see!
If R-Mornings pleases Jesus,
That's good enough for me!

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale 30 March 2016.

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on Sky TV that is
part of the 'Church Without Walls'...

Birgit Whelan read the poem out today...

Denis Martindale

What Are The Benefits Of Writing Poetry?

There are those that sit and read a while,
Yet others choose to write,
Sometimes they weep, sometimes they smile,
Regardless, day or night...
For something drives each poet on,
An inner love of sorts,
A precious light that shone and shone,
Illuminating thoughts...

Then, like a beacon on a hill,
Some message to proclaim,
Defiant as an act of will,
It strikes out all aflame...
As if the world must learn and gain
Imparted truths and more
That spread from brain to brain to brain,
No matter, rich or poor...

Thus children and their parents, too,
Are sharing here and there,
Reflecting on each point of view,
So each one's made aware...
And through such poets, lives are changed,
Transformed by words alone,
Till noble thoughts are rearranged,
Cemented strong as stone...

The benefits for all Mankind
Are there before our eyes,
Like precious gold that was refined,
Esteemed by those called wise...
And fashioned like a helmet worn,
From follies to protect,
From fantasies that poets scorn
And hope that we reject...

So contemplate and meditate
And study now and then
Upon such poets who tempt fate

With paper and a pen...
The pen proves mightier, so they say,
Than sword could ever be...
Yet mightier still are those that pray
Then write for you and me...

Denis Martindale 30 March 2016.

Denis Martindale

I'm Glad I Hope And Pray...

Our Father hears each prayer we make,
He listens with great love,
He listens for His Own Name's sake,
Upon His Throne above...
The angels wait upon His word,
Obeying what He says,
So be inspired and be stirred,
Be constant in your prayers.

The saints on Earth declare by faith,
That God is faithful still,
With confidence that He can save,
According to His will...
No matter where we live on Earth,
Lord Jesus is The Way!
Because each Christian heart has worth,
I'm glad I hope and pray!

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale, March 2016.

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the Christian channel on Sky TV that is
part of the 'Church Without Walls'...

Denis Martindale

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The saints on Earth declare by faith,
That God is faithful still,
With confidence that He can save,
According to His will...
No matter where we live on Earth,
Lord Jesus is The Way!
Because each Christian heart has worth,
I'm glad I hope and pray!

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale, March 2016.

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on Sky TV that is
part of the 'Church Without Walls'...

Denis Martindale

The British Spirit Voice Demo

The British Spirit by Denis Martindale

The British Spirit cannot be destroyed,

at its height it is resplendent,

resilient, steadfast to the end,

boldly opposing injustice,

stridently overcoming adversity,

saluting all that is noble and pure,

for it is a determined spirit,

defiant, brave, visionary in its essence,

and one to be nurtured in all men...

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

God's Righteous Resurrection!

The moment of appointed time
Meant Jesus must return,
A miracle that's so sublime,
No greater could Man learn...
Outside the Tomb, the guards slept on,
As Jesus stood once more,
The pains of crucifixion gone,
With Man's sins all paid for...

No wonder that He glorified
His Father's precious love,
No wonder that He walked outside
To lift His hands above...
To worship like the angels there,
Before God's Throne of Grace,
No greater mercy to compare
For all the Human Race...

Lord Jesus walked this Earth again,
Death had no hold on Him,
Though Hell secures all kinds of men,
God's light can never dim...
When God declares a prophecy,
When God stands by His word,
No Earthly powers could decree
A change to what's occurred...

Death couldn't pull Christ back to stay,
Death stared in disbelief,
For on God's Resurrection Day
Death suffered so much grief...
The devils, too, were in defeat,
Their leader put to shame,
God's victory in Christ complete,
The world no more the same...

That's why a billion souls are saved,
Their sins confessed, washed clean,
Such that all judgements must be waived,

As if they've never been...
Forgiveness came at such a price,
So credit where it's due...
I thank Christ for His sacrifice...
And love Him! So should YOU!

Denis Martindale, Easter Sunday 2016.

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on Sky TV that is
part of the 'Church Without Walls'...

Denis Martindale

The Unworthy!

As I awoke from sleep, I stood and walked again,
yet then I stood still because my eyes saw more...

There are times when I leave this mortal realm
to ascend to Heaven and walk there instead...

When I arrived, I saw God as the purest white light,
He called to me and I drew nearer to Him...

I couldn't explain how I really felt to such as you,
it's too personal an experience to be shared...

But the feelings were intense and I trembled
as I'm trembling now, much later this day...

Knowing I was saved by grace and that by faith,
there was no other reason I should walk here...

It came to mind as to the greatest in the Kingdom,
yet my mind asked God for something else...

'Let me meet the least in the Kingdom here today.'

And so it was without a moment's pause...

A man appeared before me as opaque as a ghost,
like a sombred shadow, half dead, half alive...

Yet as the moments passed, he became more alive,
less opaque and fully visible to me, man to man...

He stared at me like no other man ever stared,
a haunted look in his dark eyes, despite God's favour...

And when he asked me, his voice croaked softly, slowly,
as one who so rarely speaks to anyone, perhaps for years...

'Why summon me with your thoughts? ' he pleaded,
as one who mostly chooses to remain aloof and alone...

So I told him how unworthy I felt to walk in Heaven,
then his eyes lowered in the shame of his memories...

As he looked at the light of God's love, he sighed,
but it was so slight a sigh, as beyond all hope...

In that moment, I felt a powerful compassion for his soul,
but why he had no hope in Heaven I couldn't fathom...

I told him I wanted to meet the least in the Kingdom
and he surely nodded his assent to such a description...

'That I am...'

I told him that's how I felt many times in a day,
he merely lowered his head again, staying silent...

'I wanted to talk to another soul that felt like that,
another failure, such as I confess myself to be...'

He nodded again, aware of the broken hearts within,
then sighed more deeply, unable to grant me solace...

He told me, 'We know what we are. God knows us, too,
yet we walk here because Christ called us near...'

This truth I understood and preached as such for decades,
yet why was there no hope upon his face in Heaven, now?

I turned to God and from my heart came these words,
'Let me replace him as the least in the Kingdom...'

To my surprise, the light of God changed even brighter,
'You cannot bear his portion, his memories, his sorrows...'

And then the Lord Jesus appeared near to us there...

When He spoke, there seemed like music followed Him,
with angels and their praises like soft echoes, too...

'They do not shine as others that are full of hope and glory,

let us be apart from them, they merely act as ghosts...'

And in that moment, the man and I departed into Hell
and the flames engulfed us as we shrieked in agony...

A darkness relieved only by the flames of eternal fury,
a silence filled by the screams of the damned and the lost...

And we, as unprepared men, cried out for all God's mercies,
'Spare us, once as favoured men who walked in Heaven...'

And we returned as burning spirits of the dead still in terror,
but being healed and restored as we had been before...

I looked at that man as never before and he also at me,
and I embraced him dearly, a brother of utmost suffering...

Jesus wept as we wept for each other...

And God's wrath was reduced against us for Christ's sake...

Then we, as two men, knowing both Heaven's love and Hell's fury,
walked the streets of Heaven, closer than the noblest friends...

And as we walked, the man leaned closer and whispered,
a secret he had held for centuries from all of Heaven's own...

'I am Barabbas... forgiven by grace and that by faith...'

And I replied to him in kind, the name given by my father,
but reminded him that Christ would give us both a new name...

Then Barabbas said, 'I look forward to that day of days...'
And God and Jesus smiled, even at the two of us, in Heaven...

But as is the way of spiritual lessons, I returned to Earth again...

And soon the trembling had gone and all my fears, like never before,
beyond a foretaste of Heaven, as well as that of Hell to come...

God is the God of second chances, but only to the willing among us,
for each must face the portion and sorrows of the wayward soul...

Only in God's vast eternity are our burdens dead and gone forever
and it's only for Christ's sake that we walk the streets of Heaven...

Denis Martindale, Good Friday 2016.

Denis Martindale

The Unworthy...

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Denis Martindale, Good Friday 2016.

Denis Martindale

The Ever So Gentle Enchantment

Exquisite as a masterpiece
Composed in Mozart's mind...
Piano playing meant to please
Made everything refined.
The dancer shone amidst the light
That crowned her noble brow
And all at once her form took flight
And beauty took a bow.
The noble creature soared above
The realm of common man.
As if her heart now filled with love,
Across the stage she ran.
Dramatic power which enchants,
God's wonder to install,
Drew rapt attention to her dance
And mesmerised us all.
Her smiles to us were borne of joy,
Serenity to share.
As if she set out to destroy
Each sorrow, ache or care.
Somehow she blossomed like a rose
That each would gladly kiss.
The dancer's name God only knows
And yet she brought such bliss.
God bless her, please, for memories
That nevermore will part -
For she was like a gentle breeze
That nestled in my heart.
I'll not forget the tenderness
Her dance has brought to me!
She filled my soul with happiness!
She set my spirit free!

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale, copyright October 2005

Denis Martindale

Owl On A Branch

Upon a branch an owl took rest,
To stay there solemnly,
As if he stared quite unimpressed
As he looked down on me...
I took some photos of him there,
He blinked and then stared on,
As if he simply didn't care
If I stayed or was gone...

There was no wisdom to discern,
No sage advice or whim,
No lesson meant for me to learn
As I looked up at him...
But then he flew so gracefully
That I stood there amazed,
As if God's miracle to see
So that God would be praised...

And praise I did, for all I saw,
Because I couldn't fly,
Yet that owl flew and then, what's more,
He knew not how or why...
His golden wings were God's design,
With feathers side by side,
Yet I walked home to all that's mine,
A man devoid of pride...

Denis Martindale, copyright March 2016.

A poem based on a magnificent wildlife painting,
by artist Stephen Gayford. Google-search
gayfordgallery and 'Stephen Gayford poetry'.

Denis Martindale

Panda Snack!

A Panda has a snack or two,
As soon as time allows,
As if each bamboo shoot tastes new
As he squats down to browse...
And while those bamboo shoots are near
And somewhat close to hand,
A Panda chews and shows no fear
And thinks his life's just grand...

No roof above and no TV,
No phone or Internet,
Yet he remains contentedly,
To snack without regret...
No job to go to now and then,
Each day's a holiday,
No watch at all to tell him when
It's time to walk away...

I envy him! He's got no wife!
No kids to call his own!
He's really happy with his life
Though he weighs twenty stone!
To him, all things are black and white,
He's not like beastly brutes,
He's happy as a lark, all right,
Thanks to his bamboo shoots!

Denis Martindale, copyright March 2016.

A poem based on a magnificent wildlife painting,
by artist Stephen Gayford. Google-search
gayfordgallery and 'Stephen Gayford poetry'.

Denis Martindale

Tiger In The Grass!

I wonder what he's doing there,
That tiger in the grass,
This long suspense gets hard to bear,
For what will come to pass?
He's on the prowl, that much I know,
He's staring left and right
And moving with a fluid flow,
Both in and out of sight...

My camera helps to show his eyes,
His nose and whiskers, too,
As he stays silent, in disguise,
So difficult to view...
But I'm quite patient as a rule,
I'll bide my time and wait
And, thankfully, I've kept my cool,
Not nervous, in a state...

He's standing up! He's running now!
He's coming straight for me!
That's it! I'm off! Goodbye... and how!
It's time for me to flee!
What's this? Oh, dear! It's just a dream!
I've got to stay awake!
I need some coffee and some cream!
Please, God... Give me a break!

Denis Martindale, copyright March 2016.

A poem based on a magnificent wildlife painting,
by artist Stephen Gayford. Google-search
gayfordgallery and 'Stephen Gayford poetry'.

Denis Martindale

Lion Profile

My word, that lion looks the part!
His profile looks sublime!
As if he's got a noble heart,
As if he's in his prime...
As if he's learnt a thing or two,
The master of his fate,
As if he knows just what to do,
His legend to create!

My word, that lion looks a king,
He glides from place to place,
That royal walk proves everything,
Regard that poise and grace...
And yet he moves at lightning speed,
He fights and wins with style,
The lesser lions can't succeed,
No wonder they don't smile...

My word, I'm glad I'm over here
And that he's over there!
Why wander close then shake with fear?
I know I wouldn't dare!
My camera lens gets close enough,
My photos must suffice...
Because that lion's way too tough
And I am way too nice...

Denis Martindale, copyright March 2016.

A poem based on a magnificent wildlife painting,
by artist Stephen Gayford. Google-search
gayfordgallery and 'Stephen Gayford poetry'.

Denis Martindale

Indian Tigress

The tigress was a wondrous sight,
Imposing in her way,
Composing majesty and might,
No matter, night or day...
And mother to her cubs, of course,
Who showed no fear at all,
Because she rarely showed her force
To such as these, so small...

She merely nudged them now and then,
To stand and walk around,
To make each know of moments when
She heard a nearby sound...
Or coaxed them from their sleepy sighs
For something new to learn,
Or else to face some strange surprise,
The dangers to discern...

Years come, years go, time takes its toll
And Man's both foe and friend,
Such that I wonder in my soul,
When will such wonders end?
But on the whole, her gladness grew,
Such was her lot in life,
Beneath that sun and sky so blue,
Where each must yet survive...

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale, copyright March 2016.

A poem based on a magnificent wildlife painting,
by artist Stephen Gayford. Google-search
gayfordgallery and 'Stephen Gayford poetry'.

Denis Martindale

Bobcat

The bobcat isn't very small,
It's just a little more,
The bobcat isn't very tall,
Enough to drop your jaw...
I wouldn't say it's good advice
To stroke it on its head,
In fact, I'd rather you think twice,
Then run away instead...

The bobcat isn't thought as tame,
To cuddle by your side,
So you decide to give a name,
So it could purr with pride...
It makes more sense to stay apart,
A wide berth, so to speak,
That's better than a broken heart
Or teardrops on each cheek...

Forgive me, if I'm not a fan,
Of pointed upward ears,
Like Mr Spock who's just a man,
A hero to his peers...
The bobcat isn't on my list
Of creatures I hold close,
Nor something that I've loved and kissed...
Like my cat, I suppose...

Denis Martindale, copyright March 2016.

A poem based on a magnificent wildlife painting,
by artist Stephen Gayford. Google-search
gayfordgallery and 'Stephen Gayford poetry'.

Denis Martindale

The Young Messiah

When baby Jesus grew and grew,
When words stirred in His mind,
His character was ever new,
Like gold, He was refined...
Though Man opposed God's future King,
Beyond His Virgin birth,
Christ spent His youth in pondering
His destiny and worth...

And as He went, He saw and heard,
Discussed the Scriptures known,
He meditated on God's Word,
Not just Man's thoughts alone...
He learnt of love, He learnt of hate,
Observing life and death,
Yet patience caused God's Son to wait,
For more than Nazareth...

And so the days turned into years,
He lived through sighs and smiles,
Absorbing teachings of His peers,
Rejecting lies and wiles...
Not all beliefs proved truly so,
The Gentiles had no hope,
His faith was high, their faith was low,
His trust helped Him to cope...

By faith He stood His ground each time,
No man to judge or spurn,
With signs and wonders so sublime,
For others to discern...
What is Man worth without the Lord?
A ship, alone at sea,
With stormy weather like a sword
And no serenity...

With Joseph, Mary, children, too,
Each had their part to play,
The Son of Man was guided through,

Yet still He knelt to pray...
God's righteous road was shown to Christ,
The road that God had set,
Until the day that John baptised
The Saviour that He met...

Denis Martindale,22 March 2016.

I saw a trailer for the Gospel film that was on Revelation TV on Sky Digital, here in the UK.

An outline of the Gospel film is on the decentfilms website, see the reviews for The Young Messiah.

Denis Martindale

How To Start Writing!

I haven't got a single clue what I'm about to write!
So I'll just do what I just do and give my fancies flight!
Perhaps I'll write of films or sports, or TV shows I love,
Or maybe elevate my thoughts to Heaven's joys above...

I'm not too keen on politics, in fact, I seldom vote,
I'm not that fond of leaders' tricks that they ram down my throat...
Nor do I gossip to and fro with secrets that I learn,
Or strive to find out and to know what makes my stomach churn...

So let me think, what should I share? Some poem bound to please?
Or how about a brand new prayer to say upon my knees?
I've tried a sonnet now and then, like Shakespeare in his time,
So while I'm here, I'll try again, to pen something sublime...

But now I'm hungry, I confess, I'm also thirsty, too,
I'll try some other time to bless and pause to make a brew...
But you just wait! I'll write real soon! Be patient for a while!
Perhaps this very afternoon I'll even make you smile!

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale,17 March 2016.

Denis Martindale

The Reply!

One day, the Devil marched into Heaven...
Then he boldly approached the Throne of God,
Staring at the Lord, he smirked as he asked,
What exactly did God think of the damage below...
Explaining his handiwork, the Devil became drunk,
With a revived sense of power and contempt,
Yet God kept silent, allowing him to run his mouth...

I took Your world and I carved it up,
I took the rainforests and divided them into pieces,
I took the oceans and sent ships to pollute them,
I took the healthy fish and then I took their lives...

I filled the world with cars and used up the fossil fuels,
Designed cars with windscreens too close to the drivers
And when they needed blood for their injuries,
I was already polluting that as well...

Diseases, sexually-transmitted here and there,
Parasites in the drinking water,
Land mines waiting for the passers by,
More and more weapons, from knives to atomic bombs...

I sabotaged medical research, threatened or bribed,
I withheld technology's secrets, increased prices,
I spread rumours, caused fears, ran wild like vermin,
I did all these cruelties and more...

I caused witchcraft and sorcery to be accepted,
Deceived billions through the media,
Persecuted the faithful, caused chaos everywhere,
Yes, I've been very busy and very successful...

Then the Lord stared at the Devil and gave His reply...

NOW IT'S MY TURN! ! !

Denis Martindale,16 March 2016.

Denis Martindale

When I Fall In Love!

'Who has proved the greatest poet? '
I prayed and asked the Lord,
For I sensed that few could know it,
But then I felt ignored...
That was because no answer came
To whisper to my ears,
As though refused to learn the name,
The best of all the years...

So I pressed on, to read some books
And then anthologies...
And to some poems, gave strange looks,
Because I'm hard to please...
I studied Scriptures from the past
And Anglo-Saxon, too,
Renaissance rhythms slow and fast,
Reciting quite a few...

Then I explored the love songs penned
From decades long ago,
As if each song was like a friend,
The kind you'd like to know...
And pretty soon, a precious tune
Was called to mind once more
And how I spent one afternoon
Its meanings to explore...

The record that I chose to play,
Was 'When I Fall In Love',
With simple words meant to relay,
One dream that proves enough...
When love's returned and two hearts share
A wondrous harmony
And Nat King Cole, so debonair,
To me, that's poetry...

Beyond this lyric, tune and voice,
No other verses shine,
And this would be the perfect choice,

For my own Valentine...
It's why I also sing along
And imitate that style,
Because I truly love that song,
The song that makes me smile...

Denis Martindale,15 March 2016.

Denis Martindale

Thank You Fairy Much!

A wondrous dainty fairy flew
Across my garden path,
I stared amazed at what to do
And then I heard her laugh...
She read my mind and smiled with joy,
At such a foolish thought,
To think, a man, no more a boy,
Could catch what can't be caught!

But I ignored her, let her rest,
At this, she puzzled still,
As if by this I passed a test,
Not chasing her at will...
Somehow she sensed I meant no harm
And so she smiled the more,
Until she nestled on my arm,
A new friend to adore...

She looked at me, I looked at her,
I felt such tenderness,
Her fragile wings like gossamer,
A smile God meant to bless...
If only I could find a girl
Who looked that way at me,
My heart a-twitter, all a-twirl,
Perhaps not meant to be...

And so a teardrop left my eye,
To glide upon my cheek
And when she saw it by and by,
She sensed the love I seek...
And then she laughed as if with hope,
My wish had touched her heart,
She said that she would search the globe
And then she made a start...

She waved goodbye and three days went
Until she came again,
She brought with her a female friend,

A beauty known as Gwen...
And thus new love began that day,
I live no more alone,
So always let winged fairies play,
For freedom's all they've known...

Denis Martindale,15 March 2016.

Denis Martindale

Write Something! Please!

When the boyfriend asked his girlfriend
To write something for him,
She wondered, would it ever end
And that made her feel grim...
But she determined undeterred
That she must take the time,
To fashion something so each word
Could truly sound sublime...

She penned a load of thankful thoughts,
For all the things he'd done,
Though sometimes he was made on sports
And then he wasn't fun...
But, on the whole, he was quite good,
Yet, then again, was she,
Their partnership was understood,
Just like it's meant to be...

So she sat down, began to write,
Then wrote till he came home,
Presenting him that very night,
A heartfelt little poem...
And when he'd read it line by line,
He reached the end and wept,
Because to him, it was divine,
No wonder it was kept...

Then he, in turn, sat down and wrote,
A poem in reply,
Of her good points, he then took note
And finished with a sigh...
She read the poem once then twice
And loved him all the more,
Together, they'd found Paradise,
The joy they'd both searched for...

Denis Martindale,13 March 2016.

Denis Martindale

Does Poetry Do Justice To Love?

Could poetry, in any style,
Do justice to this love,
That broadens every single smile
Each time I glance above?
To look upon my lady fair,
Then lose my very breath,
To see her, merely standing there,
As I love her to death?

Could poetry, in any form,
Do justice to my heart,
That suddenly becomes so warm,
As soon as new hopes start?
For when she looks right back at me,
With twinkles in her eyes,
To me, that girl's pure poetry,
The reason for my sighs...

And if she ever held my hand,
Or kissed me on my lips,
Or thought of me as someone grand,
Or stroked my fingertips...
I really don't know what I'd do!
Who knows if I'd then faint?
Or simply blurt out, 'I LOVE YOU! '
When losing all restraint?

Yet this I know, I'll make her mine,
Yes, mine and mine alone,
One day, she'll be my Valentine,
The only love I'll own...
Then poetry no longer serves
When love becomes my guide,
No more the poet, full of nerves,
With feelings still to hide...

This poet must discard his Muse,
Receive true love in turn,
Should that day come, I'll not refuse,

What lesser mortals spurn...
For on that precious, precious day,
I'll stand, confessing all,
I'll simply let love have its way,
For it's God's miracle!

Denis Martindale,12 March 2016.

Denis Martindale

How Do Writers Do It?

How do they get such great verses?
Or rhymes that scintillate?
Like some actor who rehearses,
Till everything looks great?
Or one coaxes, holds and nurses,
To reach some higher state?
Does the Lord grant tender mercies,
Or destiny, or fate?

How do they get such great ideas?
Do they sit down and wait?
Do they just empty all their fears
And simply ruminate?
Do they take note of all their peers,
Some skills to imitate?
Do they mull over their past years,
For some tales to create?

This thing I know, a gifted soul
Is driven by his art,
His words fall under his control,
His message to impart...
Each writer strives towards his goal
And chooses how to start,
Then fashions thoughts to fill the hole
Within the human heart...

Denis Martindale,12 March 2016.

Denis Martindale

Even Philosophers Have Feelings...

Do poets always feel the same
Each time they pause to pen,
Or is it just for words they aim,
When they commence again?
Do words spill forth like shooting stars,
From passions, lust or hate?
Or random thoughts that come to pass,
New rhymes to recreate?

Do poets moderate their hearts,
To quell some rage inside,
Or seek for each theme that imparts
For eyes to open wide?
The reader comes with placid pace,
Not knowing what comes next
And all the poet's thoughts embrace,
Regardless, glad or vexed...

An exclamation mark or two,
May offer some insight,
To see the angst, the point of view,
The mindset, dark or bright...
But lacking these, the words portray,
If spoken soft or loud,
A broken heart, demise, dismay,
Depression like a cloud...

Yet if one noble thought stands tall,
To grace that final line,
That turning point's the miracle,
Like Heaven sent a sign...
Without the poet's own account,
Of what he felt that time,
His written words can still amount
To something that's sublime...

Denis Martindale.11 March 2016.

Denis Martindale

Again And Again And Again...

When I feel challenged to create,
I sit down on a chair
Before the time to celebrate
That poem from thin air...
I merely start as if renewed,
My thinking cap in place,
No need to frown, no need to brood,
A smile upon my face...

For there, stored in my poet's heart
A treasure trove within
And from that legacy I start,
Not choosing to give in...
Give in? Give up? Forsake my quest?
Forget it! I persist!
For I know when I do my best,
New poems can exist!

That's why I'm sitting down right now,
Two verses penned and done,
Yes, I got these, today, somehow!
In fact, I'm having fun!
I guess that's how it's meant to be
When not adverse to verse,
To take joy in one's poetry,
One's talents to rehearse...

Just think, if you were blessed as well,
What wondrous truths you'd write!
As if with words to cast a spell,
Your fancies to take flight...
To soar like eagles cross the skies,
Like rockets to the moon!
So, come on, poets, seize the prize
And write a poem SOON!

Denis Martindale,11 March 2016.

Denis Martindale

Lord, Prepare My Thoughts For Writing!

Lord, prepare my thoughts for writing
Enough to make it so
And enough to be enlightening
For other folks to know...
With memories that come to mind
And characters that grow,
To share the lessons I might find
When I am in full flow...

Lord, prepare my heart for writing
Enough to bless my friends
And enough to be nail-biting
If trying for suspense...
With TV scenes in my mind's eye
Played out until each ends,
So that I write these by and by
So each soul comprehends...

Lord, prepare my dreams for writing
Enough to find release
And enough with truth providing
The path that leads to peace...
With hope in Heaven rising,
For wonders never cease,
So there is no disguising
Eternal mysteries...

For what is Man that he should write,
Except God wants this done?
From whom comes wisdom and insight,
Except the Holy One?
When life is finished, words remain
Although our race has run,
All secrets then, God can explain,
Through Jesus Christ, His Son...

Denis Martindale, March 2016.

Denis Martindale

How Does One Become A Better Poet?

One waits for that first rhyming penned,
Or that first thought at least,
One waits for wisdom God would send,
So beauty gets released...
One praises God for every gift
That He would then bestow,
Then through such wondrous words to sift,
The others to let go...

That first draft may not fit the bill,
Yet there seems gold within,
Some precious message to instill,
Some prize as yet to win...
Fools' gold shines pretty for a while,
But real gold shines much more,
The kind that makes the poet smile
And readers to adore...

So why give up on what comes first?
Like stars, this, too, brings light,
Yet every play should be rehearsed
Before its opening night...
Thus witty words rise to the top,
Fast phrases flow like wine,
Here is the stage most poets stop,
Behold the warning sign...

For gold stays in the furnace heat,
Impurities to burn,
Till, finally, it stands complete,
For experts to discern...
Till then, an error, here or there,
Reduces quality
And so I use gold to compare
With perfect poetry...

The poet and the editor
Sometimes work side-by-side
And raise the bar as they confer,

Till both can smile with pride...
For teamwork hones the rhymes and themes,
The phrases from each heart
That fill their lives, their hopes and dreams,
Some treasures to impart...

If God would stay the uppermost,
The Editor in Chief,
The poet has no cause to boast,
Nor reason to store grief...
How many poets would confess
That God helped now and then?
Yet such as these know happiness,
Not known to other men...

And so, I bid each poet well,
As I leave centre stage,
May God inspire tales to tell,
From age to age to age...
I sense that I am almost done
And soon laid to my rest,
To meet the Father and the Son
Who helped me to be blessed...

Denis Martindale, March 2016.

Denis Martindale

How Dare I Write Of My True Love?

How dare I write of my true love,
To let my secret out?
For I'm as placid as a dove,
I'm hardly one to shout...
Nor stand upon some rooftop high,
Outstretched to Heaven's Throne,
As if to touch God's pale blue sky
And then such love to own...

To say it blossoms in my heart,
As if a Summer's rose,
Then with some wondrous words impart
The truth God only knows...
But, oh, the longing for her kiss,
To hear she loved me, too,
Dear God, that seems such perfect bliss,
'Yes, darling, I love you...'

How dare I write and form in rhyme
Some phrases to rehearse,
To signify that she's sublime
And my whole universe?
Without her, I'm just half a man,
She stole my heart away...
I've got no clue how I'm to plan
A future wedding day...

I'm so inept, she made me so,
She's got me on the run
And it's not like she doesn't know
That she's the only one...
The only one that I adore
And worship from afar,
The one who leaves me wanting more,
Like she's some movie star...

I've simply got to ask her out,
This true love to confess,
If not, I'd always live in doubt,

PoemHunter.com

Not finding happiness!
But what a risk I'd have to take
And yet she's worth it all,
I'll simply ask God, for my sake,
'Please grant a miracle! '

Denis Martindale, March 2016.

Denis Martindale

The Road Blessed Travelled...

Two choices only, nothing more,
Except the path I walked before,
That's why, of course, I wasn't sure,
So which road should I choose?

Two choices only, left and right,
Then veering off, clear out of sight,
To who knows where? That was my plight,
So which road should I choose?

Two choices only, up and down,
No wonder that I wore a frown,
If choosing wrong, I'd play the clown,
So which road should I choose?

At first, to throw a coin made sense,
Perhaps like for my other friends,
If heads or tails... it all depends,
So which one should I choose?

PoemHunter.com

Should I choose heads? Should I choose tails?
If in good luck, then happy trails,
But if not, then, I guess that fails...
So which one should I choose?

Or should I pray for God's advice?
A simple answer proving nice,
But even then, I might think twice...
So which one should I choose?

Then, all at once, it came to me,
I chose to live life fancy-free,
As if I claimed my liberty,
To make no choice to choose...

I simply walked right on ahead,
As if that day, I made my bed,
Without a single thought or dread,
Regardless... joys or blues...

Just trusted God for either road,
To oversee life's Highway Code...
God made the difference, as life showed...
So why choose to refuse! ?

Denis Martindale, March 2016.

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on Sky TV that is
part of the 'Church Without Walls'...

Denis Martindale

Some Tips For Writing Poetry?

Some tips for writing poetry?
Now wouldn't they be nice?
Perchance to please society,
Or just make folks think twice...
To count one's blessings now and then,
As if one's life to gauge,
Then simply use a fountain pen
To write upon a page...

Just think, if rhyming's what you'd choose,
Some phrases that fit well,
Perchance to reach out and amuse
With some new tale to tell...
And just because the notion's there,
You could be on a roll,
To start a sonnet or a prayer,
Some words to soothe the soul...

But if you strive for some crusade,
Be tactful with your charms!
Just spill it out, don't be afraid!
Use humour that disarms...
Poetic licence helps us all,
Don't be adverse to verse,
Start writing now and have a ball,
Your talents to rehearse...

You'll punctuate till it's quite late,
You'll hardly sleep at night,
Alas, this proves the writer's fate
Should you use all your might...
Or stay part-time and nothing more,
As dabblers in the craft,
Perchance to settle some old score,
Get back at those who laughed...

But if you put aside such sports,
To dedicate yourselves,
Perchance, in time, we'll read your thoughts,

PoemHunter.com

If stored on library shelves...
You won't get rich, I know that's tough,
Yet fame proves fickle, too...
If writing poems shows your love,
Somehow you'll muddle through...

It's safer than a steeplejack,
Or stuntman, or a cop!
And once you start, you won't look back,
You'll never want to stop!
It's quite addictive, look at me,
I haven't slept a wink!
I'll still be writing poetry
Till I run out of.....

Denis Martindale, March 2016.

Denis Martindale

Jesus Christ, The King Of Love!

Two Christian men had passed away,
No longer of this Earth,
Then went to Heaven on that day,
Considering their worth...
One often knelt beside his bed,
The other slept all night,
One had the faith to plan ahead,
The other yearned insight...

One prayed for family and friends,
The other prayed for all,
One had a faith that never ends
And loved each miracle...
The other kept on wondering,
But still he persevered,
He often called Jesus his King,
Whatever doubts appeared...

Both Christians thought that God could heal,
Yet both died in dismay,
Despite the fact God's love is real
And He knows what we pray...
One gave to noble charities,
The other kept his wealth,
One prayed to God and tried to please,
Yet both died of ill health...

One Christian thought he served the Lord,
Surrended all he had,
The other thought himself as flawed
And sometimes way too bad...
Yet when those Christians reached God's Throne,
Both ran to Jesus Christ,
To learn His love had grown and grown,
More than they realised...

Denis Martindale, March 2016.

Find out more by watching Revelation TV, the Christian channel on Sky TV that is part of the 'Church Without Walls'...

Denis Martindale

The British Spirit!

The British Spirit cannot be destroyed,
at its height it is resplendent,
resilient, steadfast to the end,
boldly opposing injustice,
stridently overcoming adversity,
saluting all that is noble and pure,
for it is a determined spirit -
defiant, brave, visionary in its essence,
and one to be nurtured in all men...

Denis Martindale June 2016.

The poem was shared on Revelation TV's
R-Mornings politics and Brexit programme
on Monday the 19th of November 2018...

PoemHunter.com

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
and Vision TV on Freeview channel 264.

Denis Martindale

How Do I Write A Poem?

How do I write a poem, friends?
With one phrase at a time,
Until, of course, the last verse ends
And each verse looks sublime...
For patient edits here and there
Can change a word or two,
Perhaps to add a certain flair,
Or change a point of view...

Though punctuation makes me frown
And drives me up the wall,
I mustn't let it get me down,
Though errors may seem small...
There's such a feeling when it's done,
Much more than just relief,
Like parting clouds reveal the sun
That melts away the grief...

I've got this T.V. in my mind
That plays out every scene,
Some ideas chosen, some declined,
Depending if I'm keen...
Perhaps a Scripture verse was known
That helps the theme along,
Perhaps a conflict that's been shown
To highlight right or wrong...

A title wriggles as a thought
That I can then explore
And suddenly it's like it's caught
To open me to more...
And through that door, I'm off again,
Rhymes pouncing on the page,
Now flowing from my fountain pen
As if to centre stage...

Then woe betide intruders should
They stand nearby and ask,
If what I'm doing's any good

Before my final task...
As I'm still on the editing,
Until this thing's O.K.!
So forgive me, if I'm sitting
And pleading, 'GO AWAY! '

Denis Martindale, March 2016.

Denis Martindale

The Time Machine Prayer...

One time machine, that's all I need,
Just one and one alone,
In one last effort to succeed,
No more just on my own...
For I'd return to long ago,
Undoing what went wrong,
To such a time, when faith was low,
Instead of standing strong...

Instead of doubting what could be,
Instead of silence kept,
Instead of such futility,
When I was so inept...
Oh, just one time machine, dear Lord,
To change my lonesome life,
To marry her, the girl adored,
If she'd become my wife...

Dismissing all those future dreams
That followed in her path,
When I recall how dull each seems,
Each makes me sigh not laugh...
To think, that I, with good intent,
Deprived myself so much,
Despite the knowing what love meant,
The pining for her touch...

Unkissed she stayed, unkissed I stayed,
Her smile still haunts somehow,
No wonder my heart aches dismayed,
Each day and night till now...
A young man dreams of married bliss,
With her, that special one,
Redemption in her precious kiss,
The mother of each son...

But hopes aren't always realised,
Good luck comes with the bad,
But she's the girl I sacrificed,

The girl I never had...
One time machine, then I'd propose,
Our family to raise,
Until my life came to a close,
God's mercies still to praise...

Denis Martindale, March 2016.

Denis Martindale

Oh, How Wonderful The Lord Is!

Oh, how wonderful the Lord is
In answer to our prayers
And billions can agree to this
Because they know He cares!

Cast all your burdens upon Him,
For He proves strong to save,
Enough to fill you to the brim
When born again with faith!

For His Spirit He is sending
Upon this generation!
If your broken hearts need mending,
Look out for revelation!

Denis Martindale, March 2016.

PoemHunter.com

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on Sky TV that is
part of the 'Church Without Walls'...

Denis Martindale

Why Is God A God Of Wonders?

Why is God a God of wonders, the Cosmos to create?
With some creatures that have stunned us, some tiny and some great.

With lands and seas and oceans... and miracles so clear,
With planets and their motions... and comets that appear.

Then one man... made in His image, in Eden to abide,
For the Lord is full of knowledge... and wisdom is His guide.

And so the righteous trust the Lord... for He is strong to save
And more than this, He grants reward to those who live by faith.

Why is God a God who sees us... yet loves us through and through?
Why not ask His Son, Lord Jesus... the King who died for YOU! ?

Denis Martindale, March 2016.

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

The Reluctant Writer!

One solemn day, the writer woke,
Upon his warm, warm bed,
Aware God gave a gentle poke
And get him up instead...
The writer clutched the blankets close
And wouldn't let them go
And God despised the choice he chose
When that young man said, 'No! '

'Alright! ' said God, 'I don't need you...
I'll do this by Myself! '
Then stood beside him in full view,
Got paper from the shelf...
Without a pen, the words appeared,
Upon the floating page,
While God, in deep thought, stroked His beard,
Considering each stage...

The writer peeped at such a sight,
Still trembling all the while,
Yet God ignored the man in fright,
His poem made Him smile...
And once God finished, He turned round
And pointed to His verse,
At this, the poet simply frowned,
As if things could get worse...

The poet's laptop was turned on
And then the scanner, too,
Then God's new poem put upon
To scan it through and through...
The text was copied, then emailed,
The publisher replied,
Despite the fact the poet failed
And felt real bad inside...

The poet rose from sleepytime,
Got washed and dressed and then,
He wrote a poem so sublime

As if on top again...
God read the poem, gave advice,
The poet's draft ignored,
Till finally it turned out nice,
Then published as reward...

From that day on, the poet gained,
By listening to God's word,
As if at last God had him trained
By what he'd seen and heard...
Together, as a brand new team,
The poet served God well,
No longer clinging to a dream
That saved no-one from Hell...

In time, of course, life meets its end,
The poet passed away,
Yet with God as His faithful friend,
He lived for God each day...
When God helps us with poetry,
Each poet must succeed,
Then leave this world a legacy,
To prove it blessed indeed...

Denis Martindale, February 2016.

Denis Martindale

How Does One Write The Things One Writes?

How does one write the things one writes
From tales to poetry,
When spending hours, days and nights,
In wonder what will be?
Could it be fate that God has set
One's awesome destiny?
For with great power poets get
Responsibility!

How does one get the poems penned,
Beyond one's part-time schemes,
To separate from every friend,
Expressing private dreams?
To cancel out the public's hold,
To sit upon one's own,
To gather thoughts as good as gold,
Not for oneself alone...

How does one edit words that come
That dance upon the page,
Then choosing these, rejecting some,
For well beyond this age?
To congregate the gifts allowed,
To form what must be made,
Or does one pray with head then bowed,
So God come to one's aid?

I only know from years gone by,
A partnership exists,
It's there for every time I try,
So steadfast it persists...
If not for God, I couldn't love
This writing as I do...
That's why I pray to God above
And so, dear friends, should you...

Denis Martindale, February 2016.

Denis Martindale

Precious Prompts For Poetry!

I get ideas from all I see,
From Google search as well,
From emails that are sent to me,
Much more than I could tell...
And TV shows if time to view
That burst upon our screens,
That prompt new poems I could do
Not known by other means...

So many websites help me out,
Free images to choose,
They're something I can shout about,
Free images to use!
My word, so many! Here and there!
Some animated gifs!
So many prompts if you take care,
No maybes, buts or ifs!

Sometimes it's just a phrase I think,
Eight syllables to start
And suddenly I'm on the brink
As words flow from my heart...
Sometimes a dream must be explained,
A Bible verse or quote,
Whenever I've new truths I've gained,
I study and take note...

I listen to the folks I meet,
Their phrases may impress,
Not always by the great elite,
With issues to address...
But common folk with street smart sense
That do the best they can,
The sort that most would call their friends,
That help their fellow man...

Like writing groups that care and share,
Like teachers with advice,
Like times to pause, to say a prayer,

Like times when we think twice...
Perhaps an edit now and then
That prompts new thoughts for me,
And suddenly I'm off again...
With brand new poetry!

Denis Martindale, February 2016.

Denis Martindale

It Is Finished...

If Jesus Christ proved just a man,
The Cross of Christ His end,
It never would fulfill God's plan
So He could be our friend...
For prophecies must be fulfilled
In Him, in Him alone,
Nobody else who could be killed,
In time, our sins to own...
Shed blood was not Christ's only sign,
He rose from death for all!
Emmanuel! God's Son! Divine!
Don't doubt God's miracle!

Denis Martindale, February 2016.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

PoemHunter.com

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
that's part of the 'Church Without Walls'.

Denis Martindale

Young Gorilla, Too...

I stared amazed upon his head
Because it seemed so small,
Yet young gorillas would instead
In time grow strong and tall...
But now, he had a fragile frame,
A frail thing to behold,
Devoid of stature and of fame,
Too gentle to be bold...

Defenceless to a large degree,
Of dangers unaware,
In need of utmost courtesy
And tender loving care...
And that seemed strange considering
His parents had to hold
So gingerly this precious thing,
To them, worth more than gold...

For some, long life explains so much,
The young ones grow each day,
Enjoying every single touch,
The chance to rest or play...
This young gorilla must endure,
So Nature could create
His full-grown grandour, to be sure,
His destiny, his fate...

Denis Martindale, copyright February 2016.

Poem based on a magnificent wildlife painting,
by artist Stephen Gayford. Google-search
gayfordgallery and 'Stephen Gayford poetry'.

Denis Martindale

Macaw Portraits

Macaws are precious birds indeed,
So colourful and bright,
A first impression, that's agreed,
Each bird, a wondrous sight...
Just like a rainbow on display,
Vivacious through and through,
When I see them, they make my day!
Resplendent red and blue...

It's like they've nothing left to fear
And perch as if with pride,
It's like they're saying, 'Yes, we're here!
We've got no need to hide! '
As long as folks don't get too close,
They've peace of mind to rest,
Perhaps we're seen as friends not foes
And their doubts get suppressed...

So portraits aren't so hard to paint,
A first sketch starts off fine,
The soft-laid silhouettes so feint,
Then detailed line by line...
The painting takes a longer time
And yet it's so worthwhile,
When done, it's perfect, so sublime
It's cause for me to smile...

Denis Martindale, copyright February 2016.

Poem based on a magnificent wildlife painting,
by artist Stephen Gayford. Google-search
gayfordgallery and 'Stephen Gayford poetry'.

Denis Martindale

Wildlife!

Wildlife! Wildlife! It's everywhere!
Beneath the sea! Upon the air!
No wonder that us humans stare!
God made so many things!

Wildlife! Wildlife! It's short and stout!
You'll always find wildlife about!
It's very close, no need to scout!
God made so many things!

Wildlife! Wildlife! Don't get up close!
For if you do, you'll come to blows!
No matter, crocodiles or crows!
God made so many things!

From kangeroos to cockatoos
And birds most colours you could choose
And if in doubt, then check the zoos!
God made so many things!

I've seen big dogs, I've seen big cats,
I've seen giraffes, I've seen wombats,
I've seen some budgies having chats!
God made so many things!

I've seen the dolphins swimming fast,
I've seen some skunks, man, what a blast,
I've seen some missing lynx walk past!
God made so many things!

They say there's life on planet Mars,
In galaxies beyond our stars,
We'll have to see what comes to pass!
God made so many things!

Denis Martindale, copyright February 2016.

Poem based on a magnificent wildlife painting, by artist Stephen Gayford. Google-search gayfordgallery and 'Stephen Gayford poetry'.

Denis Martindale

Hans Christian Andersen

I stared and stared and stared and stared... yet nothing came to mind
And for a moment, I despaired, what new words could I find?
By faith, I waited, let it ride, then closed my eyes a while,
In hopes that God would be my guide and that thought made me smile.

Yet what of me, this writer now... one blank page and one pen?
I wondered what would God allow that I might share with men.
A winsome story for each child? A noble parable?
A sultry tale of one beguiled, or something fanciful?

I thought of psalmists long ago, no fairy tales had they
And yet today most people know the words they chose to pray.
And be they shepherd boys, or kings, or temple priests who wrote,
They found the comfort that God brings as their chief antidote.

While writing's such a broad expanse, I've one choice from the range,
Beyond the blank page, there to glance, at what God wants to change.
And then it came, a single line, one thought that said it all,
Was it perchance, or by design, was it a miracle?

PoemHunter.com

I only knew that my pen moved, each word from left to right
And suddenly my doubts were soothed, the future looking bright.
I chuckled to myself once more, for I was on a roll,
Though thrilled again, I knew the score, maintaining self-control.

The words began to glide and stream, the sequence working well,
As if the answer to a dream, I had a tale to tell...
And so I worked upon the text, I laboured for an hour,
No more concerned, no more perplexed, God granting me more power.

No more the blank page resting there, The Little Mermaid's done,
Her true love stands beyond compare, it shines forth like the sun.
My fairy tale was good as gold, God granted me this joy,
The greatest fairy tale now told for every girl and boy...

Denis Martindale, February 2016.

Denis Martindale

Robin Redbreast

The Robin Redbreast landed well
Upon my garden tree,
Upon a twig, he stayed a spell,
Contented, fancy-free...
And in that moment, I saw peace,
As it was meant to be,
To know that little bird at ease
Upon my property...

I smiled to see that tiny soul,
Though it was cold outside,
Because he had such self-control,
Humility not pride...
Without a trace of 'I am great,
That cannot be denied! ',
But wisdom that accepts its fate
And serves well as a guide...

I couldn't say that he looked young
Or whether he was old,
Nor by the hearing of his song
If he felt frail or bold...
I only know, with faith reborn,
Each truth that I behold,
When I was blessed that Sunday morn,
With joys worth more than gold...

Denis Martindale, copyright February 2016.

A poem based on a magnificent wildlife painting,
by artist Stephen Gayford. Google-search
gayfordgallery and 'Stephen Gayford poetry'.

Denis Martindale

Inspiration Spirals Within!

Yes, now the title springs forth new,
Determined to be born,
As if a heart-stripped flesh or two
Set free, no more forlorn...

No more within, but given wings,
To leave my mouth and mind,
To fly where human ponderings
Reach out for truths to find...

To such as these, I pledge my all,
My verses shed abroad,
As if each were some miracle
Anointed by the Lord...

As if for purposes divine,
Not tame or thought extreme,
Inspired by God's heart's design
And not just from a dream...

PoemHunter.com

Somehow the verses span the page,
Like waterfalls in flow,
For Man to measure and to gauge
The wisdom he must know...

Else what was all the writing for?
Or time no prayer returns?
With wisdom's blessings, I implore
Each soul within that yearns...

For inspiration needs that home,
The home it must fly to
And for this cause, I penned this poem,
Not just for me, but you...

Denis Martindale, February 2016.

Denis Martindale

As Safe As Houses...

I look out the front window now and then
and am thankful I needn't go out as much,
so I can be free of being soaked to the skin,
or watching my umbrella crumple upwards
against the coming force of the storm.
I'm not facing snowflakes or hailstones,
or walking and slipping on the frosted snow.

As a child who walked to school,
I sometimes walked the snow-capped streets
and shivered as the warm air left my mouth
to become the misty outpourings of my breath.
Same again, when walking to work, yet knowing
that after the cold weather twilight ordeal,
I still had to do my day job or my shift
and sometimes overtime, too.

I'll never forget one night when walking home,
through the 2 foot high snow that had settled
and that stayed compressed upon the ground
and every single step forward was laboured,
like a forced up and down process to finally get home...

Nor will I ever forget when working as a petrol attendant,
forced out of the office shelter to the unprotected gas pump,
standing there, getting drenched, filling up a car tank,
while the rain smashed against me without mercy,
nor the guys in the car, when they laughed at my predicament.
But, of course, that was the job, fair weather or foul.

Now that I am home most of the time,
perhaps I can laugh at them outside,
sometimes caught in the rain...
But knowing how that felt,
I pity them...

Denis Martindale, February 2016.

Denis Martindale

Proclaim The Aim!

The dream began and off she went,
Exploring as one would,
In search of clues God would present
So truths were understood...
An angel flew beside her, then,
He asked her to proclaim,
By use of paper and of pen,
Man's single greatest aim...
The angel then flew out of view,
To leave her deep in thought,
Still pondering what she should do,
Recalling what was taught...

Her teachers helped her pass each test,
The rest was her concern,
That's why she chose to do her best
From all she had to learn...
When she left school, her work began,
She did what must be done
And yet throughout, it was her plan
To please God and His Son...
It seemed the greatest aim was this,
To live to make them proud
And lesser aims she could dismiss,
For who can please the crowd?

She saw the angel flying down,
He grinned so cheerfully,
For she no longer wore a frown,
When writing poetry...
She read the poem and they smiled,
Because she got it right,
God recognised her as His child,
For she walked in His light...
When she pleased God, great things occurred,
For life's more than it seems,
As long as she obeyed God's word,
He helped fulfil her dreams...

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale, February 2016.

Denis Martindale

An Eternity To Love!

I know I'll write a poem soon!
I wonder what I'll write!
This afternoon or by full moon,
Or sometime through the night!
I'm too excited, I can't wait!
I'll start it off right now
And hope to God I'll celebrate
When it's all done, somehow!

O.K, I've made a start at last,
All doubts I must suspend,
With no more thoughts to feel downcast,
On that you can depend...
I'll tell the tale of one I heard,
When I was but a lad,
A prince who always kept his word
With all the strength he had...

One day he fell in love so deep,
He vowed eternal love,
Then panicked for that's hard to keep,
Long life, that's not enough...
He asked the wise men of his day,
Before he took a wife,
Is it God's Truth what Christians say
About Eternal Life! ?

The wise men answered yes, indeed,
If Christian you would be,
For then, of course, you would succeed,
For all eternity!
The prince believed the prophecies
The Holy Scriptures gave
And then he prayed upon his knees
That Jesus Christ would save...

And only then did he get wed,
To she who was so sweet,
With faith for all that laid ahead,

Their happiness complete!
The princess, too, believed in Christ,
Who's called the Sinner's Friend,
Perhaps, by now, you've realised
My tale has reached its end...

Denis Martindale, February 2016.

Denis Martindale

Sumatran Tiger Family

The tiger family had found
A resting place at last
And so they laid upon the ground
Not feeling so downcast...
The sun was shining, all seemed fine,
So each felt warm inside,
No hunger pains to make them dine,
Their needs had been supplied...

At times like these, a bond begins,
No predators nearby,
No truths a parent must convince,
No lessons cubs must try...
So why not take such times to pause?
Reflections soothe the soul...
Contentment helps until it bores,
Then it's fulfilled its role...

So off they sauntered back again,
Refreshed, revitalised,
Aware they'd shared some moments when
Life felt more highly prized...
If only humans followed suit,
To work... then rest or play,
Perhaps they'd grow much more astute
With every passing day...

Denis Martindale, copyright February 2016.

Poem based on a magnificent wildlife painting,
by artist Stephen Gayford. Google-search
gayfordgallery and 'Stephen Gayford poetry'.

Denis Martindale

God Save My Children!

A mother prayed her earnest prayers,
Her prayers to God above,
As one who truly, truly cares,
As one with utmost love...
The love that pleads for pardon's grace,
The path straight to the Cross,
Like those who've seen the Saviour's face,
Once called to suffer loss...

A mother prayed, her heart aflame,
A private passion borne,
She prayed to God in Jesus' Name,
As if her heart were torn...
As if her children could be lost
And lost forevermore,
If unaware Christ paid the cost
That opened Heaven's door...

PoemHunter.com

And so in time, God granted faith
To children gone astray,
Because the Lord proves strong to save,
That's always been His way...
Thus Jesus came to turn around,
To change minds back to Him,
In wondrous ways that can astound
And fill hearts to the brim...

For what's love worth unless released?
True love's a miracle,
Through love, Man's faith can be increased,
To bless both one and all...
Lord Jesus died and rose again,
He hears each mother's prayers,
He hears yours, too, the moment when
You learn how much He cares...

Denis Martindale, February 2016.

The Gospel poem is based on a YouTube video called George's Testimony, provided by Revelation TV...

Denis Martindale

Risen

When Pontius Pilate sentenced Christ,
The Son of God knew well,
That after being sacrificed,
His death could save from Hell...
And so He walked to certain death,
Until they held Him fast,
His name, Jesus, of Nazareth,
Our Saviour from the past...

And once secured and hoisted high,
He suffered all they gave,
Until a final mournful cry,
When death meant He could save...
For in replacing sinners then,
Our Saviour took the blame,
His punishment was for all men,
The day He bore our shame...

His body slumped, a lifeless form,
Blood dripping to the earth,
Still flowing down, so red, so warm,
As if it had no worth...
Yet that remains the holy sign,
No sinner should ignore,
Christ died for your sins... and for mine...
For those both rich and poor...

The awful debts that sins create,
Were paid for on that day,
When love was shown to conquer hate
And washed Man's sins away...
That fate was not the Saviour's end,
Though He was crucified,
Yet it takes faith to comprehend
What Jesus prophesied...

He said He would be risen when
The Father made it so,
To prove Christ as the light of men,

The Saviour they must know...
No other name is given here,
No other could atone,
No other sign could make it clear,
Lord Jesus stands alone...

While nonbelievers scratched their heads,
To puzzle where He was,
Believers prayed beside their beds
And thanked God for the Cross...
Some testified they saw God's Son!
That made the doubters listen!
And that was how their souls were won...
LORD JESUS CHRIST HAD RISEN!

Denis Martindale, February 2016.

Denis Martindale

Writing Something For Someone?

Everything depends upon the relationship,
Real or hoped-for.
Seeking to be honest with yourself,
As well as the other person...
That remains the battle of what you should write
And what you should not write.

For the theme itself, romantic or not,
There are common experiences to draw upon,
Perhaps some shared meeting,
Perhaps some hoped-for rendezvous...

There may be lessons to explore,
Advice to impart tenderly,
Or just honesty being the best policy,
Then running away to hide from the backlash...

The choices remain yours,
The results are a joint affair,
A co-existing blessing or an on-going feud...
So be careful when expressing feelings,
They may not always bring forth joy,
They may make things far worse,
Perhaps beyond your repair...

So ask yourself this question,
Do you dare put that something into writing
And then hand that over to that significant other?
That person may hold on to that page with hope,
Perhaps with a growing calm, a tranquil peace,
Serenity blossoming like the rose,
But, if not, then at least you learnt something,
Something that could burden you and sadden you...

For what is worse than expressing true love
And receiving true hatred in return?
Or suggesting something you think wonderful,
Yet seeing a response that chills you to the bone?
Be careful, you owe that to yourself,

The other person has heights and depths
And you cannot know them all...

Look for signs of friendship, respect,
Look for signs of tedium or isolation,
Look for signs of twinkling eyes,
Laughter lines, blushing cheeks,
Or a trembling lower lip or emerging tear drops...

Because you were not meant to play the fool,
Or the harsh critic of another's heart...
How would you feel if not ready for love,
For courtship, for marriage, for children?
How would you feel if being scolded or rebuked?
How would you feel to be so little thought of?

Perhaps you need to be a little more wise than now,
When the thoughts rush towards the blank page,
Not even edited for correcting errors,
Not even improved by finer language,
Not even prayed over before being handed over...

For some hearts are tender,
Defended by strong shields,
Or minds so fastly set as not to change,
Not accepting of a critic's words...
Even when set in rhythms and rhymes...

I know that burden of a poem shared in haste,
Though wondrous and beautiful in style,
The outcome was as cold as ice...
As chilling as a gothic film could ever be...

I would that I could undo such days,
When hopes and dreams stole my senses,
When well-meaning ideas got crushed underfoot,
When love was offered and rejected...
If only I could have known their outcomes,
I would have thrown pen and paper into the flaming fire,
Watched them burn, fade away, fade away, fade away...

I would perhaps be the better now,

But the lessons remain intact,
Like signposts of my failures,
Like reminders of dismissed discretion,
Like heartaches I must carry to the end of days...

Words slip from each lip like honey,
But words on a page have no such excuse,
They could be changed for better words...
Yet who can say they know the perfect words?

And because that is true,
I can choose to forgive myself,
Even if others refuse me that mercy...
At least I know that God forgives...
Perhaps that is enough, I hope so...
For if God can forgive me,
Then God can forgive you...

Denis Martindale, February 2016.

Denis Martindale

This Is A Job For Poetryman!

What's that you say? God bids me write
To serve some higher plan! ?
This is a job by day and night!
O.K., I'm Poetryman!
With PM stretched across my chest
And on my cape as well,
The symbol I must do my best,
Though I march into Hell!

What's that you say? The Devil hates
The poems that I've penned! ?
Too bad, for we were never mates,
I've found a better friend!
Yet I must write my poems down,
Regardless of reward,
Beyond the yearning for a crown
That's granted by the Lord...

What's that you say? God bids me preach
That I might save the lost! ?
That suits me fine, if I can reach
These souls before they've crossed!
My poems on the Internet,
Shared in anthologies,
No wonder demons get upset,
God's wonders never cease!

What's that you say? Of course, I'm keen!
I'll strive to see this through...
The world wide web's my go-between
To get my verse to you!
As long as God still grants me breath,
I'll do the best I can!
Till God allows the time of death,
Then farewell, Poetryman!

Denis Martindale, February 2016.

Denis Martindale

God's Beautiful Bible!

From Genesis, we find the Lord,
His purposes and plans,
His every blessing and reward
To each who understands...
Though Adam strayed from Paradise,
Though Eve left Eden, too,
Today, we know the sacrifice
Lord Jesus Christ went through...
For centuries, the Church has prayed,
Salvation to impart,
Christ's holy bride has thus obeyed
And loved Him from her heart...
God's miracles in full supply
Grant us celebration!
Today, it's up to you and I,
Sharing revelation!

Denis Martindale,16 February 2016.

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

How To Start Writing Poetry!

How to start writing poetry! ?
Think, think! Think, think! Think, think!
Then find some paper suddenly
And also pen and ink...
Or some PC or laptop near,
A typewriter will do,
But from then on, to make it clear...
THE REST IS UP TO YOU!

That sweet responsibility
That makes the heart to sink
Is also what gives dignity,
Unless from these you shrink...
Yet if you hold such poems dear,
No matter, old or new,
Then take the time so they appear...
THE REST IS UP TO YOU!

Your fate, of course, is yet to be,
You stand now on the brink
And hoping God grants destiny,
Not just a nodding wink...
In that regard, you need not fear,
For God provides each clue,
Use eyes to see... and ears to hear...
THE REST IS UP TO YOU!

By faith, we search each mystery
That serves as meat and drink,
To overcome Man's misery
Each heart with God must link...
So write, as though your final year,
Express your point of view,
Find words of hope that folks would cheer...
THE REST IS UP TO YOU!

Denis Martindale,16 February 2016.

Denis Martindale

Make It Great!

The poet penned his first draft down
And read it through and through,
He spotted things that made him frown
Then did what he must do...
He changed some basic words to those
That energised his tale,
Such that he smiled at his new prose,
That first looked poor and pale...

The punctuation he employed
Was not precise at all,
But, when corrected, he enjoyed
A second miracle...
And when the grammar was revised,
The poet had to smile,
Because by now, he stared surprised!
His poetry had style!

Another reading proved it so,
All points to understand...
Then, suddenly, he came to know
The wisdoms God had planned!
'My word! ' he said, quite tearfully,
'God sure blessed me, today! '
Then typed the words out cheerfully!
'That's great, not just O.K.'

Denis Martindale,16 February 2016.

Denis Martindale

Can I Improve My Poetry?

With pen in hand, the world is mine,
In hopes of something grand,
Beyond some sweet-versed Valentine,
That most could understand...
Much more than sharing scenery,
Majestic or quite bland,
Much more than dreams so fancy free,
Much more than fate had planned...

Can I improve my poetry
All by myself alone?
Or must God grant me clemency
And all my sins atone?
Such that He reaches down below
To touch my mind anew,
Such that with patience I might know
An inner strength that grew?

By faith, I see the world is now
A harvest to be gained,
Of all good things God would allow
As each has been explained...
So in good time, let God reveal,
His share of prophecy,
O Lord, please prove Your love is real:
Improve my poetry!

O Lord, improve my poetry
So that it makes me bold!
So that Your love means more to me
Than poems young and old...
Such that the future grants me peace
And powers yet untold!
If so, grant wisdom to release
A faith that shines like gold!

Denis Martindale, St Valentine's Day,2016.

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale

I Want To Be A Writer!

Yes, I want to be a writer,
A writer through and through,
To make this dark world brighter
With God's own point of view...
For only He can know it all
And bring good things to bear,
So I prayed for a miracle:
A heart that seeks to care...

So I can't rest while others sleep
If words are in full flow,
When paragraphs on pages creep,
Like footprints in the snow...
Like starlings flying west to east
Across the midday sky,
For writing's now become the feast,
The words that I live by...

While others fall in love and smile,
I bide my time at home,
In strong pursuit of some new style
That complements my poem...
Or some new storyline to search,
Beyond both space and time,
No wonder I express the urge
To write tales so sublime...

For I create my cosmic themes
Like planets, suns and moons,
While others sleep their standard dreams,
I'm working with new tunes...
They visit me to serenade
The poet here within,
No wonder I write unafraid,
Nor will this soul give in...

As long as ink is in supply,
As long as paper waits,
Then I will pass the whole world by

As one who celebrates...
To share the precious thoughts that stir,
Like gemstones polished clean,
Revealing hopes meant to occur,
So tranquil, so serene...

And if it be that death comes fast,
My heart to crush like ice,
Then I bequeath the poems past
That proved I paid the price...
No love had I, no wife, no child,
No grandchild on my knee,
For writing left my heart beguiled
And blessed with poetry...

Denis Martindale,12 February 2016.

Denis Martindale

Unswerving Love!

How did we meet, that wondrous day?
Just two hearts lonely still,
Till hope had met us on our way,
Our broken hearts to fill...
Did we deserve a second chance?
Yet God is love and more,
To make us pause and take a glance
At what our hearts pray for...

I asked you out and you said yes,
Did I deserve such grace?
The day my heart found happiness
When my eyes saw your face...
The day when love shone in your eyes,
The day when smiles returned,
The day that took us by surprise,
For true love none had earned...

It is God's gift, His precious care,
For those who marry well,
For those who yearn and choose to dare,
A lifetime's love to tell...
And oh, my love, I cherish you,
We share a common theme,
Both undeserving, yet we grew,
Together, as a team...

The years prove that and God be praised,
What good works have been done,
Just think of each new child we raised,
Each daughter and each son...
And oh, my love, I praise the Lord,
His grace has proved enough,
You are my thankful heart's reward
Through His unswerving love...

Denis Martindale,11 February 2016.

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale

Are You Fishing For Compliments! ?

You ask in such a simple way,
Attractive, yes or no?
As if the very light of day
Did not reveal it so...
As if the ones who pass you by
Did not make up their minds,
Explaining any reasons why
They would ignore the signs...

Yet there you stand with puzzled face,
Sometimes so full of smiles,
With twinkling eyes like stars in space,
The sight of which beguiles...
And blushing cheeks set off a shine
Above your cheeky grins,
Enough to find some Valentine
As charming as a prince...

And oh how gentle you appear,
To blossom like a rose
And blessing anyone who's near
Each time your true heart shows...
And yet you ask, as if confused,
Attractive? Yes, take heed!
No need for you to be bemused,
You're gorgeous, yes, indeed!

Denis Martindale,10 February 2016.

Denis Martindale

Well Versed In Poetry...

To be well versed in poetry
One needs a certain flair,
To see the magic mystery,
Or majesty to share...
To think of others now and then
And offer some advice
That you think fitting for all men,
Yes, something wise and nice...

Perhaps confession of one's soul,
Outpourings from one's heart,
Through verses that show self-control,
Expressions of one's art...
Like painting pictures verbally,
Yet silent, in their minds,
As if a rainbow stretched out free,
Throughout one's written lines...

Or what about romantic love
That makes the heartbeat race?
Or just to name a star above,
For her, the girl you chase?
Or themes in which one's dreams come true,
Miraculous, of course,
Or write a humble prayer or two,
Some hopes to reinforce...

The ins and outs of verses penned,
Already point the way,
No need for us to give up, friend,
No need for us to stray...
Hymnwriters try to pattern well
With syllables each time,
That's hard to beat, for truth to tell,
Their hymns can be sublime...

But if free verse proves your domain,
Then take it by the horns,
Write well, so readers don't complain

And so no critic scorns...
By golly, I'm excited now!
To think what you could write!
I think you'll do O.K, somehow,
Just write with all your might!

Denis Martindale,8th February 2016.

Denis Martindale

Falling Short...

Mankind's forever falling short of what God meant to be
And all because of what Man thought when he ate of one tree!
For Adam followed in Eve's trail and chose to chew like her,
Thus from that bite was doomed to fail, for God's truth must occur!

In Man's defence, Eve had not died, she walked and talked the same,
But Adam learnt God had not lied when God apportioned blame!
Thus raiment of a sort was made when blood was shed that day,
Perhaps that creature died afraid, its sacrifice to pay...

From Eden, Adam and his wife, God cast out and then barred,
To live in spite of pain and strife, at times too much, too hard!
For sin was born the day they fell, the demons knew that, too!
While every one is scared of Hell, by faith, Christ can save YOU...

Denis Martindale,8th February 2016.

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Write Now!

I need no challenge to be set
For brand new poetry,
I need no wager or some bet
For creativity...
Nor does God press my very soul
With prophecies or more,
Nor do I lack the self-control
Some anger to explore...

If love compels my heart to stir,
From loves that once I knew,
From all the daydreams that occur
And kisses oh so few...
I merely write as time allows,
Amid life's busy whirl,
With any talents God endows
Regardless of some girl...

And sceneries don't captivate
These eyes that saw so much,
Nor can some heartache stimulate
A lonesome poet's touch...
I merely write to test my art,
Can it outlast the years?
Can it express beyond my heart,
My blood, my sweat, my tears?

If so, then poems will abound,
No matter where I am
And when my poems have been found,
Do others give a damn?
If yes, then good reports respond,
Like ripples on the lake,
Like little bubbles on a pond,
With patterns that they make...

Yet God alone is uppermost,
What feedback would He give?
While poets have small thoughts to boast,

He still grants each to live...
So that's why poets choose to write,
Write now, if needs must be,
To capture any new insight
To bless humanity...

Denis Martindale,7th February 2016.

Denis Martindale

Another Brand New Poem!

I haven't got a single clue
Of words I'm set to write,
I'll write some verses just for you,
Right now, this very night!
I'll sit down on my comfy chair
And type out words real fast
And humbly pray the poet's prayer
Till God comes flying past!

Thank God! He's here! OK, then, Lord!
We're really on a roll!
Let inspiration be outpoured
Upon my heart and soul!
In answer to the ones who ask,
Who don't know what to say,
As if that were some awesome task
And doubts get in their way!

And then the Lord began to talk
And slowly pace the floor,
To share some wisdom with that walk,
So who could hope for more! ?
I wrote words down as in a race,
As God was want to give,
Of wondrous love, of perfect grace,
A brand new way to live...

My word! He's really into this!
So passionate inside!
So full of insights not to miss,
My eyes were opened wide!
This good advice I give to you,
Keep writing, Denis, please!
For that's still what you're meant to do,
For wonders never cease!

Denis Martindale,6th of February 2016...

Denis Martindale

The Wry Tingle!

The wry tingle of writing starts
Within each silenced soul
And rushes to our beating hearts,
Perchance to seize control...
To validate a future word,
A wayward passing dream,
Or some sweet tune that's overheard,
Till thought out as a theme...

The wry tingle of writing starts
Like lightnings overhead,
From westward parts to eastward parts,
Though not one word's been said...
But writers harken to the noise,
The fall of latter rain,
Till suddenly they've fixed their choice,
Their legacy to gain...

PoemHunter.com

The wry tingle of writing starts
Like dolphins soaring high,
When every one, the sea departs,
As if to kiss the sky...
Thus writers, too, should celebrate
The miracles to come,
Alas, few writers then create
Joys meant for all not some...

The wry tingle of writing starts
Like grains of sand within
Time's hourglass that stirs the arts
In those who won't give in...
No writer's block withstands the strength
Of words God meant to be,
That's why each comes to me at length,
To share each mystery...

And that's good reason for you, too,
To humbly write each rhyme
And credit then, where credit's due,

If proved to be sublime...
Just reach for paper and for pen,
Let poems be outpoured,
Then God will bless your hearts again,
Through Jesus Christ our Lord...

Denis Martindale, copyright February 2016.

Denis Martindale

Unrequired Love...

How sweet it is to love my love,
Though unloved in return,
My love for her more than enough,
Though she, that love, would spurn...
When one gold diamond ring means nought,
When pearls are cast aside,
Though I still chase that single thought
That she may be my bride...

For in my dreams, I kiss her lips,
Those lips that mouth disdain,
Yet still illusion daily grips
My heartstrings once again...
The woods have trees and some called pine,
Yet none pines more than I,
Rejected by the Valentine
Who cares not that I sigh...

The rains that pour from skies above
May wash away my tears,
Yet rainbows grant no hope of love
To bless my future years...
No chance have I to hold her hand,
No chance to touch her cheek,
No chance to find my Promised Land,
Shared with the one I seek...

The Cosmic planets glide along,
Destined to dance alone,
Perhaps, I, too, must be as strong,
Endure life on my own...
No bride, no wife, no honeymoon,
No children born in time,
No happy whistling of a tune
That my life was sublime...

Have I the strength to love yet lose?
Forsake love's soft embrace?
Have I the wisdom left to choose

To see beyond her face?
The face that stirred a thousand prayers,
The voice that said, 'Goodbye! '
The choice once said that showed no cares
If I should live or die?

If yes, I pray to love again,
Perchance new dreams to dream
And hope with hope beyond my ken,
For still love proves supreme...
Yet not to burden with my needs,
My future plans and more,
But yearning that true love succeeds
And thrills me to the core...

Denis Martindale, copyright February 2016.

Denis Martindale

Love Is A Language That Doesn't Need Words!

Love is a language without words,
God shares this in our hearts
And when set free, it flies like birds
And tenderness imparts...
Then shed abroad, it spans the globe,
This sad old world to heal,
Love helps us cope, for love brings hope,
Because our God is real...

Yes, love outlives the lives we touch,
True miracles must be,
Though we love little or love much,
Each bears love's legacy...
In friendship, courtship, worship, too,
God proves His perfect plan,
When love lives on in me and you
Who serve our fellow man...

For love means service, night and day,
For love involves our time,
For love compels each heart to pray,
Till prayers to Heaven climb...
Till God's compassions then outpour
As if to turn the tide,
So those that love can then love more,
When mercy is supplied...

Denis Martindale, copyright February 2016.

Love is a language that doesn't need words...

The ministry of the Mercy Ships organisation has been explained in a TV advert which included the work of Melinda Kaney. Google search for YouTube details...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,

the Christian channel on Sky TV that is part of the 'Church Without Walls'...

Denis Martindale

You Are Blessed To Bless!

Whatever talent God may give,
Accept it in Christ's Name,
Because for all the time you live,
You'll never be the same...
For God so loved the world He gave
His only Son for us,
His only Son, who came to save,
Our precious Lord, Jesus...
And think of all God's blessings brought,
Through this one life alone,
I know it's much more than we thought,
Or that we've ever known...
Now YOU are blessed to bless in turn,
For Jesus paid the cost
And so, thank God, for all YOU learn
Which helps to save the lost!

Denis Martindale, copyright February 2016.

PoemHunter.com

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on Sky TV that is
part of the 'Church Without Walls'...

Denis Martindale

F.A.M.I.L.Y.

Father And Mother I Love You
For all the good God seeks to do.
By day and night, week, month and year,
I love you both, I love you dear.

God blesses those who try their best -
Together, we have passed each test.
Surviving all, triumphant now,
Through thick and thin, by grace, somehow.

You've held me close, you've watched me grow,
You've cherished me, you've let me go.
You've prayed and prayed and God has heard,
Acknowledging your every word.

To Him, I pray, on your behalf -
To make you smile, to make you laugh,
To fill your hearts with love divine,
Just like your love each day fills mine!

PoemHunter.com

The future beckons! Let's respond!
United by this noble bond!
Let's stand, as one, with dignity...
In the name of all that's 'F.A.M.I.L.Y.'

Denis Martindale, copyright October 2005.

Denis Martindale

Cold Comfort...

Cold icicles like fingers point,
To turn my heart to stone,
With every ache that's in each joint
To grant my soul to moan...
But I hold fast to each new day,
Each dark night chased by dawn,
Each morning when I choose to pray,
No thought to feel forlorn...

For seven months of tortures run,
Like those endured before,
Till finally the Winter's done
And I warm up once more...
For I know well two hundred times
When chills cling to my heart,
Depriving me of warmer climes,
Till God bids these depart...

So, please, don't think my faith proves weak,
Tenacity holds on
And though I know that things look bleak,
I'll bear this till it's gone...
For life proves precious to my soul,
Enough, like Scrooge, to save
Each pound and penny I control,
The heating bills to waive...

For when Spring comes, I'll send my gift
To aid some charity,
To help the souls that need a lift,
To be all they can be...
My sacrifices year by year
Help blankets to be shared,
God's love through Christian Aid's made clear
That through me, He still cared...

Like Jesus in the wilderness,
I tremble with the cold,
Kept warm inside with thoughts that bless

When God would use my gold...
Each week to save a pound or two,
Each month that money's mine,
Till, all at once, the Winter's through,
Then I donate online...

Denis Martindale, copyright February 2016.

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Denis Martindale

The Twice As Nice Girl!

Whichever way I look at her, she's always twice as nice,
As if that's destined to occur when looking through my eyes...
For love compresses to a span the one it wants to see
And that has always been my plan for such a one as she...
The taking pleasure in her gaze, the glimpse of silky skin,
As though the highlights of my days, the reasons I should grin...
For she, without a single word, caused new love to commence,
The precious second stirrings stirred, the hope we could be friends...
So, pardon me, if I should stare, my lonesome heart feels warmed,
As if for only her to care, now that I've been transformed...
God grant such love to grow and grow, to voice such love in time,
The twice as nice girl needs to know that I think she's sublime...

Denis Martindale, copyright February 2016.

The tribute poem's based on a beautiful photo by
Maria Victoria Heredia Reyes... It's a mixture
of celebrities Eva Green and Victoria Justice...
Google search and pinterest found it in seconds!

Denis Martindale

The Gorgeous Guitar!

One day, I walked along the High Street
And as I was passing by a music shop,
I stepped backwards and stared at it...
There it was in the window, a lonesome guitar, calling to me...

Buy me! That's all it said... and so I entered the shop,
I passed over my shiny new credit card and bought that guitar.
It wasn't the most impressive guitar at all,
I'm not saying that, but it became a very close friend...
I learnt a few ways to play it and got good at it.

I wrote songs thanks to my guitar,
Took time to get those words and notes just right.
Smiled when I was proud of something spanking new.
I felt like I was on a roll, destined for higher things,
As if fame and fortune awaited in the wings...

This continued for a few months, till one sunny day...
I don't know whether to be happy or sad or both at the same time.
One day, I walked along the High Street
And I was passing by another music shop,
I stepped backwards and stared at it...
There it was in the window, a gorgeous guitar, calling to me...

I'm too good for the likes of you!

What! ? How darest thou say that to ME!
I'm flipping brilliant now!
I'm writing songs by the score...
I'm a great guitar player!
What cheek you've got! Said I...

But then I bit my lip at the sight of it...
The gorgeous guitar!
Damn, I wanted it bad, so bad!
Whoa! Look at the price tag! Oh-oh...
But I still wanted it, wanted it... oh so bad...

So I bought it!

I got it home as soon as I could and even cleaned it.
It didn't need it, but I did, I just had to clean it...
It shone so much. Both silver and gold and with pink trim, too.
I raised the strap over my shoulder and suddenly...
My first guitar caught my eye!

How could you! ? It asked, literally fuming...
I've been faithful since forever! It told me...
But look, look how flipping gorgeous it is! Said I...
It's silver and it's gold and with pink trim, too...
Hey, I'll play it and be honest, tell me if you love it, too...
This could be awesome!

Silence...

But I had to play my gorgeous guitar, I just had to...
So I played one of my fav compositions and man,
That sure sounded sweet, so heavenly...

But my first guitar stayed silent... It never spoke to me again...

Denis Martindale, copyright January 2016.

Denis Martindale

The Absence Of God?

I cried to God in my nightmare
And when I rose from sleep,
I cried to God in solemn prayer,
For what I sow, I reap...

I cried to God in my heartache
And when I was brought low,
I cried to God, for pity's sake,
Oh, Lord, don't let me go...

I cried to God in my sadness
And darkness beyond belief,
I cried to God in my madness,
Hoping for some relief...

I cried to God in my spirit
And thought He didn't care,
I cried to God, He must hear it,
For, surely, He's everywhere...

PoemHunter.com

Then I picked up the Word of God,
To read what Jesus said,
To learn of places He once trod,
The holy life He led...

And then... I learnt... He died... for me...
My sins to take away...
And so, because of Calvary,
I won't face Judgment Day...

For God works all things to the good,
Because of Jesus Christ...
Once born again, I understood,
Believe and be baptised!

Denis Martindale, copyright January 2016.

Find out more by watching Revelation TV, the Christian channel on Sky TV that is part of the 'Church Without Walls'...

Denis Martindale

* Do You Believe In Angels?

Do you believe in angels, friend?
They all believe in you!
I know it's hard to comprehend,
It's too good to be true!
It's too good that God made each one
To help us day-by-day,
Yet we know life's not always fun,
Ask those who kneel and pray...

Do you believe in angels now?
Like you did as a child...
Or has your faith been crushed somehow
Or have you been beguiled?
Has science talked you out of truth
That once your heart received?
Now you're full grown, no more a youth,
Since then, were you deceived?

Do you believe in angels here?
On this, God's precious Earth...
Has something gripped your heart with fear
To steal away self-worth?
Consider how the seasons change,
The years remain the same...
Why then, today, should it seem strange
That angels know your name?

Do you believe in angels, too?
Their wings a glorious sight!
Enough to warm the likes of you
And bear you up in flight!
From land-to-land and shore-to-shore,
Their legends are renowned...
And blessed are we forevermore
Each time they come around!

Do you believe in angels, friend?
Or do you think them odd?
Read the Bible from end-to-end

And heed the Word of God...
I pray you learn to love the Lord,
His Spirit and His Son...
Holy angels of one accord
Help them to get things done!

So please, please, please! Please, please! Please, please!
Believe, believe, believe!
For when you do, what hope, what peace,
What joy you will receive!

Denis Martindale, copyright, January 2012.

We can learn more from Revelation TV
on Sky Digital and Freesat channels.

Denis Martindale

The Gorgeous Girl At The Window!

My camera caught her in her prime,
Her hair jet black as coal
And all because she looked sublime,
She captured heart and soul...
My gorgeous girl, she sure looked nice,
Distinctive in that light,
Delicate strawberry lips, precise,
Her beauty at its height...

She stared at distant scenes ahead,
While I stood near transfixed,
My blushing cheeks becoming red,
In love, yet feelings mixed...
For who was I to stand a chance
With someone such as she,
With all the courage to advance,
To find true harmony?

Though my heart sank, my head stayed still,
My eyes set on her smile,
Then heartbeat rising from the thrill
Of such a cute profile...
Then she saw me, just standing there,
Aware I stood in awe,
Within a dream, beyond all care,
How could I want for more?

She grinned at such a lovesick fool,
A puppet on a string
And yet, somehow, she thought it cool,
At all that love could bring...
And in that minute she came near,
Right here, to ask my name,
Then perfect love cast out my fear,
My sweetheart's love to claim...

Denis Martindale, copyright January 2016.

The tribute poem's based on a beautiful photo by
Maria Victoria Heredia Reyes... It's a mixture
of celebrities Eva Green and Victoria Justice...
Google search and pinterest found it in seconds!

Denis Martindale

* Beyond The Art Ache...

Imagine yourself an artist,
The brush within your hand,
The gentle motion of the wrist,
For hours there to stand...
With the smell of paint that lingers,
Upon the canvas wall
And, of course, upon the fingers,
Before you wash them all...

Imagine yourself as patient,
Enough no more to ask,
As if the Lord had stationed
Yourself for just this task...
And bade you stand the whole day there,
Your artistry to prove,
I wonder how long you would care
Before you chose to move...

PoemHunter.com

Imagine yourself as willing,
Each art ache to endure,
For your subjects look so thrilling
You could not want for more...
White tigers or an elephant,
An eagle flying high,
Their beauty so significant,
You dare not pass them by...

Imagine paintings you have done
That families can own,
Fine art prints, sold by the million,
Because of you alone...
That must be worth each art ache,
The times they took their toll,
For what a difference God can make
When God stays in control...

Imagine such a legacy
Each artist leaves behind,
The beauty and the majesty

To bless both heart and mind...
I merely sit and write in rhyme,
Reminding you of such,
God bless the artist so sublime
God grants the magic touch...

Denis Martindale, copyright January 2016.

Poem based on so many hundreds of magnificent wildlife paintings by artist Stephen Gayford. Google-search as well as image search for the gayfordgallery and 'Stephen Gayford poetry'.

Denis Martindale

The Hero!

The hero uses faith each day,
To him, it's all he needs,
To kneel before the Lord and pray,
Then stand... till he succeeds...
The hero stands for what proves right,
All doubts he casts aside,
Ascending to the highest height
Of valour God's supplied...
Such that the battle's not his own,
It stays the Lord's, my friends,
Such that some evil's overthrown,
More than Man comprehends...
Take heart in what the hero does,
It's like a miracle!
As he shows true love, like Jesus,
Who died to save us all...

Denis Martindale, copyright January 2016.

PoemHunter.com

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the Christian channel on Sky TV that is
part of the 'Church Without Walls'...

Denis Martindale

Name A Star!

Please name a star for her alone,
The girl you think divine,
The girl you always want to phone,
Your hoped-for Valentine...
The girl you hesitate to kiss,
Yet long to kiss each day,
Because you think of this as bliss,
If she says that's OK...

For she's your dreamgirl, that's for sure,
The sweetheart cherished now,
The focus of your great amour,
If destinies allow...
And doesn't she deserve a star
To twinkle high above,
As if to put her on a par,
Simply because of love?

So name a star for her alone,
The girl you think sublime,
To signify true love's been shown
Throughout the terms of time...
When she looks up, she's bound to smile
At her first claim to fame,
Remembering that you've got style
That silver star to name...

Denis Martindale, copyright January 2016.

Denis Martindale

New Year Christianity

Maturity will prove the key
That faith bids us to twist,
The faith Christ proved at Calvary
Spurs each evangelist...
Redeem the time to preach Good News,
Restore what can be spared
And pray for Israel and the Jews
For whom the Lord has cared...
As each new year begins its path,
Each pilgrim should reflect,
Upon the times we cry or laugh,
Neglect or show respect...
For each new day grants more to learn
And wisdom to apply
And mysteries we must discern,
Not merely asking, 'Why? '

Denis Martindale, copyright January 2016.

PoemHunter.com

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Denis Martindale

* Vision For Israel!

The Lord of Lords and King of Kings
Has set this land apart
And so it stands above all things,
The blessing of His heart...
Show charity that never ends,
Israel's beyond compare,
Behold the vision, too, my friends,
Support God's people there...
And so He asks that we should pray,
For miracles and more,
Until He comes one precious day
This sad world to restore...

Denis Martindale, copyright January 2016.

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Denis Martindale

Siberian Family

Siberian tigers get cold, too,
When Winter snow descends,
The young cubs don't know what to do
Until the season ends...
The water chills their throats each time,
Their bellies cringe in pain,
That's hardly what they'd call sublime,
But life goes on again...

The elder tigers understand
The weariness and more,
At times like these, they hate the land
And hunting's such a chore...
Endurance is their strongest hope,
A hundred days to run,
Somehow the young cubs learn to cope,
Though Winter's just begun...

The first, of course, seems quite the worst,
But years like these persist,
Reminding them each time they thirst,
That each must co-exist...
When that first silver snowflake falls
And then it snows... and snows...
Together, they can face it all,
Whatever life bestows...

Denis Martindale, copyright January 2016.

A poem based on a magnificent wildlife painting,
by artist Stephen Gayford. Google search
gayfordgallery and 'Stephen Gayford poetry'.

Denis Martindale

Swimming Lesson...

Some creatures learn to stand and walk,
Some learn to swim or fly,
Some creatures learn to sing and talk,
Yet rarely question why...
But swimming isn't easy, friends,
That's why some hesitate
And so, I guess, it all depends,
If water's what you hate...

The surface may look quite serene,
Who knows what's underneath?
No wonder some aren't really keen
When they come up to breathe...
Some creatures teach their young ones well,
To build their confidence,
While others simply want to yell,
As if that, too, makes sense...

While adults know their way around,
Their young ones aren't so wise,
They raise alarms at every sound,
Greet new things with surprise...
Swimming lessons should be sublime,
Not something you must force,
So, please, be patient! Give them time...
Let new things take their course...

Denis Martindale, copyright January 2016.

A poem based on a magnificent wildlife painting,
by artist Stephen Gayford. Google search
gayfordgallery and 'Stephen Gayford poetry'.

Denis Martindale

Young Gorilla

The young gorilla looked around
At all there was to see,
As well as hearing every sound,
All things a mystery...
How could he know the future years
That he was yet to live,
Till one by one each then appears,
With all each has to give?

This day, no plans could bless his soul,
His fate but here and now,
He merely served his childhood role
And all it could allow...
But years progress, they serve their time,
Till he stands tall and strong,
A mighty creature, quite sublime,
Defiant all day long...

What human could control him then,
Subdue the beast within?
His power could defeat most men
And make each one give in...
But left alone, he could do well,
Content in heart and mind,
Content to be a miracle
Apart from all Mankind...

Denis Martindale, copyright January 2016.

A poem based on a magnificent wildlife painting,
by artist Stephen Gayford. Google search
gayfordgallery and 'Stephen Gayford poetry'.

Denis Martindale

Consider It A Privilege!

God loves the poor, God loves the rich,
Each has a learning curve,
Consider it a privilege
When God asks you to serve...
The widow's mite was praised by Christ,
Her gift to gladly add,
No wonder she was highly prized,
For it was all she had...
If you've got more, it's by God's grace,
God's mercies show His love,
Put one big smile upon God's face,
When your gift's seen above!

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You can learn how and why to donate by
watching the 'Time For Revelation' show...

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

God's Heavenly Joys!

God's Heavenly joys release us
From sorrows now and then,
For the Bible says Lord Jesus
Is soon to come again!
If we but knew the day, the hour,
What treasures would we spare
Before Lord Jesus comes in power
To meet us in the air?
How many lost souls would we bring
As Heaven's trumpets call?
Yet on that day we meet our King,
God bless us one and all!

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the Christian channel on Sky TV that is
part of the 'Church Without Walls'...

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Thank God For Our Time For Revelation!

Revel in God's revelation
As God's evangelists,
Then preach to every nation
While God's love still exists...
While there's a Saviour to be found,
While there's a healing touch,
While there's a hope we're Heaven bound,
While Jesus cares so much...
While there's the Holy Spirit here,
While gifts come now and then,
Let's walk with Jesus year by year!
Amen! Amen! Amen!

Denis Martindale, January 2016.

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the Christian channel on Sky TV that is
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Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Make It So...

The Captain of the Enterprise
Sat down upon his chair,
Serene, in charge and oh so wise,
That's why they placed him there...
Controlling each scenario
That came across his path,
By simply saying, 'Make it so...'
Despite the aftermath...

For sometimes, weapons were discharged,
Across the void of space,
As conquest after conquest marched,
Like frowns upon his face...
To leave him weary of the chase,
The love affairs gone wrong,
The lack of sleep at end of days
That left him weak not strong...

But he pressed on, despite each loss,
Each cross he had to bear,
A rolling stone that wrought no moss,
He travelled here and there...
Sometimes he even fought the foe,
Stood face-to-face with death,
Not simply saying, 'Make it so...'
So gently on his breath...

When Q came to the Enterprise,
He judged Man's history,
The wars in which each good man dies,
The awesome travesty...
The Captain pleaded in that Court,
The right to co-exist
And in that single precious thought,
Q's Judgment Day was missed...

But Q persisted in his quest
To teach a thing or two,
Thus Enterprise must prove its best

In all that it could do...
Thank God, the Captain's wisdom spared
Mankind more than we know,
Much more beyond the times he cared,
When saying, 'Make it so...'

Denis Martindale, copyright January 2016.

Captain Jean-Luc Picard of the starship, Enterprise.
Encounter At Farpoint introduced the catchphrase,
with a few more explained on the wikiquotes website.

Denis Martindale

Seeking The King...

There is a love that transcends love
No mortal man had known,
Because that love came from above,
Indeed, from Heaven's Throne...
Such that the sinner could be saved,
His sins all washed away,
Such that his every guilt was waived,
Escaping Judgment Day...

There is a joy that transcends joys,
No earthly joy compares,
Reliant on one single choice
God answers through Man's prayers...
Repentance opens up the heart
That fateful moment when,
Commencing with that second start
Man's grateful once again...

For God rewards the seeking soul,
The soul for whom Christ died,
The life that spun out of control,
Till God's truths came to guide...
Such that the lost was found, restored,
Refined, as good as gold,
One soul that called upon the Lord,
Forgiven as foretold...

Seeking the King was wise indeed,
No greater path to find
And from now on, the King will feed,
As He transforms your mind...
The choice is yours, repent, believe,
Let Jesus take your hand,
For only then, can you receive
The life that God has planned...

Denis Martindale, copyright January 2016.

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Denis Martindale

The Different Drive Of The Poet

The different drive of the poet
Compels his hand to stir
And with that hand to sow it,
Cast wide as if a blur...
And if good seed, to strengthen,
Like wheat within a field,
Its roots to daily lengthen,
Until the final yield...
Once brought about, it glistens,
As if like falling snow,
Until somebody listens
To all that they must know...

Behold what prompts the poet's heart,
He sees the future well,
That's why he must sit down to start
The tale he wants to tell...
And with a prayer, or two, or three,
That first verse scans the page,
What follows proves a mystery
At every single stage...
The poet strives to gain control
Of words and phrases penned,
He searches in his heart and soul,
On that you can depend...

And suddenly, his art takes form,
Each time God leads the way,
Perhaps that's why his heart feels warm
Before the end of day...
And if that poet pleases you,
Remember him in prayer,
For he remembers readers who
Respond because they care...
Live long and prosper, young and old,
Great poets, take your rest,
Because your words were good as gold,
Anointed and God-blessed...

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale, copyright January 2016.

Denis Martindale

Dreamy Distractions!

Some dream of school and work and home
And folks they're prone to love,
Sometimes, no matter where folks roam,
Such sights aren't quite enough...
They wake up feeling mystified,
Mixed up by what each seems,
Are these some thoughts that God supplied,
Or random plans or schemes?

I dream of towns and countrysides,
Of shops and factories
And yet whatever each confides,
I'm not that hard to please...
I've often been to sail at sea
And dipped my toes in streams,
I've spoken to Her Majesty
And sang with The Supremes...

I dream that I drive racing cars,
Or ride my motorbike,
Sometimes I visit distant stars
To go just where I like...
Despite the fact I know that I'm
The last who's picked for teams,
When I'm asleep, I'm quite sublime,
No wonder I like dreams...

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale, copyright January 2016.

Denis Martindale

I Like You A Lot!

I haven't got a plush penthouse,
A mansion or a yacht,
I've never said some wedding vows,
But I like you a lot...
I haven't got a red Rolls-Royce,
Yet I don't give a jot,
I think of cars as merely toys,
But I like you a lot...
I haven't got a caravan
That's parked upon a plot,
You see, I've never been a fan,
But I like you a lot...
I haven't got a sniffling cold,
Or fever boiling hot,
But I think you're as good as gold,
Yes, I like YOU a lot!

Denis Martindale, copyright January 2016.

Denis Martindale

My Cherished Belief!

For God so loved the world He gave
His one and only Son,
Who died and yet now lives to save,
Because the battle's won...
I won't depart from God's true grace
In Jesus Christ alone
That helped me see my Saviour's face
As He sits by God's Throne...
No other name can prove enough
To save my soul from sin,
So my cherished belief I love,
That's why I won't give in!

Denis Martindale, copyright January 2016.

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the Christian channel on Sky TV that is
part of the 'Church Without Walls'...

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Winter Tracker...

When Winter came, the wolf was sad,
His heart began to chill,
No more the easy times once had,
Yet still the need to kill...
And so the tracker, eyes and ears
And nose to sense his prey,
Perhaps to overcome his fears
That he might die today...

The snow was crispy to the touch,
A giveaway each time,
That's why it didn't help as much
When he was forced to climb...
But if he stood alone in wait,
Perhaps his luck might change,
Despite the fact to hesitate
Felt really, really strange...

But patience often proves the key,
The slow down to a crawl,
When hunting's like a mystery
Drawn out when hunters stall...
The wolf survives without remorse,
He's callous through and through...
Starvation grants no other course,
So what else can he do?

Denis Martindale, copyright January 2016.

A poem based on a magnificent wildlife painting,
by artist Stephen Gayford. Google search
gayfordgallery and 'Stephen Gayford poetry'.

Denis Martindale

Watching You, Watching Me...

My camera clicked, the cheetah stared,
Its glaring eyes set straight
And nothing else on Earth compared
To when I felt its hate...
Yet I pressed on, despite its rage,
Though I gulped now and then,
For I'm not young and felt my age,
Not fit to run again...

But I felt safe, my jeep was close,
The cheetah had no clue,
Yet I was glad it chose to pose,
No other thing to do...
I took my pictures one by one,
As if its soul to take
And even started having fun
Till our truce took a break...

The cheetah moved a single paw,
That was enough for me!
I wasn't staying anymore,
I've so much more to see...
Once in the jeep, I sped away,
As fast as it would go,
Content to live another day,
A scaredy-cat... I know...

Denis Martindale, copyright January 2016.

A poem based on a magnificent wildlife painting,
by artist Stephen Gayford. Google search
gayfordgallery and 'Stephen Gayford poetry'.

Denis Martindale

Leopard!

The leopard listened to each sound,
Aware that prey was near
And it was close, somewhere around,
That much was oh so clear...
And that was why the leopard stood,
So statuesque in wait
And for the prey, that wasn't good
And even now, too late...

The leopard breathed the airborne scent,
It lingered now and then,
The creature there by accident
And yet, no more again...
The leopard was a wily one,
No amateur at all
And unashamed at what he'd done,
Observing hunger's call...

The frenzy came, the prey was caught,
Life draining, no release,
Until it thought its final thought,
Until it found some peace...
But that's the way that some survive,
While others bid farewell,
One dies, the other stays alive,
Each has its tale to tell...

Denis Martindale, copyright January 2016.

Poem based on a magnificent wildlife painting,
by artist Stephen Gayford. Google-search
gayfordgallery and 'Stephen Gayford poetry'.

Denis Martindale

Love Is Like Sand...

Love is like sand,

keep it in the palm of your hand

and it blows away,

yet if you make a fist,

it slips through your fingers,

so cement it with tenderness,

water it with affection

and build a house that will stand,

for love is like sand...

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale

It was published in the Christian Herald magazine...

Denis Martindale

Keep Writing!

Keep writing! Though the page looks bare,
Or screen shines oh so white,
Blank looks can't stop you if you care,
No matter, day or night...
For all you have and all you give
Are tokens of esteem,
Throughout the journey that you live,
Plus every hope and dream...

Keep writing! Though the words play games
And dash around the room,
Take charge, become the one who tames,
Brings little buds to bloom...
For all the times you nurtured well,
Brought forth a harvest home,
Press on with every casting spell
Wrought on your tale or poem...

Keep writing! Though the times are hard,
When money flies away,
When you stand tall, or on your guard,
Through things that critics say...
Fight for the right to write at will,
Free speech within your lips,
Such that it flows and truths instil
Down to your fingertips...

Keep writing! Though the world cares not,
For future's children can,
Yes, striking while the iron's hot,
To serve your fellow man...
God knows the heritage in store,
The hearts and minds to reach,
So don't give up, sit down, explore,
Find what you're meant to teach...

Keep writing! Though you may lose friends,
Or enemies abound,
Your life's not where your journey ends,

If God's grace you've still found...
And if, in Heaven, angels know
Your name among the rest,
That's purely through wise words that flow
From you to all God blessed...

Denis Martindale, copyright January 2016.

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the Christian channel on Sky TV that is
part of the 'Church Without Walls'...

Denis Martindale

New Year's Absolutions!

Behold, I stand at this year's end,
Surviving Winter's chill,
Alone this day without a friend,
So solemn and so still...
Within a house that's not a home,
No wife, no child have I,
My only solace proves this poem,
When forced to question, 'Why? '

And yet I live and breathe and pray,
Unheard by mortal ears,
Save those of Christ who says, 'Obey! '
While wiping this man's tears...
To think, there's so much more to do,
More victories yet to claim,
More dreams and visions yet to view,
More hearts to set aflame...

So on I press, towards the mark,
The line drawn in the sand,
The steady stabbing 'gainst the dark,
With God's sword in my hand...
The challenge set before my soul,
The doubt cast out of mind,
As if a soldier on patrol,
Reporting all I find...

And with God's strength, a striving surge,
All sabotage to stem,
A living stone within Christ's Church,
Bound to Jerusalem...
With Scriptures grafted deep inside,
God's light to guide my path,
Christ's Blood when He was crucified,
Remains sins' epitaph...

So, Lord, redeem the year ahead,
Set forth each timely hour,
Such that I conquer doom and dread,

Still marching in Your power...
For this heart serves a God of love
And wisdom borne of grace,
Until life's end when called above,
To meet Christ face-to-face...

Denis Martindale, copyright December 31st,2015.

This New Year poem is based on the life of Saint Paul,
yet it could also apply to many a Christian man today.

Denis Martindale

The Write Light!

God's light bulb shone with fervent glow,
Illuminating thought,
So that man's soul was in the know
Beyond what life had taught...
So that man stayed all through the night,
Transfixed upon his chair,
Despite the visions that brought fright,
Yet made him so aware...

God's mighty muse so strongly led,
That man gained such insight,
God's light bulb shone above his head
As he began to write...
Beyond the mortal realm he rose,
Transcending time and space,
Beyond the dream of normal prose,
As wonder filled his face...

For future times appeared before
His human form on Earth,
With prophecies none dare ignore
And none involving mirth...
Because the future beckons those
That God can use to warn,
Before the destined fatal foes
Make sorrows come each dawn...

Like Pilgrim's Progress, tales were told,
That made Man to repent,
Like Scrooge, who gave up years of gold,
When truth was Heaven sent...
So that the writer's soul was stirred,
To brave the prophecies,
Until he reached God's final word
And then prayed on his knees...

There has to be another way!
He pleaded to the Lord,
It's way too soon for Judgement Day!

PoemHunter.com

The Earth can be restored!
But God said no, these things shall be,
But warn them just the same,
Their sins have brought calamity,
Each sinner bears the blame...

And so that writer studied well,
The Bible in one hand,
To learn of Heaven and of Hell
And what the Lord had planned...
There's no way out, no great escape,
For Gentile or for Jew,
Unless God's hopes in Christ take shape,
Unless the Rapture's true...

That man began to preach so much,
In New York, Rome, Berlin,
To minister the Saviour's touch
To rescue some from sin...
He understood and chose to write,
So others, too, were blessed...
And when the Rapture came one night,
God took him with the rest...

Denis Martindale, copyright December 2015.

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the Christian channel on Sky TV that is
part of the 'Church Without Walls'...

Denis Martindale

The Hunters!

The big cats strive to feed their own,
They hunt by day and night,
For each heart is a heart of stone
That seeks to win each fight...
The young cats follow in their trails,
Set forth so long ago,
From mindsets that are hard as nails,
No matter what the woe...

Yet big cats can look beautiful,
Distinguished, well-defined,
Not always seen as horrible
For deaths they leave behind...
Man is the hunter just the same,
A kindred spirit, too,
To any life that he can claim,
No matter old or new...

And so his children follow suit,
Especially the boys,
With more the meat and less the fruit
That stays the hunter's choice...
Thus predators still have their place,
Dominion of the lands,
Despite the bloodshed they embrace,
No victim understands...

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Poem based on a magnificent wildlife painting,
by artist Stephen Gayford. Google-search
gayfordgallery and 'Stephen Gayford poetry'.

Denis Martindale

Last Light

Before the coming of the night,
There comes a softening time,
That heralds, then, that soon last light,
An hour so sublime...
When eyes attune to changing hues
And ears hear newmade sounds,
The sun melts when the moon brings news
Of new life that surrounds...

And so, not all, would greet that eve,
When darkness makes its trade,
For some, the final time to grieve,
Just cause to stare afraid...
The pattern stands without regard
For those whose lives will end
And though, of course, this truth's so hard,
There's no way round it, friend...

While humans sleep so warm in bed,
God's creatures fight for food,
That's why each night brings fear and dread,
A deadly change of mood...
Yet sunshine offers no escape,
When night has bid adieu,
As open eyes see every shape
And ask, 'What will it do? '

PoemHunter.com

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Poem based on a magnificent wildlife painting,
by artist Stephen Gayford. Google-search
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Denis Martindale

Elephant!

When I first saw his giant form
The elephant looked down,
He touched me with his trunk so warm
While I stood with a frown...
I kept my cool and forced a smile,
Yet he knew how I felt,
To be in awe of his profile,
As if my heart could melt...

Yet he was patient with my fear,
Such fear he'd seen before,
But tenderly he made it clear,
We were at peace not war...
In silence, I had found a friend,
No words passed to and fro,
Just gentleness to comprehend,
What more was there to know?

Our partnership began that day,
A circus act was born,
With one week here, then on our way,
To greet a brand new dawn...
It's fun to give my friend a bath,
Whenever we're on tours,
But he won't sign an autograph,
That's up to me, of course!

Denis Martindale, copyright December 2015.

Poem based on a magnificent wildlife painting,
by artist Stephen Gayford. Google-search
gayfordgallery and 'Stephen Gayford poetry'.

Denis Martindale

Colourful Duck!

My word, that duck was colourful!
No wonder he felt glad,
You see, he looked so loveable,
Content with all he had...
Admired by the ducks nearby,
He waddled spritely past,
As if a giant butterfly,
No need to feel downcast...

Red Admirals were put to shame
By such a one as he,
For next to him, they'd look quite tame,
He was a sight to see...
With reds and whites and blues and greens
And yellows, browns and more,
For some you could call inbetweens,
If you were keeping score...

My camera clicked away to catch,
A sight so memorable,
Because, to me, he had no match,
He was that colourful!
With him in mind, I bought new clothes,
My image to enhance...
With fancy cuffs and fancy bows,
Now I'm the fancypants!

Denis Martindale, copyright December 2015.

Poem based on a magnificent wildlife painting,
by artist Stephen Gayford. Google-search
gayfordgallery and 'Stephen Gayford poetry'.

Denis Martindale

Badger Family

The badger and the twins looked great,
So lively, full of fun,
With brand new lives to celebrate,
So warm thanks to the sun...
Their little eyes surveying all,
No coaxing to explore,
So off they ran, no thought to fall
Upon the forest floor...

Their little noses sniffing in
Aromas near and far,
While I watched them with silent grin
Not ten foot from my car...
I sketched the little ones at play,
Their antics made me smile,
Perhaps that's why I stayed all day
And not just for a while...

When I got home, no-one was there,
No wife as yet for me,
That badger's joy made me aware,
Of all that yet could be...
I sighed as I had done before,
The years were passing by...
Yet who knows what God has in store?
Alas not you or I...

Denis Martindale, copyright December 2015.

Poem based on a magnificent wildlife painting,
by artist Stephen Gayford. Google-search
gayfordgallery and 'Stephen Gayford poetry'.

Denis Martindale

Badger Watch

My badger watch began one day
When through the woods I went,
I saw a badger come my way,
He strolled as if a gent...
A touch of whimsy in his heart,
No trace of self-control,
As if aware he looked quite smart
And pride lurked in his soul...

I hid behind a nearby tree
And smiled at him again,
So glad that he could not see me
As I peeked now and then...
As he passed by, I gently moved,
A little to my right,
Content he had not disapproved
As I still hid from sight...

Then it occurred how God must gaze
Upon the world below,
To think, He watched us all our days,
Because He loved us so...
So I looked up and thanked the Lord,
Then turned no more to roam,
Because my faith was reassured
As I walked humbly home...

Denis Martindale, copyright December 2015.

Poem based on a magnificent wildlife painting,
by artist Stephen Gayford. Google-search
gayfordgallery and 'Stephen Gayford poetry'.

Denis Martindale

Tiger!

The tiger had no time for me,
He sought another prize,
As yet that was a mystery,
Not seen by human eyes...
Yet yonder tiger knew full well
And bared his strong white teeth,
As if to march straight into Hell,
Come triumph or come grief...

I stood my ground and breathed real slow
And stared at such a sight,
As yonder tiger chose to go
In search of one more fight...
I gulped to think of damage done,
The scars he yet might bear,
But on he strode beneath God's sun,
To bite and scratch and tear...

The battle raged, as battles do,
Two tigers bent on hate,
Determined yet to see it through,
Regardless of their fate...
Yet both survived... so I walked on,
Recalling now and then,
Win, lose or draw, that day has gone,
No more to come again...

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Poem based on a magnificent wildlife painting,
by artist Stephen Gayford. Google-search
gayfordgallery and 'Stephen Gayford poetry'.

Denis Martindale

Love's Saddest Loss

She stood there, standing at the door,
Like other ladies would,
Yet she an angel to adore,
Because she looked that good...
And while she spoke, I watched her lips,
As if now hypnotised,
She thrilled me to my fingertips,
More than I realised...

It didn't matter what she said,
I'd listen still all day,
Yet my heart felt a sense of dread,
For soon she'd walk away...
And I'd be left to pine and pine,
For days, perhaps a week,
In hopes she'd be my Valentine,
For she was quite unique...

And soon she walked and left the street,
To leave the heart that yearned,
Because no more the chance to meet
The girl who'd not returned...
She was life's highlight I recall,
The one who stole my heart,
The one I hoped to give my all,
A family to start...

The days passed by and love's sweet dream
Became a memory,
Like apple pie without the cream,
Not something meant to be...
Though I endure this loneliness,
She'll find somebody else,
Some guy to love, some guy to bless,
Some day with wedding bells...

But I'll be here each Christmas Day,
Alone without her love,
Alone because she walked away,

Thought me not good enough...
I know not how to pray for him,
The day he weds the one
That turned my heart from glad to grim
And yet, God's will be done...

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Denis Martindale

M.E.R.R.Y. C.H.R.I.S.T.M.A.S.

Make time for Christmas joy to grow,
Each heart that loves the Lord,
Rejoice in Him who loves us so,
Rejoice in each reward...
Yes, Christmas comes but once a year,
Choose well the gifts you share,
His happiness will bring you cheer,
Remember folks in prayer...
It's nice, of course, to send a card,
So simple, yet so kind,
Trust me, because it's not too hard,
Most folks have stamps they find...
A Christmas greetings card's so sweet,
So much it makes Christmas complete...

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the Christian channel on Sky TV that is
part of the 'Church Without Walls'...

Denis Martindale

What Is The Meaning Of Christmas?

W.H.A.T. is the meaning of Christmas. It's Worship, Hope And Trust.
It's learning all that's come to pass, then doing things we must...
It's caring, sharing, blessing those who aren't as blessed at all,
It's reaching, preaching truths God knows and every miracle...
For love in action serves Mankind, it's 'What would Jesus do? '
It's helping each lost soul to find the strength to battle through...
Because this broken world can't mend the broken hearts within,
It's why God sent His Son, our friend, to die for every sin...
So Christmas teaches us God's way, it's Heaven here on Earth
And that's why Christians daily pray, remembering Christ's birth...
When angels praised the Saviour's name, they sang on high above,
The Gospel proudly to proclaim: 'Behold, the King of Love! '

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Denis Martindale

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Tranquil Moment...

The cheetah and cubs were resting,
Content to take their ease,
As if beyond all testing,
All tensions to release...
A tranqil moment all their own,
With none to intervene,
While in the distance, I, alone,
Observed their gentle scene...

In contrast to the adult's speed,
This precious time felt right,
For gone was every kind of need,
Excitement or delight...
This time was theirs, no cause to run,
No purpose but to stay
And pause beneath that golden sun,
The day to while away...

And so, I, too, sat down as well,
Breathed in, breathed out real slow,
As if there were no tale to tell,
With no new place to go...
Yet when they left, I stood up, too,
As if now energised,
For there were many things to do...
More than first realised!

PoemHunter.com

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Poem based on a magnificent wildlife painting,
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Denis Martindale

Indian Tiger!

The Indian Tiger looked at me
While I observed him, too,
I must've been a sight to see
When I first walked in view...
For there I was, so calm, so still,
My camera to my eye
And though, to me, this was a thrill,
The tiger wondered why...

Not that, of course, he'd understand
A single word I'd say,
In any case, I'd got it planned
That soon I'd run away...
No point discussing face-to-face
His portrait on my wall,
So debonair, so full of grace,
As great as I'd recall...

Suffice to say, he stood his ground,
Perplexed to where I'd run,
Aware of every sight and sound
In his life since day one...
Yet if that day had been my last,
That's something that I'd loathe...
So when he moved, I scarpered fast,
Got in my jeep and drove!

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Poem based on a magnificent wildlife painting,
by artist Stephen Gayford. Google-search
gayfordgallery and 'Stephen Gayford poetry'.

Denis Martindale

Summer's Swallows

Whether the Summer's short or long,
The swallow makes the nest,
So when it's done it's good and strong,
Enough to pass the test...
The tiny eggs respond to love,
Where they're kept safe and sound,
Then soon the chicks are balls of fluff
That wander round and round...

But each first flight's not far away,
For soon it must arrive,
For destiny begins that day,
Here's hoping they survive...
To soar above their nest and then
Survey the land below,
Who knows if they'll return again,
Or leave and onward go?

Yet each must make that choice, of course,
That day or some day soon,
As if obeying Nature's laws,
Some dawn or afternoon...
And all alone, to persevere,
Till loneliness must end,
The day their destiny makes clear,
It's time to find a friend...

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Poem based on a magnificent wildlife painting,
by artist Stephen Gayford. Google-search
gayfordgallery and 'Stephen Gayford poetry'.

Denis Martindale

Two Lion Cubs

Two lion cubs, as thick as thieves,
Stretching and sprawling there,
As to each other each one cleaves,
Content, without a care...
They knew, of course, that they were small,
No strengths as such to tell
And yet they felt no fear at all,
As if each day went well...

Their parents guarded near and far,
That's why the two cubs played,
Enjoying their own Shangri-La,
With neither one dismayed...
To gaze into each other's eyes,
To learn each other's moods,
The little roars, the little sighs,
The soothing interludes...

But most of all enjoying life,
The sunshine and the peace,
Because to these, there seemed no strife
To cause their joys to cease...
And so their first few weeks trailed by,
As gentle as could be,
With neither cub to question why
They felt such harmony...

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Poem based on a magnificent wildlife painting,
by artist Stephen Gayford. Google-search
gayfordgallery and 'Stephen Gayford poetry'.

Denis Martindale

You Give, We Give!

Imagine if you would today,
Some good cause to support,
Before you give the same old way,
Just pause and give this thought...
Beyond such time your head was scratched,
To do the best you can,
Suppose donations could be matched?
Some 'You give, we give! ' plan...

That's what some enterprises do
And I was mighty glad,
When I became a partner, too,
Then gave some cash I had...
That way, it doubled, just like that!
It blossoms like a rose,
So on my back, I'll give a pat,
As my investment grows...

It ventured forth as good as gold,
To prosper here and there,
With its own stories to be told,
Because I chose to care...
God give you hope to help someone
The day you've understood...
'You give, we give! ' It's twice the fun!
God knows, that sure sounds good!

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale, copyright November 2015.

Here in the UK, the Ocado shopping company
matches our donations through their partnership
in their 'You Give, We Give! ' charity work...
We know of UK Government schemes like Gift Aid,
yet matching donations is even better.
Go shopping, log in, search keyword: donate.

Denis Martindale

Stealthy...

How cautiously he steps along,
That lion cub's so cute,
Yet pretty soon, he'll grow up strong
And then he'll be a brute!
Today he's simply on the prowl,
All stealthy and quite slow,
Another cub to bite, then growl,
His evil eyes aglow...

Although his little game's quite new,
To him, it's glorious,
The other cub's without a clue,
While he's victorious!
So bragging rights are his this day,
I caught you! Yes, indeed!
His younger brother was his prey,
The slower to succeed...

But that cub, too, will play the game,
Revenge still on his mind,
His elder brother's tail to claim,
Some tender part to find!
So long to childlike harmony!
So long to meek and mild!
The stealthy game has proved the key
To turn those lions wild...

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Poem based on a magnificent wildlife painting,
by artist Stephen Gayford. Google-search
gayfordgallery and 'Stephen Gayford poetry'.

Denis Martindale

Beyond The Beautiful!

Whatsoever strikes a chord in the human heart,
Be it the ponderings of sunshine or rain,
Will never be as beautiful
As the true love that blossoms like a rose,
Or the thrill of that first perfect kiss...

Yet if a poem can capture that magic
And compress it to just a few lyrical lines,
With all the majesty of a holy psalm,
Then the inspired poet or poetess
Has served both God and humanity well...

For having seen the beautiful
And sharing it afresh with others,
Delighting in the cosmic carousel,
Is that not the expression of harmony,
As with one's own kindred spirits here on Earth?

Therefore pray for poets and for poetesses,
That their visions and their dreams are blessed,
For they are loyal to their vocations,
Blessed anew when you sigh or smile at winsome muse,
Shed abroad for your eyes and ears to perceive...

And perhaps, anointed with precious prayers,
A prophecy or two, a wondrous promise of good tidings,
An undeserved godly favour, a word in season,
With translated interpretations the Holy Spirit shares,
Customised to your life's journey, meant just for you...

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Denis Martindale

Revelation Foundation!

When Christians gather, filled with faith,
Then prophecies abound,
To face the future strong and brave,
With praises that resound...
God's hopes established in their hearts,
To prosper and succeed,
Behold the time foundation starts
To serve each nation's need...

Technology and skills combined,
The harvest yet to claim,
There's transformation of each mind,
Renewed in Jesus' Name...
The Great Commission Christ set forth
Continues every day,
From east to west, from south to north,
Christ's Cross still leads the way...

Why should we boast in Jesus Christ,
Our Saviour, Lord and King?
In life and death He sacrificed
Himself in everything...
Such that true partnerships are born,
Across the whole world wide,
With not one saint who stands forlorn,
For each heart swells with pride...

With His example to us all,
No wonder we take hold
And revel in each miracle,
Esteemed much more than gold...
Each Christian project gives a thrill
As each one does their best,
For revelation of God's will
Is thus made manifest...

Supporters rally to God's cause,
His purposes to share,
His wondrous plans, His holy laws,

His everlasting care...
That's why the Gospel Truth extends,
God's Spirit is outpoured,
Such that each day God makes new friends,
With favour from our Lord...

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Denis Martindale

Lion!

The lion's share, that's his alone,
The others stand in line,
Because some things he won't condone,
That's why he's first to dine...
With all eyes watching till he's done,
For none dare intervene,
For each knows few beneath the sun
That ever were so mean...

The lion's known for awesome strength,
His stature's good as gold,
From head to tail, observe his length,
A wonder to behold...
And yet, let's not forget his roar,
It's heard from miles away,
Yet fear seems what his roar stands for,
To keep the rest at bay...

For he's got rivals near and far,
Perhaps as strong as he,
Alone, of course, he proves the star
And full of bravery...
But with each challenge, scars persist,
Who knows if he will win?
And yet as long as hopes exist,
That lion won't give in!

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Poem based on a magnificent wildlife painting,
by artist Stephen Gayford. Google-search
gayfordgallery and 'Stephen Gayford poetry'.

Denis Martindale

Who Is Jesus?

Who is Jesus of Christian fame?
The Holy Bible states
That Jesus is the highest name
That each saint celebrates...
The revelation comes to these
Because God knows each one
And sees them praying on their knees
Once saved by Christ, His Son...

Who is Jesus of great renown?
The Holy Bible shares
That one day Jesus wore a crown
With thorns mixed with his hairs...
For Romans mocked Him on that day,
The Cross was His reward,
Yet that was where God chose to pay
With sins put on the Lord...

Who is Jesus who lives right now?
The Holy Bible tells
That every knee to Him shall bow
For all His miracles...
For resurrection proves God's love,
Eternal life to give,
Such that dead saints shall rise above,
Their Saviour to be with...

Who is Jesus to you and I?
To me, He's everything!
The Lord who blesses those that try
To always please their King...
God's Son, indeed, and nothing less,
It's who He is, you see...
The Holy One God sent to bless
And share eternity...

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Denis Martindale

Christ, Our Awesome Saviour!

Not one upon this Earth God made
Was like His Holy Son,
Lord Jesus Christ came to our aid,
Forgiving all we'd done...
In His Own body, took our place,
Received God's Judgment Day,
So when we look upon Christ's face,
No wonder that we pray...

For there's God's grace for all to see,
If through the eyes of faith,
Lord Jesus died on Calvary,
Triumphant, pure and brave...
And on the third day raised again,
Eternal life proved true,
Lord Jesus is the light of men,
You see, He died for you...

To think, the Cross of Christ grants love
The world has need of now,
For how else can we rise above
To all God can allow?
The Holy Spirit lived in Christ,
His daily path to guide,
So, even with Him sacrificed,
God's love still shone inside...

So aptly called, King of the Jews,
Though few to Him have bowed,
With signs and wonders came Good News,
No more the deathly shroud...
While not all know His Majesty
And prophecies decreed,
The saints who love Him bend the knee,
To pray and intercede...

That's why disciples everywhere
Acknowledge Christ as King,
To such as these, now blessed by prayer,

God's Son means everything...
Our awesome Saviour knows each heart,
The thoughts within each mind
And He proves willing to impart
God's mercies to Mankind...

So let us listen to our Lord,
Let revelation bless,
That we may stand and rest assured,
Each challenge to address...
And like a mighty army strive,
Each lost soul to reclaim,
Because Lord Jesus is alive
And mighty is His Name!

Denis Martindale, copyright November 2015.

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the Christian channel on Sky TV that is
part of the 'Church Without Walls'...

Denis Martindale

A God-Man!

With Pentecost, God's Spirit came,
His ministries to start,
With those who called upon Christ's Name,
To dwell within each heart...
A God-Man here, a God-Man there,
Redeemed, bought with a price,
For God has love beyond compare,
Through His Son's sacrifice...

So centuries have spread the Word,
God's message to the lost,
To let them know what once occurred
When Jesus paid the cost...
A God-Man here, a God-Man there,
Reflecting night and day,
Then praising God, then drawn to prayer,
For Jesus is the Way...

PoemHunter.com

And now we live close to that time
Lord Jesus must return,
That's so exciting, so sublime
As prophecies we learn...
A God-Man here, a God-Man there,
Revealing truths untold,
With dreams and visions everywhere,
God-blessed and good as gold...

That's why the battle's to and fro,
Some stand while others fall,
Yet there's a hope that helps us grow,
A hope that's meant for all...
A God-Man here, a God-Man there,
Releasing those enslaved,
God's Royal Pardon should they care,
If trusting to be saved...

The harvest grows each day, each week,
Each fortnight, month and year,
Because the Saviour's quite unique,

Emmanuel... He's here!
A God-Man here, a God-Man there,
Behold Christ's legacy,
Evangelists who dare to share
God's gift: ETERNITY!

Denis Martindale, copyright November 2015.

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the Christian channel on Sky TV that is
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Denis Martindale

Thomas Kinkade

Amid the realm of painters known,
God granted him his fame,
In many aspects quite alone,
That's why I know his name...
And with that name come memories
Of paintings that I've seen,
Of masterpieces meant to please,
Of scenaries serene...

With golden sunbeams glowing bright
To lighten hearts each day,
With oldtime lamps in homes at night
And paths that lead the way...
And trees and flowers here and there,
Perhaps beside a stream,
Contentment masking every care,
A dream within a dream...

Or skies that stretch from west to east,
With clouds that coast along,
As if God's wonders never ceased
And beauty made us strong...
As if God still believed in us
And tender mercies gave,
Regardless of the way we fuss,
The times we misbehave...

The sun still shines on mortals here,
The moon still shines as well,
The stars still shine so crystal clear,
In numbers none can tell...
The Universe still stretches out
Its glories to unfold,
As if dispelling all Man's doubt,
If patient to behold...

That's why the painting skills were used,
Reminding us to smile,
Not just in what each heart enthused

At viewing charm and style...
But hope resounding from each frame,
To fill each owner's home,
Reflecting on this painter's fame
Wherever we may roam...

Perhaps in other homes to see
Another Kinkade, too,
As if such sharing's meant to be,
God's blessings old and new...
Rejoice in rainbows up above,
Rejoice in streams below...
For God has filled this world with love
More than we'll ever know...

Denis Martindale, copyright October 2015.

My favourite Thomas Kinkade painting is called 'The Cross'...

Denis Martindale

Florida Panther!

Florida Panther, I see you!
Your markings make you known,
That's why I need no further clue
Than photos I've been shown...
And aren't you looking thin, my friend,
So sleek and debonair?
Fit as a fiddle, end to end,
That's why I must take care...

But, my, aren't you the pretty one?
As golden as could be,
That's why you're shining in the sun
And quite beguiling me...
It's just that I respect your kind,
So feline, full of grace
And while, of course, you're hard to find,
I'll not forget your face...

As long as we can part this day,
Your portrait I can paint,
So glad, in time, when people say,
'My word, that cat looks quaint! '
When we're long gone, such paintings tell
How good you looked right now,
So, adios, my friend, farewell,
All I can say is, 'WOW! '

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale, copyright October 2015.

Poem based on a magnificent wildlife painting,
by artist Stephen Gayford. Google-search
gayfordgallery and 'Stephen Gayford poetry'.

Denis Martindale

Rainbowheart!

I know a man called Rainbowheart,
Though young, his beard is curled,
Determinedly he's made a start,
So he can change the world!
He's not content to stay at home,
He's always on the move,
That's why there's always chance to roam
And some place to improve...

He stirs up folks to join his cause,
He shows them what's gone wrong,
He says, 'Each good prayer opens doors! '
'Together, we are strong! '
He'll sing and dance, write poems, too,
Take photos here and there,
Then, with the Internet, get through,
To others who still care...

That's why God grants him expertise
Wherever he may go,
To talk to kings and companies,
So that they're in the know...
'It's time for change! ' he tells them straight,
'It's time to make amends! '
'It's time to turn away from hate! '
'It's time to make new friends! '

And so the years roll by for him,
Like on some carousel,
For God has filled him to the brim,
The Gospel Truth to tell...
He spreads Good News both near and far,
His friends are known worldwide,
His smile's just like a twinkling star,
He's full of joy inside...

But show him troubles and he frowns,
'Dear God, help Mankind change! '
That's why all evils he'll denounce,

For such as these are strange...
He's just one man, yet not alone,
He stands for what is right,
That's why in Heaven, his name's known,
His prayers heard day and night...

Crusading is his way of life,
He dreams of what should be,
Beyond the pain, beyond the strife,
God grants eternity...
In Heaven, he will be a king
And treated with respect,
Yet there he won't change anything,
For everything's perfect!

Denis Martindale, copyright October 2015.

Denis Martindale

African Cape Buffalo

When I first saw the buffalo,
Of course I was impressed,
How mighty must a creature grow
To stand out from the rest?
My camera zoomed in on his face,
His nostrils, eyes and horns,
I noticed how his every gaze
Just stares at you and warns...

To his own kind some warmth was shown,
To strangers, he just glared,
As if our presence to condone,
Despite the fact he cared...
If I approached, no welcome mat,
No hint of 'How'd you do? '
But I'd be told to promptly scat,
While his pure anger grew...

Despite the fact he looks sublime,
He sometimes turns quite mean,
So I'll stay here and bide my time,
Quite casual, serene...
No point in going in too close,
He runs too fast, you see,
Safe distance, then... Not friends, not foes...
That makes good sense to me!

Denis Martindale, copyright October 2015.

Poem based on a magnificent wildlife painting,
by artist Stephen Gayford. Google-search
gayfordgallery and 'Stephen Gayford poetry'.

Denis Martindale

Ostrich And Young

The ostrich led the way ahead,
The young walked in its trail,
Not one of these felt fear or dread
Though fluffy, fair and frail...
They merely saw the world anew,
No dangers yet to know
And so they did what young ones do
And went where led to go...

Such tiny creatures harmed not one,
In fact, they knew not how,
They gently strode beneath the sun
That beats upon each brow...
The ostrich led a well-known path,
Aware of all around,
To yonder stream to have a bath,
A place thought Heaven-bound...

And so that little family
Were bonding day by day,
In this world of uncertainty,
In which faith leads the way...
In time, the little ones grew tall,
To match a man in size,
To run as if they knew it all,
So fancy free and wise...

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Poem based on a magnificent wildlife painting,
by artist Stephen Gayford. Google-search
gayfordgallery and 'Stephen Gayford poetry'.

Denis Martindale

Barbary Lion

The lion stared at his domain,
The land he'd been scarred for,
Beyond this, what was there to gain?
He couldn't want for more...
As long as Man was out of sight,
He thought he ruled alone,
For only then did things seem right,
For this was all he'd known...

Yet Man had plans, that land to seize,
A new town must be built,
No more the grass, no more the trees
And all God's creatures killed...
The plans stretched out for miles, of course,
No place for lions there,
With profit margins to endorse,
To bless some billionaire...

So who can turn the tragic tide?
To some, it's just a game
And once the land's been crucified,
The bankers have no shame...
So many bribes to grease the hands,
While rich folks smile with glee,
So who's to blame, if no man stands
Opposing infamy?

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Poem based on a magnificent wildlife painting,
by artist Stephen Gayford. Google-search
gayfordgallery and 'Stephen Gayford poetry'.

Denis Martindale

Cool Waters...

The tiger sensed bath time was near,
So he obeyed that call,
The stream had always brought him cheer,
Close to the waterfall...
Where water gently took its time
To bubble here and there,
Like poetry that chose to rhyme,
Its purposes to share...

The tiger walked beside its flow,
Then glided fully in,
To watch reflections come and go
As new ones made him grin...
For such as these brought memories,
Of youthful sunny days
When innocence had offered peace
Before each adult strays...

The tiger laid, his coat to dry,
All cares had left his mind,
The past a blur, no need to sigh,
All doubts were left behind...
And when he rose and left the scene,
For yet more truths to learn,
Beside the trees of emerald green,
He promised to return...

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Poem based on a magnificent wildlife painting,
by artist Stephen Gayford. Google-search
gayfordgallery and 'Stephen Gayford poetry'.

Denis Martindale

Relaxed, Too...

When tigers walk around a lot,
They find a spot to rest,
Because the sunshine's way too hot
And they don't feel so blessed...
It's then their bodies slump and fall,
Collapsing in a heap,
As if they've really done it all
And soon it's time for sleep...

But tigers drag the whole thing out,
With eyelids drooping down,
With reputations still in doubt
As who deserves the crown...
Yet sleep proves stronger, night or day,
So sleepy time soon wins,
When tiger heads begin to sway,
Siesta time begins...

When tiger heads can't strain upright,
Defeat surrounds each one,
No need for blankets, wrapped up tight,
They melt beneath the sun...
Though tigers stride this Earth so proud,
They doze off, both eyes closed,
Perhaps to dream upon a cloud
Of times they used to boast...

Denis Martindale, copyright October 2015.

Poem based on a magnificent wildlife painting,
by artist Stephen Gayford. Google-search
gayfordgallery and 'Stephen Gayford poetry'.

Denis Martindale

The Beautiful Hummingbird!

When God looked at the hummingbird,
It caused His face to smile,
Despite the way that it looked blurred,
Its wings moved with such style...
So fast in fact, that God then chose
Its irridescent shine,
Such that it simply glows and glows,
As if it were divine...

That bird inspired even more,
New colours came to mind,
That's why they thrill me to the core,
When such as these I find...
Such tiny creatures when first born,
So fragile yet so fair
And to such creatures I feel drawn,
They're quite beyond compare...

Their hearts beat faster day by day,
Till nights cause speeds to slide,
As if all hurries fade away,
All worries thus to hide...
Like parables, they speak to me,
I need my beauty sleep,
It's wholesome rest that proves the key,
Else what we sow, we reap...

God blessed the humble hummingbird,
It stands out from the crowd,
Of all God's creatures I've preferred,
This one makes me feel proud...
Yes, proud because God made me, too,
Designed by His Own hand,
To do the things He'd have me do,
For blessings that He's planned...

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Denis Martindale

God Is Faithful!

When angels sing and give God praise,
Not one gives praise alone,
For some remain with Him always
In Heaven near His Throne...
What needs have they compared with ours?
What burdens could they know?
They glorify the Father's powers,
They neither reap or sow...

Yet we, upon this Earth God made,
Are sometimes hot or cold,
Are sometimes reaching out for aid,
Believing what Christ told...
That God is faithful without doubt,
To prosper and to bless,
To spread Good News and shout it out,
Proclaiming happiness...

Despite the fact that some are sad,
Some lonely and forlorn,
God's children have a perfect Dad,
A rose without a thorn...
A blessing to His people here,
A challenge every day,
A chance to conquer every fear,
A light to lead the way...

God blesses those who can forgive,
To honour Him above,
For such as these have learnt to live,
Through Christ and perfect love...
The righteous trust in Jesus Blood,
The righteous yet endure,
The righteous live by faith in God
And will for ever more!

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Denis Martindale

Where Is God When It Hurts! ?

Within the realm freewill exists,
A holy war takes place,
A time each victim still persists
With tears upon the face...
For tears are symbols of the pain,
The hurts that won't depart,
With very little left to gain
To comfort each sad heart...

That's why Lord Jesus came to Earth,
That's why He brought Good News,
That's why He proved that each has worth,
Both Gentiles and the Jews...
That's why He walked from town to town,
Disciples at His side,
That's why He wore a cruel crown
When Christ was crucified...

Yet here we pray, beyond that time,
Two thousand years or so,
Though Jesus Christ remains sublime,
Our very thoughts to know...
That's why the Holy Spirit came,
To comfort and inspire,
To point us to Christ's Holy Name,
Because there proves no higher...

And through His Blood and death divine,
We know life's not the end,
But sufferings, both yours and mine,
Are hard to comprehend...
No wonder, then, that hearts will fail
And hearts will turn away
And tears from sad eyes swell and trail,
Perhaps by night and day...

Yet God's still faithful to forgive
And mansions to prepare,
Beyond this mortal life we live,

In Heaven, Christ waits there...
He waits, the Lord of Lords, dear saints,
He waits, the King of Kings,
He's well aquainted with complaints
And all that sorrow brings...

Yet there remains a destiny,
That saints are hoping for,
That spans for all eternity,
That thrills us to the core...
Our mortal frames are just for now,
New forms God must provide,
So spirit-filled they thrive somehow,
For such Lord Jesus died...

By faith, we're meant to persevere
And not by sight alone,
By faith, for Jesus Christ lives here,
With miracles still shown...
Death takes the best, death takes the worst,
Death takes the young and old,
But if you put God's Kingdom first,
Christ's hand you learn to hold...

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the Christian channel on Sky TV that is
part of the 'Church Without Walls'...

Denis Martindale

Super Sweet Sound!

There's the super sweet sound inside you
When your heart knows that you're in love!
When it really starts to excite you
Like there's nothing else above...
And the stars seem to glow more brightly
And the roses are in full flower,
It's the truth that you quite delight me
And you give me a sense of power...

So that's why I just feel so humbled,
When I'm looking into your eyes,
Yes, I've fallen for you and tumbled
With new feelings that cause these sighs...
And I'm thinking about you always,
Rehearsing new words to speak
And despite the fact I'm full of praise,
Wow, you cause me to feel so weak...

No, I couldn't be more in love than this,
You've set my beating heart aflame,
So I can't help my pining for one kiss,
Though I'll never, ever be the same...
Can you tell me, please, if you're in love?
Can you feel all these things I feel?
For without you life just ain't enough,
It's never gonna be so real...

There's the super sweet sound inside you
When your heart knows that you're in love!
When it really starts to excite you
Like there's nothing else above...
And the stars seem to glow more brightly
And the roses are in full flower,
It's the truth that you quite delight me
And you give me a sense of power...

Yes, you do...
Yes, you do...
Yes, you do...

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Denis Martindale

Christianity, Faith, Revelation T V!

Lord Jesus is the One we love,
More than ourselves it seems,
Yet He's the Lord of Lords above
Who knows our hopes and dreams...
Yet there are others, unsaved, lost,
For whom the Saviour died,
That's why the Gospel Truth has crossed
This world both far and wide...

And we who serve the King of Kings
Are part of God's Crusade,
Enjoying all the joy He brings,
For all good things we've prayed...
Please join us when you can, dear friends,
Support the work we do,
So that the whole world comprehends
How Heaven waits for YOU!

PoemHunter.com

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Find out more by watching Revelation T V,
the Christian channel on Sky T V that is
part of the 'Church Without Walls'...

Denis Martindale

Make Your Prayer Requests Known!

Baptised believers often wrote
Their stories far and wide,
For Jesus was their antidote,
The day Lord Jesus died...
Such is our God that He takes note,
Decides what must be done,
As if sometimes we get His vote,
Through Jesus Christ, His Son...

Your prayer requests are blessed when known
By Christians here on Earth,
It's proof to God you're not alone
And that each prayer has worth...
Together, we approach God's Throne,
As servants and as friends,
With praises brought in reverent tone,
With faith that never ends!

PoemHunter.com

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part of the 'Church Without Walls'...

Denis Martindale

Thank You For Standing With Us!

There's a time for revelation,
A season of goodwill,
When God beckons to each nation,
As if each heart to fill...
And miracles are clear as day,
With sunshine here and there....
To prove Lord Jesus is the Way,
With love beyond compare...

When such a season comes to you,
It's good to celebrate,
The day God's Word becomes so true
That you don't hesitate...
The day you give your gifts with praise,
Thanksgiving as your theme,
Supporting those who preach always
While you are on God's Team...

So thank you for standing with us,
Togetherness assured,
Let's honour the Name of Jesus,
The One that we call Lord...
For who can match our Sovereign King?
There's no-one else to save...
That's why we owe Him everything,
That's why we share the faith...

You give from what the Father gives,
You give because you're blessed,
You give because Lord Jesus lives,
He always gave His best...
Yes, credit where credit is due,
You're the Church Without Walls,
In Christ's Name we thank you, thank you!
Stay tuned for miracles!

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Denis Martindale

God Bless The Poet Within!

The Christian poet grabbed the pen
And found some paper, too
And thus began to write again,
You know, like writers do...
With inspiration not his own,
That he should think to boast,
For he knew he was not alone
While with the Holy Ghost...

The words alighted on the page,
The phrases and the lines,
Beyond the normal pensive stage,
To match the Lord's designs...
When sometimes Scriptures fall in place,
The puzzle to complete,
Another proof of perfect grace,
When blessings taste so sweet...

The Christian poet paused and wept,
So moved by what he wrote,
For he alone was not adept,
Nor had much cause to gloat...
Yet suddenly he recognised
Here was a hymn composed,
A song in praise of Jesus Christ,
The One that he loved most...

And every day the world joins in,
To sing the words he shared,
That say that Jesus conquered sin,
Just as God's Word declared...
That poet cared not for reward,
For God filled every need,
You see, each day, he served the Lord
Who helped him to succeed...

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the Christian channel on Sky TV that is
part of the Church without walls...

Reflect upon all the hymns believers sing,
thanks to the thousands of Christian poets
who wanted to share their godly blessings...

Denis Martindale

God Bless Israel!

The Holy Bible stays God's Word,
Its wisdom leads to faith,
The Christian Gospel means we're stirred
Through all good things God gave...
Yet Israel proves God's constant key,
The apple of His eye,
The precious land of prophecy,
The prize of God Most High...

While nations gather hand-in-hand,
Must Israel stand alone?
Yet nations fail to understand
That God sees from His Throne...
All His plans are meant for blessing,
The Church was grafted in,
With such noble hearts confessing
Their love for kith and kin...

So that's why I pray like others
Who know the words of Paul,
That we're grafted in, like brothers,
The root supports us all...
So why the silence of the crowd
That walks a different course?
How can they be so weak, so proud,
No rescue to endorse?

Yet God bless Israel, year by year,
Regardless, come what may,
Till Jesus comes to make things clear
To all who've gone astray...
Today there's blindness in Man's plans,
So Israel strives till then,
Blessed is the heart that understands
We're grafted in... Amen...

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Denis Martindale

The Master And The Meerkat!

When Jesus made the meerkat's form, He made him ten feet tall,
But even though his coat stayed warm, it wouldn't do at all...
So Jesus trimmed a lot of fat and shrunk his height as well,
Yet Jesus wasn't pleased with that and so He thought a spell...
I'll make him patient as can be and then, when that's been done,
I'll put him with his family, so he protects each one...
I'll make him run on four legs now, yet let him stand with pride,
I'll make him to survive somehow, with courage as his guide...

And so the meerkat met his mate, a fluffy female thing,
Who made him feel that he was great, as if both Lord and King...
And little ones were born real soon, while Daddy played his part,
Beneath the sun, beneath the moon, he bravely stood on guard...
And Jesus smiled at all He made, for love was everywhere,
To help them face life unafraid since Daddy chose to care...
The young ones all looked up to Dad and Mum was good as gold
And everyone was truly glad, no matter, young or old...

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale, copyright October 2015.

Denis Martindale

Submit A Poem!

A million poets came this way
To share their thoughts online,
Some wistful muse they could relay,
Some views of the Divine...
From paper scraps and envelopes,
From Wordpad files and more,
They fashioned all their dreams and hopes
Each message to outpour...

They've tried to edit what they penned,
They've tried their spellchecks, too,
They've read their poems start to end
And fixed things through and through...
The punctuation drove them mad,
But they did what they could,
Till looking at the lines they had,
They thought that they looked good...

Perhaps they saved their work in time
Before they lost it all,
Perhaps they changed a word, a rhyme,
To make more lyrical...
Suffice to say, most did their best,
Creating day or night
And took a chance you'd be impressed
By poems that they write...

Who knows the legacies they leave?
Who knows the treasures shared?
Who knows the thanks that they receive
When readers showed they cared?
Yet I hold fast to all God gives,
Through Scriptures, grace and love
And pray that in each poem lives
Some blessing from above...

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Denis Martindale

Live Long And Prosper!

It has been known that long ago the Vulcan mind was wild,
Untamed emotions forced to grow till they were reconciled...
Yet logic conquered loves and fears, to squash them one by one
And with the passing of the years, a new life had begun...

Live long and prosper while you can, avoiding passion's paths
And thus become a faceless man, with few smiles and few laughs...
When tears for children are no more, condemned before they fall,
When logic rules and thoughts restore to overcome them all...

While logic soothes a savage heart like harp strings can for sounds,
There's no great joy it can impart or brand new hope announce...
It's self-control that sets the tone, forbidding happiness,
No holiday, just home alone, with no-one else to bless...

Live long and prosper while you may, that lifestyle's not for me,
A sweeter lifestyle I'll obey, that's somewhat fancy-free...
Red-blooded males know what I mean, they live life to the full...
So keep your logic! I'm not keen... I'd rather have a ball!

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale, copyright October 2015.

Denis Martindale

I Want To Live In The Spirit!

I want to live in the Spirit,
As all wise Christians would,
To read God's Word and to hear it
And learn what God thinks good...
I want to pray and to listen,
For guidance every day,
For only the Lord shares wisdom
To lead us on our way...

I know I'm human just like you,
We've known our share of trials,
But credit where credit is due,
We've known our share of smiles...
God loves a cheerful giver yet
He loves both rich and poor
And that's now why I don't regret
When God says to give more...

I can't outgive the King of Kings,
Yet what I give still counts
And who knows all the joy this brings
When I, all greed, renounce?
God's Holy Spirit points me to
The people in most need,
Then I must do what I must do
To help them to succeed...

It's all by faith, no more, no less,
The failures come and go,
Yet I press on with happiness,
The Gospel seed to sow...
I see the harvest growing strong,
Blessed by the sun and rain
And my heart knows it won't be long
Till Jesus comes again...

So here am I, a child of grace,
Forgiven through God's Son,
The Holy Spirit I embrace

With thanks for all He's done...
I want to live in the Spirit,
I want to get things right,
For each new day I near it
When God calls me home one night...

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the Christian channel on Sky TV that is
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Denis Martindale

Resurrection Guaranteed!

The Saviour met His death one day,
Appointed by God's love,
That's why Lord Jesus is The Way,
No other name above...
To some, the Saviour merely slept,
For prophecies come true,
For Sunday was a promise kept
For Jesus, me and you!

Though Lazarus was raised by Christ,
Could Jesus be restored?
From sufferings when sacrificed,
That Mary had deplored?
God kept His word, He raised His Son,
He overcame all doubt,
The war against the Devil won,
Our Saviour then walked out...

The Tomb remained to speak of this,
Now empty as before
And Jesus smiled with perfect bliss,
For such Man can't ignore...
Disciples saw His wounds as proof,
None thought He could survive...
Yet witnesses confirm the truth,
Lord Jesus is alive!

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the Christian channel on Sky TV that is
part of the Church without walls...

Denis Martindale

Inspired By Beauty!

God loves you with the greatest love the world has ever known,
And so I ask, is that enough to prove you're not alone?
The risen Lord shines like the sun, His glory's everywhere,
In Christ, your life has just begun, a life beyond compare!

The past and present prove God's love, the planets, too, have worth,
That's why we stare at stars above, while we live on this Earth...
Inspired by beauty each day, inspired in each degree,
We're truly blessed in every way, for all eternity...

God grants us life, this gracious gift, yet sets Mankind apart,
As if his very soul to lift, like Adam's from the start...
And Eve was given as a friend, togetherness ensured,
Someone on whom he could depend, a soulmate from the Lord...

Yet Nature has God's beauty, too, for miracles abound,
Today that's true for even you have blessings all around...
The sun by day, the moon by night, the very air you breathe,
The tiny birds that soar in flight cause each heart to believe...

PoemHunter.com

No wonder Jesus came to save, no wonder Jesus died,
No wonder Jesus was so brave when He was crucified...
For He saw beauty in your smile, the twinkles in your eyes
And so He suffered for a while because you were His prize...

So be inspired by His Word, God's treasure trove for Man,
By this we know that what's occurred has still fulfilled God's plan...
Christ will return and bless Mankind, with all things beautiful,
Then every day each one will find their daily miracle...

God loves you with the greatest love the world has ever known,
And so I ask, is that enough to prove you're not alone?
The risen Lord shines like the sun, His glory's everywhere,
In Christ, your life has just begun, a life beyond compare!

Denis Martindale, copyright September 2015.

Find out more by watching Revelation TV, the Christian channel on Sky TV that is part of the Church without walls...

Denis Martindale

Christ, God's Cherished Child!

Before this Cosmos came to be,
God knew the future well,
For some would spend eternity
In Heaven or in Hell...
God had a plan to grant free will,
So people made their choice,
To learn to love, or hate and kill,
So who, then, heard God's voice?

When Jesus came to live on Earth,
That day a king was born,
Yet only angels praised His worth,
To herald that new dawn...
Thus Christmas grants us God's Good News,
The Saviour's great debut,
His destiny to save the Jews,
Yet also folks like you..

His generation was so lost,
The Romans ruled by fear
And even Christ was double-crossed
Before His death was near...
Regardless of His sacred heart,
His foes were everywhere,
Opposing Him in every part,
As Christ was hanging there...

The Cross of Christ was stretched-out death,
The sacrifice was His,
Salvation meant His dying breath,
Christ's love was shown in this...
He interceded there and then,
'Father, forgive them, please! '
Then Jesus died before those men,
To save His enemies...

Thus God explained His perfect plan,
The Lamb of God was slain,
Yet Jesus Christ, the Son of Man,

Was raised from death again...
To walk among His friends once more,
As proof that God forgives,
So from then on they were secure
To know that Jesus lives!

Eternal priest, eternal king!
Anointed for all time,
So who knows what God's Son might bring,
So blessed, divine, sublime?
God's cherished child is Jesus Christ,
Through Him, God's Spirit came,
How blessed are those who are baptised,
Rejoicing in His name...

Denis Martindale, copyright September 2015.

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on Sky TV that is
part of the Church without walls...

Denis Martindale

Never Underestimate The Power Of Prayer!

There is a throne in Heaven where
Almighty God awaits
The humbled human hearts in prayer
As each anticipates...
For those who live by faith and grace
Have learnt to trust the Lord
And that is why they seek His face,
Not merely for reward...

Perhaps they fast by day and night,
Perhaps they kneel a while,
Perhaps they pray with all their might
Till Jesus makes them smile...
Yet God still blesses those who weep,
Observing all their pain,
That only fades each time they sleep,
Till they awake again...

More blessed are they that intercede
For family and friends,
To bring before Him every need,
Since on Him all depends...
And every answer bought with blood
That Jesus Christ once bled,
As He obeyed His Lord and God
With all He had till dead...

So God remembers what was done,
The love that saved the lost,
The Cross of Christ was where His Son
Was sent to pay the cost...
And so the saints are steadfast still,
God's promises to claim,
Obedient to the Father's will,
In Jesus holy name...

No matter what the time, the hour,
God listens to us all,
If we approach His throne of power,

To seek each miracle...
God bids us not to hesitate!
His Son He did not spare!
So never underestimate
The precious power of prayer!

Denis Martindale, copyright September 2015.

Prayer is the hallmark of Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on Sky TV that is
part of the Church without walls...

Denis Martindale

Arrow!

He sought the justice meant to be,
His city to redeem,
As he played the vigilante,
His nightmare yet his dream...
At first, alone, a tortured soul,
With body scars to match,
Yet striving to maintain control,
Those criminals to catch...

Don't think that he first played it well,
Revenge burned in his heart,
He travelled Heaven, Earth and Hell,
His message to impart...
But soon some allies joined his side,
With all their skills employed,
Close friends who helped this man decide
His errors to avoid...

While others thought his life was fun,
A playboy on the make,
The city shook with all he'd done,
Fear stirred his foes to quake,
His love affairs were here then gone,
Like whispers on the wind,
Like silver stars that sometimes shone,
Their starlight to rescind...

The island where he used to live
Was steeped in hate and death,
With enemies that won't forgive,
But fight with every breath...
Surviving all, this man became
A hero known to most,
Though very few found out his name
To cause this man to boast...

In time, he even trained the Flash,
The fastest man alive,
So very young, so very rash

And yet he seemed to thrive...
Then other heroes joined these, too,
Their cities to make safe,
For folks like me, for folks like you,
Such heroes must be brave...

As long as justice proves the prize
And teamwork leads the way,
Each hero wears his own disguise
Up to this very day...
So train and learn! Suit up and fight!
In ways beyond our ken...
By brightest day, by darkest night,
Save souls and lives again!

Denis Martindale, copyright September 2015.

The poem is based on the comic book hero called The Arrow, whose story has become a TV series alongside that of The Flash... Together, the two heroes fight crime in the name of justice, soon to be members of the famous Justice League of America...

Denis Martindale

Siberian Tiger Cub

Siberia's known to be quite cold,
No wonder tigers frown,
When Winters visit, they take hold
And everyone feels down...
So pardon cubs when they look sad,
As naturally they would,
Remembering the Summers had
And how they felt so good...

At least they've got a coat of fur
And not that far to go,
But when at times they've got to stir,
They can't help walking slow...
Tread carefully each path you climb,
No matter night or day,
You've got to learn to bide your time
Till Winter melts away...

I can't say that I envy you,
Chin up and do your best,
Just one more season to get through
And then you'll feel quite blessed...
It's patience that can serve you most,
It's there to help you cope,
It may not keep you warm as toast,
But Springtime gives you hope...

Denis Martindale, copyright September 2015.

Poem based on a magnificent wildlife painting,
by artist Stephen Gayford. Google-search
gayfordgallery and 'Stephen Gayford poetry'.

Denis Martindale

Go Sober For October!

I toast the man who gives up booze,
I celebrate his style,
He really hasn't much to lose
If sober for a while...
No heavy glass to strain his wrist,
No belching later on
And much more chance of being kissed
Before each night has gone...

I toast the man who stands his ground,
Not tilting to the left,
Who doesn't waste another pound
And once home feels bereft...
Not swaying as he walks about,
Not driving half awake
And with no need to act the lout
Before some great mistake...

I toast the man who doesn't need
That first drink of the day,
He knows it's better to succeed
Than drink his life away...
My coffee cup's filled to the brim,
I toast that man right now!
Come October, let's pray for him!
'God get him through... somehow! '

Denis Martindale, copyright September 2015.

The poem is about the UK TV advert I saw for the
no-drinking campaign, Go Sober For October.

Denis Martindale

Diablo

Diablo was a jaguar,
As black as midnight skies,
That sometimes hide the brightest star
From everybody's eyes...
Yet he had eyes like greenest jade
That looked into your soul
And thus caused you to stare afraid
That you might lose control...

The natives knew him very well
And thus decreed his name,
For they believed he came from Hell,
Their very souls to claim...
Thus superstition ruled the day
Whenever he was seen,
So even brave men ran away
From one so dark and mean...

Yet time past by and all must age,
Men and jaguars, too,
Till one man stood at centre stage
To do what he must do...
He faced his fears, he slayed the beast,
The natives called him king,
While Diablo's life had truly ceased
And he lost everything...

Denis Martindale, copyright September 2015.

Poem based on a magnificent wildlife painting,
by artist Stephen Gayford. Google-search
gayfordgallery and 'Stephen Gayford poetry'.

Denis Martindale

The Thinker...

The chimpanzee was in deep thought
Reflecting on the loss,
One of his friends had just been caught
And travelled far across,
Now as the slave of all Mankind,
No more to be as free,
No more another friend to find,
Forever more lonely...

The chimpanzee that still remained,
Had seen the capture made,
He screeched aloud, yet nothing gained
And thus saw all hopes fade...
His friend screeched too, as in a rage
He'd never known before,
As he was trapped inside a cage
As two men slammed the door...

And as time past, the two friends wept,
Their friendship torn apart,
Yet both had dreams each time they slept
That somehow soothed each heart...
They never saw good times ahead,
But memories bless the brain,
Reflecting on the lives they led,
The thinker thinks again...

Denis Martindale, copyright September 2015.

Poem based on a magnificent wildlife painting,
by artist Stephen Gayford. Google-search
gayfordgallery and 'Stephen Gayford poetry'.

Denis Martindale

Cooling Waters...

That tiger's really made me wait,
He's wading in the stream,
While I'm here, forced to hesitate
And stand here in a dream...
I watch him wade and wade and wade,
I watch him cooling down,
I watch him while he's got it made,
As I glare with a frown...

I'm hot and bothered, frazzled, fried,
Fatigued down to my feet,
While he's cooled down, well satisfied
And thinks that life's so sweet!
It's no good sighing like I do,
Although I got here first,
I had to let him jump the queue,
Or I'd have come off worst...

So there he stands, so calm, serene,
While I just grit my teeth,
But surely now he must be clean,
Go on, turn round and leave!
I look at him, he's seen me glare,
Impatient as I am...
Yet he's so happy standing there,
He doesn't give a damn!

Denis Martindale, copyright September 2015.

Poem based on a magnificent wildlife painting,
by artist Stephen Gayford. Google-search
gayfordgallery and 'Stephen Gayford poetry'.

Denis Martindale

Jaguar Cub

Jaguars bear a golden crown
That features black dots there
That almost makes a widened frown
Displaying every care...
And yet that cub conveyed no fear,
But held that forward gaze,
He looked composed, somewhat austere,
As if deserving praise...

He must have sensed his rightful place,
His purpose in God's plans,
Because that truth transformed his face,
As if meant to enhance...
If we but knew what God expects,
Perhaps we'd serve Him well,
Unlike the fool that thus neglects
What sun, moon, stars would tell...

That cub displayed such dignity,
Like royal portraits do,
As if that's meant for all to see,
Not just for me and you...
He didn't need a peacock's wings
To stand out from the rest,
He had the grace God only brings
To those He would see blessed...

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale, copyright September 2015.

Poem based on a magnificent wildlife painting,
by artist Stephen Gayford. Google-search
gayfordgallery and 'Stephen Gayford poetry'.

Denis Martindale

Black Jaguar Cub

A tiny black jaguar cub,
So sleek and so petite,
Was now a member of the club
That made them feel complete...
For now they were a family,
United in one cause,
Content to share their legacy,
Fulfilling Nature's laws...

As if their future was secure,
Their place on Earth intact,
Such that they couldn't ask for more,
Their presence was a fact...
And others, too, would carry on
The destiny they knew,
From generations long since gone,
Born free, not in some zoo...

While land remains for them to roam,
While water flows nearby,
While there's somewhere they can call home,
There's little left to sigh...
Such is the life they live out now,
Till newborns come along,
If Man just lets them live somehow
And never does them wrong...

Denis Martindale, copyright September 2015.

Poem based on a magnificent wildlife painting,
by artist Stephen Gayford. Google-search
gayfordgallery and 'Stephen Gayford poetry'.

Denis Martindale

666!

It came to pass one deadly day the Antichrist was born,
Despite the fact that Christians pray and seek this world to warn...
For destiny must play its part, fulfilling prophecies,
Regardless of Christ's painful heart concerning tragedies...

The child came to this world alone, no twin to hold his hand,
No partner who might yet condone the evils yet unplanned...
The witches and the warlocks knew, alerted to his birth
And so companions grew and grew to celebrate his worth...

And so from childhood worship rose, bestowing hopes and dreams,
So he might overcome his foes, sometimes through dark extremes...
Thus childhood blighted he became, the dark arts' lord of death,
Condemned to Hell, yet without shame, defiant breath by breath...

God held no great esteem to him, God couldn't change his mind,
For evil filled him to the brim, that's why he loathed Mankind...
So wars meant nothing to this man, they merely paved the way,
For domination was his plan, despite God's Judgment Day...

So millions suffered here and there, the toll was great indeed,
He conquered hearts instilling fear so that he might succeed...
Success is such a fickle thing, how short though it tastes sweet,
Ask any man who's been a king, how soon he tastes defeat...

And so the great day of the Lord was prayed for by the wise,
For prophecies can't be ignored when signs shine in the skies...
So be it sun or moon or stars, each heralds what must be,
Declaring what must come to pass, proclaiming certainty...

At Armageddon, fools still mocked, the Saviour they despised,
Yet even Satan can be blocked through God's Son, Jesus Christ...
The Lord appeared, His glory shone, far greater than the sun,
To Hell, the Man of Sin had gone, the day Lord Jesus won...

Denis Martindale, copyright August 2015.

Denis Martindale

Just A Minute!

The first verse in the Bible says
That God made everything,
No wonder we should say our prayers
And all our praises bring...
In just a minute we found out
Why God is still the Boss,
That truth, right there, should end all doubt,
So why stay at a loss?

God made the sun, the moon and stars,
The planets far apart,
He made each tiny blade of grass
And every human heart...
He made the laws some choose to break,
He made forgiveness, too,
He did this for His Own Name's sake,
To show His love for you...

In just a minute some are saved,
Lord Jesus knows this well,
Once granted pardon, all sins waived,
Each with a tale to tell...
Through faith in Christ great things are done,
Each minute proves God's grace,
That's why God's Word speaks of God's Son,
With psalmists full of praise...

So many revelations here,
So many prophecies,
So many wonders to appear
That span the centuries...
So take a minute of your time,
Reflect on Heaven's Throne,
The love of God is quite sublime,
Much more than we've been shown..

Denis Martindale, copyright August 2015.

The poem is based on the Revelation TV programme called Just A Minute...

Denis Martindale

Little Princess

The cheetah cub had no idea
That she was royalty,
For no-one there had made it clear
She had a destiny...
Mankind decreed her status so,
Endangered like the rest,
Yet ask her how, she couldn't know,
For she thought she was blessed...

Her family was quite enough,
Her treasure trove on Earth,
For they bestowed their hearts with love,
They proved that she had worth...
To such as these, a constant joy,
Their legacy, their child,
So innocent, so sweet, so coy,
So gentle and so mild...

One day to rule, but until then,
A fragile, tiny thing,
Someone to comfort now and then,
When she stares wondering...
She needs the time to study well,
The land, the trees, the skies,
For all have secrets they must tell
To make her strong and wise...

Denis Martindale, copyright August 2015.

Poem based on a magnificent wildlife painting,
by artist Stephen Gayford nb Google-search
gayfordgallery and 'Stephen Gayford poetry'.

Denis Martindale

Lioness And Cubs

The lioness and cubs remained
As close as close could be,
For now with nothing to be gained
Amid the scenery...
One cub with tiny legs stretched out,
The other near to sleep,
While Mother looking all about,
Her vigil still to keep...

But soon those scamps would run and play
And pounce and bite and chew,
Rehearsing hunting every day
And muscle-building, too...
Yet not for long beneath that sun
That wandered far above,
The heat affecting everyone,
Sometimes more than enough...

The days would melt to months then years,
Their youths to end in time,
Then gone would be their childhood fears
When each one stood sublime...
No matter what each day presents,
The Mother charts their course,
From courage to come confidence,
From whimpers to come roars...

Denis Martindale, copyright August 2015.

Poem based on a magnificent wildlife painting,
by artist Stephen Gayford nb Google-search
gayfordgallery and 'Stephen Gayford poetry'.

Denis Martindale

Detecting Our Heritage!

God grants the wisdom to look back, to study distant things,
To wander off the beaten track in search of ancient kings.
To study maps and newfound sites and covet treasures lost,
Yet chief of all these sweet delights goes far beyond the cost.
For knowledge gained expands our hearts, not just our minds alone,
With secrets that the past imparts beneath each rock and stone.
No stone unturned, that's how it seems, yet courtesy still guides,
No point in striving for one's dreams, if greed then overrides.
Man's heritage comes with a price, the buildings and the lands,
Sometimes to plead some sacrifice, sometimes to plead new plans.
So restorations lead the way, reviving histories,
Conserving for a brand new day, perhaps for centuries.
Metal detectors are employed by those who hope to find
Some trinket that can be enjoyed, gold coins still on the mind.
But gold and silver have I none, nor do I fret for such,
You see, my quest has just begun, my heritage to touch.
God's treasure troves I may not own, but my heart doesn't care,
For all God's blessings I have known, I find them everywhere.
I stay the seeker for this cause, to leave some legacy,
Despite Man's sins, despite Man's flaws, I love humanity!

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale, copyright August 2015.

The poem helps to remind me of the film called
'The Raiders of the Lost Ark' as well as the
modern tales in the TV series called 'Relic Hunter',
yet also of anyone who goes exploring and who
truly seeks to cherish the heritage of the past...

Denis Martindale

Calling All Experts!

In God's time, He made a guru, an expert in his field,
Then God asked him, 'What will you do with wisdom I revealed? '
The guru answered straight away! 'Lord, here am I, send me!
Lord, my heart's willing to obey, yet I deserve a fee! '

'In Heaven, I've made room, My son, a mansion filled with love!
It's yours for all the good you've done, so is this fee enough? '
The guru smiled, 'Indeed, my Lord! Just tell me where to go!
No more need I to seek reward now that I'm in the know! '

And so the guru crossed the globe, to share his expertise
And everywhere this man brought hope, no thought of charging fees.
Yet God blessed him beyond compare, long life and health and grace,
Such that this man was glad to care and help the human race.

He spread the Gospel far and wide, he taught both young and old,
He preached of Jesus crucified, with faith as good as gold.
Like Solomon, he made things plain, each need was recognised,
He eased Man's sorrows, guilt and pain, baptised each saved by Christ.

When Heaven called, this man went home, his earthly life complete,
Gone were the days he used to roam, shake hands and greet and meet.
His final prayer before he went, departing from us all,
'Lord, I'm so glad that You're my friend! Thanks for each miracle! '

Denis Martindale, copyright August 2015.

Calling all experts! That is what God does
every day, but who will answer that call?
Imagine what God could do for this world
if the God-given talents were best used!

That is what Revelation TV is all about!

Denis Martindale

Himalayan Winter

Snow leopards braved the Winter chill
As lonesome as could be,
Somewhere upon a snow-capped hill
They stayed there, one, two three...
The adult and two cubs at rest,
No predator around,
Except that cold made them distressed
As they laid on the ground...

The cubs looked weary and forlorn,
Yet neither cuddled close,
Despite the fact that it was dawn
And night sought its repose...
They merely blinked away the time,
Till food for them appeared,
No appetite to roam or climb,
As everything felt weird...

No doubt, if children, they would moan
And moan and moan all day,
But they felt numbed and cold as stone
Till Springtime came their way...
One wonders why God made the cold,
Was this Creation's curse?
Yet mercy comes as good as gold
When temperatures reverse...

Denis Martindale, copyright August 2015.

Poem based on a magnificent wildlife painting,
by artist Stephen Gayford nb Google-search
gayfordgallery and 'Stephen Gayford poetry'.

Denis Martindale

Indian Prince

To some, this tiger was a prince,
For he stood out a mile,
I've seen him twice and ever since
I still recall his smile...
He always seemed so confident,
With swagger in his stride,
As if no other could prevent
His stature or his pride...

What need had he to wear a crown
If running like the wind?
His tail a-swishing up and down,
While all the time he grinned...
So full of joy, content with life,
What need had he for jewels?
This tiger had but to survive,
For life brought miracles...

The sun and moon and shooting stars,
The lightning and the rain,
A sudden meal when food was scarce,
A chance to sleep again...
And one day soon to find a mate,
If God decreed it so,
That future tigers could create
More princes on the go!

Denis Martindale, copyright August 2015.

Poem based on a magnificent wildlife painting,
by artist Stephen Gayford nb Google-search
gayfordgallery and 'Stephen Gayford poetry'.

Denis Martindale

Did U Know?

Creation's such a wondrous thing!
Who else but God made this?
And thus what praises should we bring,
For truly they are His?
What man can make a single star
That shines just like our Sun?
Or place us here, right where we are,
Yes, every single one?

Can we control the oceans wide?
Can we control our hearts?
Can we control our thoughts inside
Or wisdom God imparts?
And what of sin and what of death
And what of Calvary?
Some know Jesus of Nazareth,
I know He died for me...

Eternity awaits us all,
Forgiven or cast out,
A Paradise for those who call
To Christ, rejecting doubt...
For centuries have come and gone,
What else ought we to know?
For those to whom God's light has shone
Are surely meant to grow!

So ask away, let wisdom preach,
Then pray with all your might,
Observing what God seeks to teach,
To gain some new insight...
For what is Man without the Lord?
What purpose does he serve?
Through perfect truth Man rests assured
Upon God's learning curve...

That's why the Christian studies still,
Finds meanings in each word,
Drawn closer to God's perfect will,

PoemHunter.com

His inner conscience stirred..
We're in the Last Days prophesied,
Fulfilling what must be,
Soon Christ returns to claim His Bride
To share eternity!

Denis Martindale, copyright August 2015.

'Did U Know? ' is a collection of classic questions
that only the Holy Bible truths can answer in full.
You'll find the details on the Revelation TV channel.

Denis Martindale

Black Lion!

Black lion, whence came thou to me,
That I might know thy might?
For what a sight thou art to see,
To stand as dark as night...
To glare and stare at underlings,
Not half as strong as thee,
As if thou art the King of Kings,
With utmost majesty!

And art thou Lord of thy domain,
The conqueror of all,
As if thou ever would remain
And God not bid thee fall?
Yea, time shall turn and slowly gain
The measure of thy soul,
To fashion scars and pass on pain
Beyond thy self-control...

While lion-hearted, mark this well,
Strength often brings remorse,
What seems like Heaven turns to Hell
When judgement takes its course...
Youth tarries long to cast its spell
That pride might yet deceive,
Yet Samson still has tales to tell
Of when strength's powers leave...

Denis Martindale, copyright August 2015.

Poem based on the magnificent lion paintings
by artist Stephen Gayford nb Google-search
gayfordgallery and 'Stephen Gayford poetry'.

Denis Martindale

My Utmost For His Highest!

And should it be, of all Mankind, that God speaks to my heart
And daily whispers to remind that I must do my part?
To offer up a sacrifice, fulfill each destiny
That makes each humbled soul think twice... recalling Calvary.

Can I compare with Christ, God's Son? Determined through and through?
To copy all good works once done and thus make all things new?
To imitate is not enough, without grace, all is lost,
With nothing gained, if lacking love, enough to pay the cost.

In truth, God's Holy Bible shares Christ's blessings and rewards,
That whosoever truly cares would serve the Lord of Lords.
The King of Kings proves all divine, bestowing freedom now,
Yes, even to this heart of mine that seeks to serve somehow.

Thus from my riches, I outpour, thus from my time flows grace,
Content to see God evermore in Christ's own wondrous face.
I can but try, though failures grow, I can but try again,
As revelation bids me know God needs me now and then.

Yes, even I, of all Mankind, can serve this present day,
Like precious gold that God's refined each time that I obey.
If by God's grace each heart is healed, forgiven and restored,
Then let our utmost be revealed that we might please our Lord.

Denis Martindale, copyright August 2015.

A Gospel poem to be sung to the hymn
God Rest Ye Merry Gentlemen.

Based on Christian teachings in the book,
My Utmost For His Highest. This book was
recommended on the Revelation TV channel.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

Find out more by watching Revelation TV,
the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
that's part of the 'Church Without Walls'.

Denis Martindale

Soon To Be King!

From cub to King the journey went
In this young lion's life,
Sometimes to seem like Heaven-sent,
Sometimes so full of strife...
Yet on he strove and persevered,
Come sunshine or come rain,
Despite the foes at first he feared
That sought his great domain...

No more that tiny cub that crawled,
No more that fought and lost,
For once his destiny had called,
He chose to pay the cost...
That lonesome lion paid the price
With blood and sweat and tears,
His very life to sacrifice
As months turned into years...

His body bore the scars that came,
His foes unmerciful,
Despite their hate, he bore the shame
And that's the miracle...
Uniting both the good and bad,
Uniting weak and strong,
Until at last each one felt glad,
Content just to belong...

Denis Martindale, copyright August 2015.

Poem based on a magnificent wildlife painting,
by artist Stephen Gayford nb Google-search
gayfordgallery and 'Stephen Gayford poetry'.

Denis Martindale

Inquisitive, Too!

Two tiger cubs were curious,
Inquisitive to boot!
It's true that they looked glorious
And throw in kinda cute!
But woe to those that walked close by
Much smaller than these two...
These cubs were on the prowl, that's why,
And naughty things they'd do!

Yes, naughty things! Without a doubt!
These scamps were rogues at heart!
They weren't adverse to thump and clout
And pull things all apart!
What makes that tick? How does that move?
They'd ask the live-long day,
As if they'd got something to prove,
Like scientists at play...

Inquisitive by day and night,
They drove their parents mad!
They'd pester poor old Mum, too right,
Yet kept clear of their Dad!
'It's just a phase! ', the others said,
'Let's wait a little while...'
Yet secretly they'd go to bed,
Then giggle, smirk and smile...

Denis Martindale, copyright, October 2010.

The poem is about the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Inquisitive II'.

More Stephen Gayford poems here:
denis-martindale-dot-blogspot-dot-com

Denis Martindale

Best Wishes!

A tiger sketch was found one day,
'Best Wishes' it proclaimed,
Apart from that there was no way
To learn what it was named...
Yet it had helped my mind recall
One cat we used to keep,
Who used to stretch, meow and crawl,
Then was much prone to sleep...

One afternoon, I sketched his form,
So fluffy like he was,
So soft to touch, so smooth, so warm,
So very rarely cross...
He lay there quite contentedly,
While I still carried on,
Till I had finished what pleased me
And he had upped and gone...

His name was 'Tiger' and I know
His picture was a treat,
Because to me, it went to show
How 'Tiger' was so sweet...
Purrhaps that's why, now I'm a man,
I love what artists do
And I'm a Stephen Gayford fan,
To whom I say, 'Thank you...'

Denis Martindale, copyright, July 2015.

Poem based on a magnificent wildlife sketch,
by artist Stephen Gayford nb Google-search
gayfordgallery and 'Stephen Gayford poetry'
plus his year-by-year calendar pictures, too.

Denis Martindale

In Deep

The tiger hated snow a lot,
He knew it made things hard
And that it never made things hot,
So he stayed on his guard...
But when he saw that ice could melt,
He sensed that Spring was near,
Then oh what happiness he felt,
His heart was full of cheer...

His paw slipped in the water's hold,
In deep to depths below,
To search what secrets could be told
So he'd be in the know...
And sure enough, arm's length proved well
That Spring was on its way,
For Winter's grip had lost its spell
And that sure made his day...

For he recalled much warmer climes,
When insects chirp their songs,
When bolder lights bring better times
For which his heart now longs...
So off he walked, with faith renewed,
Despite the snow around,
When patience grants a winsome mood,
None greater may be found...

Denis Martindale, copyright, July 2015.

Poem based on a magnificent wildlife painting,
by artist Stephen Gayford nb Google-search
gayfordgallery and 'Stephen Gayford poetry'.

Denis Martindale

Ranthambhore Dawn

On waking up, the tiger stood,
His four paws held his weight
And so he roamed the neighbourhood
And didn't hesitate...
The land was his and his by right,
No other tiger near,
He saw no reason for a fight,
No foe had he to fear...

The dawn was like all dawns before,
So he went for a stroll,
As if with poise none could ignore,
With regal self-control...
His tail swished left and right at will,
Contendedly, in fact,
Till all at once it slumped, quite still,
So what made it react?

A sudden breeze had chilled the air,
His ears twitched with dismay,
His heart responded with despair,
Like storms were on their way...
Yet precious thoughts then came to mind,
He knew a hiding place
And so he left such cares behind,
A broad smile on his face...

Denis Martindale, copyright, July 2015.

Poem based on a magnificent wildlife painting,
by artist Stephen Gayford nb Google-search
gayfordgallery and 'Stephen Gayford poetry'.

Denis Martindale

Ranthambhore Prince

This tiger wasn't like the rest,
Some wisely called him prince,
A creature that looked truly blessed,
Would need none to convince...
He wasn't just one yard in length,
He stood more close to four,
Don't get me started on his strength,
I'm strong... but he's much more..

He's such a wondrous sight to see,
Except if much too close,
For then, of course, we'd all agree,
The dangers that would pose...
My camera zoom, that's quite enough,
Safe distance serves me well
And while such tigers I just love,
I'll not fall 'neath his spell...

I'll take great pictures now and then,
I'll frame them one by one,
I'll stay alive, like other men,
Who know what must be done...
Though tigers do what tigers do,
No harm shall come from me,
I'm just a guest who's passing through
His principality...

Denis Martindale, copyright, July 2015.

Poem based on a magnificent wildlife painting,
by artist Stephen Gayford nb Google-search
gayfordgallery and 'Stephen Gayford poetry'.

Denis Martindale

White Wolf

The white wolf wandered to and fro
In search of his next meal,
For where it was he didn't know
And yet his faith was real...
For he believed that time would tell,
So patience stirred him on,
To pay attention to each smell,
Before all trace had gone...

The white wolf often stared ahead,
As if he'd lost his way,
To see if something near had fled
To live another day...
Sometimes they looked too far to chase,
Sometimes he gambled still,
Sometimes a miracle took place,
As if it were God's will...

The white wolf lived a few short years
And raised a family,
He helped each overcome their fears
And live in harmony...
That's how the white wolf left behind
His part in Nature's plan,
Like him, we, too, must be resigned
And do the good we can...

Denis Martindale, copyright, July 2015.

Poem based on a magnificent wildlife painting,
by artist Stephen Gayford nb Google-search
gayfordgallery and 'Stephen Gayford poetry'.

Denis Martindale

Siberian Nomad

The tiger walked a lonesome path,
No partner at his side,
Not one on guard on his behalf,
To serve as friend or guide...
The only eyes and ears were his,
His solemn thoughts unmatched,
His purposes could go amiss
Unless his plans were hatched...

That's why he crossed the land once more,
Its secrets to unfold
And not to merely go explore,
Pretending to look bold...
Yet to the human eyes at least,
A nomad he would seem,
In fact, he was a patient beast,
Till sad times got extreme...

When such times came, each tiger ran,
Pursued his prey till caught,
To do what only tigers can
Without a single thought...
When tigers walk, don't be confused,
Don't think they're tired out,
The second that their power's loosed,
Thus ends their walkabout...

Denis Martindale, copyright, June 2015.

Poem based on a magnificent wildlife painting,
by artist Stephen Gayford nb Google-search
gayfordgallery and 'Stephen Gayford poetry'.

Denis Martindale

Mountain Retreat

Snow leopards roam the mountains tall
And roam the mountains wide,
Aware of when God's sun must fall,
As if it, too, must hide...
For nights can bear the coldest cold
That brave men fear too well,
Snow leopards, then, stay calm, take hold,
In some retreat a spell...

Thus midnight chills the evening air,
Beneath God's silvery moon,
Enough to make each one take care,
For daylight comes not soon...
Some softly tread despite the night,
Some merely sleep and rest,
Snow leopards wait the coming light
By which they may be blessed...

When biding time is all there is,
With nothing much to do,
Accept some victory in this,
Surviving, battling through...
When passing time no more resists
And each dawn proves a friend,
One's life persists where hope exists,
Determined to life's end...

Denis Martindale, copyright, June 2015.

Poem based on a magnificent wildlife painting,
by artist Stephen Gayford nb Google-search
gayfordgallery and 'Stephen Gayford poetry'.

Denis Martindale

Tiger Portrait

The tiger portrayed total strength,
Tenaciously, in fact,
Look at the height, the breadth, the length,
How fast he can react...
Look at his face, his eyes and ears,
His whiskers and his jaw,
Look at his stare that shows no fears,
That glare you can't ignore...

And then observe his sharpened teeth,
For they serve purpose, too,
In fact, my friend, you'd scarce believe,
The awesome things they do...
Suffice to say, let's stay alert,
When such as he's around,
Or else, by golly, we'd get hurt,
When he lands on the ground...

Safe distance, that's a wise recourse,
Don't pat him on the head,
Recall his teeth, recall his claws,
Stay clear of these instead...
For predators, like tigers are,
Get hungry now and then,
It's best we watch him from afar,
Respectfully again...

Denis Martindale, copyright, June 2015.

Poem based on a magnificent wildlife painting,
by artist Stephen Gayford nb Google-search
gayfordgallery and 'Stephen Gayford poetry'.

Denis Martindale

Untamed Spirit

The wicked wily wolf surveyed
The woodlands to his right,
Each evening watching daylight fade,
As twilight came in sight...
When trees, like men, looked menacing,
If only they could move,
While he, the smaller, stood as king,
With nothing left to prove...

Surveying, since he had survived
Each Winter past till now,
Yet through each season he still thrived,
Although not knowing how...
For God had spared him to this day,
Despite his callous soul
And let him choose his path to stray,
Like he was in control...

But judge if God will yet remain,
Forgiving till the end,
Dismissing each new sin and stain
That no wolf could defend...
The wolf is wily, yes, that's true,
An untamed spirit, yes...
But God has spared His loved ones, too,
His precious sheep to bless...

Denis Martindale, copyright, June 2015.

Poem based on a magnificent wildlife painting,
by artist Stephen Gayford nb Google-search
gayfordgallery and 'Stephen Gayford poetry'.

Denis Martindale

Kingfishers

Kingfishers are adorable,
I like their backs so blue,
To me, because they're beautiful,
My admiration grew...
I like flamboyant coloured things,
That outshine solemn grey,
So when I see their wondrous wings,
It really makes my day...

Throughout my life I've felt so blessed,
Great art enlightened me
And wildlife art has proved the best,
A treasured memory...
For birds that fly and soar above
Transform Man's hopes and prayers,
Just like God's angels, borne of love,
At which each mortal stares...

Kingfishers help me to reflect,
Like rainbows here on Earth,
That's why I treat them with respect,
Because each one has worth...
As cute as dolphins I believe,
Yet hard to put in words,
The inspiration I receive
Each time I see these birds...

Denis Martindale, copyright, June 2015.

Poem based on a magnificent wildlife painting,
by artist Stephen Gayford nb Google-search
gayfordgallery and 'Stephen Gayford poetry'.

Denis Martindale

Each Creates His Own Legacy...

Over fifty years ago, the world of wildlife changed.
Maharaja Shri Martand Singh helped to do that.
He saw a nine month old tiny white tiger cub,
which was in his forest, now known as Bandhavgahr.

The cub had chocolate stripes and blue eyes
and that tiny creature was called 'Mohan'.
There had been earlier reports of white tigers,
yet little Mohan was the first to be captured.
Today, white tigers are generally found in zoos
such as in America, Europe and Asia.

White tigers are wonderful and each exists today
thanks to Mankind's dedicated conservation work,
leading to the careful breeding programme
meant to carry on the legacy of Mohan...

Stephen Gayford's wildlife artwork blesses us, too.
He captures the essence of the white tigers in his art
and his framed prints promote wildlife conservation.

Some buyers of his pictures become collectors...
they may like lions, tigers or bears, pandas or penguins,
or prefer the majesty of eagles, falcons or kingfishers,
or the mystery, serenity and tranquillity of dolphins,
or merely find some amusement derived from meerkats.

Each buyer appreciates Stephen Gayford's devotion,
his awesome talent and meticulous attention to detail,
which together form his own legacy to one and all...
Each one of us is unique in what we can do,
and so, in truth, each creates his own legacy...

Denis Martindale copyright June 2015.

Denis Martindale

Time, God's Ultimate Treasure

When old age approaches
and the eyes grow dim
and the power and the passion subside,
then time is the purest essence,
totally permeating our being,
yes, even in all that's left to live,
for time only forsakes you and I at the end,
purely at God's sovereign command,
when each saved soul departs for its second home...

But until then, as imperfect as we are,
time is our fancy-free friend,
our partner, our companion alongside,
neither praising or condemning,
merely providing us with its precious path,
the gracious gift that leads to pleasure,
to pain or contemplative thoughts,
thus time on this Earth is God-ordained,
making philosophers of us all...

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale

River Crossing, Too

The tiger knew the river well
And headed for its peace,
Away from heat as hot as Hell,
For mercy and release...
Where waters flowed as pure as milk
Beneath a waterfall,
As silvered bubbles soft as silk
Brought joy to one and all...

Oh, tiger, tiger, let it be,
To savour what there is,
Amid that certain ecstacy
That promises such bliss...
And let the tensions melt away
Like muscles stretched out wide,
Such that you look back on today
With tenderness inside...

While you are grandiose indeed,
The largest cat alive,
Admit that even you must need
A place you can arrive
Where birds are singing in the trees,
Beneath a sky so blue
And there's a wondrous gentle breeze,
God's Shangri-La for you...

Denis Martindale, copyright, May 2015.

Poem based on a magnificent wildlife painting,
by artist Stephen Gayford nb Google-search
gayfordgallery and 'Stephen Gayford poetry'.

Denis Martindale

Nuthatch On A Branch

The Nuthatch seems a genteel thing,
Just draped in softened blue
And short of stature, tail and wing,
Not bright and bold and new...
Just plain in thought and word and deed,
A humble so-and-so,
With not much planned except to feed,
Fly free... to come and go...

The moon, to him, is just a light,
No need to visit there,
The stars are merely shining bright,
No need for him to care...
He wants no school, no job, no house,
No fancy car outside,
He merely takes what God allows,
Whatever food's supplied...

The Nuthatch chirps his mellow song,
Without the need for words,
Without the need to right each wrong,
He suffers little hurts...
But I'm a man, so God wants more,
Great gifts have been bestowed,
So great are these I can't ignore
The debt to Him that's owed...

Denis Martindale, copyright, May 2015.

Poem based on a magnificent wildlife painting,
by artist Stephen Gayford nb Google-search
gayfordgallery and 'Stephen Gayford poetry'.

Denis Martindale

Buzzard On A Branch

A buzzard on a branch looked round
Because he heard a noise
And though I hadn't made that sound,
He looked at me by choice...
And so we stared, no movements made,
As if within a spell,
With both hearts beating unafraid,
No thought to bid farewell...

A buzzard isn't much to see,
Brown wings, face, claws and beak,
So not much of a mystery,
Not highly-prized to seek...
Yet I knew well that buzzards fly,
A thing that I can't do...
And when us humans question why,
We're jealous through and through...

Perhaps that's why I sighed that day,
Though he knew nought of this,
God chose our gifts a certain way,
That's why some gifts we miss...
The buzzard turned and flew above,
To leave me far behind..
To question, were my gifts enough,
Still playing on my mind...

Denis Martindale, copyright, May 2015.

Poem based on a magnificent wildlife painting,
by artist Stephen Gayford nb Google-search
gayfordgallery and 'Stephen Gayford poetry'.

Denis Martindale

World Wildlife

World wildlife that we see today
Will not always remain,
We will not see God's dolphins play
With oceans on the wane...
The whales exist for now at least,
For they prove big and strong
And though they roam from west to east,
I wonder for how long...

Like tigers that can roar aloud,
Defiant to the end,
The elephants stand tall and proud,
On that, you can depend...
Consider the end of the age,
For something's got to give,
But of Mankind, who shouts with rage,
As this world fights to live?

The birds of Paradise still fly,
Macaws and vultures, too,
The owls can soar across the sky
Just like the eagles do...
The hummingbirds and peacocks share
Contentment day by day,
Yet polar bears and penguins stare
At ice that melts away...

Denis Martindale, copyright, May 2015.

A poem based on a magnificent animals painting,
by UK wildlife artist Stephen Gayford that was
then produced as a beautiful Gibson jigsaw puzzle.

Denis Martindale

Thirst Quencher Thanksgiving

I saw parched zebras on the move
Beneath the midday sun
And knew each drink would help to soothe
The throats of every one...
The young and fit, the old and weak,
The foolish and the wise,
Yet in such thirst no soul's unique,
Just find what God supplies...

The water may be near or far,
Yet only time will tell,
Survival's like a guiding star,
Just like a wishing well...
Without good luck for such as these,
How long could each stay strong?
That's why the zebras felt unease,
The signal something's wrong...

And yet today's their lucky day,
Their journey meets reward,
Yet zebras know not how to pray,
So they can't praise the Lord...
Yet we're all human through and through,
With hearts that learn to love,
So let us pray, 'Lord, we thank You,
For blessings from above...'

Denis Martindale, copyright, May 2015.

Poem based on a magnificent wildlife painting,
by artist Stephen Gayford nb Google-search
gayfordgallery and 'Stephen Gayford poetry'.

Denis Martindale

They Take Away...

In a film I saw about Geronimo today,

I heard the words of Geronimo to a young Apache boy,

As he described what was happening,

Happening to them both in their time...

They take away...

First they take your land...

Then they take your people... one at a time...

Then your food... your music... your dances...

And then... even your words... and your thoughts...

PoemHunter.com

And the Apache boy replied,

So what?

For what could he do?

And when I meditated on these truths,

I remembered that America is now the United States,

The champion of freedom known across the world...

Yet this same champion still has the Atomic bombs...

And should those bombs ever be unleashed, what then?

Then I will remember the words of Geronimo,

They take away...

First they take your land...

Then they take your people... one at a time...

Then your food... your music... your dances...

And then... even your words... and your thoughts...

Denis Martindale, May 2015.

Denis Martindale

Young Stalker, Too

The cold Snow Leopard sat and stared,
No feast as yet to eat,
Just thinking of past meals he'd shared,
Right now, each seemed a treat...
The hunger pains were all he felt,
The snow made his eyes blur,
Yet he held fast to what life dealt
And all yet to occur...

The game of death was sometimes slow,
For here, such meals were few,
But he had nowhere else to go
And nothing else to do...
But suddenly, he heard a noise,
A yonder rustling scratch,
For his next meal he had no choice,
This was the one to catch...

And so he stalked on tender toes,
Across the void between,
Till all at once, the victim knows
And scampers from the scene...
But hunters scamper just as well
And nine times out of ten,
Their hunger pains they soon dispel,
Till hunger stalks again...

Denis Martindale, copyright, April 2015.

Poem based on a magnificent wildlife painting,
by artist Stephen Gayford nb Google-search
gayfordgallery and 'Stephen Gayford poetry'.

Denis Martindale

Giraffe!

Young giraffes can feel unhappy,
With their Mums oh so tall:
Mum's always looking down on me,
Because I'm oh so small...
It can't be right that she's up there,
With tiny me down here!
That's why I think that life's unfair!
Her legs fill me with fear!

I could be trod on every day!
I keep safe distance now!
And I intend to stay O.K.
So that I don't shout OW!
My tiny tootsies I'll protect
Till I grow up at last,
When that time comes I'll get respect!
That day can't come too fast!

I love my Mum! She loves me, too!
But oh the things she's done!
You don't know what she's put me through!
You see, she weighs a ton!
She's like my uncles and my aunts,
Their eyeballs way too high!
Safe distance! That's my only chance!
Till we see eye to eye!

Denis Martindale, copyright, April 2015.

Poem based on a magnificent wildlife painting,
by artist Stephen Gayford nb Google-search
gayfordgallery and 'Stephen Gayford poetry'.

Denis Martindale

Testing The Water...

The jaguar was laying still
Between two cubs at rest,
The gentle stream produced a chill
By which each one felt blessed...
And yet one cub could not explain
Reflections there below...
Disturbing thoughts had filled her brain,
Who's that! ? She did not know!

Her fearful paw extended close,
The other cub did, too!
Almost as if to touch her nose,
Yet what else could it do?
A wiggle left, a wiggle right,
The other paw gave chase!
That caused each cub to show their fright,
With frowns upon each face!

But then the cub above felt good,
She worked out what she saw...
And when at last she understood,
She lost her fear for sure...
'That's me! ' she thought with wonderment
And all that brought because,
At last she grew to comprehend
How beautiful she was!

Denis Martindale, copyright, April 2015.

Poem based on a magnificent wildlife painting,
by artist Stephen Gayford nb Google-search
gayfordgallery and 'Stephen Gayford poetry'.

Denis Martindale

Majestic!

Majestic is a simple word
The leopard never knew,
Yet that expression quickly stirred
As he came into view...
The way he walked so daintily,
Impressed me from the start,
As if his life changed history
And somehow thrilled my heart...

I raised my camera oh so slow...
I set it to record,
I followed where such creatures go
When thinking he's ignored...
His swishing tail flicked left and right
So full of confidence,
As if with future looking bright
And nothing made him tense...

Majestic, moving like Astaire,
So practiced, so refined,
So chic and full of savoir faire,
So focussed in his mind...
So pardon me, if mesmerised,
By leopards such as this,
Although today they're highly prized,
Their passing I would miss...

Denis Martindale, copyright, April 2015.

Poem based on a magnificent wildlife painting,
by artist Stephen Gayford nb Google-search
gayfordgallery and 'Stephen Gayford poetry'.

Denis Martindale

Attentive, Too

Two elephants were side by side,
Attentive to their needs,
The larger one was tall and wide
And that is why she leads...
The baby of the family
Saw big legs everywhere,
Yet each belonged to those that see
He lived without a care...

That little one had much to learn,
With many years ahead,
Sometimes new dangers to discern,
Sometimes to softly tread...
Sometimes to trumpet loud and proud,
Sometimes a tender touch,
Sometimes to stare up at a cloud
And wonder oh so much...

Attentive to each other's ways,
Their changing moods through time,
Rewarding those deserving praise,
When each one proved sublime...
Such are the choices each must make
Preserving harmony,
Avoiding every old mistake,
Yet living fancy free!

Denis Martindale, copyright, April 2015.

Poem based on a magnificent wildlife painting,
by artist Stephen Gayford nb Google-search
gayfordgallery and 'Stephen Gayford poetry'.

Denis Martindale

Study For Tiger Fury

The artist saw the tiger there,
His camera clicked away,
To capture every glare and stare
Upon that very day...
For not all tigers show their hate,
The fury kept within,
Thus very few anticipate
The tiger's will to win...

Most of the time, the tiger walks,
By stealth he conquers all,
With hunting tactics as he stalks,
Before his victims fall...
So fury makes the artist look,
Then see the matter through,
Perhaps to find his sketching book,
Before he paints anew...

And yet what details scan that page,
Each tiger stripe stands out,
Each whisker marks that final stage,
Thus fury's without doubt...
That sketch determines everything,
That black mood makes us see
The anger of that noble king
The tiger's meant to be...

Denis Martindale, copyright, April 2015.

Poem based on a magnificent wildlife painting,
by artist Stephen Gayford nb Google-search
gayfordgallery and 'Stephen Gayford poetry'.

Denis Martindale

Ringed Plover

There she was, the ringed plover bird,
A gentle sight to see,
For something new had just occurred,
Not one life now, but three...
Two new-laid eggs kept warm and safe,
If I showed some respect,
Observing still a mother's faith
And wouldn't interject...

And so I hardly moved at all,
No thought to harm a soul,
Transfixed by life's great miracle,
I maintained self-control...
I felt a warming in my heart,
To think I'd memorise
The gratitude such sights impart,
As if each were a prize...

And then I gently walked on home,
To muse on what I'd seen,
For new life stirs each time I roam,
If I don't intervene...
It's up to me, to choose God's love,
His kindness to enforce,
His foremost rule proves quite enough...
Let Nature take its course...

Denis Martindale, copyright, March 2015.

Poem based on the magnificent wildlife painting,
by artist Stephen Gayford nb Google-search
gayfordgallery and 'Stephen Gayford poetry'.

Denis Martindale

Study Of An Owl

What makes an owl an owl of worth
Until it flies full grown,
Above the human lands on Earth
Wherever it has flown,
With all the grace it needs each flight
To conquer gravity,
While I stand here and keep in sight
Its humble irony?

God gave it wings, yet gave me none,
It soars the skies above,
Upto the clouds, upto the sun,
Without the wit to love...
It grants no praise to God on high,
It doesn't know His name,
No wonder that I ask God why,
I, too, can't fly the same...

I'm green with envy at that owl,
That flying feathered friend,
Yet can't help thinking my luck's foul,
If God, my wings, won't send...
And yet I'm safe on Earth below,
No broken wings have I,
I guess I'll just walk to and fro,
Look up and heave a sigh...

Denis Martindale, copyright, March 2015.

Poem based on the magnificent wildlife painting,
by artist Stephen Gayford nb Google-search
gayfordgallery and 'Stephen Gayford poetry'.

Denis Martindale

Cougar!

His upward curled moustache looked cute
Upon the cougar's face,
Just like a villain or a brute,
No shame at his disgrace...
Despite such features well-defined,
Distinguished, come what may,
Who knew what thoughts were on his mind,
Regardless, night or day?

His reputation well-deserved,
Or just a bad profile?
Now hidden close, I still observed,
Impressed by strength and style...
But as I looked intently on,
His tear-stained eyes looked, too,
Aware of me until I'd gone,
Completely out of view...

He had no cash, no food, no home,
No chance to spend or save,
He only had the chance to roam
And sometimes misbehave...
He wasn't trained, he wasn't schooled,
Thus hunting made him so
And that was why my judgements cooled
Before I chose to go...

Denis Martindale, copyright, March 2015.

Poem based on a magnificent wildlife painting,
by artist Stephen Gayford nb Google-search
gayfordgallery and 'Stephen Gayford poetry'.

Denis Martindale

Frightday The 13th

Oh, dear, it's here, it's back again!
Unlucky souls to claim!
When accidents strike now and then,
This awful day's to blame...
When scamps and imps set up their traps
For mortals on the go
And laugh when seeing folks collapse
Or bathtubs overflow...

The gremlins love this day, of course,
They think it's such a hoot!
It's when they all come out in force
With pranks they think will suit...
It's open season on Mankind!
Alas, no mercy shown...
And woe to you if you should find
You're walking home... alone!

Grown-ups are seen as pompous fools,
Stuck-up in many ways,
With gadgets that work miracles
They advertise with praise...
But gremlins use these gadgets, too,
And know their little quirks,
So they know how to upset you
When something hardly works...

Computers can be set to fail,
The software soon goes wrong,
Each soldered wire looks so frail,
That weak link's not that strong...
That battery goes on the blink,
That TV just won't start,
That pen's so slowly leaking ink,
No wonder folks lose heart...

That's why I'm staying home today,
You won't catch me outside,
No sabotage will come my way

PoemHunter.com

If I stay here and hide...
My sandwiches will do just fine,
I'll read my magazines,
To rest in bed and drink my wine
Till I reach the 14th!

Denis Martindale, copyright March 2015.

Denis Martindale

The Stranger

The Stranger comes to many souls,
Unbidden, in disguise,
He challenges their present roles,
The thoughts that they think wise...
He reasons with them one by one,
He shows them who God is,
He beckons them, God's only Son,
The Saviour they could miss...

The rich, the poor, the black, the white,
The children gone astray,
The fools no longer thinking right,
Those saying, 'Go away...'
He presses on, by faith, of course,
Appearing now and then,
Reminding them that God has laws
He made to help all men...

In time, the hardened hearts relent,
The Stranger helped them out,
He coaxed each sinner to repent,
Instilling faith not doubt...
For God the Father seeks the lost,
The broken and forlorn,
Reminding each must bear the cost,
Till pardoned and reborn...

Sometimes the scars of Christ are seen,
As if to prove God's Word,
That Christ alone stood in-between,
When Easter first occurred...
That's why Christ's cross upon a hill,
Still testifies above,
Lord Jesus chose to serve God's will,
So we could learn His love...

Not one the Stranger comes to see
Can earn salvation's gift,
For that was bought at Calvary,

Christ's Blood to cross the rift...
Now like a river flowing fast,
God's mercy overflows...
Blessed is each soul Christ saves at last,
Each soul the Stranger knows...

Denis Martindale, copyright March 2015.

The Gospel poem is based upon the stories seen in films starring Jefferson Moore, as part of the Parable films shown on UK Sky Gospel TV channels. Each of the lifestories has its own meaning worth watching and listening to.

Denis Martindale

Mum In A Million!

My Mum's a Mum in a million,
A saint, yet like no other,
Perhaps she's one in a billion,
God chose to be my Mother!
Though early years I can't recall,
She stood there by my side,
Before I even went to School,
What loving she supplied...

She taught me how to sketch and paint,
Beyond the things to draw,
To see what's beautiful or quaint,
Not stare and then ignore...
In time, she taught me how to pray,
So Sunday School made sense,
For there I found God's love each day,
So grateful we were friends...

My Mum proved such the gentle soul,
Forgiving childish pranks,
I broke something, yet self-control
Still helped her to give thanks...
She saw life as the journey's path,
Not one mistake I'd made,
I still recall her joyful laugh,
Such memories never fade...

And when I started work in time,
She looked at me so proud,
As if to her I was sublime,
A blessing God allowed...
And so my family moved on,
To buy our home outright,
Because the mortgage years had gone,
The future looked so bright...

Mum's working life came to a close,
Her home was her reward,
And blessed the heart that overflows

With thanks unto the Lord...
She gave her life to charity,
Raised funds to help the poor,
She lived her life with dignity
And who could ask for more?

What greater Mum was ever known?
Who, like her, loved me so?
And yet life's gifts are all on loan,
Till God says each must go...
And so Mum left us all behind,
We miss her even now,
But she's in Heaven where we'll find
Her once again, somehow...

Denis Martindale, copyright March 2015.

Denis Martindale

By The Water Hole...

Two lion cubs were peaceful there,
When by the water hole,
As if life held for them no care,
No torment of the soul...
As tranquil as the water's flow,
As gentle as could be,
Yet all the while they didn't know
They were delaying me...

I longed to swim stretched out all wet,
Cooled down from Summer's heat,
But here's the closest I could get
Before we're bound to meet...
And so I waited, hid from sight,
With silent sighs and stares,
To wait my turn and stay polite
And seeking God through prayers...

And soon the cubs slinked off at last,
With parents close behind,
So that my waiting time had past
And God was oh so kind...
I swam and swam and swam and swam,
Enjoying all God gave,
Content to be the way I am,
A patient soul... not brave...

Denis Martindale, copyright, March 2015.

Poem based on a magnificent wildlife painting,
by artist Stephen Gayford nb Google-search
gayfordgallery and 'Stephen Gayford poetry'.

Denis Martindale

Four Ducks....

Four ducks were in the Park one day,
Their colours quite unique,
Like patchwork quilts that flew my way,
When life was looking bleak...
As if reminders of God's grace,
Who fashioned one by one,
To be more than a pretty face,
Eyes twinkling in the sun...

From every angle that I saw
A different spectacle,
Variety not to ignore,
For each looked beautiful...
A polar bear looks white, white, white,
A panther looks so black,
Yet these four ducks were pure delight,
No blessing seemed to lack...

Variety sets each apart,
Identifies us all,
As if each one's a work of art,
A precious miracle...
Four ducks helped me to change my mind,
God's truly blessed this Earth,
Don't be surprised if you should find,
Perhaps, we, too, have worth...

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale, copyright, March 2015.

Poem based on 4 magnificent wildlife paintings,
by artist Stephen Gayford nb Google-search
gayfordgallery and 'Stephen Gayford poetry'.

Denis Martindale

Future King!

Of all the tiger cubs that year
This tiger cub was wise,
Beyond all doubt, beyond all fear,
With eyes still on the prize...
So every challenge that he faced
Was met without delay,
Despite the fact he wasn't praised,
He'd be a king one day...

He grew the stronger week by week,
He chased the others round,
Enough to prove himself unique
With every new skill found...
And wily was his subtle mind,
Matched by a patient heart,
Enjoying lessons he could find
That kept him strong and smart...

While others dozed, he kept alert,
Till dreaming forced him down,
Yet in his dreams he fought, though hurt,
As if to earn his crown...
He stood alone, as kings must do,
He strove to beat the rest,
While kings like him are oh so few,
He proved he was the best!

Denis Martindale, copyright, March 2015.

Poem based on a magnificent wildlife painting,
by artist Stephen Gayford nb Google-search
gayfordgallery and 'Stephen Gayford poetry'.

Denis Martindale

Cheetah!

The cheetah nestled in disguise
Amid the scenery,
Awaiting still what God supplies
To creatures such as he...
Yet I could see that cheetah's stare
At anything that moved,
The patience that he brought to bear
As hunting skills improved...

Was he alone? I couldn't say,
That's why I stayed alert,
No reason now to walk away
And suddenly get hurt...
My admiration kept in check,
I scanned both left and right,
No other head, no other neck,
No creature taking flight...

And so we waited, cat and man,
Two strangers 'neath the sun,
Obedient to Nature's plan
When hunting must be done...
Then all at once the cheetah leapt,
His dinner had arrived,
Another date with death was kept,
Two out of three survived...

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale, copyright, February 2015.

Poem based on a magnificent wildlife painting,
by artist Stephen Gayford nb Google-search
gayfordgallery and 'Stephen Gayford poetry'.

Denis Martindale

Black Jaguar

Black jaguar... so slim... so sleek,
So dignified a sight,
To me, you're precious, quite unique,
A creature of the night...
When you appear, my eyes set fast
Upon your style and grace,
Yet suddenly I gaze aghast
Upon your hunter's face...

I see the hunger in your eyes,
I know you need your prey
And though I'm taken by surprise,
I won't stand in your way...
Like you, I eat what God provides,
Like you, I must survive,
Like you, each hungered heart decides
Just how to stay alive...

So journey on unhindered by
This mortal man you sense,
Because you'll find no reason why
We two could yet be friends...
I seek no conflict with your kind,
Let's merely co-exist,
Two hunters who must daily find
The meals we can't resist...

Denis Martindale, copyright, February 2015.

Poem based on a magnificent wildlife painting,
by artist Stephen Gayford nb Google-search
gayfordgallery and 'Stephen Gayford poetry'.

Denis Martindale

Tiger's Head

What hopes and dreams dwell in that head
And in that tiger's heart
Beyond the thoughts that quickly sped
Then suddenly depart?
The daily walking here and there,
Fatigue then drowsiness,
The need for him to stay aware,
When hunger causes stress...

Most of the time he hides things well,
Disguising how he feels,
Although he's got a tale to tell,
He's not the sort who kneels...
The silent type, aloof, withdrawn,
A solitary soul,
The kind who rarely looks forlorn,
Maintaining self-control...

But is he lonely day by day
And lonely night by night?
Aware life soon must pass away
Must grant him some insight...
Perhaps a tigress shares his fears...
Who knows if they will meet?
Yet if that gracious day appears,
Their lives could be complete...

Denis Martindale, copyright, February 2015.

Poem based on a magnificent wildlife painting,
by artist Stephen Gayford nb Google-search
gayfordgallery and 'Stephen Gayford poetry'.

Denis Martindale

White Tiger Cub

White tiger cub, white tiger cub,
I gaze at you with awe,
Yet won't give you a belly rub
Or calmly shake your paw...
I'll show respect for what you are,
Not yet the noble beast,
But what a wondrous superstar,
A miracle at least...

So charismatic, cool and cute,
So cuddlesome and fine
And deserving of each tribute
That praises your design...
Admired from afar and near,
With oohs and ahs for now,
Until the day when you appear
A full-grown king somehow...

Today we see the humble child,
Your twinkling eyes aglow,
The kind of cat that looks quite mild
By those not in the know...
But you possess a legacy
That few of us can share,
But here's the solemn irony,
White tiger cubs are rare...

Denis Martindale, copyright, February 2015.

Poem based on a magnificent wildlife painting,
by artist Stephen Gayford nb Google-search
gayfordgallery and 'Stephen Gayford poetry'.

Denis Martindale

Ngorongoro Bull

I knew not where he headed to,
That elephant so proud
And yet he strode that journey through
As long as God allowed...
Two tusks a-swinging dead ahead
Reflecting light above,
As on he marched, unwashed, unfed,
As if air proved enough...

His hips swayed left, his hips swayed right,
His tail swished to and fro,
His ears flapped gently with delight,
His trunk just dangling so...
Almost as if he danced along,
No need for music's touch,
With just the rhythm not the song,
Content to stay as such...

No circus show for me to see,
Yet what a sight he was,
That gentle giant's harmony
Thrilled me and all because,
He taught me how to savour life,
Live large and unafraid,
To overcome each fear and strife,
With confidence displayed...

Denis Martindale, copyright, February 2015.

Poem based on a magnificent wildlife painting,
by artist Stephen Gayford nb Google-search
gayfordgallery and 'Stephen Gayford poetry'.

Denis Martindale

Duck!

Of all the creatures that occurred
The duck has his place, too
And while he's still a common bird,
Share credit where it's due...
For on a pond, or brook, or stream,
He quacks for all to hear
And because he's living the dream,
His freedom's held most dear...

When children see the duck they smile
And thus affection grows,
Although they laugh at his profile
And stare at his long nose...
He bears no hatred in his heart
And bread makes him your friend,
As long as we can do our part,
He stays right to the end...

The duck seems quite a placid soul,
Content to waddle by,
Then suddenly he takes control
And soars up to the sky...
Can you do that? I wish I could!
I'd join him on the wing!
We'd first survey the neighbourhood,
Then fly off... wandering...

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale, copyright, February 2015.

Poem based on a magnificent wildlife painting,
by artist Stephen Gayford nb Google-search
gayfordgallery and 'Stephen Gayford poetry'.

Denis Martindale

Phantom!

The wolf surveyed looks quite sublime,
As first impressions go,
When he's relaxed and takes his time,
Reflecting every glow...
The unaware can smile and stare,
As if there's nothing wrong,
But he's a wolf, so have a care,
Outsiders don't belong...

Admittedly the wolf looks kind,
Content when he's alone,
As if there's nothing on his mind,
Despite his heart of stone...
Still with a youthful sense of fun,
But let each man take heed,
That phantom's proved a wily one,
With cunning to succeed...

His ghostly silhouette once seen
Conveys a sense of awe,
But get too close and he turns mean,
Don't try to shake his paw...
Untamed throughout the centuries,
Some wolves remain the same,
The fact that they don't aim to please
Has proved their claim to fame...

Denis Martindale, copyright, January 2015.

The poem is based on the magnificent wildlife
painting by Stephen Gayford nb Google-search
gayfordgallery and 'Stephen Gayford poetry'.

Denis Martindale

Liberty Eagle!

The eagle soared across the sky,
As if by faith alone
And thus determined there to fly
A course none else had known...
A single creature few had seen
Above the mountain tops,
Snow-capped and glistening with a sheen
That seldom ever stops...

My word, it was a sky so blue
That eagle must be glad,
Regarding such a splendid view,
What greater could be had?
The sense of freedom felt within
Must surely soothe the heart,
As if relieved of every sin,
To gain a brand new start...

Some say such treasures have a price,
But eagles know their place,
Such liberty makes us think twice
About God's sovereign grace...
Man has no wings to bear his weight,
Man has to walk or run,
Yet eagles soar to any height
Beneath God's golden sun...

Denis Martindale, copyright, January 2015.

Poem based on a magnificent wildlife painting,
Liberty by Stephen Gayford nb Google-search
gayfordgallery and 'Stephen Gayford poetry'.

Denis Martindale

Little Birdy

Louise looks lovely, yes, indeed.
So dainty and demure.
So sweet of face that guys take heed
When love they can't ignore.
To think that she, with gentle voice,
Prefers to be polite,
Responding to that noble choice,
Her smiles bring such delight.
It's good to see her now and then,
When she takes time to stay...
To me, she's like a perfect ten!
She brightens up my day.

Louise looks lovely - lips so red,
They blossom like the rose.
God bless her kisses still ahead,
When true love overflows...
If only more girls looked so nice,
Her beauty to embrace.
The world would be a paradise...
A truly precious place.
Alas, there's only one Louise,
One dream girl to dream of.
No wonder she's so sure to please
The man she learns to love.

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale, copyright 21 January 2015.

Denis Martindale

Lynx Cub

The lynx cub smirked just like a cat
That once I used to own,
With turned up smile it calmly sat
Content to pause alone...
With golden eyes and golden nose
It seemed to sense its worth,
But even beauty has its foes
When hunters prowl this Earth...

A prized possession, nothing more?
A conversation piece?
A fashioned fur some might adore,
As if a golden fleece?
Gone forever or maybe stuffed,
Its head upon a wall,
A trophy of this lynx unloved,
A story to recall...

Each life must have its numbered days,
Yet trappers pay no heed,
To such as these there's no disgrace
To see this creature bleed...
Endangered creatures here and there,
Pot luck each day to live,
But much less hope if we don't care,
A second chance to give...

Denis Martindale, copyright, January 2015.

The poem is based on the magnificent wildlife
painting by Stephen Gayford nb Google-search
gayfordgallery and 'Stephen Gayford poetry'.

Denis Martindale

Barn Owl

The barn owl swiftly rose on high,
Serenely so, in fact,
To glide across the pale blue sky,
As if no need to act...
I saw it land on yonder tree
And set my camera's view
To focus on its majesty,
To learn what it would do...

And what I saw felt mine all mine,
As if the only one
To see its glistening black eyes shine
And shimmer in the sun...
For it stayed still as if to pose,
Permitting me the chance
To zoom in more, till way up close,
The picture to enhance...

My camera clicked time after time,
To capture all I saw,
Because, to me, it looked sublime
And thrilled me to the core...
But glad was I that it was free,
To live its whole life through,
Not put on show for you and me
To stare at in a zoo...

Denis Martindale, copyright, January 2015.

The poem is based on the magnificent wildlife
painting by Stephen Gayford nb Google-search
gayfordgallery and 'Stephen Gayford poetry'.

Denis Martindale

Siberian Soul Mates

Two tigers laid upon the ground,
Stretched out like bookends there,
Against a backdrop void of sound,
With nothing to beware...
And for an hour's grace at least,
No trace of danger known
And vanished went each savage beast
Within that comfort zone...

And like two soul mates, each content,
Enjoying harmony,
A pleasant afternoon was spent,
As if that had to be...
As if a lesson must be learnt
And shared by such as these,
Before life's wisdoms were discerned
To bring about such peace...

If only human children knew
Serenity like this,
Instead of fighting two by two,
In place of finding bliss...
But that takes time, as parents know,
If siblings choose their friends,
Instead of those with which they grow
Until their childhood ends...

Denis Martindale, copyright, January 2015.

The poem is based on the magnificent wildlife
painting by Stephen Gayford nb Google-search
gayfordgallery and 'Stephen Gayford poetry'.

Denis Martindale

Siberian Brothers

Siberia's a lonesome place,
Yet tigers still survive,
With family bonds that would embrace
And keep each one alive...
So brothers find some comfort there,
At peace, while side by side,
At gentle rest and time to spare
And joy these two can't hide...

Such are the bonds that would unite
Two tigers night and day,
Beyond each nibble's playful bite,
Before they hunt for prey...
From childhood reared, so soon to part,
As adults on their own,
Perhaps to bear a lonesome heart,
Or just a heart of stone...

Will memory serve of times gone by?
Cast off or kept in mind?
If met again, would each one sigh,
Or smile and then be kind?
Each has the choice, rejoice or run,
Be good, bad or aloof,
But here and now, rest in the sun,
Appreciate your youth...

Denis Martindale, copyright, January 2015.

The poem is based on the magnificent wildlife
painting by Stephen Gayford nb Google-search
gayfordgallery and 'Stephen Gayford poetry'.

Denis Martindale

Mother And Calf

When elephants walk so gently
Upon their chosen path,
Should Man forget the harmony
Shared by mother and calf?
Ignoring peace and joy and love,
Forsaking common good,
As if Man stands supreme above
Within this neighbourhood?

Has Man the right to separate,
For ivory and more,
Two happy hearts that celebrate
With feelings that outpour?
To steal away the light of day
That these blessed eyes have seen,
Like hunting's just a game to play
And nothing short of mean?

Endangered species bear the cost
When Man encroaches near,
When Man all self-control has lost
And life's no more held dear...
What's next, when all the hunting ends,
With elephants all dead?
Will Man build robot elephants
In future times ahead?

Denis Martindale, copyright, January 2015.

The poem is based on the magnificent wildlife
painting by Stephen Gayford nb Google-search
gayfordgallery and 'Stephen Gayford poetry'.

Denis Martindale

Poetry Shall Prevail!

As long as God permits us speech
And tongues that dare not fail,
God's poetry is what we preach,
For poetry shall prevail...
As long as prophecy holds sway
Upon both strong and frail,
God's psalms shall bless the words we say,
For poetry shall prevail...

As long as sweethearts fall in love
And lovesongs never pale,
Like Solomon, we rise above,
For poetry shall prevail...
As long as Jesus heals the sick
And calms the stormy gale,
Then winsome words are what we pick,
For poetry shall prevail...

As long as knights possess that urge
To find the Holy Grail,
Let poets pause, their hearts to search,
For poetry shall prevail...
As long as breath remains God's gift
For Denis Martindale,
From poetry I shall not shift,
For poetry shall prevail!

Denis Martindale, copyright, January 2015.

Sung to God Rest Ye Merry Gentlemen!

Denis Martindale

Happy Birthday, Jesus!

Happy birthday, Jesus,
enjoy it to the max,
Look down from Heaven
with a heart-filled joy,

Every heart among us
that finds time to relax
Reflects again on
Mary's baby boy...

Nativity's the reason
that love gets shared abroad,
The Christmas Gospel carols
sung once more,

Remembering the One,
Good Shepherd, King and Lord
That all God's holy angels
yet adore...

PoemHunter.com

And who are we today
to differ from their love,
At distance from the Saviour
You still are?

Like wise men from afar,
we ought to look above
And humbly choose to gaze
beyond each star...

For blessings still unfold,
revealed as prophets told,
More precious than the
present days on Earth,

Yet blessed if we behold,
God's Son, as good as gold,
More precious than this sad world
should deserve...

Happy birthday, Jesus,
enjoy it to the max,
Look down from Heaven
with a heart so glad,

Of all that trust Your Name,
there's not one soul that lacks...
You're the most perfect gift
we've ever had...

Denis Martindale, copyright Christmas Day 2014.

The Christmas poem is based on seeing
the Gospel film called The Perfect Gift
thanks to the upbeat film being shown
on the Revelation TV channel today.

Denis Martindale

The Perfect Gift!

Happy birthday, Jesus,
enjoy it to the max,
Look down from Heaven
with a heart-filled joy,

Every heart among us
that finds time to relax
Reflects again on
Mary's baby boy...

Nativity's the reason
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The Christmas Gospel carols
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enjoy it to the max,
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there's not one soul that lacks...
You're the most perfect gift
we've ever had...

Denis Martindale, copyright Christmas Day 2014.

The Christmas poem is based on seeing
the Gospel film called The Perfect Gift
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on the Revelation TV channel today.

Denis Martindale

Safe Haven

The leopard and her cubs were glad
To find a place so blessed,
Safe haven, waiting to be had,
So much, each was impressed...
A silver stream was bubbling by,
A gentle breeze came close,
No stormy cloud to spoil the sky,
A landscape void of foes...

It was as if time cast a spell,
To magic fears away,
As if to say that all was well,
So just enjoy the day...
And so they stayed, contentedly,
As if this were a feast,
With water bubbling, fancy free,
To calm the savage beast...

Life isn't running here and there,
Or hiding full of fears,
It's days when Nature helps us share
The changing months and years...
I guess it's up to each to choose
To work, or rest, or play,
Yet even leopards like to snooze
When good times come their way...

Denis Martindale, copyright, December 2014.

The poem is based on the magnificent wildlife
painting by Stephen Gayford nb Google-search
gayfordgallery and 'Stephen Gayford poetry'.

Denis Martindale

Early Learning

The mother and her zebra child
Were eating side by side,
Amid a cool breeze oh so mild
Each met the day with pride...
United in their newborn love,
With tender looks now shared,
You'd think that love was quite enough
For all that life prepared...

Yet early learning teaches things,
That tender looks can't bless,
For zebras have but hooves not wings
To save them from distress...
And while the herd hopes to protect,
At times, it won't succeed,
So early learning helps direct
Young zebras most in need...

It's Nature's way to help enhance
Survival now and then,
Instead of purely random chance,
Depending where and when...
That gentle zebra has no clue
And hasn't even guessed,
Yet it responds to, 'I LOVE YOU! '
And trusts that Mum knows best...

Denis Martindale, copyright, December 2014.

The poem is based on the magnificent wildlife
painting by Stephen Gayford nb Google-search
gayfordgallery and 'Stephen Gayford poetry'.

Denis Martindale

Shady Retreat...

The tiger in his striped fur coat
As if with hoodie on,
Had sought to find some antidote
Till Summer's heat had gone...
Shady retreat, hello, hello,
Just what he hoped to find,
His face lit up as if aglow,
Just one thing on his mind...

His body slumped upon the ground,
Stretched out like melted cheese,
Yet when at rest, he looked around
And simply felt at peace...
No need to drink, no need to eat,
He savoured all God gave,
As if bestowed by this retreat
That any heart would crave...

In Winter, such a place would serve
A less important task,
For now, no better place on Earth
That any soul could ask...
And so he grinned from ear to ear,
Thanksgiving in his heart,
Just like a human's Christmas cheer
That all too soon must part...

Denis Martindale, copyright, December 2014.

The poem is based on the magnificent wildlife
painting by Stephen Gayford nb Google-search
gayfordgallery and 'Stephen Gayford poetry'.

Denis Martindale

Arctic Hero?

The white wolf appeared the hero
Amid that arctic scene,
Where those temperatures hit zero,
As winds grew strong and mean...
With nought but fur to keep him warm,
He battled night and day,
Despite the bitter cold and storm,
He stayed to hunt his prey...

The hard decisions had been made,
For hunger hurt like hell,
The only way to make it fade
He knew by now so well...
Thus to the strong and to the brave
Were weaker lives bestowed,
When none on Earth was there to save,
When none no mercy showed...

It's just the victors left that boast,
If boasting swelled their pride,
If by such joys they felt engrossed
And conscience gave no guide...
Though Nature gave him teeth and claws,
And cunning ways to plot,
This white wolf chose a silent pause,
Reflecting on his lot...

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Denis Martindale

Another Jungle Pool

The jungle pool awaited him,
White tiger, tall and lean,
Engulfing him, so sleek and slim,
His black and white to clean...
A dozen frowns at first appeared,
Till he felt sweet release,
His face now soothed from ears to beard,
All tensions brought to peace...

His greyed reflection danced below
Amid the ripples there,
Next to the blue streaks to and fro,
That mirrored clouds mid-air...
What swam beneath he had no clue,
Yet instincts served him well
And thus he stayed, like tigers do,
As Nature cast her spell...

This was his portion to receive,
His chance should he remain,
The gentle coolness to retrieve,
The sunshine's heat to drain...
If he were human he would pray,
Give thanks to God above,
Yet all he did was smile and stay,
For tigers, that's enough...

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Denis Martindale

Precious!

Yes, it's good to see the candour
The precious Panda shows,
As he aims to get much grander
Each time his belly grows...
For he's quite prone to pause and chew
The bamboo shoots he finds,
It's then there's not much else to do
And that's why he declines...

While on his back, all belly up,
He's like a Teddy Bear
And though he lacks a plate or cup,
He's comfy, without care...
No Mummy saying, 'Sit up straight! '
No Daddy with a frown,
The Panda squats to celebrate
Those bamboo shoots so brown...

He'll choose to chew and chew and chew,
That's just the way he is,
In fact, that's how he grew and grew
With utmost Panda bliss...
While humans diet day-by-day,
He's never thought it strange
To humbly eat his life away...
That's why he'll never change...

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Denis Martindale

Santa's Change Of Heart!

There came a Christmas long ago
When Santa flew above,
Beyond the lands of Christmas snow
Where children lived with love...
He looked straight down at Africa
And India as well,
Where he saw the children sicker,
Until they died in Hell...

The toys he had upon his sleigh
Contained no food at all,
So he continued on his way,
As if no time to call...
But with his yearly journey done,
He went back home again
And there he wept for every one
That he had seen back then...

And God in Heaven saw his tears
And called him to His Throne,
Then calmed him down of all his fears
He recently had known...
Explained to him Man has freewill,
It's up to him to choose,
To live his life for good or ill,
Be selfish or of use...

For every famine there's a feast,
For every toy a price,
God sees the greatest and the least,
He knows each sacrifice...
Yet there's a time for toys and cards
And this God can't ignore,
But after this, God stirs men's hearts
To try to help the poor...

So Santa nodded his consent,
Then angels flew him back
And with more presents, out he went

And shared them from his sack...
And as he flew his sleigh above,
A second chance to give,
He shared Christ's greatest gift called love,
So we'd help others live...

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Denis Martindale

In With The Crowd

The zebra foal must stay alert
When danger comes to call
And to prevent it getting hurt,
Kept close to one and all...
So black and white moved like a blur,
With instincts at their height,
Safeguarding what might yet occur
When lions are in sight...

The weakest won't survive for long
And that each foal must learn,
The battle must go to the strong,
Each new day they must earn...
Though life's a gift, that changes fast
While predators exist,
It's Nature's rules from first to last,
That fact none can resist...

It's true, while zebras rally round
Protecting young and old,
Their strategy most times is sound
As centuries unfold...
In with the crowd, the foal remains,
Determined to survive
The lurking lions on the plains
That hunt to stay alive...

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Denis Martindale

Zebra And Foal

The zebra and the zebra foal
Were grazing side-by-side,
Each living out their daily role,
With instincts as their guide...
And yet today the foal stood close
While Mother took her time,
Not knowing how that foal's love grows
And thinks that she's sublime...

The foal was staring at the sight
Of Mother standing there,
Magnificent in black and white,
So dashing, debonair...
This was the hour love excels,
Transforming what they had,
The foal could think of nothing else,
The day love made her glad...

So sleek, so fine, so full of grace,
So gentle in her way,
So pure of heart and sweet of face,
So perfect night and day...
Regardless what might yet occur,
This time served well enough,
The foal had eyes yet just for her,
The day she learned of love...

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Denis Martindale

Cool Cat!

Amid the heat the tiger lurched,
Fatigued not quite as strong
And yet onwards he gamely searched
And would search all day long...
And there it was, as if a dream,
A Paradise on Earth,
Although to others just a stream,
To him, it had great worth...

He waded in, a weary soul,
The stream then chilled his bones,
Content to find that waterhole,
His grins replaced his groans...
Oh, yes... this was the place to be,
Where rocks contained the flow,
Preserving still life's mystery,
Of things we're yet to know...

He closed his eyes and savoured all,
His muscles now at ease,
Acknowledging God's miracle,
The tiger felt such peace...
If he but knew what humans do,
His praises would express,
The joys known by the chosen few
When God grants happiness...

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Denis Martindale

Himalayan Summer

The young Snow Leopard chose to climb
Towards the mountain top,
For he was bold and in his prime,
No reason found to stop...
The task ahead still drove him on,
Like fearless mountaineers,
As if all doubts were spurned and gone,
No blood, no sweat, no tears...

Just step-by-step with fate embraced,
As if his destiny,
Depending on the paws he placed
With steadfast certainty...
And thus he reached the mountain's peak,
Surveying all below,
Its scenery unique, but bleak,
Yet truly his to know...

For him, this was the turning point,
For victory was his,
With gentle mist there to anoint
His majesty with bliss...
He then let out a mighty roar,
'Today, this land is mine! '
That day he couldn't ask for more,
When life felt mighty fine!

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Denis Martindale

Heavy Drinker!

The elephant's well known to be
A creature of restraint,
Right up to when he gets angry,
Then quite polite he ain't...
He's not like humans on the booze,
With parties Friday nights,
He's more inclined to have a snooze
Than getting into fights...

He doesn't drink a scotch or two,
Or three or four or five,
For alcohol's the Devil's brew,
So please don't drink and drive!
He doesn't raise a glass and slurp,
Or comment on bouquet,
Nor does he belch, nor does he burp,
Like drunkards do, OK! ?

He merely strides to yonder stream,
With utmost dignity,
Despite the fact he's wide of beam,
With his trunk dangling free...
It's then he drinks and drinks and drinks,
But only what he oughta,
So no horse play and no high jinks,
Because it's only water!

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Denis Martindale

Border Patrol

The tiger crunched the frosted ground
As he went on patrol,
With nothing living all around,
He stood a lonely soul...
But food was on his mind once more,
So hunting he would go,
Despite the cold none could ignore
And all that dazzling snow...

Today he couldn't run as fast,
Yet neither could his prey,
That's why he needn't be downcast
Till it had got away...
For now, high hopes were in his heart,
He licked his lips with glee,
For he raised hunting to an art
And patience was the key...

He was the king of all there was,
This land was his alone,
He loved this land and all because
Each hiding place was known...
Survival has one Golden Rule,
Don't give up, don't give in!
That's why the tiger seemed so cruel
Each time he chose to grin...

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Denis Martindale

Father's Day

The lion king was not opposed
To when his cubs came near,
He was at peace and not engrossed
As neither cub showed fear...
One stretched across his back and played,
The other cub to fight,
The lion king was not dismayed,
He let them scratch and bite...

The cubs were cheerful in their sport,
Their tiny growls amused,
The lion offered no retort,
Nor company refused...
To think, he towered oh so tall,
Yet to these he was kind,
As if he did not fret at all,
As if he did not mind...

Could this be love? To tolerate?
Just let the world pass by?
To silence growls displaying hate,
With grace in full supply?
Each day for him was Father's Day,
He was their Majesty,
Yet why not let them pause to play?
They were his legacy!

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Denis Martindale

Relaxed!

The tiger trod the warm, warm earth
Beneath his warm, warm feet,
The sun shone down for all its worth
With warmth he couldn't beat...
And so the tiger's bulky frame
Stood still and came to rest,
Plum-tuckered out, so there's no shame,
No guilt to be expressed...

His tootsies sought their sweet repose,
To help their throbbing cease,
Content until the time he rose,
No longer so at ease...
No hunger pains to force him on,
No thirst to quench for now,
So why not let the day be gone,
Relaxing here somehow?

His crumpled frowns weren't quite as tense,
He seemed to wear a smile,
No need for food, no need for friends,
When sunshine can beguile...
Breathe in, breathe out, eyelids half mast,
Perhaps a yawn or two
And so another day sailed past
With nothing much to do...

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Denis Martindale

Simba!

The lion was named as Simba,
The winner of each brawl,
Yet the reason was much simpler,
His legend's known to all...
Portraying all a lion was
And all God meant to be,
Magnificent and all because
He ruled with majesty...

He didn't merely walk, he strode,
He moved with style and grace,
As if to serve some higher code,
Content all foes to face...
And few would dare to contradict
His power and his guile,
He was the lion king God picked
And for a long, long while...

The other lions understood,
They knew their place, of course,
They knew he ruled the neighbourhood
And thus obeyed his laws...
No friends had he, not even one
And yet he didn't care,
For at each meal that had begun,
He had the lion's share...

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Denis Martindale

Tiger, Tiger...

The tiger's own reflection rose
From gentle water crossed,
The tiger saw it way up close,
Yet something had been lost...
He was as if a lonesome soul,
His roar now soft not loud,
As if somehow he lacked control,
As if no longer proud...

For years had come and years had gone
And tigresses are rare,
Till he found her, just soldier on,
Still thinking life unfair...
Yet come that day, his life would change,
Perhaps a father soon,
Though now, of course, such thoughts felt strange,
This sunny afternoon...

Was that a twinkle in his eyes
Each time he thought of her?
Or just reflection of his sighs
And what may yet occur?
The greatest test is patience, friend,
The lonesome waiting game,
Till finally it has to end,
Then life's no more the same...

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Denis Martindale

The Mystery Of Christ!

Oh that my mind could grasp the truth
Of all that Christ must mean,
Beyond the years He was a youth,
Known as the Nazarene...
Beyond the water turned to wine,
Disciples at His side,
The day they saw beyond that sign
And miracles supplied...

Oh that my mind could preach Good News
Like Peter, John and Paul,
In such a way to bless the Jews
As well as one and all...
The mystery of Christ God knows,
God's treasure trove within,
With Scriptures memorised, held close,
Just like a second skin...

The Holy Spirit shares so much
With Christians on this Earth,
How wonderful He keeps in touch
And proves each soul has worth...
Yet without Christ, my heart would fail
And quickly lose the way,
My life would be a sorry tale,
Unless I paused to pray...

And in that hour I know my Lord,
Enough to share His love,
His holiness keeps me assured,
Since His grace proves enough...
For while the future stays unknown
Apart from glimpses now,
Lord Jesus sits upon His Throne
As all God's angels bow...

God's Word declares Christ must return,
A thousand years to rule
And that takes wisdom to discern,

Not granted to a fool...
The prophecies that yet remain
Will surely be revealed,
When Jesus Christ comes back again
And this hurt world is healed...

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Denis Martindale

Siberian Tiger

A trim Siberian tiger sat,
The day to while away,
Just like a tamed domestic cat
That lost its drive to play...
No more the youthful games of fun,
Or sibling rivalry,
He sat alone, beneath the sun,
For anyone to see...

With nothing but surrounding peace,
Till hunger moved him on,
He simply stayed and took his ease,
With sunlight all but gone...
Then creatures moved and drew his eyes,
To fathom where and when,
The waiting ploy had proved him wise,
Till hunting time again...

This was the time his mindset changed,
With mercy gone for good,
His hunting skills had rearranged
That little neighbourhood...
The left side empty, no meal there,
The right side had a treat,
In seconds, he leapt through the air...
A tiger's got to eat...

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Denis Martindale

Lioness

The lioness first saw her mate
And sensed her future set,
It was as if a call from Fate,
The call she hoped to get...
She played it cool, like big cats do,
Pretended not to care,
Yet making sure she stayed in view,
So that he'd stay aware...

The lion didn't have one thought
Including her that day,
But his attention soon was caught
And she helped this to stay...
Her lion cubs were proof of this
As Nature took its course,
Now he is hers and she is his,
As friendship each explores...

Such is the way that lions find
The meaning of their years,
Until, they, too, leave life behind,
As old age slowly nears...
The lioness could see God's plan
And yet not praise His name,
Just like some children born of Man
Who sometimes act the same...

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Denis Martindale

True Poetry Is Like A Rose

True poetry is like a rose
That blossoms in each heart,
Or like a twinkling star that glows
When sunshine must depart...
True poetry is like a dance,
It wanders to and fro,
With wondrous words meant to enhance
The striking thoughts that flow...

True poetry is like a fish
That swims the oceans wide,
Declaring what the writers wish,
Revealing hopes inside...
True poetry is like a whale
That shares a mighty sound,
Such that the whole world hears the tale
As it is spread around...

True poetry is like a hill
Each reader has to climb,
Beyond that sweet initial thrill
From verses meant to rhyme...
True poetry is like a road
With signposts on the way
That sometimes serve to break the code
That special thoughts relay...

True poetry is like a bridge
The reader seeks to span
And its crossing grants us knowledge
About our fellow man...
True poetry is like the Earth,
A miracle of grace,
Such that each poem proves its worth
With smiles upon each face...

So don't give up and don't give in,
Use all your gifts to write,
For from the moment you begin,

You'll share some new insight...
The mind of Man transcends the globe,
It spans the Universe,
That's why God helps us share the hope,
The blessing not the curse...

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Denis Martindale

The Writing Competition!

A special day began above,
In Heaven, far away...
When Jesus Christ, the King of Love,
Had something new to say...
A competition with a prize,
A golden quill, no less,
Meant for that writer oh so wise
His wisdom brought success...

The Lord explained the length, the theme,
The rules observed and such,
The telling of a wondrous dream
As if each heart to touch...
The writers went away to write
Their awesome thoughts by hand,
With hopeful faces shining bright
At what the Lord had planned...

God only knows their suffering,
Within their homes alone
And then attempts recovering
To make their stories known...
And poets, too, with ancient rhyme,
Well-used yet penned once more,
Their one intent to use the time,
Their poems to outpour...

The Judgement Day arrived at last,
The writers' works were shared,
Ten thousand done, yet none surpassed,
The writers stood quite scared...
Rejection wasn't nice at all,
Although they'd done their best
And as they left the Judgement Hall,
They knew they failed God's test...

The ones that stayed then left in turn,
Till not one more remained,
As if each had yet more to learn

That wisdom hadn't gained...
Yet home again, they sensed God's love,
Each saw a golden quill!
They'd done their best! That was enough!
They'd all obeyed God's will...

So while on Earth each writer dwells,
Think on that parable,
Before you write of something else,
Like it's some miracle...
God knows each heart, each mind, each soul,
The Lord sees everywhere,
Though every word's in your control,
It helps to say a prayer...

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Denis Martindale

The Name's Bond, James Bond!

Borne of hardship, trained to fight,
Then trusted in the field,
Fierce intellect and keen insight,
Determined not to yield...
Tenacity in thought and deed,
An agent through and through,
Always expected to succeed,
To do what he must do...

To kiss a girl, or bed her friend,
To kill somebody close,
To see his mission to the end,
In ways God only knows...
With Q providing micro toys
Or cars that save the day,
Yet finally, Bond makes the choice,
The villains to repay...

Pretence is like his middle name,
Bravado from the start,
Survival is his claim to fame
Despite his broken heart...
Assassins off the roof to hurl,
Kung Fu or boxer's fists,
He saves the world, he gets the girl,
The fantasy persists...

Sometimes he merely aggravates,
Throws caution to the winds,
No mercy to the ones he hates,
He rarely saves their skins...
While he impresses now and then
With courage and finesse,
He stands alone, apart from men,
With short-lived happiness...

And yet to him, each owes a debt,
When freedom's been preserved,
Against a strong-willed Soviet

Or femme fatale that's curved...
Or business tycoon on the make,
Or scientist with schemes,
Bond has the life skills meant to break
And shatter all their dreams...

Escaping death, he perseveres,
Defying countless odds,
Sometimes steadfast, sometimes with fears,
Yet still the choice is God's...
This action man has loved and lost
The good girls and the bad,
He chose this life and paid the cost,
As killer, saint and cad...

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Denis Martindale

Curious, Too!

The tiger woke up suddenly,
A fragrance filled the air
And then great curiosity
Caused him to wonder where...
He walked around to seek it out
And found a dainty flower,
A precious thing beyond a doubt,
Its perfume sweet not sour...

He'd never found its like before,
Did others grow nearby?
While he had time, he could explore,
It couldn't hurt to try...
So off he went past birds and trees
Not knowing how birds flew,
Just glad one flower came to please
And offered something new...

Another flower's scent was nice,
He tracked that down O.K.,
It was as if God blessed him twice,
That pleasant Summer's day...
He asked what greater could he find,
Then saw a waterfall!
The sudden sight just blew his mind!
Its beauty said it all!

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Denis Martindale

Chasing The Rainbow!

From Noah to the present day,
A rainbow spans the skies,
Such that a man is prone to pray
For all that God supplies...
For colours that enhance our views
For blue eyes and brown eyes,
A spectrum blessing we can choose,
Until in Paradise...

A rainbow shows us harmony,
No grey, no black or white,
A sharing of each frequency
That brings us sheer delight...
A miracle that's sevenfold
Each time we look ahead,
A treasure trove we can behold,
From indigo to red...

And see, it circles us above,
As if it were a crown,
As if a measure of God's love,
Should we look up not down...
And with God's promise, even now,
Come sunshine or come rain,
Of all the things God may allow,
The world won't flood again...

Thus Man builds houses everywhere,
Communities as well
And Churches full of praise and prayer,
Good News to hear and tell...
To chase a rainbow may be fun,
For soon each must depart,
Unless you touch that hidden one
God placed within your heart!

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Denis Martindale

The Little Saint That Could!

If only I could do the good
My God wants me to do!
Achieving all the things I should,
To help out folks like you!
To humbly pray and not give in,
To preach and save the lost,
To fight against all signs of sin,
Regardless of the cost!

If only I could do the good
My God has called me for!
Assisting in each neighbourhood,
Like those who still explore!
To set about the changes known
To make this world worthwhile,
So that it's not some Twilight Zone,
Where folks can hardly smile...

If only I could do the good
My God wants me to do!
That way, Christ could be understood,
By Gentile and by Jew!
If I but learnt God's prophecies
The Holy Bible shares,
I could explain the Prince of Peace,
The answer to Man's prayers!

If only I could do the good
My God wants to complete!
Instead of simply staying put,
Disabled by defeat...
Since I'm at home with time to write,
The Lord must have a plan!
God, let my poems share insight,
To help my fellow man...

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Denis Martindale

Believe And Be Baptised!

To those who have believed in Christ,
Confirm that trust somehow,
With holy faith to be baptised,
For such God would allow...
The act of witness sets apart,
It serves to end all doubt,
In fact, it often warms the heart
And that's what love's about...

Submission is the act called for,
The cleansing of the soul,
The chance to serve God more and more,
With Jesus in control...
A dedicated servant stands
Above all else in sight,
As one who seeks the Master's plans
And strives to make things right...

No nagging thoughts can come to call
Once baptised in Christ's Name,
These only haunt the ones who stall,
As if to taunt with blame...
But each decides the time and place,
Once true love has been stirred,
The Gospel teachings to embrace,
Rejoicing in God's Word...

What higher than the Father's will
Revealed to each who prays?
The Holy Spirit blesses still
The pilgrim who obeys...
A royal robe of righteousness,
A shield of faith to hold
And lives on Earth meant to express
The greatest story ever told!

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Denis Martindale

The Flash!

It only took one accident
To change this man for life,
To speed him up in each event,
Come sunshine or come strife...
He must decide which way to go,
Between what's right and wrong,
Like Superman, he had to show
That he could still belong...

Beyond the speeding arrow's course
And faster than a car,
Yet not show off that tour de force,
Pretending he's a star...
But serving justice, nothing else,
In league with all that's good,
Beyond the news each paper sells
To every neighbourhood...

To take that gift, improve his skills,
To show himself unique,
But not for glory or for thrills
That lesser mortals seek...
To make a difference every day,
So criminals don't win,
This was his choice without delay,
To fight and not give in...

Adventures wait this man sublime,
This red streak passing by,
This man who runs ahead of time,
Before each blinks an eye...
No more the weak-willed underling
Defenceless as can be!
Who knows what blessings he can bring
As he makes history?

And so a superhero's born,
A champion who cares,
A man no longer quite forlorn,

So frail he never dares...
With stronger heart and stronger soul
And stronger spirit, too!
God help The Flash to take control,
To do what he must do!

Denis Martindale, copyright October 2014.

The poem celebrates the launch of the
superhero tv series here in the UK...

Denis Martindale

Parrot

The parrot pecked and pecked and pecked,
His meal was oh so sweet,
When it was tricky to inspect,
He gripped it with his feet...
He pecked and pulled and pecked and pulled,
Until he was cross-eyed,
Until at last his anger cooled,
His beak now opened wide...

'I won't give up! I won't give in! '
So had another go,
At first, he started with a grin,
Till chagrin came to grow...
He stamped his feet upon the food,
Then he jumped up and down,
Displaying rage in such foul mood,
His crown now wore a frown...

He tore a morsel off a strip
Then chomped the rascal fast,
Like he was on an ego trip,
Now he ate food at last...
He ate the lot that afternoon,
Despite his flagging powers,
Then suddenly he stopped to swoon...
Worn out, he slept for hours!

Denis Martindale, copyright, October 2014.

The poem is based on the magnificent wildlife
painting by Stephen Gayford nb Google search:

gayfordgallery

Find more wildlife poems using Google search
for the search phrase Stephen Gayford poetry.

Denis Martindale

* The Perfect Wave! (Ian Mccormack)

Each surfer seeks the perfect wave,
It's like their Holy Grail,
It's like no need in being brave,
It's like they cannot fail...
That's why they roam from shore-to-shore,
Determined to the end,
Yet while they go out and explore,
Each searches for a friend...

Unless they share their hopes and joys,
Life's not all they could hope,
Life's all about freewill and choice,
Decisions help them cope...
But accidents await us all,
Like seasons in the sun,
That's why the strong can also fall
And falling isn't fun...

Within the seas and oceans wide
Are dangers yet unseen,
But near the surface they don't hide
In waters blue and clean...
At night, one surfer paid the price,
With pains that led to death,
Yet God helped him see Paradise,
Despite that final breath...

When God grants visions now and then,
Man sometimes listens well,
The surfer was raised to Heaven,
God rescued him from Hell...
But few have been to both of these
And lived to tell the tale,
To share a glimpse of mysteries
Completely off the scale...

So if you hear somebody speak
Of wonders seldom told,
Regard their truths as quite unique

And worth much more than gold...
Lord Jesus wants the world to know
That miracles persist,
In Heaven and on Earth below
Just as the Lord promised...

Denis Martindale, copyright October 2014.

Ian shared his testimony on Revelation TV's
The Late Show on the 29th of September 2022.

The poem's based on seeing a Gospel film
The Perfect Wave thanks to UCB on Sky 584.
Ian McCormack's account of Heaven and Hell
as told in A Glimpse Of Eternity...

The film was shown on the 14th of October 2014,
repeated on the Saturday the 18th, at 3.30pm.

A Glimpse of Eternity
website and film news
may also explain further.
The UCB TV website
and watch now details
can be found on Google.

Seek and ye shall find...

Also visit: aglimpseofeternity---dot---org

Also visit theperfectwave---dot---co---dot---za

Denis Martindale

Caught By The Light!

The lioness was deep in thought,
The shade clouds minds that way,
Until she by the light was caught,
Then wisdom came to stay...
And hunting skills are quick to snatch
The instincts still inside,
Such that one's prey one's meant to catch,
Or else it's time to hide...

When sunshine grants more details seen,
The prey sees just as well,
With just the gap that's in-between
To halt things for a spell...
That's why she seldom hunts alone,
It's just a numbers game,
The oldest game that she has known,
Survival without shame...

How else could she raise cubs for years?
Though judge her if you will,
Yet those who work and have careers
Are those that seldom kill...
Their supermarket's there in town,
With meat that waits in-store,
While lions simply hunt prey down
And kill by tooth and claw...

Denis Martindale, copyright, October 2014.

The poem is based on the magnificent wildlife
painting by Stephen Gayford nb Google search:

gayfordgallery

Find more wildlife poems using Google search
for the search phrase Stephen Gayford poetry.

Denis Martindale

Silent Danger!

The tiger gently touched the ground
As he in stealth mode stepped,
Almost as if to make no sound,
He walked but almost crept...
As confident as he could be,
Some dangers still exist,
Increasingly humanity,
For poachers still persist...

This trail, to him, was quite well-known,
He knew it back and forth,
He walked it every day alone,
Slowly from south to north...
It served him well, providing food,
Enough to get him by,
That's why he savoured this sweet mood,
Beneath that pleasant sky...

But silent danger, who knows best,
The hunter or the prey?
His strength and speed meant he was blessed,
Unless men came his way...
For men lay traps and men shoot guns
No tiger should ignore,
They only have to meet them once,
Then death meets them for sure...

Denis Martindale, copyright, October 2014.

The poem is based on the magnificent wildlife
painting by Stephen Gayford nb Google search:

gayfordgallery

Find more wildlife poems using Google search
for the search phrase Stephen Gayford poetry.

Denis Martindale

Persian Prince

Each day, the leopard woke from sleep
And looked at his domain,
A daily vigil he must keep,
This land to rule again...
From fellow leopards strolling by,
Or those that hunt for food,
The leopard knew the reasons why
He kept his sullen mood...

No challenger had fought and won,
Or forced him from his home,
That's why he basked beneath the sun
And had no need to roam...
The land was his and there's no doubt
He seeks this year-by-year
And so, if no-one throws him out,
Each day, you'll find him here...

Responsible as he could be,
He always gave a damn,
Thus he preserved his destiny,
To state, 'It's who I am! '
As if he were some Persian Prince,
A sultan or a tsar,
He's stayed that way and ever since,
That's how some leopards are...

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale, copyright, October 2014.

The poem is based on the magnificent wildlife
painting by Stephen Gayford nb Google search:

gayfordgallery

Find more wildlife poems using Google search
for the search phrase Stephen Gayford poetry.

Denis Martindale

The Relevance Of Revelation Tv

Sometimes a work of grace begins
With prophecies galore,
That tell us God will pardon sins
And guide us more and more...
That's Revelation TV's tale,
Until the present day,
A work of grace that mustn't fail
And won't if we obey...

The viewers, too, are called to share
This ministry of love,
That crosses almost everywhere
In faith this proves enough...
Presenters preach and testify
To tell what God has done,
The reasons why Christ had to die
To save us one-by-one...

The 'Church Without Walls' saints on Earth
Pray for each other, too,
Regarding others that have worth
In what God seeks to do...
Biographies as good as gold
Not every viewer knows,
So miracles are often told,
Beyond the TV shows...

The global harvest must be gained,
Lost souls can still repent,
If they believe what's been explained
And trust the Saviour sent...
Jesus Christ, the King of the Jews,
Known as the Lord of Lords!
That's why donations share Good News
And Heavenly rewards!

Denis Martindale, copyright October 2014.

The poem's based on seeing a TV
promo for this Christian Ministry.

The Revelation TV website
and watch now details
can be found on Google.
Seek and ye shall find...

(Today would be a good idea...)

Denis Martindale

Balancing Act!

A lonesome leopard climbed up high,
The branch sustained his weight,
Yet balancing was hard to try,
Such skill he must create...
So there he was with swishing tail
As angry as could be,
Because, of course, he mustn't fail,
As that would hurt, you see...

With one leg here and one leg there,
But hope not yet in sight,
With back legs trembling, taking care,
Claws holding on quite tight...
He gulped as he maintained control,
Yet passing time brought faith,
Till something happened in his soul
That made him bold and brave...

The trembling stopped and came no more,
He seemed to glide along,
Sure-footed now, less need to claw,
His muscles felt quite strong...
When fears are conquered one-by-one,
It's wondrous what we do,
Just like that leopard having fun,
Success will come to you!

Denis Martindale, copyright, October 2014.

The poem is based on the magnificent wildlife
painting by Stephen Gayford nb Google search:

gayfordgallery

Find more wildlife poems using Google search
for the search phrase Stephen Gayford poetry.

Denis Martindale

Keep Calm And Carry On In Christ!

Keep calm and carry on in Christ,
The battle is the Lord's
Who loves the faithful ones baptised
Rejecting sinful cords...
The cords that bind and crush the heart,
The cords that tighten still
And yet God grants a brand new start
To those who seek His will...

A robe of righteousness awaits,
With pearls that match good deeds,
For by His Word the Lord creates
Beyond Man's greatest needs...
These hard times now are but an hour,
Within each day of life,
Yet faithful tears renew God's power
Beyond such painful strife...

Keep calm and carry on in Christ,
Trust wondrous plans ahead,
Beyond all gifts once sacrificed,
Beyond all sense of dread...
For hope comes to the burdened soul,
Though guilt would drag it down,
For God condemns each sin's control
And offers still a crown...

Don't dwell on sorrow or regret,
Don't beat yourselves with fears,
Don't fall away each time you fret,
God's Kingdom lasts for years!
God's greatness goes beyond our sins,
For grace abounds through love,
So trust in Christ, God's precious Prince
Who comforts from above...

Keep calm and carry on in Christ!
Like angels full of hope!
Rejoice! Hosanna in the highest!

PoemHunter.com

Spread love across the globe!
God never sleeps! He never tires!
No matter what's occurred!
God knows the hope each heart requires,
So trust Him at His Word!

Denis Martindale, copyright October 2014.

Denis Martindale

Puzzled!

The cuddly baby Gorilla
Was very poor indeed
And that's why he had no villa,
No servants for each need...
No Rolls-Royce parked inside the drive,
No Rembrandts or Renoirs,
But he felt joy to be alive
Beneath the sun and stars...

He had no suit in black or grey,
No cufflinks, shirts or ties,
No Rolex told the time of day,
He merely watched the skies...
He didn't chomp on caviar,
He didn't swig champagne,
But he was loved by Ma and Pa,
Come sunshine or come rain...

That's why I'm puzzled even now,
Why Man thinks he's so great,
For all his wars and bombs somehow
Just prove he loves to hate...
I'd rather be an innocent
Gorilla in the mist,
Than think myself intelligent
And act the egotist...

Denis Martindale, copyright, October 2014.

The poem is based on the magnificent wildlife
painting by Stephen Gayford nb Google search:

gayfordgallery

Find more wildlife poems using Google search
for the search phrase Stephen Gayford poetry.

Denis Martindale

Lost Soul!

The elephant awoke from sleep,
But found himself alone,
So peace of mind was hard to keep,
His heart had turned to stone...
To think, the others left him there,
Just wandered far away,
What could have made them not to care,
Depart at break of day?

Yet which direction should he go?
Why bother with them now?
He chose his path and then walked slow,
Quite dead inside somehow...
Was this a nightmare, was this real?
No happy end in sight?
Alas, the facts had to reveal
His loneliness that night...

Yet God looked down and turned things round,
A second chance to give,
His family returned and found
The one they were once with...
And everything was fine again,
With each thrilled to the core,
As one lost soul, right there and then,
Felt loved for evermore...

Denis Martindale, copyright, October 2014.

The poem is based on the magnificent wildlife
painting by Stephen Gayford nb Google search:

gayfordgallery

Find more wildlife poems using Google search
for the search phrase Stephen Gayford poetry.

Denis Martindale

Could I Be Left Behind?

Evangelists will come and go,
With Good News year by year,
Content that each lost soul could know
That God makes one thing clear...
A judgement day for sin must come,
Repentance, that's the key,
Lord Jesus bled for all not some,
Christ died on Calvary...

The risen King has changed Man's fate,
Salvation has been bought,
God's royal pardon, love not hate,
That's what each Church has taught...
Christmas and Easter spread the word,
Like Pentecost as well,
In hope each lost soul could be stirred
Away from sin and Hell...

Lord Jesus said He would return
And that grants Christians hope,
Yet many lost souls need to learn
This truth across the globe...
For on that day of days take heed,
Not all will then depart,
Because of each thought, word and deed
That taints the sinful heart...

And so the lost souls must repent
And think again in time,
To trust in whom God says He sent
With holiness sublime...
So ask yourself! Do you trust Christ?
Always or now and then?
Perhaps you've even been baptised...
Yet are you born again?

The Rapture's almost like a dream,
Yet God's dreams all come true,
So now's the time to join God's team,

Choose well, it's up to you...
No second chance if left too late!
Christ wants to save Mankind!
So ask yourself and please don't wait!
Could I be left behind?

Denis Martindale, copyright October 2014.

The Gospel poem is about the
Revelation TV debate on the
prophesied Rapture to come...

The Revelation TV website
and watch now details
can be found on Google.
Seek and ye shall find...

(Today would be a good idea...)

Denis Martindale

I Will Do It Tomorrow...

I've got this thing I've got to do!
You must know what I mean...
The kind of thing that makes me blue,
So that I'm not as keen...
The sort that glazes both my eyes,
Till my whole world's a blur...
It's not like I don't realise
When setbacks then occur...

I've got this thing that's on my mind!
You must know what that's like...
But motivation's hard to find,
It's lost or went on strike...
That little light that once had shone
Went out, yet I don't care...
Get-up-and-go has up and gone,
It's wandered off somewhere...

I've got this thing, this teeny task!
But start it? I cannot...
Although, God knows, not much to ask,
I think I've lost the plot...
Too much TV and magazines,
Or visitors that call?
Too many snacks as in-betweens?
Oh, no, not those at all...

I've got this thing that just won't start!
As if a broken clock...
As if I've somehow lost the heart,
Like I've got Writer's Block...
I scratch my head, then wash my hair,
My fingers slowly tap...
It's like somebody has to dare
To stir me from this trap...

I've got this thing, but it's got me!
I'm twiddling thumbs right now...
Please God, grant strength to set me free,

Release me, Lord, somehow...
That's it! OK! I'll humbly pray!
God's bound to sort it out!
All I need now's a brand new day...
Tomorrow's fine, no doubt!

Denis Martindale, copyright October 2014.

The Revelation TV website
and watch now details
can be found on Google.
Seek and ye shall find...
(Today would be a good idea...)

Denis Martindale

It's Supernatural!

It's God who made the Universe
In which we dwell today,
It's God who made the sun, moon, stars,
Within the Milky Way...
It's God who made the mountains soar
And made the seas to plan,
It's God who made the creatures for
This world now ruled by Man...

It's God who made us one by one,
With freewill each his own,
It's God who sacrificed His Son,
The greatest gift He's shown...
It's God who wept as Jesus bled,
Though this salvation brings,
It's God who raised Christ from the dead
And made Him King of Kings...

It's God who blessed at Pentecost
When all flesh stared surprised,
It's God who reached out to the lost
When each one was baptised...
It's God who spans the centuries
And reaches now to all,
How come such wonders never cease?
It's supernatural!

Denis Martindale, copyright October 2014.

The Revelation TV website
and watch now details
can be found on Google.
Seek and ye shall find...
Learn more and tune in to
Sid Roth's TV show, because
It's Supernatural!

Denis Martindale

Who Am I? I Am The Doctor!

Who am I! ? I am the Doctor!
Although my face may change,
For Lady Death, I've mocked her,
My fate to rearrange...
A Time Lord rebel from the start,
From Gallifrey was led,
My destiny made me depart,
As I, through time-space, fled...

And thus to planet Earth I came,
Adventures yet unknown,
To help Mankind, that's my first aim
And thus my fame has grown...
I battled on despite the odds,
I yearned to put things right,
I prayed to all men called as Gods
Against the darkest night...

But time and space are fragile things,
The timelines interlock,
More intricate than tiny wings,
Or gears within a clock...
And without friends along the way,
No Time Lord could survive,
Their sacrifices saved the day,
They helped me stay alive...

When I look back and forward, too,
I cherish great and small,
To me, they're like the chosen few,
That's why I've loved them all...
I died that some might live a while,
Sometimes I saw them leave,
Sometimes to share a tear or smile,
Then secretly to grieve...

For loneliness I can't abide,
It haunts me like the grave,
I need companions by my side,

PoemHunter.com

To help me to be brave...
For who has faced my enemies,
Despite each brand new scar,
Or tried to make their plans to cease
On planets near and far?

Decisions come, decisions go,
Yet timelines force my hand,
In ways that only Time Lords know,
Who else could understand?
As the Captain of the Tardis,
Together we're unique,
I am the Doctor, trust in this,
Sometimes that's all I seek...

Time's greatest powers I've possessed,
Yet I maintained control,
For only when each heart is blessed,
Can peace live in one's soul...
That's why I fought all tyranny,
All freedoms to restore,
Condemned the chains of slavery,
Till I could do no more...

So pray for me, as for a friend,
For timelines unexplored,
Creation's start until its end,
Yes, pray for this Time Lord...
The Doctor who would share the light
And seal the cracks I find,
The Doctor who strives day and night
To help and heal Mankind...

Denis Martindale, copyright September 2014.

Denis Martindale

God Made

God made the night and made the day,
God made the course of time,
God made a garden Man could stay,
God made all things sublime...
God made the creatures great and small,
God made the air they breathe,
God made the Earth look beautiful,
God made Man's mate called Eve...

God made a Saviour for their sins,
God made a sacrifice,
God made the Prophets to convince,
God made Christ pay the price...
God made the choice quite plain from then,
God made His pardon clear,
God made a way to save all men,
God made His presence near...

God made the Heavens for His joy,
God made the stars for light,
God made each girl and made each boy,
God made them with insight...
God made the sun and moon and Earth,
God made the planets, too,
God made each one for each has worth
And that's why He made you...

Man made salvation yes or no,
Man made confusion reign,
Man made the Lord to stay or go,
Man made God think again...
Man made world wars from one to three,
Man made the world to burn,
Man made the Antichrist, you'll see,
Then God made Christ return!

Denis Martindale, copyright September 2014.

The Revelation TV website
and watch now details
can be found on Google.
Seek and ye shall find...

Denis Martindale

Stoptober!

While I'm glad that I'm cold sober,
I'm smoking way too much,
So that's why I'll join Stoptober,
In fact, I mustn't budge!
With firm resolve till on the mend,
The days will soon pass by,
Smoke free, defiant to the end,
All I must do is try...

I've been a smoker way too long,
I've seen them take their toll,
Yet all the while they did me wrong,
I simply lost control...
From five to ten, then more and more,
But just for habit's sake,
I was a sucker, that's for sure,
As all they did was take...

And, man, each packet costs a lot,
Just think how much I'll save
And I'll improve what health I've got,
Denying what I crave...
If I stay strong instead of weak,
My future looks sublime,
The future me, that's what I seek,
The better me in time!

Denis Martindale, copyright September 2014.

Denis Martindale

He Wrote A Million Poems!

He wrote a million poems down,
They're on the Internet,
He was the bard who wore the crown,
The King we can't forget...
Three verses here, four verses there,
Sometimes a sovereign speech,
While not all stands beyond compare,
There's much that each could teach...

A thousand themes have come and gone,
Writ large upon the page,
His mental prowess shone and shone,
Until he felt his age...
Yet pen in hand, he wrote each day
And sometimes through the night,
With poetry still on its way
To fill him with delight...

Some think he was addicted to
The Muse in all her forms,
As if for her his love stayed true,
As if her presence warms...
Yet God inspired all his verse,
From Scriptures wise and pure,
That's why, of course, each poem stirs
God's love for evermore...

A million poems for the Lord,
Then God told him to rest,
From all the words that he'd outpoured,
Because he'd done his best...
His gentle heart gave out and so,
His soul ascended high,
To find God's peace so few can know,
In Heaven, by and by...

Denis Martindale, copyright September 2014.

Denis Martindale

Wildworld

The dream commenced as darkest night,
Yet dawn was drawing near
And suddenly wildworld was bright,
A jungle to appear...
And in its midst, were dinosaurs,
The mighty, great and small,
With frightening teeth and vicious claws,
Upon them, one and all...

Then savages were plainly seen,
Tattoos upon each face,
Like ancient tribesmen, strong and mean,
Without a trace of grace...
Dark eyes, dark hearts, dark souls within,
As if they thought as one,
United just like kith and kin,
Beneath that golden sun...

PoemHunter.com

And I saw rubies, silver, gold,
Adorning necks and arms,
With talismans so cruel, so cold,
As if like evil charms...
And suddenly the maidens came,
With flowers in their hair,
As if to say, life's just a game,
Yet I chose to take care...

A mist arose, each vanished fast,
The timeline then advanced,
Such that the years were quickly past,
With fleeting clouds that danced...
Then I observed the modern day,
A billion homes and more,
The jungle gone, nought but decay,
Rich men thrilled to the core...

For Man has tools that saw and cut,
Some drill and some explode,
And so long gone's each tree and hut,

Each primitive abode...
'What is this, Lord? ' I asked Him straight,
'This is Man's human heart...'
And I perceived a sin so great
That tears this world apart...

The creatures in the trees were gone,
The plants were crushed to dust,
No more to rise and carry on,
The emblems of mistrust...
Yet there's one remnant humbled child,
Still praying on his knees,
No more so reckless, sinful, wild,
'Return, Lord Jesus... please...'

Denis Martindale, copyright September 2014.

The poem is about Man's destruction
of this world's resources on a scale
never seen before, such that what is
devoured may never be replaced in
time and it is therefore for this urgent
reason, the child prays, believing only
the return of the Lord Jesus Christ
can reverse what the greed of Man
caused at the expense of God's world.

Denis Martindale

God's Gift To You!

With God in Christ upon a cross, our Saviour paid for sin,
Till Sunday morning brought that loss its finish thus to win
God's Holy Spirit's ministry, God's pardon to allow,
By faith in Christ through Calvary, God's gift... To you... Right now!

Denis Martindale, copyright September 2014.

Example of a 4-lined Gospel poem
that doesn't contain the letter E.
A poetry challenge set recently
on the Quora website I visited.

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Another Look At Easter

Another made the mask He wore,
Another made the flail,
Another made the cross He bore,
Another made the nail...
Another made the Saviour frown,
Another made folks choose,
Another made the thorny crown,
Another made excuse...

Another made the hammer raised,
Another made the sign,
Another made the crowd so crazed,
Another made drugged wine...
Another made His Mother safe,
Another made Him sigh,
Another made the tomb His grave,
The day they watched Him die..

Yet who believed God's Son could live,
Come Sunday once again?
Or that through love He could forgive
Beyond just now and then?
Or that the Father would bestow
Salvation's grace to bless?
Or that today each heart could know
Christ's joyful happiness?

Two thousand years have almost past,
Two thousand years, my friends,
Yet love like His remains steadfast
And proves it never ends...
So harken to your hearts within,
Let conscience prove the key,
Another died to save from sin,
Thank God for Calvary!

Denis Martindale, copyright September 2014.

The Revelation TV website
and watch now details
can be found on Google.
Seek and ye shall find...

GRACE:

God's Riches At Christ's Expense...

Denis Martindale

Serengeti Cheetah...

The Serengeti cheetah grinned,
A sour puss no more,
As he laid 'mid the evening wind,
The sun long since a chore...
His tail no longer swished around
To signal his dismay,
It gently rested on cool ground,
Determined there to stay...

For soon the moon would circle high,
Its vigil to repeat,
Replacing sunlight in the sky,
As if it must compete...
A restfulness had thus appeared,
Before the twilight's touch
And as it ever closer steered,
He liked it very much...

Gone was the bright light hurting eyes,
Gone was the heat so strong,
Gone was the dust-filled air that dries,
Gone was the day... so long!
Now was the time, the in-between,
The magic hour blessed,
Suffice to say he wasn't keen
To live through all the rest...

Denis Martindale, copyright, September 2014.

Poem about a magnificent wildlife painting,
Serengeti Evening by Stephen Gayford...

nb Google search: gayfordgallery

Find more wildlife poems using Google search
for the search phrase Stephen Gayford poetry.

Denis Martindale

Daydreamer...

This gorilla was playful now,
With innocence so clear,
His heart was full of joy somehow,
Without one trace of fear...
To him, the world seemed full of love,
His family nearby,
The times were neither rough nor tough,
No cause to sigh or cry...

He lacked the knowledge yet to be,
Of struggles dead ahead,
Life held no sense of urgency,
No troubles filled his head...
He knew not death or pain or strife,
He knew not love's remorse,
He only smiled the smiles of life,
He couldn't see its flaws...

Nor did he know how Man would smile,
His homeland to remove,
That time would come in a short while,
No chance to disapprove...
Daydreamer, savour every day,
Endangered till life's end,
You've some time left, so play, play, play,
I'll pray for you, dear friend...

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale, copyright, September 2014.

The poem is based on the magnificent wildlife
painting of a baby gorilla, entitled Daydreamer,
by Stephen Gayford. Google search my poems
using the search phrase Stephen Gayford.

Denis Martindale

Watchful, Too...

The leopard sensed a presence near,
Its size as yet unknown,
His watchful look expressed no fear,
He was within the zone...
The place where feelings reach their height,
The place where death awaits,
The place where leopards use insight,
Forget all loves and hates...

The watchful look makes hearts beat fast,
His heart was just the same,
While mean and moody, not downcast,
No legend left to claim...
If fighting was the way to go,
Each second's life or death,
His only power was to know,
While he conserved his breath...

This time, the unknown creature stood,
No threat to him at all,
Thus peace came to the neighbourhood,
As if a miracle...
It's how life lives beneath the sun
From coast to coast to coast,
Their readiness to fight or run,
Survival uppermost...

Denis Martindale, copyright, September 2014.

Poem based on the magnificent Watchful II
painting by Stephen Gayford nb Google search:

gayfordgallery

Find more wildlife poems using Google search
for the search phrase Stephen Gayford poetry.

Denis Martindale

Spotted Wind

The chasing cheetah skimmed the land,
Like pebbles cross the stream,
The sight of him was mighty grand,
For he looked quite supreme...
With spotted fur that blurred from view
While rising dust flew back,
The cheetah knew what he must do!
Attack, attack, attack...

Despite the spectacle I saw,
That predator must live,
A solemn fact not to ignore,
No mercy left to give...
When hunger grows, what choice remains?
Lay down, submit and die?
Or choose to hunt across the plains,
No more content to sigh?

To seize the day... or die at night?
Live long enough to mate?
Face life head-on, with all his might,
Or feebly face his fate?
He made his choice, survival first,
All other lives come last...
How come so focussed, so immersed?
His future, not his past...

Denis Martindale, copyright, September 2014.

The poem is based on the magnificent wildlife
painting by Stephen Gayford nb Google search:

gayfordgallery

Find more wildlife poems using Google search
for the search phrase Stephen Gayford poetry.

Denis Martindale

Giant Panda!

A baby Panda has to eat,
How else can Pandas grow?
He has to stand upon his feet,
To go where he must go!
He has to blossom like a rose
That rises to the sun
And that's the answer, Heaven knows,
Why chewing must be done...

But left alone to chew, chew, chew,
The growing Panda swells!
His belly bulges into view,
As he does nothing else...
As if there's reason to make haste
While he looks mighty glad,
No exercise to trim his waist,
He looks just like his Dad!

But Giant Panda, must you stay
As plumped up as you are?
It's for your sake, I dare to say,
Look out! You've gone too far!
You used to be quite thin and flat!
Why make each day a feast?
Go on a diet! Lose that fat!
Lose thirty pounds at least!

Denis Martindale, copyright, September 2014.

NB there is a YouTube video! GIANT PANDA POEM

The poem is based on the magnificent wildlife
painting by Stephen Gayford nb Google search:

Find more wildlife poems using Google search

for the search phrase Stephen Gayford poetry.

Denis Martindale

Mountain Majesty

Snow leopard's fur, you blend so well,
You match that yonder rock,
I had to stare enough to tell
And then got quite a shock...
Snow leopard, look at you, so fine,
Relaxed like cats can be,
Yet what can match such great design
Or mountain majesty?

Ascending high, descending low,
Both up and down you climb,
It doesn't matter where you go,
You'll always look sublime...
Yes, that's your portion, so it seems,
To melt into each scene,
The gift to vanish 'mid our dreams,
Then lie there so serene...

Surviving Winter's cold embrace,
Its random swirling winds,
You simply meet them face-to-face
As each new one begins...
That touch of class endures them all,
Forever and a day
And that's the reason I'll recall
Your beauty, come what may...

Denis Martindale, copyright, September 2014.

The poem is based on the magnificent wildlife
painting by Stephen Gayford nb Google search:

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Denis Martindale

The Opened Book Of Time!

Of course, I knew it but a dream,
But none as seen before,
Such that it bordered on extreme,
Like none one should ignore...
A book appeared before my sight,
From darkness came it so,
Yet there it shone with gracious light,
Stayed fast, no urge to go...

The first page opened by no hand,
Just moved then bid me read,
So that my soul should understand
The life I chose to lead...
Full name writ large to fill the page,
Once known was gone, replaced,
No portent known that I should gauge
The future facts I faced...

With every passing day renewed,
Till birth from Mother torn,
The story of my life ensued,
A single child was born...
The chapter finished with that thought,
A babe walked Mother Earth,
Till by its wonders I was caught
And taught that they had worth...

Yet God approached, Good News bestowed,
My Saviour died for me
And thus I knew a debt was owed,
Because of Calvary...
Therefore, I yielded to my Lord,
Believing, was baptised,
In Heaven, where my soul is stored,
My eyes are fixed on Christ...

The dream book flicked its pages fast,
Towards the present day,
No longer dwelling on the past,

Which had its words to say...
Each forward page was empty there,
Unwritten, unrevealed
And so I covered them with prayer,
As in the dream, I kneeled...

I heard a voice above my head,
As fire framed my soul,
A heat so strong I laid as dead,
Beyond all self-control...
Then in the book, my body went,
To live remaining years,
Of every day that God has sent,
Of coming smiles and tears...

When I awoke, my thoughts compressed,
They almost slipped from time,
Yet God warned me to do my best
Recalling truths sublime...
Thus written now, my faith still grows,
To blossom, come what may,
As if I match the Summer rose
That stands upon display...

God knows what trials I await,
Yet this dream warmed my heart,
Such that, this day, I celebrate
In total, not in part...
My future bids me live life well,
With love and not with greed,
To strive for Heaven, save from Hell,
In thought and word and deed...

Denis Martindale, copyright September 2014.

Denis Martindale

Make Your Words Echo Into The Future.

Let it be God's challenge
to both the young and old,
that wondrous words be treasured
as if as good as gold...

Let us share God's wisdom
across the whole world wide,
admired then translated,
recited well, with pride...

Let there be rejoicing
when verses are composed,
when love songs bless our hearts
so that we feel engrossed...

Let children cherish books
great writers penned with care,
parables and epics
thought worthy still to share...

Let prophecies be echoes,
let visions be the key,
let inspiration come
to all humanity!

Denis Martindale, copyright August 2014.

The title is from an advert seen online,
promoting teachers on teach-dot-org

Denis Martindale

Distinguished!

Distinguished though the leopard seemed,
He still recalled his past,
As if at rest, in thoughts he dreamed,
Yet knowing these can't last...
As if his destiny were planned,
He knew he must succeed,
For as an adult, he looked grand,
The alpha male, indeed...

That's why he didn't rush love's game,
Nor seek a female friend,
Content in what his life became,
He thought it couldn't end...
But then Man came, to take the trees,
His precious land to roam,
In time, to bring him to his knees,
Alone, without a home...

Unstopped, Man always gets his way,
Distinguished by desires,
The forests plundered, lands decay,
To please the city buyers...
Yet leopards couldn't say their prayers,
For God's grace to implore,
They'd simply hide where no man stares...
Till doomed for evermore...

Denis Martindale, copyright, August 2014.

The poem is based on the magnificent painting by
Stephen Gayford, nb Google search gayfordgallery.

Find more wildlife poems using Google search
for the search phrase Stephen Gayford poetry.

Denis Martindale

Look At Me!

The tiger cub sat on the ground
Ignored by all the rest,
As if he was now lost not found,
Unclaimed, not thought the best...
He swished his tail with some disdain,
He clenched his claws as well,
Yet they ignored him once again,
His presence to dispel...

You see, he'd been a naughty boy!
So time for discipline!
Ignoring him would thus annoy,
Though he was kith and kin...
Tough love like that should sort him out,
He didn't stand a chance,
He had to do something about
His boasting to advance...

So time passed by till bad boy changed,
Then everyone was friends,
When attitudes are rearranged
And harmony then blends...
The tiger cub thus understood,
The blessings there could be,
When he was humble, gentle, good,
Not roaring, 'LOOK AT ME! '

Denis Martindale, copyright, August 2014.

The poem is based on the magnificent painting by
Stephen Gayford, nb Google search gayfordgallery.

Find more wildlife poems using Google search
for the search phrase Stephen Gayford poetry.

Denis Martindale

Every Man Remembered!

Their names are there for all to see,
by those who still have eyes to see,
yet those being honoured each day
are now far beyond this world of pain,
but still remembered and more by those
who truly loved and knew them well,
who remembered shared joys and sorrows
and their hopes for their tomorrows...

Though many a man has gone, the debt goes on,
for every second of the peace that's ours
was bought and wrought by blood...
and it was theirs, dear friends, all theirs...
They fought shoulder-to-shoulder, for us...
and thus more fondly called to mind by poppies,
Remembrance Day crosses... and tears...
for they are still loved... while every man
is found worthy of his remembrance...

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale, copyright August 2014.

A tribute to the RBL's Poppy Appeal and
the Every Man Remembered! campaign...

Denis Martindale

Making Up!

Two lions thought of making up,
Yet who would break the ice,
Thus act mature, not like a cub,
Be wise and thus be nice?
A trace of shame begins to stir,
Eyes seeking peace somehow,
A miracle must first occur,
Forgiveness to allow...

A brooding silence stopped them cold,
But love was on its way,
Despite the stillness to behold,
Despite the long delay...
A melting of the memories,
A longing to return,
A heartfelt wish for hate to cease,
From all mistakes to learn...

And thus a friendship now born free,
A bond for evermore,
A lifelong hope of harmony,
Not fighting tooth and claw...
Just nestling in each other's space,
With tails no longer bit,
Tranquillity upon each face,
Close to, like friends permit...

Denis Martindale, copyright, August 2014.

The poem is based on the magnificent painting by
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Find more wildlife poems using Google search
for the search phrase Stephen Gayford poetry.

Denis Martindale

Rough And Tumble!

Two lion cubs were at it still!
They fought, both furious!
Each savouring the naughty thrill
To be victorious!
And so they bit each other's tail,
Then chewed each other's ears,
Yet who would be the alpha male
That conquered all his fears?

They stared into each other's eyes,
Some weakness to exploit,
To cut the other down to size,
To leave him so annoyed!
Yet neither showed that he would yield,
That's why the fight went on,
One winner yet to be revealed,
The other's strength all gone!

Two lion cubs, just Nature's pawns,
Her playthings, nothing more,
Just like two bulls now clashing horns,
Their valour to explore...
The upper hand is what Man seeks,
No matter what the cost,
Yet ask the Persians, Romans, Greeks,
How much they've really lost...

Denis Martindale, copyright, August 2014.

The poem is based on the magnificent painting by
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Find more wildlife poems using Google search
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Denis Martindale

Indian Oasis...

White tiger resting gently there,
Oasis-blessed, serene,
Beside the stream without a care,
A sight so rarely seen...
No danger sensed nearby to shake
That inner peace you own,
Yet I'm still here, my chance to take,
Still hidden and unknown...

If you but knew my secret joy
At finding you this day,
I'm praying that you'd not act coy
And simply slink away...
Nor charge me, having lost control,
Your fury to explode,
But grant me pardon, spare my soul,
God's perfect grace bestowed...

You see, you're perfect in my sight,
Just like a king to me,
Adorned in fur both black and white
With utmost majesty...
It's just another day to you,
Yet you shine like a star,
I guess you haven't got a clue,
How beautiful you are!

Denis Martindale, copyright, August 2014.

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for the search phrase Stephen Gayford poetry.

Denis Martindale

Lions Of The Serengeti

Despite the lions having strength,
They, too, must rest a while,
Just lion down, they stretch full length,
Abandoning all style...
Purrhaps with mouths now open wide,
Before the snoozing time,
No longer standing full of pride,
No longer quite sublime...

Regardless of the things they've done
In order to survive,
For now, defeated by the sun,
They lose all sense of drive...
The energy just oozes out,
The vigour disappears
And suddenly, without a doubt,
Each one sure feels his years...

Yet I'm the same! My eyes just stare,
My eyelids droop then stay,
Blind as a bat, yet I don't care,
I'm almost on my way...
My head falls flat on my keyboard,
It's QWERTY time once more!
This time, sleep mustn't be ignored,
Forgive me, if I snore!

Denis Martindale, copyright, August 2014.

The poem is based on the magnificent painting by
Stephen Gayford, nb Google search gayfordgallery.

Find more wildlife poems using Google search
for the search phrase Stephen Gayford poetry.

Denis Martindale

Good News! Bad News!

My heart goes out to those I love,
My prayers ascend each day,
To mingle with the saints above
Who lived and loved God's way...
Lord Jesus grants eternal life,
God's gift beyond compare!
Yet Jesus prophesied of strife,
So that we'd stay aware!

So that's the reason I believe
And study world events,
Despite the fact that Christians grieve
For family and friends...
While God still heals and still rewards
Each child who seek His grace,
We know that He's the Lord of Lords,
Triumphant, full of grace!

My heart goes out to each lost soul,
Apart from Heaven's joys,
The ones who lack all self-control,
Preferring evil's choice...
Till Christ our Saviour comes for each
Who glories in God's signs,
Each day we preach! For we must preach,
While revelation shines...

Denis Martindale, copyright August 2014.

The Revelation TV website and watch now details
can be found on Google. Seek and ye shall find...

Denis Martindale

Christian Mingle!

The King of Love knows my heart well,
As much as He knows yours,
That secret love you're scared to tell,
The one your heart adores...
The time when friendship paves the way,
Perhaps to finer things,
The time when courtship seems to say,
Your little heart has wings!

The King of Love has plans to share,
The rest of life to run,
That's why you hesitate in prayer
About that special one...
And then blurt out your selfish needs,
Your hopes that you're still blessed,
Not knowing if your dream succeeds,
Yet stating your request...

Time passes by and that love dims,
Replaced by someone else,
You go to Church and sing God's hymns
And sigh for wedding bells...
When true love seems to call your name,
Could this help your heart heal?
Yet now love's changed, it's not the same,
You pray, this time, it's real...

You're on the journey most have trod...
Will you still serve the Lord?
Will you obey the will of God,
Or will He be ignored?
Disciples come, disciples go,
Fulfill your destiny!
In time, the Father lets you know,
So mingle carefully...

Denis Martindale, copyright August 2014.

The Revelation TV website and watch now details can be found on Google. Seek and ye shall find...

In August,2014, the website featured news of the rom-com, Christian Mingle, the Movie...

Denis Martindale

How Long Can I Stand Idly By! ?

How long can I stand idly by,
While brothers lose their lives?
Or gaze upon the darkened sky,
Like husbands and their wives?
Or see and hear and smell the death
That falls upon this Earth,
When demons cast their foul breath
On rulers of high worth?

How long can I stand idly by,
With bank accounts untapped?
While sisters grieve and mourn and sigh,
Within their cities trapped?
While bombs are cast like seeds around,
To wipe out human souls,
Yet I've no tears left to be found,
No future plans or goals?

How long can I stand idly by,
Yet blaming God each day?
What must it take for me to cry,
To humbly kneel and pray?
Jerusalem, forgive me, please,
Like other cities, too...
Yet know this now, I'm on my knees,
Today, I'll pray for you...

Denis Martindale, copyright August 2014.

The Revelation TV website and watch now details
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Denis Martindale

God Exists!

The Bible starts and ends with God,
Jehovah, Lord of all,
The King with sceptre and with rod
And at His feet we fall...
For He has proved His holiness,
His justice, truth and love,
That's why God's angels praise and bless
His miracles above...

Though Man rebels against His laws,
Opposing night and day,
God can forgive each man his flaws,
Repentance is the way...
But thinking thoughts rejecting Him
Cause sorrows yet to come
And Judgment Day's when things turn grim,
For billions, not just some...

God sent His only Son to Earth,
To suffer in our place,
So Jesus came to prove His worth,
Then offer us His grace...
That's why the Christian Gospel's shared
Across the whole world wide,
For on His Cross Lord Jesus cared
And stayed till crucified...

Two Kingdoms rage, one good, one bad,
God knows which one will win,
Despite the fact that hearts are sad
That God knows every sin...
A clever man may think he's wise,
Enough to leave God out,
That sinner won't see Paradise,
God's Bible leaves no doubt...

The Holy Spirit tells us straight,
We're sinners through and through,
Condemned by filth, by greed, by hate,

Then tells us what to do...
He leads us straight to Calvary,
That's where we learn the truth,
Lord Jesus died for clemency,
For pardon, not reproof...

Yet billions still aren't saved as yet,
So evil still resists
And with that comes each dark regret,
Till each knows God exists...
When God raised Jesus from His death,
Man's sins could be forgiven!
Thank God, Jesus of Nazareth
Wants us to go to Heaven...

Denis Martindale, copyright August 2014.

The Revelation TV website and watch now details
can be found on Google. Seek and ye shall find...

Denis Martindale

Seeds Of Faith!

The farmer has his seeds of faith,
His land is ready now
And so he takes what God once gave,
The harvest to endow...

The seeds are scattered left and right,
In hopes that they grow strong,
Enough to face each day and night,
Right there where they belong...

The land obeys its destiny,
Its purpose to fulfil,
With patience and expectancy
According to God's will...

The seed takes root beyond its form,
It stretches near and far,
Beneath the sunshine bright and warm,
Beneath each twinkling star...

PoemHunter.com

The moon has phases all its own,
Yet soon night's darkness dims
And all this time each seed has grown
As if it's growing limbs...

You may not understand it all,
And yet, right there's the proof,
The process shows God's miracle,
For faith relies on truth...

Else why would farmers scatter seed,
If not for some reward?
By faith in God they stand agreed
Because they trust the Lord...

It's their example we commend,
And so we do our part
And pray for blessings God will send
To each and every heart...

Who knows the blessings wrought by prayer
By each evangelist?
We only hope God's love we share
While seeds of faith persist...

Denis Martindale, copyright August 2014.

The Revelation TV website and watch now details
can be found on Google. Seek and ye shall find...

Denis Martindale

Winsome Beauty!

God's Holy Spirit welcomes those
That take first steps of faith,
With winsome beauty like the rose,
Each grows steadfast and brave...

Like children who've been truly blessed,
Enough to reach full bloom,
Their smiles spread far as east to west,
Their joys light up a room...

And see and hear how they enthuse,
Their hearts just pour out love,
You see, God's Gospel's their Good News,
Anointed from above...

They trust what God and Jesus told,
They search through prophecies,
They find new truths like priceless gold
That grant their spirits peace...

PoemHunter.com

So gather round such saints and learn
The wondrous tales they tell,
So that you, too, may yet discern
The hopes doubts can't dispel...

The keen mind seeks the keenest mind
To find there's much in store,
With fantasies to leave behind,
For wisdom's worth much more...

Thus knowing Christ was Paul's one thought,
What else on Earth compares?
The winsome beauty of our Lord
Is why we say our prayers...

Denis Martindale, copyright August 2014.

The Revelation TV website and watch now details can be found on Google. Seek and ye shall find...

Denis Martindale

Miracles Still Happen!

God's miracles are on their way,
Before you even prayed,
Before you chose what words to say,
Be bold and not afraid...

The Father knows, He sees, He hears,
He wants to help you out,
His perfect love casts out your fears,
Your unbelief and doubt...

Else why would He suggest you ask,
Invite you to His Throne?
He's capable of any task
Whenever pure faith's shown...

So intercede with hearts of love,
Inspired by God's grace,
For when your prayers ascend above,
Your miracles take place!

PoemHunter.com

Does God do these for tithes you give?
Oh, no, dear saints and friends,
He merely wants to help you live
With all the grace He sends...

Prosperity? That's His to share,
Beyond your present state,
Forget the past and don't compare
With times that weren't that great!

Seek first God's Kingdom here on Earth,
Not riches borne of greed,
But learn God knows each soul has worth
Beyond its present need...

Thus prophecies of future days
Are granted now and then
And thus with wisdom there comes praise
Again and again and again!

Denis Martindale, copyright August 2014.

The Revelation TV website and watch now details can be found on Google. Seek and ye shall find...

GRACE: God's Riches At Christ's Expense...

Denis Martindale

Just What The Doctor Ordered!

Prescriptions come, prescriptions go,
That's just the way it is,
Sometimes pills help if feeling low,
Sometimes they merely fizz...
The dosage that's just right for you
Could change your life for good,
Sometimes it's one, sometimes it's two,
So take what's understood...

A diet sheet instructs us all,
Nutrition at its best,
Stuck on the fridge, pinned to the wall,
Fight flab and you'll feel blessed...
Go for a walk and exercise,
Find muscles that you've lost
And soon you'll smile with some surprise
At obstacles you've crossed...

Some folks detox their bodies well,
Thus ciggies lose their charm
And alcohol makes beer guts swell,
That's bound to cause alarm...
But why look older than you are,
Your hair all out of shape?
Or smell like you lived in a bar,
A slave to vine and grape?

Five fruits a day, some veggies, too,
A brisk walk now and then,
They're hardly hard things you must do,
It's just a matter when...
Yet you are spirit, body, soul,
So pray for God's advice!
The Bible helps maintain control,
It's God's word to the wise!

Denis Martindale, copyright August 2014.

The Revelation TV website and watch now details can be found on Google. Seek and ye shall find...

The TV show, 'To The Point' discusses many topics with the Revelation TV viewers and includes the health and hygiene aspects of modern living, thanks to Dr Richard Kent's points of view and his own Christian experiences as an evangelist and teacher.

Denis Martindale

Sharing My Faith!

A child will wander to and fro
In darkness all around,
Until one day he gets to know
A light switch can be found...

From that day on, he knows the truth
And truth has set him free,
He switched from darkness as a youth
To light that helped him see...

And if God calls the lad to hear,
God's Holy Spirit sends
God's perfect love that casts out fear
And faith that never ends...

For God is faithful, God is just,
Forgiving each their sins,
If they in Jesus Christ will trust,
For peace comes through God's Prince...

Phase One is partnership today,
Phase Two unfolding joys,
Phase Three awaits the saints that stay,
Yet they must make that choice...

So while the light switch makes light shine,
Ask, 'What would Jesus do? '
Stay in the dark? Say life is fine?
No, friends, Christ died for you...

That's why God uses young and old
As preachers to the lost,
While some are shy, a few are bold,
Regardless of the cost...

Since TV is God's road ahead,
Let revelations come,
Explaining why Lord Jesus bled
And yet not just for some...

Though billions live without a care,
A billion others starve,
Yet faith is food that comes by prayer,
For those upon God's path...

Faith comes by hearing, so we preach,
God's tender mercies flow,
This is Christ's Gospel that we teach
That makes sins white as snow...

Denis Martindale, copyright August 2014.

The Revelation TV website and watch now details
can be found on Google. Seek and ye shall find...

Denis Martindale

God Is In Control!

Almighty God forgives Mankind!
That's what the Bible says!
That's what from Genesis we find,
That's why we pray our prayers...
Yet God's much more than perfect love,
He's perfect wisdom, too,
That's how He knows all things above,
The future's nothing new!

God's prophets understood the Lord,
His insights led them well,
No wonder each was overawed,
What tales they had to tell...
Yet most of all, we learn through Christ,
Our God is in control,
Why else would Christ be sacrificed,
If not to save each soul?

Freewill, of course, lives near and far,
Yet planets don't ask, 'Why? '
Just like each sun and moon and star
That moves through space on high...
But sin led Man to constant doubt,
From Eden to this hour,
Yet grace can turn our lives about,
God's pardon grants us power!

So once we, too, are born again,
At last our lives make sense,
God's Spirit guides us now and then,
So that each comprehends...
God's prophecies should be discussed,
The Last Days to reveal,
For only then can saints learn trust
And know God's love is real...

Denis Martindale, copyright August 2014.

The Revelation TV website and watch now details can be found on Google. Seek and ye shall find...

This Gospel poem is based on the Scripture Romans 8, verse 28 about God working things towards the good for those that love Him.

Denis Martindale

Understanding God's Grace!

God is faithful in His blessing
When for God's grace we pray,
It truly is a wondrous thing
To learn God's ways each day...
Like Paul who asked that he stay bold
In preaching to the lost,
As one who knew what Christ had told,
'Each soul must count the cost! '

Where sin abounds, there, grace abounds,
God's kindness warms the heart,
For Jesus solved God's legal grounds,
His ransom to impart...
He died for us on Calvary,
For each sin's debt we owed,
He bought us and He set us free,
Eternal life bestowed...

When Jesus paid the cost for all,
With John and Mary there,
He died for Peter and for Paul,
With love beyond compare...
And interceded for Mankind,
'Forgive them, Father, please...'
God's love today still stays as kind
And grants each sinner peace...

And when God heals, is that not grace?
The blind restored to sight!
Like Saul of Tarsus to embrace,
To rescue from the night...
Or Lazarus to raise from death?
To bid him live anew,
Because Jesus of Nazareth
Knew what He had to do...

Eternal Lord of Lords is He,
Eternal King of Kings,
Deserving of His Majesty

And grace Lord Jesus brings...
Why follow those who turn away,
Dismissing all His claims?
Grace follows grace each time we say
The Name above all names...

Denis Martindale, copyright August 2014.

The Revelation TV website and watch now details
can be found on Google. Seek and ye shall find...

Gospel poem based on a Revelation TV Bible Study.
Understanding Grace. (Understanding God's Grace.)

Denis Martindale

Never, Never, Never Give Up!

Never give up, never give in!
That's what an angel said,
Continue still through thick and thin,
Keep ploughing on ahead...
For there's a harvest God's prepared,
That's ripening with time,
For every soul that's ever dared
To prove itself sublime...

For deep within each precious soul
The Holy Spirit lives,
God's victories we can't control,
For these the Father gives...
God only asks we do our part,
He wants no more, no less,
That's why He strengthens every heart
Towards each new success...

In His own time, not ours, dear friends,
The triumphs come our way,
A crown of righteousness He sends,
If we, by faith, obey...
The Blood of Christ, the stripes He bore,
The crown of thorns He owned,
That's how He once fulfilled God's law
And for our sins atoned...

God sent an angel to His Son,
To strengthen Jesus Christ,
That's how the victory was won
Through what was sacrificed...
If not for love, where would we be?
What future would we share?
And yet, remember Calvary,
Then turn to God in prayer...

Hope shines more brightly than stars can,
It's how we still can smile,
It's how we know God's perfect plan

Defeats each demon's guile...
God's prophecies explain so much,
Thus revelation grows,
So don't give up, stand fast, don't budge,
Just blossom like a rose...

Denis Martindale

Brothers, Two...

Outstretched, flat out, like bookends there,
Two golden lions laid,
Two brother lions without care,
Completely unafraid...
Enjoying sunshine, warmth and all,
So casual, at peace,
Before the time the moon must call
And sunshine had to cease...

Born free, they basked, not sent to schools,
With info to discuss,
Apart from Man and all Man's rules,
No taxes, work or fuss...
Just layabouts with no TV,
No radio or such,
No newsflash updates urgency,
No way to keep in touch...

Yet don't they look so calm, serene?
No troubles to relay,
No burdened brows to make them mean,
No thoughts to move away...
I envy them! No rent, no bills!
No pension scheme or plan...
While I am here, all aches and ills,
A tired, worn out man...

Denis Martindale, copyright, July 2014.

The poem is based on the magnificent painting by
Stephen Gayford, nb Google search gayfordgallery.
(It's entitled as Brothers II, hence the poem's title.)

Find more wildlife poems using Google search
for the search phrase Stephen Gayford poetry.

Denis Martindale

Cat Nap...

The tiger had a long, long day
And sleepytime was back,
With lonesome dreams that might relay
His hopes when things looked black...
For solitude has novelties
That dissipate with time,
Companionship's thus meant to please
And makes one's life sublime...

And so the tiger let sleep come,
With visions in the night,
That sometimes guide the wearisome,
To overcome their plight...
For loneliness, that's hardly fun,
Its short term blessings fade,
Until one finds that special one,
For whom the heart has prayed...

Submitting to the midnight realm,
One wishes on a star,
To conquer and thus overwhelm
What hinders, near or far...
Who knows what tiger dreams will share,
What future loves are shown?
Or if that tiger's bold to dare...
To act on truths made known?

Denis Martindale, copyright, July 2014.

The poem is based on the magnificent painting by
Stephen Gayford, nb Google search gayfordgallery.

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Denis Martindale

Child Of The Rainforest

The leopard cub felt mighty good,
It was a brand new day,
As he surveyed the neighbourhood,
Intent on nought but play...
Without a single thought to harm,
Just like a winsome child,
Determined not to cause alarm,
Just acting meek and mild...

The sunshine spread across the plain,
To wake each drowsy soul,
As if to say, 'You've much to gain,
Just get up, take control! '
Yet Man woke, too, with selfish needs,
Beyond what God advised
And Nature dies when Man succeeds,
If life's not highly prized...

The leopard cub could be the last
Of all the leopards there,
For Man was prone to acting fast
Without a single care...
Rainforests come, rainforests go,
Man doesn't give a damn,
For all Man's thoughts are go, go, go,
For every scheme and scam...

Denis Martindale, copyright, July 2014.

The poem is based on the magnificent painting by
Stephen Gayford, nb Google search gayfordgallery.

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for the search phrase Stephen Gayford poetry.

Denis Martindale

Cooling Off Time...

The tiger wasn't quite as pleased
As when his day began,
The temperature had much increased,
Thus he no longer ran...
The shady brook enticed him near
With promised pleasures soon,
With one intent now crystal clear,
Stay upright and don't swoon...

His noble head was spinning round,
As if within a haze,
But then the brook was sweetly found
And so he took his place...
The water gentle next to fur,
The ripples spreading light,
The outside world became a blur,
As every care took flight...

And so he mellowed 'neath the sun,
Blocked by the spreading trees,
The healing time had just begun,
His tensions to release...
'The lucky so and so! ', I thought!
'He beat me going in! '
And what a lesson that has taught...
Sometimes, I just can't win!

Denis Martindale, copyright, July 2014.

The poem is based on the magnificent painting by
Stephen Gayford, nb Google search gayfordgallery.

Find more wildlife poems using Google search
for the search phrase Stephen Gayford poetry.

Denis Martindale

Winter Walk...

The tiger woke and saw the snow
And didn't care a jot,
He simply stood as if to go
And walk around a lot...
This was his land, his sole domain,
The snow was but his guest,
Like snowflakes landing on his brain,
Though he groaned unimpressed...

He crunched the snow upon the ground
As he walked back and forth,
First East and West, then turned around
To then walk South and North...
'It's everywhere! ' the tiger sighed!
'How long I don't know for! '
You see, for him, there was no guide,
No wisdom, rule or law...

But icicles are prone to melt
And soon the tiger smiled
And suddenly, what joy he felt,
No longer sad or wild...
Once Spring arrived, the ground appeared,
No longer cold and white,
'It's not so bad as first I feared!
The future's looking bright! '

Denis Martindale, copyright, July 2014.

The poem is based on the magnificent painting by
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Denis Martindale

Big Ivory!

Some elephants grow big and strong
Big ivory on show,
Because each tusk grows very long,
Curved forward, as you know...
Imagine if you had those, too!
Each kiss you're bound to miss!
Your lips held back, so 'I love you! '
Would hardly lead to bliss!

What was God thinking on that day
When elephants were made?
With two great tusks right in the way
And think how much they weighed!
'Why me? ' the big guy must have thought!
'They don't half look a sight! '
Perhaps he stood still, overwrought
And asked God, 'Is this right! ? '...

Did he have wrinkles from that time?
Feel sorry for himself?
Or did he stand tall in his prime,
Accepting his good health?
Though Adam could have moaned aloud
And voiced such travesty,
The elephant stood tall and proud
Of his big ivory...

Denis Martindale, copyright, July 2014.

The poem is based on the magnificent painting by
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Denis Martindale

Animal Kingdom

God's animal kingdom on Earth,
Still thrives 'most everywhere!
It spreads itself for all it's worth
On land, or sea or air...
With variations for each kind,
In size and colour, too,
For some advantage yet to find,
So credit where it's due...

Amazing how such creatures live!
From tiny forms they grow,
Sometimes they take, sometimes they give,
In constant to and fro...
From simple cells to giant size,
Some fat and others thin,
Survival means they get first prize,
Some lose and others win...

How long will Man let creatures be
Before he takes their land?
Time's running out, that's plain to see,
For all Man's schemes are grand!
The oceans and the seas aren't safe,
Pollution's here to stay!
The future's looking somewhat grave!
Will Jesus save the day?

Denis Martindale, copyright, July 2014.

Denis Martindale

By His Stripes

By the stripes of Jesus Christ
Humanity is healed,
Far more than when first realised
Once truth has been revealed...
The price is paid for all Man's sins,
God's grace is thus poured out,
His signs and wonders thus convince
To overcome each doubt...

The precious Gospel spreads Good News,
God's Spirit leads the way,
Yet after that, it's we who choose,
If willing to obey...
For Heaven waits each willing child,
The faithful drawing near,
The process means they're reconciled,
Forgiven year by year...

Salvation offered to Mankind,
Eternal Life and more,
We humbly seek until we find,
It's then that we adore...
It's then we preach for all we're worth,
Determined still to save,
To each lost soul upon this Earth,
Just what Lord Jesus gave...

Denis Martindale, copyright July 2014.

The Revelation TV website and watch now details
can be found on Google. Seek and ye shall find...
The Gospel poem got shared on Revelation TV's
Prayer Time Live show on the 12th of March 2024.

Denis Martindale

Each Time I Think Of Him

When I recall my youthful days,
The schools of years gone by,
I simply pause for prayers and praise,
Then wistfully I sigh...
When I recall the Autumns gone
When precious light grew dim,
I still give thanks Christ's light has shone
Each time I think of Him...

When I recall the girls and boys
And close-knit band of friends,
I knew my heart had made that choice
For every one God sends...
When I recall the blessings shared
Were not through idle whim,
Christ's greater friendship comes prepared
Each time I think of Him...

When I recall my family,
The most part Heaven-bound,
That's all because of Calvary,
Forgiveness that we found...
When I recall my time draws near,
I choose not to be grim,
For I believe my Saviour's here
Each time I think of Him...

And Heaven waits the humbled soul,
When all life's trials are done,
Relinquishing to God's control,
All triumphs that were won...
And Heaven's where this spirit goes,
To join Christ's seraphim,
Because my joy just overflows
Each time I think of Him...

Denis Martindale, copyright July 2014.

The Revelation TV website and watch now details can be found on Google. Seek and ye shall find...

Denis Martindale

Thank God For Coffee!

God is good! Thank God for coffee!
It helps revitalise,
For every day, it proves the key
That helps unlock these eyes...
Without it, I'd be weak and sad,
All limp, just half awake,
That's why I'm really, really glad
To have each coffee break!

If I run out, I'm mortified!
I'm in a state of shock!
My brain feels dazed, no more supplied
And I get writer's block...
How can I write if I'm asleep?
It's just not possible!
I'm down the shops, that's where they keep,
God's mighty miracle!

When I get home, I top up fast!
Then I'm OK once more,
No need for me to feel downcast
And far less need to snore...
Yes, I thank God He's been so kind,
So thoughtful and benign,
Each time some coffee I can find,
'Cos then it's mine! ALL MINE...

Denis Martindale, copyright 3rd of July 2014.

The poem was read out on the R Mornings show on the
UK's Revelation TV channel on the 3rd of July 2014.

The Revelation TV website and watch now details
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Denis Martindale

What Is It To Be Holy?

Though I dress up in pure white robes
With crucifix above
And preach to sinners with lost hopes,
I'm nothing without love...
Nor am I holy like the Lord
On any given day,
If each temptation's not ignored
And secretly I stray...

Though I remain a celibate,
From when I first believed,
That's not enough to celebrate
If Heaven's grace I've grieved...
Nor am I holy when I give
A fortune to God's care,
God judges me by how I live,
Not just when I'm in prayer...

Though I remain, my faith intact,
To stand fast now and then,
Can that prevent my dreams, in fact,
Though hidden from all men?
Nor can God look away from me,
A sinner in His eyes,
For He remembers Calvary
And Jesus Christ who dies...

Though I'm a sinner from my birth
Until my final hour,
I yet repent to prove my worth,
So God grants me new power...
Nor am I here alone, dear friends,
For saints stand side-by-side,
Until the Christian Church Age ends
And we, with Christ, abide...

Though God is good, He's holy, too,
So disciplines await,
They come to me, they come to you,

Yet by God's love not hate...
Nor can God fail us in His plans,
Nor let us lack reward,
But blessed is each who understands
Hearts holy to the Lord...

Denis Martindale, copyright July 2014.

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and Revelation TV and their Watch Now
TV programmes. Seek and ye shall find...

Denis Martindale

Father Time

When Father Time appeared to me,
I saw him in a dream,
His face benign with sympathy,
Not callous or extreme...
Aware of mortals and their thoughts,
Aware of every scheme,
Yet opposite to all reports,
Each life must have its theme...

He held life's wondrous hourglass
That tracked the falling sands,
The quest of time that comes to pass
In all God's sovereign lands...
Such that each grain that tumbled down
Marked all Man's noble plans,
Beyond each tear, each smile, each frown,
Each cosmic circumstance...

The hourglass was almost drained,
Not much time left to run
And not much point if I complained
When my life, too, was done...
Yet Father Time had warned me thus,
Prepare to meet God's Son,
The Saviour, Lamb of God, Jesus,
The precious holy One...

Through Christ I'll stand, yet not alone,
Faith kindled, boldly stirred,
The Holy Bible that I own
Will guide in what's preferred...
So thank you, Father Time, old friend,
Your warning has been heard,
Upon two things each must depend:
God's timing and God's word...

Denis Martindale, copyright June 2014.

The poem is based on the magnificent painting by artist Raipun, thanks to her art collection on deviantart. Google search for Christiane Vleugels.

Denis Martindale

White Peony

As statuesque as all before,
She posed that time for me,
With beauty captured there for sure,
Mixed with serenity...
Her gentleness and wistful heart
Portrayed as fancy free,
Transforming all my skills at art
To share such majesty...

For like a princess at her height,
So confident, sublime,
She need not represent her might,
But treasure restful time...
Her beauty had a tale to tell,
When she was in her prime
And everywhere she cast her spell,
Like poets with each rhyme...

And so began perfection's quest,
Each brushstroke brought to bear,
In hopes that others were impressed,
Perchance to stop and stare...
And in those moments, nod and sigh,
To pause in silent prayer,
For she was pleasing to the eye
And quite beyond compare...

When all is well, the heart is glad,
Just like the Lord had planned
And gone are memories bleak and sad
Replaced by dreams so grand...
'White Peony' I titled this,
The flower in her hand,
The emblem of her soulful bliss
For all to understand...

Denis Martindale, copyright June 2014.

The poem is based on the magnificent painting by artist Raipun, thanks to her art collection on deviantart. Use Google search to learn more.

Denis Martindale

First Born

The first born tiger cub that day
Had no idea at all,
Just like the rest, he chose to play,
To tumble and to fall...
In time, he learned to stand up straight
And look Dad in the eye,
Acknowledging his Dad was great,
Oh, my, oh, my, oh, my!

Yet tiger cubs must grow and grow,
That's just the way life is,
Who knew what strengths he had to show,
What things would go amiss?
His destiny was years ahead,
For now, he just chewed tails
And filled the other cubs with dread,
Like other alpha males...

Then came respect, less fights, less brawls,
Less bickering and such,
As if a time of miracles
Had kept them all in touch...
First born or not, his stripes were earned,
He did things well, somehow,
He's turned out right by what he's learned,
He's quite the tiger now...

Denis Martindale, copyright, June 2014.

The poem is based on the magnificent painting by
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Denis Martindale

Black Wolves

The black wolves stretched their legs again
And crunched the new-laid snow,
Not knowing where, not knowing when,
Yet still they had to go...
For hunger pains drove them along,
While they had strength reserved,
For yet more food to keep them strong,
So life could be preserved...

Though Spring and Summer gave them hope,
The Winter took its toll,
There had been five that tried to cope,
Now only two could stroll...
Combining both their powers meant
The final two might live
And by survival to prevent
What Winter won't forgive...

So no more running fancy free,
No frolics in the sun,
They must outlive this misery
Until the battle's won...
Thus two black wolves walked day by day
And also night by night,
In search of creatures for their prey,
Starvation at its height...

Denis Martindale, copyright, June 2014.

The poem is based on the magnificent painting by
Stephen Gayford, nb Google search gayfordgallery.

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Denis Martindale

Blue And Gold Macaw

The blue and gold macaw looked round,
Surveying what was seen,
Above the forest trees and ground
Still vibrant verdant green...
And little knowing Man encroached
To cut it day by day,
Until the final time approached
And all was swept away...

For now, the birds had homes to build,
The last this land would claim,
For soon their hopes would end up killed
And Man's greed was to blame...
Macaws would live then fade out fast,
Like dodo birds decreased,
Man never harkens to his past
As he strides west to east...

If God looks down and lets Man be
To do the worst he can,
Is this His fatal destiny,
His purpose or His plan?
Or merely freewill without pause,
The proof of all Man's sins,
Before God judges us with laws
When Christ returns as Prince?

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Denis Martindale

Two Barn Owlets

Two barn owlets had nestled close,
Companions for a while,
With lovehearts faces there to pose,
Carefree, each with a smile...
Adorned in wondrous gold and white
And such a sight to see,
Now resting gently after flight
Across the scenery...

United by a common bond
And now it served them well,
Without a clue what laid beyond,
Like us, quite hard to tell...
They had to bide their time to grow,
To learn a thing or two,
Then separate paths each one would go,
To do what each must do...

While loneliness is kept at bay,
Each soul may still rejoice,
Until there comes that final day
When parting comes by choice...
For life goes on, with adult themes,
When childhood is no more,
Perchance to nurture greater dreams
Than all that went before...

Denis Martindale, copyright, June 2014.

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Denis Martindale

Distant Movement

Snow leopards are quite rare today,
In fact, they're almost through,
Unless Man seeks to pave the way,
To do what he can do...
For now, this creature crouched alone,
On granite rock to poise,
A distant movement was now known,
The leopard had no choice...

For Man had intervened before,
Encroached upon its land,
In ways no leopard should ignore
If it knew what Man planned...
For Man could be its friend or foe,
Be callous or be kind,
Yet how on Earth was it to know
What each man had in mind?

And so each leopard, though sublime,
With beauty from its birth,
Faced unknown dangers all the time
Regardless of its worth...
For Man, the hunter, king and clown,
Called all the creatures his
And even when he let them down
Thought ignorance was bliss...

Denis Martindale, copyright, June 2014.

The poem is based on the magnificent painting by
Stephen Gayford, nb Google search gayfordgallery.

Find more wildlife poems using Google search
for the search phrase Stephen Gayford poetry.
Also search websites for Adopt a Snow Leopard...

Denis Martindale

God's Favourite Poem!

A famous poet died one day
And then to Heaven rose,
Where angels' harps began to play
As each sound overflows...
A thousand doves flew overhead,
To guide the poet home,
Yet one thought filled his mind instead,
What was God's favourite poem?

From childhood rhymes that he once penned,
Would God find favour now?
Or rhymes that said Christ is our friend,
If only we'd allow?
Or Nature's cavalcade on Earth,
Adorned for Adam's eyes?
Or Eve's great beauty and her worth
In Eden's Paradise?

Or cosmos thoughts beyond the stars,
The Universe revealed?
Or prophecies that came to pass
Or scrolls remaining sealed?
Or visions that came day and night
As from the throne of grace,
Or joys beyond Man's known delight
In seeing Jesu's face?

The poet walked the streets of gold
Within the Pearly Gates,
All true the legends that were told
For each who celebrates...
The Saviour beckoned him advance,
As if to grant reward
And yet the poet took a chance,
One question to the Lord...

'Of all the poems that I wrote,
Which one pleased God the most?
For I wrote many thoughts of note,

Thanks to the Holy Ghost! '
Then Jesus smiled to show He cared,
'God liked your last one best! '
The poet stood there, unprepared,
As if he were perplexed...

Then Jesus said, 'When that was done,
Your life was thus complete,
When finally you'd meet God's Son,
Right here, where life's so sweet...
Your life's the poem that God saw,
Your faith's the rhyme to love,
That's why you're here for evermore,
To share your thoughts above...'

Denis Martindale, copyright June 2014.

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TV programmes. Seek and ye shall find...

Denis Martindale

From First Thoughts

From first thoughts formed within the mind,
The heart is brought to play,
To fashion themes from all one's dreams
With precious prose to say...
And thus begins, the scribbling phase,
The scratching on a page,
With winsome words of wisdom penned
Towards the final stage...

Prophetic visions gather close
Within the inner eye,
Presenting truths and fantasies
Enough to make one sigh...
Enough to make one laugh or weep,
Enough to pause in prayer,
Enough to tantalise the soul
To help each one prepare...

Then back to read the sentences,
Reciting every word
And listening to the nuances,
Once heard and then preferred...
So changes come, to heighten truths,
Loose meanings cast aside,
For clearer inspirations bring
God's insights to abide...

And only then, when God has shared,
Can everything transform
Into the greatest story told
That causes hearts to warm...
For in Man's words and thoughts and rhymes
The Lord expresses joys,
Reminding us, like Jesus Christ,
That each soul has a choice...

Thus every day come challenges,
Unbidden, like the snow,
Unbidden like the fiercest winds

That no man wants to know...
Yet in the storms, none stands alone,
By faith, God's love prevails
And that shows why the world is full
Of poems telling tales...

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Denis Martindale

Poems Meant For Paradise!

Are poems meant for Paradise,
For Heaven or just Earth?
In truth, today, I realise
That only some have worth...
The finest thoughts to Heaven rise,
Ascending past this realm,
To God alone, whose love proves wise,
Forever at the helm...

And, therefore, what ought we to write
Of all the themes and dreams
Beyond the thoughts that share insight
To challenge evil schemes?
And should we pen those words at all
If keeping God apart,
Or walk by faith and write like Paul
With passion from the start?

We're not all saved by grace through Christ,
God's promises at hand,
Or think God's Son is highly prized,
For some don't understand...
But those that do, must surely pray,
For inspirations new,
Else they will write each night and day,
Alas, without a clue...

Prophetic writings come and go,
For prophets live then die,
Some secrets shared for them to know,
Yet limited supply...
And thus, we, too, need not complain
For secrets now and then,
Let's just be glad that we remain,
Till God lays down each pen...

Denis Martindale, copyright June 2014.

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Denis Martindale

How Dare You Read My Poem!

What! ? How dare you read my poem! ?
You've filled me with regret!
I had to edit and to trim!
It's not quite finished yet!

But you stood there and thought it done,
Then criticised with glee...
I tell you this, I'd just begun!
That's so unfair to me!

God help me to forgive you now,
You acted in advance,
That's why, in part, I can allow,
Perhaps you took a chance...

I'll share this poem later on,
When everything's complete,
I hope, by then, all doubts have gone,
If so, we'll stand agreed...

If not, it's just my point of view,
My final take, no more,
The way you take it's up to you,
That's what the poem's for!

Denis Martindale, copyright June 2014.

Denis Martindale

The Writing Prose Process!

I started with the title first,
That interesting pun,
For nothing else had been rehearsed
Or thought what should be done...
And now I'm thinking what to write!
I'm puzzling thoughts within,
As if I'm scanning for insight
As soon as I begin!

My word, that first verse wore me out!
Contrived in many ways,
But that's what my life's all about,
Or else each poem strays!
I strive to share words from my soul
As well as heart and mind,
Then struggle with my self-control,
Some wisdom to unwind...

The third verse, now, it's here, at last!
Praise God, it's working well...
I don't know why I felt downcast,
As all things seemed to gel...
Yet suddenly, I realised,
My musings were absurd...
I should have prayed to Jesus Christ,
Yet hadn't prayed a word!

Oh, dear... I'm such a naughty boy...
This could have been sublime!
A precious poem to enjoy,
Oh, well... maybe next time...
Not every poem's good as gold,
Of course, that asks too much...
God knows, I must be getting old,
But prayers keep us in touch...

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Denis Martindale

Morning Graze

When zebras start their morning graze,
They huddle cautiously,
There's no point being in a daze
Without the wits to see...
Who knows what lurks just out of sight?
What dangers lie ahead?
One sudden noise and all take fright,
Before they've even fed...

It takes some time to chew and chew
And chew and chew again,
With little else for them to do,
But look round now and then...
A fine to do, it really is!
Just munch down lunch each day,
You can't describe their life as bliss,
It's dreary, bleak and grey...

They're black and white, we know, of course,
Like penguins and magpies
And not like colours for a horse
And so, they've no disguise...
We don't see zebras smile a lot,
Too busy chewing stuff!
Exciting? No, it's really not!
A zebra's life is tough...

Denis Martindale, copyright, June 2014.

The poem is based on the magnificent painting by
Stephen Gayford, nb Google search gayfordgallery.

Find more wildlife poems using Google search
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Denis Martindale

* A Matter Of Faith!

When God looks down upon this Earth,
The world in which life lives,
He wonders if we know His worth
And that He still forgives...
He wonders if lost souls will find
Forgiveness in His Son
And if each one will change their mind
For God's will to be done...

To think, this young Earth He once made
Exhibits proofs worldwide,
Disputing proofs that Man's displayed,
Defiant, full of pride...
Yet scientists can't prove God lies,
By dating what remains,
It doesn't matter how each tries,
Or how they trick their brains...

The centuries have proved God right,
With truths that bear His mark,
His signature by day and night,
Shines even in the dark...
And all Creation proves the Lord
As quite beyond compare,
Such that His love can't be ignored
Since God still hears each prayer...

No wonder, then, the Saviour died,
To save the lost world here,
Submitting to be crucified
So sin was crystal clear...
Man's unbelief will lead to Hell,
Of that, there can't be doubt,
That's what God's prophecies foretell,
Till God casts demons out...

Consider what the Bible says,
Old Testament and New,
In truth, it tells us, more or less,

The things that Man must do...
To God, life's like an open book
Throughout Eternity,
Each day He simply has a look
At folks like you and me...

When God looks down upon this Earth,
The world in which life lives,
He wonders if we know His worth
And that He still forgives...
He wonders if lost souls will find
Forgiveness in His Son
And if each one will change their mind
For God's will to be done...

Denis Martindale, copyright June 2014.

This Gospel poem is about the recently promoted Gospel film called A Matter Of Faith that tells us the story of God's revealed truths and proofs about the Creation, life itself and the fallen state of Man's soul. This requires Jesus Christ as the only begotten Son of God. For He alone, is the Saviour of the whole world. For He lived a sinless life, was sacrificed for our sins and rose from the dead and will live for evermore...

The teaching of all Creation without a Creator, now does that really stand up to the evidence? God gave us prophecies to prove His existence throughout time. From Adam and Eve, Abraham, Noah, David, Joseph and Mary, life after life, when rooted in faith, meant God's blessings followed God's blessings. Where are they now?

It's truly a matter of faith that will help us to each regain what we've lost up to now. But the damage already done has sabotaged the faith of billions. So watch out, world, because God hasn't finished with us yet... TO BE CONTINUED...

Google search the websites for GOD TV and Revelation TV and their Watch Now TV programmes. Seek and ye shall find...

Denis Martindale

The Most Beautiful Belly Button In The World!

I have the most beautiful belly button in the world!
That is just my opinion, of course,
But I feel it is totally justified.
It is a perfect circle and the skin looks nice.

Nothing protruding beyond the norm.
No dust to speak of, clean as a whistle.
My bonny belly button is located just so
And exactly where God intended.

I am the correct height and weight for my age,
Regular exercise, so I kept in shape,
None of that overlapping flabby stomach stuff,
Like I swallowed a football or a melon.

What! ? That would never, ever do!
And so, for the life of me, I truly believe it.
Yes, I have the most, the absolute most,
Bee you tee full belly button in the world!

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale, copyright June 2014.

Denis Martindale

What On Earth Is Freedom?

What on Earth is freedom?
We each have expectations of each other,
Perhaps in hoping for fair play, one to the other.
On another level, consider emotional baggage.
It is something that we get used to,
In that we carry it around with us,
It is there with us, wherever we travel,
Even in our present and future relationships.
How may we be free of the memories?

And yet, what is Man's greatest freedom?
It is not merely living in the here and now,
Or in doing anything and everything we like,
But doing what God likes for us and through us.
As mortal beings, we do not know all truths,
We do not understand God's mysteries...
Should we not be more trusting in the One who does?

The poet's freedom is poetic licence,
The choosing of the words, as free as you like,
But when offering the poetry to the world,
Perhaps with the hopeful eye on posterity,
Ought we not to try to improve ourselves,
To apply more apt words and phrases,
Those considered fitting to the modern day
And even across the world, or the global village?

But if we are all things to all people,
Do we not lose that personal touch
And our perspective of our own culture?
So freedom is not fully freedom, after all.
It is that ever so thin fine line of compromise,
When discretion is the better part of valour,
To please some of the people some of the time...
But why try to do that with our Creator, too?
Without His Kingdom Freedom, pray tell me,
What use is freedom at all?

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Denis Martindale

Wondrous Words Are Like Caresses!

Wondrous words are soft caresses
That nestle in the soul,
With each touch, each one then blesses,
Towards the poem's whole...
And I am free to choose those
That complement my theme,
To help it, as it grows and grows,
As if within a dream...

Wondrous words are my foundation
To tell the tale to all,
Yet they offer inspiration
As each obeys God's call...
May these thoughts preserve their meaning
Long after I have gone,
But without my intervening
Beyond God's light that shone...

Wondrous words create new splendour,
Adorning like a robe,
With fine fabrics, oh so tender,
The envy of the globe...
And by these, hope springs eternal,
Just like one poem says,
Thus against all things infernal,
God conquers through our prayers!

Wondrous words transform the scholars
That study day and night,
For each word's worth more than dollars
In which some folks delight...
I'd rather share a noble rhyme
Than copper, silver, gold,
Just like the prophets throughout time
And psalmists young and old...

So, pardon me, if I enthuse,
Because words thrill me so,
Through these I learnt God's great Good News!

God loves me, that I know...
That's why I'll sing 'How Great Thou Art'
Till heard in Paradise,
That I may bless my Saviour's heart
With wondrous words so wise...

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Denis Martindale

Gangway! New Poem Coming Through!

The poem banged upon my door!
'Come on, it's life or death! '
I wondered would must lay in store,
No time to catch my breath!
The poem nodded, entered in,
Sat down upon a chair,
I got some paper to begin,
Quite ready now to share...

The poem gasped, as poems do,
To gain some sympathy,
Yet that, of course, was nothing new,
But each time works with me!
I said, 'Calm down! Breathe nice and slow...
Take all the time you need! '
And so the poem had a go,
Spoke lines that I must heed...

'My word! That's quite a tale you've told!
I think that's quite sublime!
I wonder how that will unfold
When I create each rhyme! '
'Just do your best, like always, mate!
I'll put the coffee on!
Let's hope that we can celebrate,
Then after that, I'm gone! '

And so I pondered and I mused
And edited like mad,
Till every word I once perused
Was bound to make us glad!
I then recited what I wrote,
The poem wept with joy!
'You certainly have won my vote!
Oh, boy! Oh, boy! Oh, boy! '

We drank our coffee, said farewell,
I opened up the door,
Then suddenly a silence fell

That's so hard to ignore...
'I'll not see you again, dear friend! '
The poem told me straight,
'My work's now done, this is the end,
But thank you, you've been great! '

And then the poem disappeared
Before my very eyes,
It was exactly as I feared,
Just like the other guys...
They come and go, like angels do,
God's wonders never cease
And yet with thanks, I'm telling you,
That poem brought me peace...

Denis Martindale, copyright June 2014.

Denis Martindale

The Passion Of The Painter!

The TV painter spoke with glee
Explaining what was done,
The mountain and the scenery
Were now his share of fun!
He thus enthused with all his might
At rock and snow and sky,
As if he knew each blessed insight
And didn't have to try!

It was as if he knew the Lord
And shared Creation's gift
And that explained his great reward,
Through faith that couldn't drift!
In minutes, fir trees loomed so tall,
At first, as black as soot,
Till verdant green transformed them all,
How detailed and how good!

The purest white adorned each slope,
Each surface side by side
And as he painted, he felt hope,
His heart was filled with pride!
And yet thanksgiving filled his soul,
With smiles upon his face,
That genius had self-control,
Expression and God's grace!

The blue lake sparkled here and there,
Reflecting all above,
Such that the artist stopped to stare
With eyes so full of love!
Then all at once, he turned his head,
'Good night and God bless you! '
And thus with joy at what he said,
He fondly bid adieu!

Denis Martindale, copyright June 2014.

Denis Martindale

How Do People Read Poetry?

Reading is the first step,
since the mind then gets the jist
of what is being shared,
perhaps with pictures played out,
as the storyline is portrayed
for dramatic effect.

The word school
may bring back memories
of infant school
or junior school
or senior high school,
or even some college
or university,
or perhaps a scene from
a film or tv show.

When the poetry has been read,
it may have a profound conclusion
that creates a sense of
the feel-good factor,
or cause laughter or shock
or even tears to flow.
This can happen as the poet or poetess
has just created the piece of poetry,
whether it rhymes well or not.

The rest of the world can read a poem like IF
and get the jist of the father and the son
fitting into society, while others see it
as a word of inspiration to try to reach
such standards in the future.
So reading has its effects and
the hopes and dreams we have
may suddenly blossom within us.

If we have read the theme before,
maybe we will not be as impressed,
so that erodes the effects

the writer intended.
Perhaps the shocks do not shock as much,
or the jokes do not make us laugh as much.
Perhaps our current
mental and spiritual moods
are not up to receiving
some inspirational point of view.

It is the same with writers
who come across their poems
weeks or months or years later
and just feel amused at
the childlike views,
or the thought that all would
turn out well after all.
The writers may even edit their
previous poetry to provide
more insights based on
their life experiences.

On the poemhunter dot com website,
many writers are not English,
but share their version of English,
so we get confused at first
as to the real meanings
and cultural references,
but if we get some blessing at all,
then we have been rewarded.
Perhaps we then decide to write
our version or translation.

It is a matter of whatever
we have read before
that determines whether we choose
to read the next poem or not.
Many will be intrigued by the title,
or by the first glance that sees
lots of exciting exclamation marks,
or perhaps dialogue
with contrasting views.
We may just know the writer's work
and look forward to

some new treat to savour.

But the vast majority of us
do not speak the words out loud
for fear of making mistakes.
When I write a new poem,
I choose to read it loads of times
and recite it as well.
I want to hear how it reads.
I even use text to speech software
and the poemhunter dot com website
has recently added voice readings
as a way to share the written word.

The talents of some voice-over artists
can transform the way a poem is presented
and so can the layouts of Internet webpages.
Some use calligraphy fonts that assist
in the beauty of the themes,
or special fonts for dramatic effects.

My Stephen Gayford poetry blog
just kept using black text
on a yellow background,
but other blogspot dot com websites
use fancy themes and layouts
to enhance their content.

Whether it is a book
or an Internet tablet
or a PC monitor view,
we can copy that text
and transform it with our
choice of fonts and perhaps
print off copies to frame
and display poetry in our own homes.
Maybe using a larger font size
improves the reading.

Thankfully, our Internet web browsers
have zoom-in text options,
so many more can read the poetry

and participate... like the poets of
the poemhunter dot com website
each and every day...

Denis Martindale, copyright June 2014.

Denis Martindale

My Replacement

When my time comes and I depart,
God bless who's next in line,
With poetry inside his heart
Each knows to be divine...
Else there's no hope that he could share
Beyond Man's mortal schemes,
Nor spirit answers bathed in prayer
Explaining future dreams...

When my time comes and I must leave,
God bless that poet well,
With wondrous insights to receive
And parables to tell...
Else there's no joy that he could find
Beyond the commonplace,
Nor striving still to change Man's mind
To seek the Saviour's face...

When my time comes and I ascend,
God bless that writer's rhymes,
With more than thoughts that please his friends,
Grant words that fit the times...
Else how could he then prophesy
Beyond what Man calls good?
Yet teach that man to question why
So truths are understood...

When my time comes to bid adieu,
God bless what must be told,
With all the righteous to pursue
God's manna, good as gold...
Else my replacement has no chance
Beyond the worldly prose,
Yet still be kind and thus enhance
His wisdom as it grows...

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Denis Martindale

The Kindness That Comes From Christ!

When the Devil came to taunt me,
I found it hard to smile,
When life's heartaches came to haunt me,
I stepped back for a while...
And Hell became a solemn thought
And so hard to ignore,
Until I did what Jesus taught
And reached out to the poor...

When my money was no object,
I gave and gave and gave,
In fact, I chose not to reject
The ones God chose to save...
Sometimes the Gospel could be shared,
Sometimes a sin forgiven,
Sometimes I had to prove I cared
To help them into Heaven...

While there are lost souls near and far,
What difference could I make?
You see, I'm not a movie star
Who had a lucky break...
I don't know how the Lord helped you
Or how God turned the tide,
Yet think of all that Christ can do
When kindness is applied...

That's why I give my money out
To charities around,
In faith, because I've got no doubt
That blessings would abound...
One day in Heaven, saved by grace,
The Lord will shake my hand
And when I see my Saviour's face,
That's when I'll understand...

Denis Martindale, copyright May 2014.

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Seek and ye shall find...

Denis Martindale

Promote Your Poems!

The poemhunter website showed
A lass with pen in hand
And with a smile, her face just glowed,
With thoughts that she had planned!
Her poems were such works of art
They matched her beauty well,
Such that they nestled in her heart,
Though few on Earth could tell!

Promote your poems! Yes, but how?
On TV, Radio?
Good luck with that! Yet what for now?
Sometimes that's hard to know!
But still determined, she wrote more!
Preserved them one by one
And put them safely in a draw,
For what else should be done! ?

She prayed, she sighed, she moaned, she cried!
She even typed some out!
But something summoned up her pride
And overcame each doubt!
She emailed all across the globe,
Perchance her thoughts to share
And wondrous feedback brought her hope,
As if she walked on air!

Her poems changed, became upbeat,
Renewed by sharing things,
As if her heart was made complete,
As if she had grown wings!
Her poems are quite famous, friends,
They're in anthologies!
She writes so much, she's got ten pens
And three brand new PCs!

She makes me jealous all the time!
Her poems everywhere!
I know, of course, that they're sublime

And quite beyond compare!
My poems aren't in mags or books,
In films or on TV!
I think she's famous for her looks!
She's beautiful, you see...

Denis Martindale, copyright May 2014.

Denis Martindale

Impact Your City, Your Country, Your World!

Without concern for one and all, what profit can be made
Beyond the money that people have worked for and have prayed?
For locally and worldwide, too, donations still have power,
Beyond the current point of view, the fashion of the hour...
And should it be that God exists and tells us still to give,
In this, we learn, what yet persists, to help another live...
How else can water be made clean and purified to drink?
How else can love still intervene beyond what humans think?

God knows our needs and reasons why, our hopes, our wants, our dreams,
Yet sometimes these are born to die to stop Man's sad extremes...
A Rolls-Royce here, a Rolls-Royce there, what use to those that starve?
For when the rich refuse to care, it's someone's epitaph...
God wants the rich and poor to learn the things they truly need,
So those that suffer they won't spurn, compassion still to heed...
Or else what judgments yet await, each sin that greed prevents?
If only Man could end the hate, what joy he'd find in friends...

This joy God meant for evermore, beyond this mortal frame,
For God has blessings to outpour to Man in Jesus Name...
But we must prove compassion real, our faith is not enough,
If not prepared to share a meal, God rarely sees our love...
Life isn't just the food we eat, the days, weeks, months and years,
It's smiles on faces that we meet, or wiping of their tears...
It's reaching out to God and Man, yet not just for reward,
But striving to fulfill the plan that serves our perfect Lord...

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Denis Martindale

Cat In A Wooded Landscape

The cat had wandered far from home,
God knows how he got there,
Now all alone he had to roam,
With no-one else to care...
The wooded landscape looked forlorn,
Just rocks for company,
That's why he treated life with scorn,
As lonesome as could be...

He ventured far and wide each day,
Another cat to find,
To offer hope along the way,
Perchance to change his mind...
And so for weeks, he travelled hard,
Across by day and night,
So terrified he stayed on guard
Through every sound and sight...

At last, the wood came to an end,
The city streets he saw,
In time, God helped him meet a friend,
The city to explore...
No human master to control,
Just living fancy free,
To find some food and have a stroll...
How nice... Don't you agree?

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The poem is based on the magnificent painting by
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Denis Martindale

Winter Retreat

The tigers woke from sleep again
And went off to explore,
The snow had settled uptil then
And life was such a bore...
The tiger cubs had had enough,
When would it melt away?
This Winter time made living tough
For hunters and their prey...

No bricks and mortar for a home,
No heating switch to turn,
No cold house walls filled up with foam,
No coal that they could burn...
No Christmas Day, no cardigans,
No thermal socks received,
No thoughts of making New Year plans,
No wonder that they grieved...

Depression is a solemn thing,
The cubs were quite aware,
When all life's problems daily bring
Some share of dark despair...
They had no telly like we do,
No radio at all,
No change of scenery to view,
Except when snowflakes fall...

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Denis Martindale

Scottish Wildcat!

Och, beware the Scottish Wildcat!
He fairly chills the soul!
Just give him room, don't pause to chat,
Such beasties lose control!
In daylight, you stand half a chance,
Escape, your limbs intact,
He'll lead you such a merry dance
Should he at first react...

So mind your step in wooded lands,
He's known to jump from trees,
To scratch your shoulders, arms and hands,
Wherever he may please!
Och, don't be brave, my strong-armed lad,
Such beasties laugh at you,
Just head for home and you'll be glad
He didn't get to chew!

I chose to fight and lost an ear,
I've got some scars as well,
I warn you, now, to have a fear,
Such beasties come from Hell!
He may look kinda cute at first,
But turn tail quick and run,
Before he gets to do his worst
And chew your ears for fun!

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Denis Martindale

Make God Laugh!

Oh, how I long to make God laugh,
I think up things each day,
Pretend to swim inside my bath,
Or teach my dog to pray...
Or go out shopping but go home,
No money spent at all,
Lie in the garden like a gnome,
Then stand up straight real tall...
Pretend that I'm one of the Scots,
My accent can surprise,
I like my shirts with polka dots
To match fruit salad ties...

I wear my suits from years ago,
When I was much more thin,
I watch the short flairs flap and flow
And show my ankle skin...
I'll read the first half of a book,
But never read the rest,
I only want to have a look,
The last part's mostly guessed...
I teach my budgie to say words
In French and German, too,
These languages are for the birds,
I'm English threw and threw...

I pass exams I'll never need,
Play bagpipes in the dark,
I'll walk my budgie on a lead
Each morning in the Park...
Each day I write a melody
And gamely try to sing,
I even vote for my M.P.,
Though that won't change a thing...
Yes, I'm a silly so and so
For doing things I tried,
Yet if God laughs, He'll let me know,
While chuckling still inside!

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale, copyright May 2014.

Denis Martindale

Polar Bear Parable

The solitary Polar Bear
Stood motionless with awe
And simply froze, content to stare,
At what God had in store...
Majestic mountains far beyond,
Across a sapphire sea,
That seen from space looked like a pond,
Amid such scenery...

And yet such blessings warmed his heart,
It's like he owned each one,
Of course, some day he must depart,
Yet life had just begun...
Before these, life seemed commonplace,
Flat ice was all around,
But here, a smile now blessed his face,
Amazed at what he found...

If only he had found a friend
To share such wonders with,
Another bear to comprehend
The splendours God can give...
Perhaps that's why God made the Earth,
The sun, the moon and stars,
So loving couples sensed their worth
In all that comes to pass...

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Denis Martindale

* How To Think Like A Writer!

At the top of Everest stands
Each writer of renown,
While lesser mortals use their hands
To tear that mountain down...
But leave it there as tall, as high,
A challenge to each soul,
It teaches us to touch the sky,
Beyond safe self-control...

For what are mountains but the Earth
Forced up by pressures made?
By such as these a writer's worth
Stands openly displayed...
To go beyond the blank white page,
To stretch forth words and rhymes,
Until, at last, the final stage,
That beckons better times...

Have pity on the writeless ones,
Their wisdom fades away...
But writers can share with their sons
Their precious thoughts each day...
And once departed, thoughts endure,
Beyond their mortal frames,
Perchance with fame for evermore
The whole wide world acclaims...

So write for men and women, too,
With children still in mind,
Declaring every point of view
Your little hearts can find...
Yes, write of love and write of hate,
Of war and peace in turn,
Perchance in these you'll reach the state,
You'll teach more than you learn...

But who of us can publish well?
It's partnerships we need,
For every tale we seek to tell,

Ten more may not succeed...
Discouragement? That's bound to grow,
But think and persevere
And set that inner light aglow,
Till shining crystal clear...

If not, alas, I'll pity you,
Alone with words as friends,
In search of something that's brand new,
A quest that never ends...
Your hands are also meant for prayers,
Ask God for His advice,
For loving-kindness He still shares
With writers who are wise...

Denis Martindale, copyright May 2014.

The poem title is based on the Huffington Post article
and other points of interest on the pinterest website
that the poemhunter twitter comments led me to see...

Denis Martindale

Morning Patrol

The leopard gamely woke from sleep
To greet the sun again,
He had a vigil he must keep
And couldn't rest till then...
Survival first, survey the land,
Learn what's about as well,
Stroll the morning patrol as planned,
Then settle for a spell...

Of course, he chose to do things right,
To make sure he was safe,
Who knows what's happened in the night?
Stay wise and not just brave...
Mind you, he was as tough as boots,
If push should come to shove,
No chance of that just eating fruits
Some creatures seem to love...

That was his motto all the time,
Exploring landscapes new,
How else could he stay in his prime
To do what he must do?
This leopard was a lonesome soul,
His shadow walked beside,
Silent friends on morning patrol,
With no-one else as guide...

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Denis Martindale

* The Gospel Is The Heart Of Everything!

Without love God sent from Heaven
Each life fills with regret,
For how else is Man forgiven
And how else could God forget?
For sin remains, no thought to leave,
Until God paves the way,
Until, like others, we receive
Escape from Judgment Day...

Why else would Jesus choose to die?
The Father loved Him so,
Yet God loved Him and you and I,
Thus Jesus had to go...
To Calvary and all that was,
First beaten, scourged, despised
And only then, nailed to the Cross,
Where Christ was sacrificed...

The Lamb of God, the Son of Man,
Messiah and much more,
Because, through this, it served God's plan,
Both then and evermore...
Few could have gone and suffered all,
Few could have stayed the course,
Yet Jesus went for God's people,
Who'd broken all His laws...

And we're the same, yes, here, today,
We're guilty sinners, too,
God pardons now, please don't delay,
Lord Jesus welcomes you...
Amazing grace? New lives for old,
The Gospel's offered still,
Thanks to God's Son, as good as gold,
Who died on Calvary's hill...

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Denis Martindale

The Potty Poem!

I went to sleep, at peace until
The potty poem came,
He woke me up and that's no thrill,
By shouting out my name...
Of course, I woke up with a start
And turned my nightlight on
And still in shock, I clutched my heart,
But soon the pain had gone!

'Not you, again! ' I promptly said,
The potty poem sighed,
As if his soul were full of dread,
His eyes were bulging wide...
I got the paper and the pen,
Still yawning all the time,
So he recited yet again
The words that I must rhyme...

And so I sighed, but on I wrote
The jist of all he told,
Of seven men upon a boat,
At night, fatigued and cold...
The fishermen caught not a one,
From midnight until dawn,
I bet they saw the rising sun
And, like me, had to yawn...

Then Jesus came and told them straight
To try again, once more,
He said to them, 'It's not too late! '
Though they were fit to snore...
But they obeyed and found reward,
The fish had filled the net!
That happens when we trust the Lord
Despite our first regret...

And so I wrote the poem out,
The potty poem cheered,
Then suddenly he danced about

And proudly stroked his beard...
He gently tucked me into bed
And shook me by the hand,
Then disappeared from me instead,
Back home to Poemland...

Thank God for that! He'd gone at last!
I closed my eyes and slept,
Until I rose to make breakfast,
When down the stairs I crept...
With hope now rising uppermost,
No longer quite so sad,
I read the poem, made some toast,
Drank coffee and felt glad...

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Denis Martindale

The Cross In The Human Heart

Four chambers dwell within the heart,
To me, a cross they form,
As one, they nourish every part,
Thanks to my blood kept warm...
And every single second here
Upon my Mother Earth,
My faithful heart helps God stay near
And seek to show His worth...

Though miracles aren't clearly seen
Throughout each passing day,
By faith in Christ the Nazarene,
I'm guided on the Way...
Since Christ has filled me to the brim,
His mercy proves enough,
My heart has grown because of Him,
No other love above...

I'm not a rich man blessed with wealth,
No mansion do I own,
I'm not a well man blessed with health,
So I'm inclined to moan...
But overall, my life reviewed,
My life seemed not that bad,
With every blessing I accrued,
I'm glad for all I had...

Lord Jesus lived a human life,
A body just like mine,
Enough to bear His cross of strife,
Yet rise again divine...
What faith that takes, to suffer so,
Upon that final hill,
To intercede for every foe
And still obey God's will...

To think, that Jesus suffered all,
In utmost agony,
Reminds me of Apostle Paul,

Who wrote of Calvary...
One man was raised in sacrifice,
One man was made to die,
One man alone to pay the price,
To rescue you and I...

And so, my heart that gently beats,
Reminds me, now and then,
There's not one demon who defeats
The Saviour's love for men...
In fact, the Lord loves every child,
No matter, young or old
And seeks to see them reconciled
With God, as good as gold...

The Gospel's preached to girls and boys
And to their parents, too,
Yet every heart must make the choice,
Ask, 'What would Jesus do? '
Each member of the Human Race,
Should trust the Lord Jesus,
For He believed the Father's grace,
Enough to die for us...

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Seek and ye shall find...

Denis Martindale

* Denis Martindale Ebook Poems

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I've sixteen hundred poems now,
Some in anthologies,
I wonder what God will allow
Before my life must cease?

I'll just take one day at a time!
New poems now and then,
Download my ebooks full of rhyme,
Content to smile again...

Denis Martindale, copyright May 2014.

Shortcut link:

tinyurl.com-dot-com/denis-martindale-pdf

Denis Martindale

Single-Minded Saviour

I asked the Lord what I should write,
Then Heavenward I rose
And suddenly I felt delight,
Like when joy overflows...
While Heaven's such a wondrous place,
Its grace was hard to see,
My eyes were on the Saviour's face,
The King who died for me...

He led me by the hand and said,
'Behold the mansions here! '
And so I looked and straight ahead,
I saw them all appear...
For miles and miles and miles and miles
They melted into view,
My Saviour's face was full of smiles,
'There's one prepared for you...'

And then I sighed, no-one would share
My mansion in the sky,
No wife had I, no-one to care
And soon, I, too, would die...
'I know your heart...' the Lord began,
'Your life not as you hoped,
Yet you still served the Father's plan
And that was how you coped...'

'The former things must pass away,
The flesh and bones must cease,
You didn't have a Wedding Day,
Yet God will grant you peace...
No need to fret, no need to pine,
For here, love's everywhere,
So no man needs a Valentine,
God's love's beyond compare...'

'So take that with you when you leave,
Write down and pass it on,
To lonely hearts who learnt to grieve,

Until all hope was gone...
All isn't lost when love's dream dies,
You see, that's just a dream,
In Heaven, joys await the wise,
Eternal and supreme...'

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Denis Martindale

Dreaming Of My Dream Girl!

A dream begins like any dream,
From darkness into light,
Commencing like a newborn stream,
Regardless, day or night...

And there she was, in front of me,
Enough to break my heart,
Recalling all I hoped would be,
Until we chose to part...

Since she remained, content, at peace,
I lifted up her hand
And gently kissed it, so at-ease,
Though nothing had been planned...

I sought to kiss her lips as well
And, to this, she agreed,
It seemed that love had cast its spell
And oh, what joy that freed...

We walked together, more than friends,
Yet stopped to kiss again,
That's sometimes when a good dream ends,
But no, not there and then...

As night approached, what would we do?
Just separate once more?
It's then I told her, 'I love you! '
As if to reassure...

'Come home with me...' That's what she said...
I heard myself say, 'Yes! '
And though I woke up in my bed,
I smiled... with happiness!

Denis Martindale, copyright May 2014.

Denis Martindale

The Merciful Messiah!

Picture perfection crucified,
For that is all He was,
Right there, before them all He died,
Raised high upon His cross...
And yet He prayed God would forgive
Each wretch within His sight
And that is why God let them live
And sleep another night...

Christ could have called His angels down
Avenging what was done,
To take away that thorny crown
Before God's will was done...
But Christ was faithful unto death,
He gave His life, His all
And with that final stretch for breath,
His head began to fall...

When Sunday came, the Saviour breathed,
He left the Tomb behind,
With thankful heart in all achieved,
No hatred in His mind...
Despite the scars upon His hands
And bloodstains on His feet,
The Lord obeyed all God's commands,
His triumph was complete...

And thus God's mercies overflowed,
When Pentecost was blessed,
The day the Holy Spirit showed
God's joy when hate's suppressed...
For God Himself forgave lost souls,
With signs and wonders, too...
Yes, God has plans and greater goals,
For them, for me, for you...

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Seek and ye shall find...

Denis Martindale

I Am Looking For A Poem!

I am looking for a poem
A famous poet wrote,
I am sure that you must know him,
Not knowing seems remote...
In pictures, he was seen to wear
That trademark bowler hat,
The reason for it wasn't clear,
But that's enough of that...

And he was prone to use that phrase,
'Ma Mama's got to go! '
And was well-known to waste his days,
That lazy so-and-so...
But when he wrote, what words he shared,
Recalling youthful times,
What magic in those thoughts declared,
What eloquence in rhymes...

What was his name! ? Alas, I'm old,
Forgetful now and then,
A hundred times I might be told,
But there, it's gone again!
He often brought us fairy tales,
You know the sort of things,
Those teeny-weeny cute females
With shiny silver wings...

And didn't he love pirates, too?
Oooh, arrrgh! Who stole me rum! ?
Set sail upon the ocean blue!
Get ready! Here we come!
And didn't he once own a horse?
He sold it for a cow!
He was completely mad, of course,
I think he's dead by now...

I am looking for a poem,
The Drunken Sailor, Pete!
The others had to row him

So he could join the fleet...
He had two mates in Jack and John,
Who never drank a glass,
But after that, all memory's gone,
My search to you I pass...

I hope that you can help me out,
It's weighing on my mind,
I've got no Internet to scout,
But who knows what you'll find! ?
Forever in your gratitude,
Should you find some success!
I'm skint, so please don't think me rude
If I just say, 'God bless! '

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Denis Martindale

I Am Not Ashamed Of The Gospel Of Christ!

Ashamed of the Gospel of Christ?
Oh, no, in truth, not I,
From death He rose, though sacrificed,
With thousands asking, 'Why! ? '
Yet prophecies from centuries
Long past explained to Man,
The purposes God meant to please,
According to His plan...

So pardon me, if not ashamed
That God's Word was fulfilled
And that my lost soul was reclaimed
And that my heart is thrilled...
And that I walk by faith alone
And that I'm reconciled
And that to God my name's well known
And that I'm now God's child...

Yes, pardon me, for joys received
Because of Calvary
And baptised, too, since I believed,
Blessed for eternity...
With wondrous gifts the Spirit shares,
To help God's Kingdom grow,
In answer to the sacred prayers
That daily overflow...

Please, pardon me, for being bold,
Declaring Jesus Lord,
The greatest story ever told
Could not remain ignored...
I heard it as a child of grace,
I learnt Christ died for all,
I yearned to see the Saviour's face,
Like Peter did and Paul...

Do pardon me, I know that's quaint,
Your turn has not yet come,
Yet if you should become a saint,

You will not scoff, like some...
That day will be the greatest day,
Once saved, the Lord will bless,
When all your sins are washed away,
If Jesus you confess...

By this I mean, Christ died for you,
Good Shepherd that He was,
When you're like me, you'll love Him, too
And boldly preach the Cross...
To those who trust grace proves enough
To reach God's Pearly Gates,
Christ tells them, as the King of Love,
'Eternity awaits! '

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Seek and ye shall find...

Denis Martindale

Teach Us To Number Our Days!

Wake up and seek the Lord again,
For time is flying by,
So keep aware, so now and then
You'll smile instead of sigh...
The burden's lighter when you find
The time spent with the Lord,
By the renewing of the mind,
You'll soon be overawed...

Consider all the prophecies
That God has brought to pass,
Yes, He's the One you're meant to please,
Else life becomes a farce...
A constant doing things no more,
Yet you're still meant to pray,
To study grace and love and law
And precious psalms each day.

Thus, to the point, dear saint on Earth,
You're merely passing through,
Yet every Christian learns God's worth
When He says, 'I love you! '
To Him, you're special, quite sublime,
Forgiven sins through Christ,
Be bold, therefore, redeem the time,
Believe and be baptised!

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Denis Martindale

* The Dream Of Revelation!

I reflect upon my visitation, the time of revelation,
When sleeping one night, the dream began for me,
For there I was and made aware physically of my dream,
Standing, upon the slope of a hill, one leg higher than the other,
Balanced there, by my own decision, becoming more aware...

Beyond my hill was another hill, yet upon it a silhouette,
That of a man hoisted high upon a cross, crucified,
And I will not deny what I saw before any man,
For it was Christ crucified, revealed to me at that time,
For there He was, squirming in agony upon that cross...

At first, I made out His form and the cross clearly seen,
Then I saw Him in agony, though distanced from me,
With no sounds of His screams made for my ears to hear,
But then something else happened that was unexpected,
Something I have never experienced happening before...

Above the cross was a focus beam of light from Heaven,
Straight down upon that cross it fell, quite suddenly,
No prior warning given, but that this light was like flames,
I stood still, quite baffled and amazed, yet not scared at first,
Thinking this was merely a beam of light and nothing more...

But then the light hit the cross and was redirected at me,
I saw it cross the hill and the space between Him and me,
Then I was engulfed in the blood red fire light in seconds,
I felt a fire flood within me, warming me, quickening my soul,
But instead of judgment and death as I first expected,
All I felt was love...

A sudden realisation that it was because of Jesus I was spared,
Yet not just spared and left to fend for myself as if unloved,
No, everything had changed because of what Jesus did for me,
So I stood there, still balanced, one leg raised higher,
Yet now completely bathed in fire, light and love...

And while the dream stopped there, as if all was said and done,
Every now and then, God reminds me of the revelation,

That I am not alone, that I am fully known, fully loved,
That I am not a child of darkness but a child of light,
My life no longer devoid of hope as for those who are lost...

This memory is my shield of faith against the darknesses,
This memory is my helmet of salvation against the sadnesses,
This memory is my armour against all the fears and the doubts,
For my soul is eternal and preserved beyond both time and space,
No longer can I say I am not loved or that I stand alone...
Though I stood alone upon my hill, yet the Lord was with me...

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Denis Martindale

Winsome Smile Of Serenity

She had that and much more,
Just like the perfect recipe
Cooked right, without a flaw...
And then presented in a light
That set her far apart,
From all the other girls in sight
Who stood to melt my heart...
Without a trace of harm at all,
Benign in every way,
Such that I knew love came to call
That very special day...

For there, before my very eyes,
A snapshot borne of love,
With tempting thoughts to realise,
There's nothing else above...
Yet she deserved a better man
Than I could ever be,
Despite the fact I hoped to plan
Some perfect date with me...
And so I gulped, controlled my mind,
Dismissed my hopes and dreams
And let her destiny unwind,
Despite initial schemes...

And so I stayed a little while,
To memorise her face,
Her hair and oh so winsome smile
That no girl could replace...
Then up I stood and left the room,
Though staying I preferred,
No more to dare and thus presume,
I went without a word...
But through the years, she haunts me still,
Her only claim to fame,
I loved her then and always will,
Yet never learnt her name...

She lives within my lonesome heart,

PoemHunter.com

Though decades have since past,
Because I simply played it smart,
That's how the die was cast...
Perhaps she wed another guy,
Had children good as gold,
Enough to make this grown man sigh
At blessings that unfold...
If so, for her, that's Paradise,
A world I couldn't give,
That's why I made the sacrifice,
Her God-blessed life to live...

Denis Martindale

It's Its

The poem's in a rush today!
So fast it tells me things
And yet I know, along the way,
The errors that speed brings...
Yet it won't stop its speed at all,
As if it didn't care
And while that drives me up the wall,
I haven't got a prayer...

So on I type, like I'm a blur,
Though grammar's up the creek,
The poem lets mistakes occur,
Yet brings me words unique...
I can't spell that, I'll have to check,
But now, it's not the time
And so I think, Oh, what the heck! ?
At least the verses rhyme!

The poem hurtles to its end,
I'm breathless, then it's gone!
It's waved goodbye, as if my friend,
Yet I must carry on!
I've got to fix the damage done,
The poem's just not right!
It's its, not it's, no one, not none
And midnight not mid night...

A few mistakes till they're erased,
My work's almost complete,
A few more commas to be placed,
Until the reading's sweet...
My poem friend refused to chat!
It left me quite aghast!
It's finished, now! Thank God for that!
It's time to rest, at last!

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Global Reach, Eternal Impact!

Global reach, eternal impact!
That's what the Gospel means,
Salvation now, to be exact,
Angels behind the scenes...
When saints combine in harmony,
United in God's cause,
The Great Commission's ministry,
God's truths to reinforce...

Jerusalem was just the start,
From Pentecostal prayers,
From Christian joys within each heart
That melted all their cares...
Such that, as one, within God's grace,
The Church of Christ began
And still it tells the Human Race,
Of God's eternal plan...

When sins are pardoned by the Lord
His healings cross the globe,
With signs that must not be ignored
And wonders full of hope...
And words of knowledge shared in time,
Transcending just the now,
To future years that prove sublime,
As prophecies allow...

With dreams and visions, books and scrolls
And tales that we could tell,
Our God will save a billion souls
That could have gone to Hell...
Thus more will join the Jesus Team,
Throughout our last days here,
To overcome each demon's scheme
To rule Mankind by fear...

A billion souls God seeks to spare,
His Cross of Christ Crusade,
Anointed by each holy prayer

Believers ever made...
Redeem the time and seize the day,
Both precious as can be,
A billion souls must find their way
To Christ and Calvary...

Beyond Man's hatred and his wars,
Beyond his thoughts so vain,
As saints, we stay upon God's course,
To make the Gospel plain...
Lord Jesus died to save the lost,
God pardons through His Son,
To ransom us, Christ paid the cost,
To save us, one by one...

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Seek and ye shall find...

Denis Martindale

Blessed For Eternity!

How blessed is Eden now to me,
A Paradise on Earth,
That's stirring up new poetry
That's meant to prove her worth...
A holy realm that God has blessed,
Just like a precious pearl,
Like some handmaiden God loves best,
A wondrous, gracious girl...

As if she spoke with whispered tones,
As gentle as a breeze,
Just like you hear upon the phones,
Soft-spoken, meant to please...
Yes, Eden, you caused me to pause,
Recalling times gone by,
Beyond God's prophets and God's laws,
To Adam's lonesome sigh...

Surrounded by the creatures there,
Just friendship to impart,
He needed someone meant to share
The love inside his heart...
And so he pined, a lovesick fool,
Not knowing what to do,
Alone to live, alone to rule,
Not saying, 'I love you! '

Yet Eden, like a miracle,
Is just the first to know,
A brand new start for one and all,
A chance for each to grow...
Thus love is born within your arms,
As radiant as the sun,
When Adam fell for Eve's sweet charms
Before the day was done...

From Eden's heart came Eve that day,
The day that Adam cried,
When joys from Heaven came his way

In all that God supplied...
Someone to talk to now and then,
Someone to praise God, too,
Someone to hold close once again,
No wonder, his love grew...

Yet Eden, now you're everywhere
And that I know full well,
Within the words of every prayer
Wherever humans dwell...
From dust we came, then flesh and bones,
Yet Eden calls to me,
With whispered wows in dulcet tones,
Blessed for eternity!

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Seek and ye shall find...

Denis Martindale

The Editing Stage...

Go well beyond the words you wrote,
The thoughts that you expressed,
For errors, find each antidote,
So you present your best...

First drafts composed prove not the end
Of all that poems are,
Perfection calls you as a friend
And bids you travel far...

For there are skills, beyond your ken,
Awaiting in the wings
That have befriended other men,
Transforming common things...

Just strive like poets have to do,
Just stretch your heart and mind,
Just hold on fast to all that's you,
Leave sorrows far behind...

PoemHunter.com

It's then, to God, that praise ascends,
Beyond the tears we cry,
The day a poet comprehends,
No more to question why...

I beg you, share your poetry
With eloquence sublime,
There are great poems yet to be,
Unborn, just biding time...

Denis Martindale, copyright, May 2014.

Denis Martindale

Good Morning, Dad!

If you begin your every day
With prayers to God on high,
The chances are that come what may,
You'll ask less questions why...
You'll have less grumbles you could voice,
Less mumbles mourning things,
It's up to you to make a choice,
For who knows what prayer brings?

'Good Morning, Dad! ' may start you well,
With 'Thank You! ' now and then,
When everything's been going swell,
Sometimes beyond your ken...
It even makes the angels cheer
When they see faith like yours
And 'Praise the Lord! ' God loves to hear,
That makes His day, of course!

Communication, that's the key!
Without it, you lose hope,
Your life becomes a mystery,
You find it hard to cope...
'Good Morning, Dad! ' begins your call,
So why not chat a while?
God's love has patience with us all,
So why not make Him smile! ?

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Denis Martindale

How God Chose A Prophet

A fable once was told to me
When I was just a lad,
It told of God and prophecy
As thought of by my Dad...
God spoke to all the candidates,
If service was their aim,
Beyond bold speeches each creates,
As if intent on fame...

God bid them write a poem down
So that He might decide
The one to wear a righteous gown,
Yet not swell up with pride...
The one who wrote the very best
God would anoint in time
And raise him up so he was blessed
With every precious rhyme...

The candidates began to pray,
Then scribbled what they could,
God read the words they chose to say
And some were very good...
Then came a scruffy so-and-so
That many poets knew,
But hardly one they'd like to know,
The way that his hair grew...

God read his poem with delight,
God laughed and laughed out loud,
God giggled there with all His might,
Before that solemn crowd...
The scruffy man was smiling still,
To think God had such fun,
That gave his little heart a thrill,
Yet would he be the one?

God looked upon the scruffy man,
'A prophet you shall be!
Of all of these you know My plan

To bless humanity...
The others wrote of punishment,
But you wrote words of love,
Containing humour to present
Forgiveness from above...'

And so, the scruffy so-and-so
Returned to Earth once more,
So that new psalms would overflow
Beyond each rule of law...
My Dad told me that laughter heals
And helps all kinds of folks,
More than the prophet who just kneels,
But never shares his jokes...

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Denis Martindale

Beauty As A Force Of Energy!

When Van Gogh painted what he saw,
He shared that vision well,
With every brushstroke to outpour
The tale he had to tell...

With circled swirls of blue and gold
He gave us his insight,
For all God's beauty to behold,
No matter, day or night!

When Stephen Gayford paints at first,
The details all shine through,
The talent's there, quite unrehearsed,
So credit where it's due...

Thus lions, tigers, bears and such
Are painted one-by-one,
Perfected by the Master's touch,
Yet with a sense of fun!

PoemHunter.com

For beauty comes to those that wait,
Because they seized the day,
Because they chose to celebrate
The gifts God gave away...

Thus time and space and energy
Combine with wondrous grace,
To showcase what God meant to be
To bless the human race!

That's why the children love the snow,
The little birds that sing,
The dainty flowers God helps grow
When April signals Spring...

A latent powered reservoir
Falls down from skies above,
To let each flower be the star
In gardens blessed by love!

Yet don't forget the tallest trees
That stretch forth leaves like prayers,
To dance upon each passing breeze
That proves that God still cares...

While Nature's realm seems just a part
Of God's vast universe,
It's this that grants each broken heart
New hope inside that stirs!

Our cameras still take photographs
Wherever we may roam,
Safari lions and giraffes
Form slideshows when we're home...

Let's give thanks for awesome dolphins,
Dogs, cats and butterflies,
Their beauty shines when Man begins
To see them through God's eyes!

Denis Martindale, copyright, May 2014.

The title is based upon the inspirational vision of
Louie Schwartzberg as explained by the deviantart
website featuring his celebration of God's Creation.

The poem is also based upon the magnificent paintings
by Stephen Gayford, nb Google search gayfordgallery.

Find more wildlife poems using Google search
for the search phrase Stephen Gayford poetry.

Denis Martindale

Writes And Wrongs!

Deer Lord, teech me to write reel good
Sew that my words are understood
And folks apreciate my stuff
About the girls I used to love...

Deer Lord teech me to spell words rite
Sew that they wont give folks a frite
And make them gasp in shock at me
Each time they reed my poetry...

Deer Lord think back on all Ive done
Before the day I found your son
And my hole life began to change
Cos writing rimes is reely strange...

I never wrote like this before
But grant me guydance now for shore
Else Ill just wander like a clowd
Another face within a crowd...

PoemHunter.com

Deer Lord I hope for better things
Just like the angels with their wings
That sore above the hills and dales
Despite the storms... despite the gales...

Ill face my tribbles like a man
And humply do the best I can
Sew one day youll be proud of me
And my fantastic poetry!

Denis Martindale, copyright, May 2014.

Denis Martindale

It Does The Heart Good!

Based on the great eternal hope
That God still wants to save,
The Christian Gospel spans the globe,
Based on the gifts we gave...
Thus Christian ministries are born,
To blossom like the rose,
To reach out to the lost, forlorn,
The ones God only knows...

Church Without Walls, as each donates,
God's will gets quickly done,
Thus all of Heaven celebrates
With Jesus Christ, His Son...
And while our future joys unfold
As we remain on Earth,
In Heaven, there are streets of gold
That none of us deserve...

And yet, in Christ, God's love is shown,
He grants us righteousness,
So that our very hearts have grown,
So we, in turn, can bless...
And lives are changed beyond belief,
Beyond our hopes and dreams,
Including those who seek relief
Against life's sad extremes...

While there are people sin has caught
Within its web of doubt,
Please have compassion, spare a thought,
So Jesus helps them out...
Lift up to Him your precious prayers,
Not just for self or friends...
In Jesus' Name, as one who cares,
Donate as God intends...

Denis Martindale, copyright, May 2014.

The Revelation TV website and watch now details can be found on Google. Seek and ye shall find...

Denis Martindale

The Sleeping Poetess

How sad it would be if nobody here
Had ever seen your friendly face,
Or read about your love for poetry,
Or gained some new insight you could have shared.
How sad if nobody had learnt your name
And had never prayed for you.
How sad if nobody could share their dreams with you.
Maybe you were meant to share your happy dreams,
With new poetry that resonates with power
And lights up the darkness in someone else's heart.

Heaven is a truly wondrous place,
Yet those who visit ought to return,
To tell us how wonderful it really is.
It is early in the morning for me,
Yet even now, I am awake
And thinking how wonderful it is
To write another poem,
To unravel its secrets one-by-one
And then to set it free,
Watch it fly away
To whisper in another's heart.

Consider your happiness one more time,
Let it be a blessing in its telling.
Else sleep on a while, if only to rest,
For the sake of beauty sleep,
Yet should you wake, then arise...
Please walk among the living once again
And let the beauty of your smile
Become like poetry in motion.
For poetry isn't always words upon a page,
Sometimes it's just a winsome smile,
The highlight of someone else's day...

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Denis Martindale

Life's Little Lessons

Once given a heart, we should use it,
not just to pump blood back and forth,
but to desire what is truly beautiful,
not just seeking beauty for itself alone,
but to know when to share it and with whom.
If we fail in such desires, have we truly lived,
have we truly fulfilled our greatest potential?
Scrooge had a change of heart and it transformed
his life into what it should have been all along.
To learn from his mistakes helps us to avoid them...
So even Scrooge helps us to be better than we are.

Denis Martindale, copyright, May 2014.

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Internet Celebrity Love

I fell in love with her picture
A long, long time ago,
Yet today I'm not much richer
By all the things I know.
You see, I never met her,
No, never in my life,
Yet how can I forget her
When I prayed she'd be my wife?

Denis Martindale, copyright, May 2014.

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Leopard Cub

The leopard cub that Man could view
Some distance seen away,
Was just another cub, that's true
And yet this made my day...
My camera zoom could catch the sight
That few were meant to know
And what I saw caused me delight
And more respect to grow...

For I observed such detail there,
Each random black spot seen,
Each whisker floating in the air,
The nostrils in-between...
The fluffy ears, the golden eyes,
The cold dark stare ahead,
It somehow made him look so wise,
As if a thoroughbred...

That tight-lipped mouth I'll not forget,
Its sharp teeth hidden still,
Like claws, its secrets to regret,
For these were meant to kill...
Though now, he wouldn't hurt a fly,
The thought far from his mind,
Some day he'd kill, yes, by and by,
Whatever prey he'd find...

Denis Martindale, copyright, April 2014.

The poem is based on the magnificent painting by
Stephen Gayford, nb Google search gayfordgallery.

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for the search phrase Stephen Gayford poetry.

Denis Martindale

Togetherness

Orangutans aren't widely known,
Like chimpanzees they roam,
Sometimes in groups, sometimes alone,
No special place as home...
Togetherness can warm the heart,
Grant life some extra grace,
Some joy another can impart,
With just a friendly face...

No wonder, then some creatures meet,
With noises as their words,
With high-pitched sounds, so shrill, so sweet,
Like pleasant singing birds...
Or merely grunts to signify,
Some changing mood or view,
That Man can hardly classify
Beyond a basic clue...

Orangutans aren't sleek and fine,
Like dolphins in the sea
And yet they seem to be benign
And dwell in harmony...
And side-by-side and arm-in-arm,
Togetherness lives on,
Until the day Man causes harm
And lives like these are gone...

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The poem is based on the magnificent painting by
Stephen Gayford, nb Google search gayfordgallery.

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Denis Martindale

Saker Falcon

When falcons can be trained by Man,
A partnership is born
And if all things then go to plan,
Is that something to scorn?
Suffice to say, that Man and bird
Can find some harmony,
If gentle training has occurred
Instead of cruelty...

Such partnerships are commonplace,
Just like the dog and horse,
Submitting so that each obeys,
With rewards to enforce...
When falcons fly, their minds recall
What every servant knows,
The bond is there, invisible
And yet, each day it grows...

Perhaps they've found some sense of peace,
Companionship and more,
That grants lost freedoms gentle ease,
That memories can't ignore...
I'd rather see a falcon free,
No earthly ties that bind,
Alas, that isn't up to me,
Each man must change his mind...

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Denis Martindale

Dark Elegance

The big black wolf was strong and tough,
No coward soul was he,
But certainly devoid of love
When hunting carefully...
That was the time when play had past,
When hunger drove him on,
The time his long legs moved so fast,
Before his prey had gone...

No matter, whether day or night,
The big black wolf knew well,
His presence known would cause a fright
And all one's peace dispel...
You see, he had one life to live,
Each meal he had to find,
No angel came to him to give
Some fresh food to be kind...

We each must strive to make ends meet,
Not all choose grass or greens,
That's why life isn't always sweet
When hunger intervenes...
But there's a certain elegance
That predators preserve,
Despite the fact they're not our friends,
To God, they still have worth...

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for the search phrase Stephen Gayford poetry.

Denis Martindale

Charm

The tiger cub was prone to sit,
To squat for all to see,
Perhaps to pause, to rest a bit,
Or just to pose with glee...
Now quite aware how charmed they were
Each time they stopped to stare,
To them, more than a ball of fur,
His destiny to bear...

Perhaps to be the alpha male,
Courageous, brash and bold
And not the tiger cub so frail,
With fluffy stripes of gold...
One day would come, when he would stride,
So sure, so confident
And in his heart a sense of pride
At what his parents meant...

They knew the changing course of time,
The spanning of the years,
The seasons passing so sublime,
The conquering of fears...
The stretching forth, the legacy,
The claiming to be done,
The awesome waiting destiny,
For him, their precious son...

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Denis Martindale

Imperial Presence

The tiger strode upon the earth,
The land he claimed as his,
Such that he had some sense of worth,
Some portion known as bliss...
For every single day he rose,
No rival seemed to call,
He had no friends, he had no foes,
Not one, not one at all...

It's true, his presence could be felt,
As lesser creatures knew,
As if their tiny hearts could melt
When big fears grew and grew...
But love, the greatest gift God gives,
Was nowhere to be found,
Unless a tigress somewhere lives,
To make this sacred ground...

So one day came, when loneliness
Consumed his very soul,
Perhaps the day God meant to bless,
Perhaps to make him whole...
For without her, what use was he?
No offspring, child or heir...
And therein lies God's mystery,
His presence everywhere...

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The poem is based on the magnificent painting by
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Denis Martindale

The Privileged Children Of Revelation Tv

When I tune in to Jesus Christ,
At home, with my TV,
I see my Saviour sacrificed,
For all humanity...
I see the Saviour risen, too,
Beyond the veil of death,
I see God's Son say, I LOVE YOU! '
He's Jesus of Nazareth!

I learn the prophecies God gave
Before His Son was born,
Before Christ died that He would save,
Each dark, lost soul to warn...
How privileged God's children are,
The Gospel's preached worldwide
And thus, no matter, near or far,
Think what our God's supplied...

For every GOD DAY that we live,
We're welcomed, should we pause,
To hear the Good News God would give,
So that each spirit soars...
We're fed by every verse we gain
That's kept safe in our hearts,
So with this channel let's remain,
It's where Christ's blessing starts...

Denis Martindale, copyright, Good Friday 2014.

The Revelation TV website and watch now details
can be found on Google. Seek and ye shall find...

Denis Martindale

The Cost Of Pentecost!

When Jesus walked upon this Earth,
Repentant hearts He met,
Such that they found some sense of worth
That overcame regret...
He changed their minds so they could live,
He blessed them one by one,
You see, they learnt God would forgive,
When they believed God's Son...

But Jesus didn't leave things there,
With words and nothing more,
He proved how much God chose to care,
When He fulfilled God's Law...
Thus Easter overwhelms all doubt
When prophecies convince,
That's what the Cross is all about,
God pardons sinners' sins...

Repentance means to think again,
God's views now uppermost,
With Pentecost the moment when
God sent the Holy Ghost...
Outpoured upon all flesh that day,
God's grace was symbolised,
In Jesus' Name they chose to pray,
The day they were baptised!

Denis Martindale, copyright, April 2014.

The Revelation TV website and watch now details
can be found on Google. Seek and ye shall find...

Denis Martindale

Waking Up In Heaven!

Imagine what it's like to feel
Like God just doesn't care,
But then to find that Heaven's real
With love beyond compare!
With sights and sounds all quite intense,
All bound to overwhelm
And God the Father calls us friends
Beyond the Earthly realm...

When seen from space, the Earth looks grand,
Yet hides its secrets well,
But down on Earth we understand,
For some, life's just like Hell...
But if they knew of godly grace,
Perhaps they'd think it strange,
Yet if they saw Lord Jesus' face,
Who knows if things would change?

So many cite their charity,
Their good works here on Earth,
But God grants us the clarity
To see beyond their worth...
For none is holy day-by-day,
Our dreams prove what we are,
How many souls have lost their way
And sadly wandered far...

If not for love that still forgives,
God could not stand it all,
Though Jesus died, today He lives,
To lift us when we fall...
And if we visit Paradise,
See Christ and then return,
The truths we share are truly wise,
Confirming what we learn...

Imagine what it's like to feel
Like God just doesn't care,
But then to find that Heaven's real

With love beyond compare!
With sights and sounds all quite intense,
All bound to overwhelm
And God the Father calls us friends
Beyond the Earthly realm...

Denis Martindale, copyright,12th of April 2014.

Gospel poem based upon the near-death experience
of Crystal McVea, in the book, Waking Up In Heaven.

The Revelation TV website and watch now details
can be found on Google. Seek and ye shall find...

Denis Martindale

Life After Death!

A writer can embellish things
Like children often do,
But if I met the King of Kings,
My words must then be true...
I could describe the streets of gold,
A river crystal clear,
Or wondrous secrets I was told
Revealed to cast out fear...

I could explain the sights I saw,
The music that I heard,
My mansion there for evermore,
Christ's every single word...
I could provide some prophecy
Of worldly times ahead,
Or humbly say, 'Christ died for me...
And for my sins He bled...'

I could enthuse about the joys
Of children close to Christ,
The smiles of little girls and boys
As they looked up surprised...
Or tell of angels singing psalms
King David once composed,
Or say I touched Lord Jesus' palms,
His wrists with wounds now closed...

But I've not been to Heaven's Gate,
Nor seen Saint Peter there,
As if for me he had to wait
To say my final prayer...
Nor have I walked with Christ above,
Or praised Him on His Throne,
Yet on this Earth I know His love,
The greatest ever known...

Denis Martindale

God's Not Dead!

When God declared He made us all,
From then on, we've been told
And so, we choose to trust or stall,
While all our lives unfold...

The tiny baby lacks the thought
That's needed to believe,
Yet loving parents know they ought
To let that child receive...

That's why the sun shines in the sky,
With rainbows high above,
That's why each mind can question why
And reach out to God's love...

God's seen the future and He's shared
The good and bad with us,
But then to prove how much He cared,
He sent His Son, Jesus!

PoemHunter.com

And what on Earth, did we to Christ?
We nailed Him on a cross!
A crowd watched Jesus sacrificed,
God's Lamb who suffered loss...

God could have made the world to end!
Destroyed us, every one,
Yet Jesus as the Sinner's Friend,
Forgave us as God's Son...

The risen Saviour stands alone,
The only name to save,
For only Jesus can atone
And overcome the grave...

And even now, we're still informed,
God's Heaven has been seen,
Such that our hearts are strangely warmed,
More than they've ever been...

But pity those that won't believe!
The children of the night,
The Bible's truths they don't receive,
They won't walk in the light...

My heart despairs for such as these,
They must be born again!
Without true faith, how can they please?
Like Scrooge, they fail till then...

Yet we were once without the Lord,
We thought we knew it all,
Now He, alone, is our reward,
Revealed in God's Bible...

Denis Martindale, copyright,11th of April 2014.

The Gospel poem is based on the new Gospel film starring Kevin Sorbo. The film's promo trailer was shown on Revelation TV today and Howard Cronk explained the making of the Christian faith movie.

Google search links to the trailer, the website, etc.

The Revelation TV website and watch now details can be found on Google. Seek and ye shall find...

Denis Martindale

The Father's Gift Of Forgiveness!

The Holy Spirit's been received
By those with thankful hearts,
Who in His Son at first believed,
That's how each new life starts...
Before Christ brought them peace at last,
They struggled day by day,
Till Jesus cleansed their sinful past,
Now in His Name they pray...

And if we pray for pardon, too,
Like children in the wrong,
Let's ask God, 'What would Jesus do? '
In Christ, we all belong...
If not in Christ, how can love show?
In our own strength we lose,
If we're in Christ, we're meant to grow,
So what then, should we choose?

Forgiveness! That's no tiny thing,
It cost God's Son His life,
Despite the fact He was a King,
He suffered shame and strife...
Once we've been born again, dear friends,
Forgiveness, that's the key,
Imparting love that never ends
Because of Calvary...

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale, copyright, April 2014.

The Gospel poem was read out on Revelation TV
on the 10th of April 2014 by Lesley Conder
on R Mornings in regard to forgiveness...

The Revelation TV website and watch now details
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Denis Martindale

The Dictator!

Oh, if only I was humble!
Not pompous, proud or vain!
And not so prone to grumble
At troubles that remain!
Perhaps to greet each brand new day
With joy and not disdain,
Just think, what blessings that would pay,
Less reasons to complain!

Oh, if only I was humble!
Not haughty little me!
Perhaps I'd never stumble
As naughty as could be!
But get along with one and all,
The mighty and the weak
And not think I'm incredible
And utterly unique!

Oh, if only I was humble!
Like some young teenage boy
Whose confidence could crumble
If schoolgirls acted coy!
But confidence still swells my pride,
It's made me what I am,
Such that I cast all doubts aside,
Till I don't give a damn!

Oh, if only I was humble!
But I'm quite eloquent!
I've got no cause to mumble
The views that I present!
If only I could tone it down!
My genius forsake!
Just tell a joke or act the clown!
Alas, my heart would break...

I know I've got a destiny!
Some special things to do!
I'm great, that's how I'm meant to be!

PoemHunter.com

Why should I act like you?
I'm meant to change the world in time,
Of that I've got no doubt!
Because one day I'll reach my prime
And sort this mad world out!

Denis Martindale

The Precious Young Poet

A precious poet came to me,
Intent on some advice,
Beyond his love for poetry
And grace that it supplies...
He asked me how I wrote my lines
That he could write his, too,
'Just close your eyes and see the signs
The Saviour shares with you...'

The precious poet looked amazed,
As if quite new to him,
As if the Lord he never praised,
Or even felt the whim...
I passed the Bible to my friend,
For friend he had become,
As if to say, 'It's not the end,
No need to look so glum...'

The precious poet read God's word,
No light within his eyes,
No sign to show his heart was stirred,
No tears Lord Jesus dies...
But he read on and on and on
And learnt Christ rose again,
When suddenly his doubts were gone,
He smiled, right there and then...

'Let Jesus light the words you write,
Let Jesus lead your way,
Let Jesus fill your heart tonight,
Why wait another day? '
And so began a brother's joy,
His time, like mine, on Earth,
When he would show God can employ
Each poet that has worth...

By faith, each Christian poet lives,
Transformed by Calvary
And every poem that he gives

Will prove his legacy...
So when we're gone, God's gifts we leave,
Like hopeful poets do,
From all God's wisdom we retrieve
For you... and you... and YOU...

Denis Martindale, copyright, April 2014.

GOD TV and Revelation TV websites and their watch now details can be found on Google. Seek and ye shall find...

Denis Martindale

Noah's Revelation!

When Noah harkened to the LORD,
He trusted what was said,
When revelation was assured,
He prayed and planned ahead...
His only chance meant not to miss
God's Word that wise men heed,
For Noah had no choice in this
Once judgment was decreed...

And so began the Ark, we're told,
That rescue ship of grace,
Before the time that must unfold
To cleanse the Human Race...
The labour led towards its goal,
Unswerving in its aim,
Despite each scoffer's wilful soul,
Content within its shame...

Who else on Earth was privy to
What's on the Father's mind?
Who else on Earth would see it through
And bid this world behind?
Regardless of the aches and pains,
The bruises and the stings,
He persevered past awesome strains
And hardship hard work brings...

To suffer so for righteousness
Would bring God's mercies down,
In truth, for only God could bless
This man of great renown...
This faithful heart that served God's will,
Until that fateful day,
When came the Flood to overspill
To take Man's sins away...

Outside the Ark, the sinners stayed
While waters washed their feet,
Until the shock left them dismayed

And judgment was complete...
And while the rainbow in God's sky
Was beautiful to see,
No friends had Noah by and by,
Except his family...

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The Revelation TV website and watch now details
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Denis Martindale

Keeping Safe

The lioness was keeping safe,
Somewhat alone in part,
As if this was something to crave,
A healing of the heart...
And so she watched the day go by,
Beneath the sky so blue,
At peace, for now, not asking why,
Not seeking things to do...

While just another sunny day,
The same-old goings-on,
The lioness was prone to stay
Until such time had gone...
The lion pride still did its thing
Without her company,
Yet knowing that her wandering
Was simply meant to be...

Let her return when all was well,
To take her place once more,
To settle in, no tale to tell,
Her friendships to restore...
But until then, grant her remain
Throughout her interlude,
For each, like her, felt much to gain
Came from such solitude...

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Shadows In The Grass

Three cheetah cubs were left behind
With parents somewhere else,
So every noise that they would find
Would send off warning bells!
Their teeny-weeny whiskers felt
Each changing breeze pass by,
If something moved, their hearts would melt,
With tensions running high...

The scaredy-cats might look serene
To those not in the know,
So none of these would intervene,
They'd merely watch then go...
The cheetah cubs were full of love,
So gentle and so mild,
But these alone won't be enough
When others are so wild...

For now, like shadows in the grass,
Perhaps they would be safe,
As patience let all dangers pass,
Just silent as the grave...
Must parents gamble everything?
Leave cubs to chance or fate?
This really left me wondering,
Just how their parents rate...

Denis Martindale, copyright, March 2014.

The poem is based on the magnificent painting by
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Denis Martindale

The Ultimate Cat

The leopard knows when life feels good,
Like when out for a stroll,
As he surveys his neighbourhood,
Well pleased upon the whole...
With food and water here and there,
Perhaps a female friend,
A gentle breeze that floats on air,
Till evening brings day's end...

Well organised, things sorted out,
No frantic panics known,
Just fancy free, on walkabout,
As if the world to own...
No house to buy, no rent to pay,
No tax man on his case,
No boss man that he must obey,
No monthly bills to face...

His belly soothed and quite content,
No hunger pains as yet
And so he strode, his time well spent,
As if without regret...
No pension plan had he in mind,
No thoughts as far as that,
Of all the felines you could find,
He's the ultimate cat!

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

That Inner Urge For Writing!

When that inner urge for writing
Begins in gaining strength,
I reach for God's enlightening,
To gain success at length...
For not all urges lead to love
Or benefit Mankind
And so my prayers ascend above,
Some wisdom still to find...

Outpouring revelation's touch,
His hand on mine to share,
God's wisdom comes that means so much,
My tears fall here and there...
For I see through the Father's eyes,
My heart beats just like His,
That's when I come to realise
The breadth 'twixt pain and bliss...

So writing means much more to me
When God is oh so near,
When He presents each mystery
Then makes it crystal clear!
Like muddy waterfalls that flow
To waters pristine clean,
God's treasure troves bless those that know
The journeys inbetween...

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Big Daddy!

The elephant stood mighty tall,
He really made me stare!
Against that giant, I'd feel small,
Believe me, I'd take care!
I'm not the sort to take a chance
Or follow some new whim
And so, when he chose to advance,
I didn't run to him!

In fact, I turned, then ran off fast,
Then ran on faster still,
I didn't know how long I'd last,
I ran till I felt ill...
Then I looked back and there he was,
A few yards off, no more!
'Big Daddy' didn't look that cross,
No way could I be sure...

And so I prayed, just like a child,
Please God, I'm not that brave,
That elephant seems mighty wild,
Please God, just keep me safe!
The elephant then turned around
And gently walked away...
Though I was trembling on the ground,
That really made my day!

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Denis Martindale

Keeping Eye On Things!

The happy hippo often spies
On creatures left and right,
With thankful heart, his beady eyes
Will gaze upon each sight...
To take it in and mull a while,
To muse thoughts in his mind,
While 'neath the water lurks a smile
That few above could find...

He's blowing bubbles now and then,
When days bore him to tears,
Just hoping things pick up again
And he's all eyes and ears...
While he's all wrinkled in his bath,
His bottom gets a tan,
With no TV to make him laugh,
He does the best he can...

He sneaks along, quite silently,
As if there's nothing wrong
And yet in truth, content to be
There spying all day long...
But those who spy on him all know,
He's nosey through and through,
He's quite the curious so-and-so,
There's not much else to do!

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Denis Martindale

Big Trouble!

Two rhino calves looked mighty small
Next to their parent there,
Such that they hoped they'd be as tall
And make the others stare!
It's hard to see a rhino smile,
Who knows the mood they're in?
And who's to stay around a while
To see if it will grin?

The two calves walked quite gingerly
Around the heavyweight,
Not boisterous, full of jollity,
The risk was far too great...
Their parents sense this must be so,
No sudden moves that fright,
Just gently, gently... somewhat slow...
No matter, day or night...

Yet somehow tenderness gets shown
Within the group they form,
Such that among them all it's known,
Emotions that feel warm...
And humans, too, should copy this,
Allow some space between,
Yet still maintain that share of bliss
That none should intervene...

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Denis Martindale

There's No Other Like A Mother

The Universe has stars galore
And planets, moons and suns,
Yet anywhere you might explore,
This truth stands out at once -
A mother's love transcends them all,
No matter where Man goes,
That's why in wonder we recall
What each blessed child now knows...

Each righteous mother says her prayers,
Which angels fly above,
So God the Father then compares
His plans with those they love...
If He decides He can agree,
Then signs and wonders bloom,
Defeating doubts and misery
And overcoming gloom...

For mothers see the aches and pains
Their young ones have to face,
Yet even then their faith remains
In search of further grace...
While life's a journey, young or old,
The path each pilgrim takes,
A mother's love stays good as gold,
Thank God, for all our sakes...

No wonder God has ears to hear
The precious prayers each day,
Of those who nurture and would rear
Young children on their way...
And long may God continue to
Reward each righteous heart,
So that each time He helps them through,
They say, 'How great Thou art...'

Poem accepted by Forward Poetry UK Publishers
for their new poetry anthology, Essence of Love.

Denis Martindale

The Winsome Heart Of Love

The dream began, I saw the Lord,
Blessed by the Holy Ghost,
His winsome heart of love assured,
Christ flew from coast to coast...
To rescue Man from sin's control,
Full pardon to bestow,
That's why He prayed for each lost soul,
That Gospel faith might grow...

His outstretched hands were bathed in light,
With miracles in wait,
To overcome the darkest night
That brought both doubt and hate...
And timed exactly for each cause
That set each captive free,
To open fast their prison doors,
His love, the only key...

And in His wake, Man's praises rose,
Ascending to the sky,
For faith brings Winter to a close,
Like March when it's marched by...
When Christ becomes the Sinner's friend
Forever and a day,
That's when the Bible can present
More than its words could say...

Because the Father has prepared
A feast around His Throne,
The Saviour's gathered all who cared,
No more to weep or groan...
For Heaven waits the faithful child,
The woman and the man
Who trust what Christ has reconciled
Through God's triumphant plan...

His winsome heart of love once died
That God could then forgive!
Christ crucified will stay and guide

The life you're meant to live...
So if the Saviour visits you
And knocks upon your door,
Your heart will know and tell you true,
To welcome Him for sure...

Denis Martindale, copyright, March 2014.

GOD TV and Revelation TV websites and their watch now details can be found on Google. Seek and ye shall find...

Poem accepted by Forward Poetry UK Publishers
for 2014 poetry anthology, Love Is In The Air.

Denis Martindale

An Ode That Changed My Heart

Within a new anthology
Were poems by the score
And they brought such delight to me,
I read these more and more...
But then an ode I came across
Transformed my heart and mind,
Such that it cleared out all the dross
My lost soul chose to find...

For there it was, in righteous rhymes,
The silver-tongued could speak,
Retelling Christ from ancient times,
Who preached to Jew and Greek...
To tell them what the Lord had planned,
His Kingdom rule on Earth,
Such that the Lord would bless each land
And by that prove His worth...

The future mapped out dead ahead,
The years as yet unplayed,
God's fellowship so lambs were fed,
When every saint obeyed...
The precious presence of the Lord,
The signs and wonders, too,
The Holy Spirit's great reward,
To prove God's Word was true...

A brand new thing would be revealed,
A secret truth untold,
Protecting hearts as if a shield,
A treasure good as gold...
Such that the faithful would still serve
When things were looking bad,
Remembering their learning curve,
God's pardon that each had...

For God forgives and God forgets
The sins of fallen Man
And overcomes such harsh regrets,

So each life has a plan...
A wondrous purpose, borne of prayer,
Anointed with our praise,
Each sacrifice that shows we care,
Our dreams by nights and days...

For what is Man without God's Love,
His mercies near and far?
Alone to stand, to gaze above
In wonder at each star...
To choose to follow where God leads,
Or hide away in fear,
Yet with the Lord each heart succeeds,
Whatever might appear...

A flood of tears fell from my eyes...
All burdens swept away,
The time God helped me realise
Salvation came that day!
I read the poem and I smiled,
My heart released from pain!
Through Calvary, I was God's child,
When I was born again...

Denis Martindale, copyright, March 2014.

This refers to the poem called SON OF GOD.
It explains the Gospel film called SON OF GOD.
Some poems affect us more than others.
Some poems can help us find the LORD...

Denis Martindale

About Poem Is Not Selected.

When submitting a new poem or trying to edit a poem

use a modern web browser...

you will need to...

After typing the title and adding your poem text...

Below is a little box Topic...

Type lo (for the word love) and WAIT...

A display box may suddenly appear

to guess the word for you eg love

So select that option love...

If not... try lov and WAIT...

PoemHunter.com

If you get that love option then select it...

THIS IS A REQUIRED part of the submit a poem process.

Whatever keyword you may type, art, fashion, friendship,

see what option you get and select what works for you.

Add some story info if you like,

type the numbers required then choose to SUBMIT...

Does it tell you the poem was accepted?

If not, try the BACK button option and try again.

Good luck!

Denis Martindale

Son Of God

Kings of the Earth, were you not told?
Messiah must be born!
And though His heart is good as gold,
One day He stands forlorn...
And eyes shall fall when blessed hopes fade,
How can this be the Christ?
For there He stands as one betrayed,
Good Shepherd sacrificed!

Behold the Man! His hands, His feet!
Behold what Man has done!
His mortal flesh to scourge and beat
And yet... Behold God's Son!
Jerusalem! Jerusalem!
The Lamb of God is here!
Passover Lamb, He dies for them...
His life to volunteer...

Oh, foolish kings, advised by pride,
Though fear rules you supreme,
You would not watch Him crucified,
Nor share that awful dream,
Nor bear one mark upon your backs
To save another's soul,
While on His cross no courage lacks,
As He maintains control...

For there He stays, no angels called,
No drug to soothe the pain,
As Mother Mary weeps appalled
At every new blood stain...
But grace prevails, one thief rejects
And yet another prays,
In paying Jesus Christ respects,
The Saviour then repays...

For Paradise is but God's grace,
Forgiveness from a friend,
A symbol for the Human Race,

Before each sinner's end...
Then final breaths came to the Lord,
His work on Earth was done!
And so today we stand assured
In loving Christ, God's Son!

For written ancient years ago
Within both praise and psalm,
His light would set the world aglow,
Despite this present harm...
Back from the prison Man calls Death,
The Son of God must rise!
Behold Jesus of Nazareth!
God's King before your eyes!

Denis Martindale, copyright, March 2014.

The Easter poem is based upon the film called SON OF GOD.

GOD TV and Revelation TV websites and their watch now
details can be found on Google. Seek and ye shall find...

Denis Martindale

Serious Intent

A tiger's not a cuddly cat
To twist his ears or tail,
A tiger's so much more than that,
How else could he prevail?
His fellow cubs teach lessons well,
They squeeze and tug and chew
And oh the stories each could tell,
Until the time each grew...

Yet all grown up, each hunts alone,
Thus each meal's on the line,
Somewhere, out there, not always known,
Until it's time to dine...
Then tigers aren't the cutest things
That folks are blessed to see,
Despite the fact they act like kings,
With utmost majesty...

A close-up look would soon erase
Our winsome points of view,
For should we dare to meet their gaze,
Each face would grant a clue...
Such that we'd truly learn at length
Why tigers won't repent,
We'd see their overwhelming strength
And serious intent...

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Secret Lair

The leopard left his secret lair,
His homely dwelling place,
Because the world had much to share
That he chose to embrace...
And so he left his home behind,
His shelter in the shade,
In search for something new to find
That might come to his aid...

He climbed a tall tree that he saw
And then surveyed the land,
The sight then thrilled him to the core,
Much more than he had planned...
He watched the birds build distant nests,
Intrigued at patience seen,
Homeowners now, not simply guests,
If none should intervene...

When he climbed down, no more to roam,
Reflecting on that day,
He gladly made the journey home
And there he chose to stay...
Since leopards find their Paradise,
Let's hope we, too, might share
The peace we count beyond all price,
At home, without a care...

Denis Martindale, copyright, February 2014.

The poem is based on the magnificent painting by
Stephen Gayford, nb Google search gayfordgallery.

Find more wildlife poems using Google search
for the search phrase Stephen Gayford poetry.

Denis Martindale

Superiority!

A tiger has that certain style,
That certain savoir faire,
That winsome way that makes me smile,
Precocious, debonair!
Such that he swaggers now and then,
Like putting on a show,
Upon his catwalk once again
With colours all aglow...

His tail is like a wondrous whip
To swat the flies away,
It's like he thinks he's way too hip
For them to spoil his day!
He only growls when he finds need,
Why show off all the time?
His snarls won't help him to succeed,
If he stays in his prime...

And so he glides with charm and grace,
Or leaps ten feet and more,
Bold confidence upon his face,
Conceited? That's for sure!
He thinks he's better than I am!
Superiority?
I know he doesn't give a damn,
BUT we'll just wait and see!

Denis Martindale, copyright, February 2014.

The poem is based on the magnificent painting by
Stephen Gayford, nb Google search gayfordgallery.

Denis Martindale

Double Trouble!

Two cheetahs, like two naughty tots,
Were on the prowl again,
For they enjoyed it lots and lots
When they were raising Cain...
With nothing safe within a mile,
Two cheetahs outran all
And though those scamps had cause to smile,
Pride comes before a fall...

They terrorised the neighbourhood,
Like whirlwinds oh so fast,
As if the act itself was good
And yet it couldn't last...
Surrounding creatures scattered wide,
The cheetahs stood alone,
Their victims found some place to hide,
From hearts as cold as stone...

A sudden sense of loneliness
Was all those cheetahs knew,
Like distant clouds God's love can't bless
Amid the sky so blue...
And so the cheetahs changed their ways,
For all the world to see
And from then on, throughout their days,
They cherished company...

Denis Martindale, copyright, February 2014.

The poem is based on the magnificent painting by
Stephen Gayford, nb Google search gayfordgallery.

Find more wildlife poems using Google search
for the search phrase Stephen Gayford poetry.

Denis Martindale

Breaking Cover

The tiger sneaked a private glance
Between the close-knit leaves,
Who knows if there would be, perchance,
Some walking meal that breathes?
There was no scent upon the air,
No dainty morsel near,
The hunger felt he had to bear,
Till made to disappear...

With softly-trodden tootsies stepped,
He paced himself once more,
To face the lonely vigil kept
When hunting was a chore...
Without a drink to calm his nerves,
On tenterhooks he walked,
His tail now twisting with its swerves
As onward still he stalked...

His patience almost at an end,
He heard a creature run
And all his hopes were on the mend,
The hiding part was done...
On breaking cover, he gave chase,
Too soon a meal to gain,
No wonder frowns grew on his face,
Next time, he'd use his brain...

Denis Martindale, copyright, February 2014.

The poem is based on the magnificent painting by
Stephen Gayford, nb Google search gayfordgallery.

Find more wildlife poems using Google search
for the search phrase Stephen Gayford poetry.

Denis Martindale

Late Patrol

The lion left his sweet repose
As evening brought the moon,
His late patrol was now quite close
And he must start it soon...
So up he stood and strolled about,
No airs or graces yet,
But he must end the others' doubt,
So that they would not fret...

Some lions change their moods quite fast
And so he posed a while,
So predators would look aghast
At such a great profile...
Enough to make them pause at least,
Discretion uppermost,
For who would face that awesome beast,
Surviving then to boast?

The lion made his way once more,
Each step with royal might,
So those that watched could not ignore
This king who dared to fight...
No laid-back royal to defeat,
No weakling prone to fail,
This king would be so hard to beat,
He was the alpha male...

Denis Martindale, copyright, February 2014.

The poem is based on the magnificent painting by
Stephen Gayford, nb Google search gayfordgallery.

Find more wildlife poems using Google search
for the search phrase Stephen Gayford poetry.

Denis Martindale

Lonely Mess

Poverty can create the stay at home lifestyle,
yet offers no life and no style.
The television offers the only voice that's sharing
at least something worthwhile.
Fake friendships unless emailing the TV shows
offering them your opinions,
then friendship for a few seconds and no more.
Ever tried sharing your life with strangers or neighbours?
Sometimes it's as easy as pie,
at other times you wanna go home,
just go home and die...

Denis Martindale, copyright, February 2014.

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Jade

Black Panther Jade, so dark, so sleek,
So pristine in the sun,
Of all God's creatures quite unique,
With beauty that can stun...
For there you pause, so calm, serene,
So gentle, lying still,
Just like the Sphinx, revered when seen,
Hushed breath at such a thrill...

You needn't do a single thing
To make me like you now,
For all the wonder that you bring
Means more to me somehow...
Though we're not friends, this day you're named,
Like pussycats at home,
Your beauty grows with you untamed,
Wherever you may roam...

So you stay there and I'll stay here,
Respecting from afar,
With boundaries so crystal clear
That never jade or jar...
I'll paint a picture to recall,
This moment that we met,
Then gently hang it on the wall
So that I'll not forget...

Denis Martindale, copyright, February 2014.

The poem is based on the magnificent painting by
Stephen Gayford, nb Google search gayfordgallery.

Find more wildlife poems using Google search
for the search phrase Stephen Gayford poetry.

Denis Martindale

Original Watercolours

When Stephen Gayford's paintings start,
They're borne of heartfelt love,
Beyond the most expressive art
That he must rise above...
And so begins a gentle course
Till oils are employed,
So watercolours reinforce
The details he's enjoyed...

The finer points are thus portrayed
In all their finery,
As if to pass the highest grade
The human eye can see...
Thus feathers, furs and twinkling eyes
When framed bless any wall,
Enough to take us by surprise,
Now crystal clear to all...

Perhaps that's why we treasure so
The skills of mortal men,
When fine art oils overflow
With truths beyond our ken...
God's grace helps those who paint or draw
With patience that's sublime,
So that we're blessed, yes, even more,
By those who take their time...

Denis Martindale, copyright, February 2014.

The poem is based on magnificent watercolour paintings
by Stephen Gayford, nb Google search gayfordgallery.
These are the beginnings for each major oil painting,
granting a detailed insight into each creature's character.

Find more wildlife poems using Google search
for the search phrase Stephen Gayford poetry.

Denis Martindale

Highway To Heaven!

Behind the scenes where angels fly
Or walk like common man,
Are answers to the questions, 'Why? '
That God has yet to plan...
For angels gather high above,
To mingle in the clouds,
Or sometimes stride this Earth with love,
To mingle with the crowds...

Beyond the dreams and visions sent,
Man sometimes sees much more,
Yet blessings aren't by accident,
Of that you can be sure...
No angel seeks his own reward,
No angel seeks his gain,
He merely seeks to serve the Lord,
So our lives aren't in vain...

That's why such stories still abound,
In films and on TV,
Wherever there were angels found
And they helped you and me...
Each has a highway here on Earth
That leads to Heaven's Throne
And angels help us prove our worth
And prove we're not alone...

If we admire what they do,
Perhaps we, too, are blessed,
Each time we help another through,
Or humbly do our best...
No wings have we, no harps to play,
Yet love dwells in each heart
And if we follow this each day,
God's love will never part...

Denis Martindale, copyright, February 2014.

The poem is based on the Gospel TV series, Highway To Heaven, currently shown on True Entertainment, UK TV, Freeview etc.

GOD.TV website and watch now details can be found on Google. Seek and ye shall find...

Denis Martindale

Shore Line Hunter

Looking somewhat underhanded,
Like bandits planning things,
The black and white falcon landed,
Perchance to rest his wings...
Surveying more than scenery,
Intending on a meal,
Upon the shore beside the sea,
No guilt inside to feel...

For guilt would mean he'd starve, of course
And that would never do,
That's why he stared without remorse
Beneath the sky so blue...
When I observed him all alone,
Binoculars held fast,
I pondered on life's lessons shown
With memories that last...

The strong and weak no friendships share,
The hunter knows his prey,
That's why he pounces without care,
So hunger's kept at bay...
Not all eat berries, fruits or seeds
Or chew green grass like cows,
That's why each hunter truly needs
The prey that God allows...

Denis Martindale, copyright, January 2014.

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Shore Line Hunter'.

Find more wildlife poems using Google search
for the search phrase Stephen Gayford poetry.

Denis Martindale

Just Landed!

The barn owl, brown and white ablaze,
Looked blurred across the sky,
In fact, I couldn't see its face
Till it flew closer by...
But then it was a wondrous sight,
So detailed and so fine,
A miracle of airborne flight,
Made by the Lord's design...

I don't discount it hunts for prey,
Across the skies alone,
Yet have to say, it made my day
With beauty all its own...
With wings outstetched, sometimes to glide,
As if a paper dart,
That spectacle stirred me inside,
It really touched my heart...

Some say that owls are oh so wise,
They're held in high esteem,
Perhaps that's why I gazed through eyes
As if within a dream...
Suffice to say, it landed, then
It lost a little charm,
When it flies soon, I'll smile again,
Serene, tranquil and calm...

Denis Martindale, copyright, January 2014.

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Just Landed'.

Find more wildlife poems using Google search
for the search phrase Stephen Gayford poetry.

Denis Martindale

Woodland Hunter

The woodland hunter sparrow hawk,
Was on the prowl again,
Sometimes to fly, sometimes to walk,
Not knowing where or when...
Perchance to find another meal,
Sustaining life once more,
Because when hunger pains are real,
Such truths none should ignore...

Though it may be a sunny day,
With birdsong on the breeze,
When hunger's felt, it's bound to stay
And grant no life its ease...
While creatures roam the countryside,
Life's battles must persist
And sometimes there's no place to hide,
No chance to co-exist...

So life was all that he could own,
As long as he'd survive,
All hunters bear that heart of stone,
For that's the way they thrive...
No takeaways to fill the void,
No restaurants at all,
No wonder hunters look annoyed,
When hunger comes to call...

Denis Martindale, copyright, January 2014.

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Woodland Hunter'.

Find more wildlife poems using Google search
for the search phrase Stephen Gayford poetry.

Denis Martindale

Blue Tits On Damson Bush

Such tiny birds, such precious things,
Contented side-by-side,
One there with perfect spreadout wings,
As I looked on with pride...
A mini spectacle I'd caught,
Beyond their normal pose,
That left me humbled, deep in thought,
With wonder that still grows...

Like Leonardo watching well,
To study what was seen,
As if a new tale he would tell
With his flying machine!
For flight has always been Man's dream,
Ascending high above,
As if that would seem all supreme,
Like angels full of love...

If not for birds, would Man fly now,
Across this world with hope?
It's thanks to these, so spare a bow,
Because we've spanned the globe...
With Nature's lessons all around,
God proves Himself sublime,
You see, God's wonders still astound,
If we but take the time...

Denis Martindale, copyright, January 2014.

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Blue Tits On Damson Bush'.

Find more wildlife poems using Google search
for the search phrase Stephen Gayford poetry.

Denis Martindale

Great Spotted Woodpecker

Yes, there he was, the livelong day,
Content to peck, peck, peck!
Without complaint, no thought to say,
He'd hurt his poor old neck!
Alone, without a single friend,
To peck like mad as well,
Poor soul, not one to comprehend,
About his private hell...

I looked upon his plight and sighed,
I couldn't help him out!
If I approached, instincts would guide
And then he'd fly about...
So I stood still, accepting this,
That some things must be done,
My company he wouldn't miss,
Despite his lack of fun!

So for a while, I watched him there,
Just pecking wood away,
A little guilty I should stare,
Yet it turned out OK...
He must have felt he'd done his best,
With everything so neat,
As if somehow he'd passed God's test,
With his hard work complete!

Denis Martindale, copyright, January 2014.

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Great Spotted Woodpecker'.

Find more wildlife poems using Google search
for the search phrase Stephen Gayford poetry.

Denis Martindale

Gold Finches With Thistle

Though not as proud as peacocks are,
Each gold finch seems content,
Not like some human superstar,
Some ego to present...
Just nibble, nibble, then move on,
With beaks that chomp and chew,
Until another seed has gone
With nothing left to do...

Gold finches seek the thistle for
The seeds they tweak to eat,
It takes all sorts, yet folks adore
These finches oh so sweet...
Their fancy colours change our mood,
Like clowns or harlequins -
Each finch dressed up to nibble food,
Yet looked on like a prince...

The humble sparrow doesn't mind
The breadcrumbs that we spare,
But thistles are the things to find!
Gold finches want their share...
Though I like creatures great and small,
I must admit it's true,
While I like robins most of all,
Gold finches are liked, too...

Denis Martindale, copyright, January 2014.

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Goldfinches' and yet
the framed print title is 'Gold Finches With Thistle'.

Find more wildlife poems using Google search
for the search phrase Stephen Gayford poetry.

Denis Martindale

Nesting Song

A proud young thrush was singing strong,
The nest had just been made,
So intricate yet all day long
That thrush had none to aid...
Alone to twist each twig in place,
Alone to fret and frown,
But now a smile upon the face,
No longer feeling down...

How many men have gained insights
And built foundations, too
And thus on these they scaled the heights
To see God's point of view?
How many buildings standing now
Did little birds inspire,
Compelling Man to wipe his brow,
Advancing higher and higher?

How many songs were then composed
To celebrate Man's deeds?
God only knows, yet coast to coast,
Man gamely still succeeds...
So spare a thought for toil and strife,
When in a worthy cause,
Because through these, this thing called life,
Grants more than twigs and straws...

Denis Martindale, copyright, January 2014.

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Nesting Song'.

Find more wildlife poems using Google search
for the search phrase Stephen Gayford poetry.

Denis Martindale

Black Headed Gull

An artist came along one day
And saw you as you were,
And you saw him, yet chose to stay,
Like no harm could occur...
So all seemed well, relaxed, at ease,
With you his subject there,
Black headed gull, so full of peace,
Alone, without a care...

The artist sketched the gentle scene,
For canvas later on,
While you observed him, quite serene,
All trace of doubt now gone...
Safe distance, wasn't all you felt,
You sensed nobility,
A fellow creature who had knelt,
Just sketching, fancy free...

God must have smiled at such a sight,
Content at what He saw,
Perhaps it filled Him with delight,
As He knew so much more...
One day, that picture would be framed,
For wildlife prints sublime
And all because this peace you claimed,
In this, your special time...

Denis Martindale, copyright, January 2014.

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Black Headed Gull'.

Find more wildlife poems using Google search
for the search phrase Stephen Gayford poetry.

Denis Martindale

Winter Kingfisher

Kingfisher, tell me, where you go,
When Winter comes for you,
As one surveying all that snow,
No trace of morning dew?
Just bitter cold about your wings,
The chilling sombre breeze,
Such that each twist of it still stings
And seldom grants you peace...

For gone is Summer's sweet refrain,
When joy was everywhere
And you too busy to complain,
Till much too hot to bear...
I bet you miss that heat right now,
Your tootsies so exposed,
Yet to God's will you also bow,
You just survive at most...

I feel your pain, I'm cold as well,
My shoulders find no rest,
Yet you're outside, mid Winter's spell,
I'm sad yet so impressed...
May you survive till Spring melts all
And icicles subside,
For if you do, you can stand tall
And face the world with pride!

Denis Martindale, copyright, January 2014.

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Winter Kingfisher'.

Find more wildlife poems using Google search
for the search phrase Stephen Gayford poetry.

Denis Martindale

Forgiving Is For Giving

Forgiving is so hard to do,
Let's keep it to ourselves
And let's forget each chance to view
God's Bibles on those shelves...
And let's forget the tears we see
When others plead their cause,
Like we've not heard of Calvary
God meant to open doors...

Forgiving is so hard, I know,
No need to grit your teeth,
Just tell such people they should go,
Deserving all their grief...
Then watch them walk away heads bowed,
Because you're in the right,
Why should your pardon be allowed?
Hold back with all your might...

That's what I thought, till God found me,
Forgiving all my sins,
From gruesome guilt He set me free,
As if somehow He wins...
He took my heart and broke it fast,
In seconds, I found peace,
Yes, peace that God has meant to last,
Else why grant me release?

'Forgiving is for giving, son...'
That's what God seemed to say
And once His miracle was done,
Not one could take away...
So now He watches from above,
Will I show pardon, too?
Will I forgive and share God's love,
Let God make all things new?

Or will I stumble like a clown,
Not fit for Kingdom use?
If so, I'll let my Saviour down

Each time that I refuse...
Oh, Lord! I tremble at the thought!
But it's so hard and yet,
Grant strength that I do what I ought,
Teach me not to forget...

Denis Martindale

Swallow Nest

When God created birds on Earth,
The trees to populate,
He knew that they would soon give birth,
New life, as such, create...
Thus swallows make nests here and there,
Some shelter to provide,
Away from hot or chilly air,
Their fragile offspring hide...

That's why, sometimes, Man's homes help out,
As long as Man allows
And doesn't throw his weight about,
As if with furrowed brows...
Just letting go, to some degree,
So swallows come and go
And little ones live peaceably,
Perchance that they might grow...

That's really not a troubling task,
For humble folks to do,
To swallow pride, no need to ask,
Just let such creatures through...
In fact, it's nice to see birds fly,
To see them feed their own...
And only cold hearts would deny,
They must have hearts of stone...

Denis Martindale, copyright, January 2014.

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Swallow Nest'.

Find more wildlife poems using Google search
for the search phrase Stephen Gayford poetry.

Denis Martindale

From Plymouth To Paradise!

From Plymouth to Paradise, Lord!
GOD.TV and beyond!
Revival that can't be ignored,
As lost souls still respond!
With miracles and visions, too,
With dreams and prophecy
Concerning Christ, the Saviour who
Once died on Calvary!

Through Him and what Your love has done
The world will understand,
With faithful hearts that trust Your Son
And all that God has planned...
That nations gain God's blessings still,
His favour day-by-day,
So praises rise above each hill
With all the prayers we pray...

For what is love without God's grace,
His mercies so sublime?
We may not see our Saviour's face
Till Christ returns in time!
Yet while we wait, like angels here,
Let all the saints express
The perfect love that casts out fear,
To share our happiness!

For what is joy if kept within,
That no-one else may know?
Once pardoned, saints escape their sin,
God's blessings overflow!
A mighty river stretches forth,
From Jesus' hands and feet,
From east to west, from south to north,
Its mission to complete!

That's why we know the Lord prepares
His saints for harvest hours,
He lives in every heart that cares,

Bestowing special powers!
That we might know His holy heart,
Like angels near and far,
This brand new year let's make a start,
That proves each saint a star!

Denis Martindale, copyright, January 2014.

GOD.TV website and watch now details can
be found on Google. Seek and ye shall find...

Denis Martindale

For Whom Did Christ Die?

The destiny of Jesus Christ
Was shared in prophecies,
From Genesis, Man realised,
God only grants us peace...
For Adam sinned and Eve sinned, too,
Thus all descendants choose,
So that includes the likes of you,
If Gentiles or if Jews...

And so, throughout Man's walk on Earth,
From birth until old age,
Each soul is proved to lack true worth,
Deserving of God's rage...
Yet here we are, surviving still,
A remnant caught in time,
While God explains His sovereign will,
So perfect and sublime...

God knew that when the Romans came,
The whip and cross brought death,
Yet Jesus died to bear our shame,
Within that final breath...
With John and Mary at His feet,
The closest of them all,
To see that sacrifice complete,
In answer to Man's fall...

So those for whom Christ chose to die,
Were there, both near and far,
A distant Pilate asking, 'Why? '
Each thief who bore a scar...
For kings and priests, for free and slave,
For children yet unborn,
No wonder, Jesus came to save,
Despite the pain and scorn...

The King of Kings, the Lord of Lords,
Good Shepherd, Lamb of God!
Deserving all His rich rewards

Because He shed His Blood...
Yet thinking more of you and I,
The love still meant to share,
Beyond that final day to die,
All worldly sins to bear...

God's harvest soon to be fulfilled,
Its number yet unknown,
Yet every heart is blessed and thrilled,
Salvation's grace to own...
More than Matthew, Mark, Luke, John,
Peter and Timothy,
The names go on and on and on,
For all eternity...

A billion souls still lost, astray,
The battle rages now,
Will they escape God's Judgment Day?
Perhaps... if we tell how...
If not, what can be said of us,
'Well done, you're highly prized! '?
Therefore preach about Lord Jesus!
You've found the Cross of Christ!

Denis Martindale, copyright, January 2014.

You can hear the word of the Lord on the
God TV and Revelation TV channels...
Check Google search results for these...

Denis Martindale

Jesus Of Nazareth!

It came to pass in ancient days when Romans roamed the Earth,
A child was born mid angels' praise proclaiming of His worth!
No mortal child was like this child! His Father was the Lord!
His Mother, Mary, undefiled, virginity assured!
The Virgin Birth as it's been called transformed Man's history!
It left the angels quite enthralled at God's great mystery!
For God's Own Son would save Mankind! Thus Jesus was His Name!
One day He'd heal the deaf, the blind, the dumb of speech and lame!
Think not that babes aren't treasure chests! Each has a part to play!
For they, like sparrows, leave their nests! Then soar and fly away!
Thus Jesus Christ of Nazareth was destined first to preach,
Such that He taught with every breath, intent, lost souls to reach!
Then came the time disciples joined! Yes, seventy and two...
Including Judas who purloined, some shekels to accrue!
He saw the miracles of Christ! He followed like a friend!
Then doubts in him were realised! Such doubts that wouldn't mend!
Thus Judas sold the Son of Man, betraying wondrous love!
Perhaps he saw how death began when Christ was raised above!
Perhaps he looked behind a shroud that kept his face from view!
Perhaps he choked and wept aloud and yet what could he do?
There on the Cross of Christ blood fell... Life's energy was drained...
Until at last Christ said farewell... Atonement fully gained...
The sacrificial lamb was He! Unblemished, without spot!
Behold the King of Calvary! Behold the Son of God!
The crowds departed, homeward bound! Another prophet dead!
Another tomb must yet be found to hide away what bled!
Yet Jesus prophesied of life beyond the grisly grave!
Thus Easter Sunday conquered strife and death no more stood brave!
Behold the risen, conquering Son! Behold death cowers still!
Who is this Saviour who has won according to God's will?
Repent, you demons of the night! Repent, you men of Earth!
Behold the Saviour bathed in light who grants lost souls new birth!
No more will Man have cause to doubt! Now faith will shine as gold!
Christ's love will prove what life's about as miracles unfold!
A mighty army prays each day, God's mercies to implore!
Jesus of Nazareth is 'THE WAY'... Both now and evermore...

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You can hear the word of the Lord on
GOD TV and Revelation TV channels.
Lots of tune-in and watch-now info if you
check Google search results for details.

Denis Martindale

A Story For Everyone!

The Bible pages tell us truths,
Some truths God only knows!
Of wayward kings and wayward youths,
Of faithful friends and foes!
With love the wondrous central theme
Across the centuries,
As God works out His perfect dream,
His Kingdom borne of peace...

God talks to each heart on this Earth,
Through stars that shine above
And blessings that we don't deserve,
Except that God is love...
That's why the sun and rain exist,
That's why each rose can bloom,
That's why we smile when we've been kissed
And then hope to resume...

The flowers reach up to the sky
From where all blessings fall,
While Man looks up and questions, Why?
Until he hears God's call...
And only then can Man find hope,
Enough to read God's Word,
Such that he finds the faith to cope,
When strength alone's absurd...

For what can strength do when death nears?
Delay a little while?
But after that, Man fights his fears,
Not always with a smile...
No wonder, then, that Christ was sad
The day He faced His death
And yet He gave God all He had,
Until His final breath...

The Bible tells us what it cost
To spare us all from Hell,
God's Son once died to save the lost,

With love that's hard to tell...
Some weep when they explain such things!
Some tremble mightily!
How come God let the King of Kings
Die there... on Calvary?

To suffer so, to bleed and bleed,
As if His life in vain...
How then could Jesus Christ succeed
To rise from death again?
Yet God had promised Jesus so,
That's why Lord Jesus died,
Despite the fact that He must go
And there be crucified...

Of all the stories to unfold,
The Bible grants us faith,
The greatest story ever told
God shares, our souls to save!
If we've believed and were baptised!
If we've been born again!
Then we join hands with Jesus Christ
And likewise preach to men...

We tell the stories to ourselves
And to our children read,
By taking Bibles from our shelves,
Our hearts and minds to feed...
And maybe one day we'll support
God's Christian Ministry
And spare some money and some thought
For the Bible Society!

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The Bible Society details can be found
from the Google search engine results...

Denis Martindale

One Hundred Days!

One hundred days of cold, cold, cold!
One hundred nights as well...
Another Winter to unfold
To rid us of this spell...
No snow as yet these eyes have seen,
Yet soon it has to fall...
For nine degrees can intervene
And send in part or all...

The gardens switch from green to white,
The birds compete for bread,
Survival makes them impolite,
It's no good being dead...
And cats and dogs are loathe to leave
Their warm homes far behind,
No wonder that they can't help grieve
When snow's out there to find!

The freezing cars don't always start
Till paths are shovelled clear,
It's all enough to break one's heart
And lose all Christmas cheer!
But that's the way life seems to be,
Cold fingers and cold toes
And sneezes that add misery
To each sore throat and nose...

No poodle dogs have I to stroll
Like in the years gone by,
When bitter Winters took their toll
And caused us all to sigh...
It's just me now, these months to bear,
One hundred days and nights!
With hoodie on and squashed down hair,
The poet that still writes!

Denis Martindale, copyright, January 2014.

Denis Martindale

The Final Year?

The present month has almost gone,
The next month's on its way,
For some, this year's the final year,
To laugh, or cry, or pray...
If they don't know this awesome truth,
There's not much left to say...
But if they do, that's like a gift,
Their thoughts no longer stray.

Yet what to do? What wondrous things?
What factors still apply?
What money's left to spend or save?
What's best they're meant to buy?
Who could they help before they part,
The ones who still ask, Why?
But funerals still cost the earth,
No matter what they'd try...

Perhaps it's just a false alarm,
With Christmas seen again...
No accidents, no twists of fates,
Just setbacks now and then...
Perhaps through prayer they'd still survive,
Not knowing until when,
But life's a gift each day we live,
It's all beyond our ken...

No wonder, then, we waste our time,
Ignoring here and there,
Or drive fast cars, quite recklessly,
As if we didn't care...
What would we do to save our skins,
Our precious lives to spare
And would we truly trust in God,
Meet Jesus in each prayer?

Another year, till time runs out,
The sands of time descend...
To signify the gift God grants

To every foe and friend...
What will you do? What will I do?
Let's choose not to pretend...
The Holy Bible's there to read,
To love and comprehend...

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You can hear the word of the Lord on
GOD TV and Revelation TV channels.
Lots of tune-in and watch-now info if you
check Google search results for details.

Denis Martindale

Heart Gallery

I had a dream the other night,
At first, a door appeared,
Yet, suddenly, to my delight,
It opened when I neared...
So in I walked and looked around,
Inside the gallery,
With all my poems to be found,
Gold-framed for all to see...

More than a thousand frames I saw,
Extravant, no doubt,
A fact that made me feel unsure,
What was this dream about?
With many people reading there,
Some laughing now and then,
Some weeping, too, with some in prayer,
Though these were mostly men...

I asked some people what they thought,
Concerning what I wrote
And one-by-one got each report,
So that I could take note...
It seemed that some were very pleased,
While others merely sighed,
While those that wept felt guilt had ceased,
Through Christ once crucified...

And those that laughed at my ideas,
Still smiled quite joyfully
And thus dispelled my growing fears
About my poetry...
Some wanted copies for their friends
Or wrote quotations down
And since the sharing never ends,
I felt no cause to frown...

When everyone had left and gone,
Lord Jesus stood alone,
He told me straight, to carry on,

Write new things yet unknown...
And when I woke, I wrote some more,
Because He told me to,
The Gospel Truth I can't ignore,
Because it's meant for you...

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Denis Martindale

My Brand New Poem!

The poem knocked upon my door
And waited patiently...
I made it wait a little more
Before I turned the key...
Where have you been? I asked it straight!
Delaying all this time!
I was ready at half-past-eight
With new thoughts yet to rhyme...

The poem entered then sat down,
I put the kettle on...
It's rare a poem wears a frown
With things to dwell upon...
O.K., what's up? There's something wrong!
You poems mostly smile...
Find courage, friend, then you'll be strong,
Don't worry, rest a while...

The poem laid down, drank some tea,
Explaining its delay...
From bad spell checkers had to flee
And come another way...
Bad grammar checkers tried to change
The words that must be penned...
Of course, I found that very strange,
But that was not the end...

Another poem came to fight,
Accusing it of theft!
When proved it was a brand new write,
That poem sighed and left...
And finally, of course, the rain
That England knows too well...
The poem really felt the strain,
Like one who'd been through Hell...

There, there... I said... You rest yourself...
I've one more cake to spare...
You must, relax, restore your health,

You poems must take care...
The poem ate that final cake,
Then it went off to sleep...
And so I let it take a break,
To breathe there, long and deep...

When it woke up, it felt revived,
A smile upon its face
And thankful that it had arrived
And found a peaceful place...
So I wrote down each word it gave,
Each insight it revealed,
Each journey that its truths could pave
For hearts as yet unhealed...

Then it stood up and shook my hand
To leave my home that day,
So glad I chose to understand
Its reasons for delay...
I never knew how hard it was
For poems now and then,
But now I know and all because
Of kindness once again...

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Denis Martindale

The First Two Lines!

Through Jesus Christ, His arms unfurled,
What wonders wait in store!
The first two lines transform the world
Through miracles galore!
The demons scatter left and right,
Diseases melt away,
The darkness blossoms into light,
The children kneel and pray!

Through Jesus Christ, the saints arise,
To overcome defeat!
Each brand day to utilise,
Each challenge thus to meet!
God knows the secrets of our hearts,
Ambitions and desires,
Yet He has love that never parts,
Yet steadfastly inspires!

Through Jesus Christ, the Spirit dwells
Within the saints on Earth!
Such that they're like nobody else,
God's shown them what they're worth!
God's shared a sense of destiny,
He's challenged every one,
To share with God eternity,
Restored through Christ, God's Son!

Through Jesus Christ, this world endures,
Awaiting His return!
A thousand years as He outpours
The lessons Man must learn!
That peace may come, that wars may go,
Pure love, no fear, no dread,
Yes, that's the world we want to grow,
When every child is fed!

Denis Martindale, copyright, January 2014.

Poemhunter's new poems webpages display
the first two lines, so why not make those
first two lines dynamic, powerful, awesome! ?

The poem can be sung to the 8,6,8,6 style
hymn tune, God Rest Ye Merry Gentlemen.

You can hear the word of the Lord on
GOD TV and Revelation TV channels.
Lots of tune-in and watch-now info if you
check Google search results for details.

Denis Martindale

The Jesus Poet!

Yes, I am the Jesus poet!
The herald of the Lord
And each truth, I can but show it,
With rhyming words outpoured...
From Genesis to Christmas Day,
To Easter and beyond,
The Bible has so much to say
And God's Word is His bond...

His promises reveal His plan,
Restoring what was lost,
Through Jesus Christ, the Son of Man,
Who chose to pay the cost...
To pay the price for every sin,
To set the captives free,
To suffer so that He could win
Our hearts at Calvary...

And so a billion souls to save,
That isn't yet enough,
For billions more, the risks are grave,
Until they find God's love...
My words must reach across the globe,
Through poetry like this,
For I must share God's words of hope,
The words that lead to bliss...

For there are joys for evermore,
The angels know this well,
Yes, joys that thrill us to the core,
As yet, too hard to tell...
But those who see the heavenlies,
Return with stories told,
Beyond the sights and scenaries,
Beyond the streets of gold...

And if, perchance, I visit, too,
God granting me to share,
Then I could thus declare to you,

PoemHunter.com

Just like a billionaire!
The priceless truths and secret things,
God's glories shown to me,
If I should meet the King of Kings,
The King of Calvary...

Denis Martindale, copyright, January 2014.

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GOD TV and Revelation TV channels.
Lots of tune-in and watch-now info if you
check Google search results for details.

Denis Martindale

The Perfect Stranger

Invited to an evening meal,
The married woman went,
Not knowing if her host was real
From what she had been sent...
For on the invitation card
His name was Jesus Christ
And to believe it was so hard,
More than she realised...

She thought it was her husband there,
But it was someone new
And yet she stayed, a meal to share
And somehow past hopes grew...
Her doubts began to melt away,
When secrets were revealed,
The kind of secrets one would pray
Could always be concealed...

And so, no more the faiths discussed,
Compared with Bible quotes,
There came a time of total trust
Beyond Man's antidotes...
A time when God explained her youth,
Her joys and pains as well,
Then talked of Heaven, Christian Truth,
Of judgment and of Hell...

By then, she understood much more
Than she had ever known,
That God was worthy to adore,
That He ruled on His Throne...
And while life's sorrows come and go,
Sometimes to break the heart,
God's Spirit helps Mankind to grow
That precious inner part...

So love excels beyond each test,
Each setback she could face,
Towards the wholesome and God's best

And all because of grace...
She could not earn God's total love,
She learnt that was His gift,
Eternal life on Earth, above,
When God has healed the rift...

And thus Lord Jesus told her things
That proved He really was
The Prince of Peace, the King of Kings,
The Lamb upon the Cross...
So she believed, as if reborn,
United in her faith
And gone was every spiteful scorn,
Once Jesus came to save...

And thus at home, new life began,
Her Bible paved the way,
Outlining to her heart God's plan,
Forever and a day...
For God is love through Jesus Christ,
A stranger? That depends...
Perhaps best known by those baptised
Who seek to be Christ's friends...

Denis Martindale, copyright,12th of January 2014.

The poem is based on the Parables film
called The Perfect Stranger as recently
shown on the GOD TV Gospel channel.
Lots of info if visiting Google for details.

Denis Martindale

The Girl With The Big Heart!

With joyful laughs and winsome smiles
And fashions so refined,
She always wears the latest styles,
The very best designed!
She's as pretty as a picture,
A worthy Valentine...
Yes, as soon as I first saw her,
I thought her mighty fine!

For her, a poem's not extreme,
A song or two would suit,
For she's a girl of which men dream,
The sort that's kind and cute...
The wondrous highlight of one's day,
The reason for one's sigh,
The hope that she would come and stay
And never say good-bye...

God bless her now and all the time,
Wherever she may roam,
In hopes that she will stay sublime,
Both near and far from home...
Though pretty girls are close-at-hand,
She stands out from the rest,
Because her heart's so big, it's grand!
That's why I'm most impressed!

Denis Martindale, copyright, January 2014.

Denis Martindale

Steps To Success!

A poodle puppy can't climb stairs,
That's what I chose to teach,
So that some day my wholesome prayers
Would help that puppy reach!
So from the downstair's floor he tried,
But lost hope straight away!
But I told him that hope's supplied
Some day, some day, some day...

So days went by without success,
He looked at me quite sad,
While I looked down with gentleness,
At progress that he'd had...
His tiny legs were stronger so,
Each day we tried again,
Until his eyes were all aglow,
When hope came there and then!

And suddenly, now fully-primed,
With strong legs he began
And gently climbed and climbed and climbed,
Till pretty soon he ran!
He beats me up the stairs with glee!
He scoots downstairs as well!
Now he's such a happy puppy
That everyone can tell!

So while he's learnt a thing or two,
With twinkles in his eyes,
I'll teach him tricks that he can do,
If he agrees and tries...
If not, perhaps another day,
With chocolate treats assured,
So that he'll come, sit down or stay,
With friendship our reward!

Denis Martindale, copyright, January 2014.

Denis Martindale

Jesus Inspires!

God's wondrous kingdom love began
When Jesus Christ was born,
Such that the Father had a plan
To overcome Man's scorn...
From prophecies declared ahead,
The Gospel Truth was known,
That's why the demon legion fled
From Jesus Christ alone...

They knew their kingdom met its match
When Jesus came to town,
Despite what demons plan to hatch,
Their kingdom tumbled down...
Such that Mankind can live anew,
Inspired by God's Son,
Who chose to die for me and you,
So lost souls could be won...

But while the dead were raised to life,
With healings to astound,
The devil-men were planning strife
And Jesus Christ was bound...
Despite the things that some would say,
The Saviour let things be
And even chose to walk that way
To die on Calvary...

By now, Mankind had lost all hope,
They ridiculed God's King,
For how on Earth could Jesus cope
And overcome Death's sting?
But God let Jesus die for us,
Earth's multitudes and more,
That's why today we still discuss,
Still worship and adore...

When Jesus left the Tomb behind,
Disciples understood,
God's grace is what must save Mankind,

Not Mankind being good...
So that not one on Earth may boast,
Save in the Saviour's Blood,
That flows from coast to coast to coast,
To cleanse us like a flood...

Just like believers when baptised,
Receiving Heaven's touch
Because they turned to Jesus Christ
Who loves them oh so much...
Jesus inspires every day,
Through Him, come gifts to all,
If saints stay humble, kneel and pray
And harken to God's call...

Denis Martindale, copyright, January 2014.

You can hear the Word of the Lord on
God TV and on Revelation TV channels,
see tune-in, watch-now details on Google.

Denis Martindale

I Must Save Money!

When life was almost at an end,
The old man looked ahead,
Without a sweetheart, wife, child, friend,
A lonesome life he led...
So all the money that he had
Was counted once again,
Once added up, he felt quite sad,
With bills beyond his ken...

So he sat down, of course and prayed,
Begged favours from the Lord,
Yet nothing came as months delayed
With no sign of reward...
So at his bills he stared and stared,
Then cancelled what he could,
For others, prices were compared
With changes that felt good...

So while he kept the Internet
And phone and TV, too,
Downgrading brought him some regret,
But still he struggled through...
In time, he halved his weekly bills,
By haggling charges down,
Till Winter came with all its chills
And caused that man to frown...

So wrapped in blankets while at home,
Less central heating used,
Less time to leave his house to roam
Sure left him unamused...
No Christmas presents to and fro,
No Christmas tree at all,
Nowhere to go because of snow
And no-one chose to call...

So New Year came, increasing cold,
With three months as before,
Yet far less money now to hold,

Life turned into a chore...
But on he went, from day to day,
By faith and faith alone,
That God would hear him should he pray
And even should he moan...

When Summer came, the old man died,
Nobody gave a damn,
He felt he had been crucified,
A sacrificial lamb...
The Government had crushed his heart,
His dignity they stole,
Yet on the last day, life to part,
They could not steal his soul...

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Denis Martindale

Something Over Herd...

When God's hand was on my shoulder,
I knew it was the Lord,
Who had told me to be bolder,
To be more self-assured...
So paper ready once again,
Now in the Poem Zone!
I boldly reached, picked up my pen
To write the great unknown!

For not all poems have a theme
That's understood at first,
Sometimes I close my eyes and dream
And nothing's been rehearsed!
So there I was, closed eyes, real tight,
No clue I must confess,
Just asking God what I should write
To grant Him happiness...

Then suddenly! I saw a cow!
Then others joined her there,
Then others, too, appeared somehow
And then they said a prayer!
I wrote it down, yes, word for word,
Until it was complete,
Despite the fact this felt absurd,
It sounded very sweet...

They left my dream when monkeys came
And waved their arms about,
To cause alarm was their sole aim,
Because it made cows doubt...
When all prayer stopped, the monkeys laughed,
To think they made things worse!
May God forgive them! They're quite daft!
Like naughty saboteurs!

I printed out what cows had prayed,
Now framed, it's on the wall,
And there it stays, proudly displayed

And seen by one and all...
Friends think I wrote each word, each line,
But would they still approve,
If I declared, 'God sent a sign! '
And told them all the truth! ?

Denis Martindale

The One That Got Her Way

One fine day, he will come along and do all the right stuff,
Write her a poem or a song and thus declare his love...
And she will smile, arms open wide and press her lips to his
And he will cling to her with pride, devoted to that kiss...

One fine day, he will take her out, to give what women want,
Dispelling every single doubt within that restaurant...
Proposing there, upon one knee, with diamond ring to shine -
Oh, darling, will you marry me? Please say you will be mine!

And she will blossom like the rose, with yesses one-by-one,
And so will wither, fade and close, my love when he is done...
My heart will lose its final prayer, its sacred midnight dream,
As wedding plans they fondly share, like fat cats sipping cream...

I know I am not good enough, so I will hold my peace,
Suppress the precious thoughts of love I thought could never cease...
And watch their children join them, too, to bless their happiness,
While I endure, surviving through, my next true love to guess...

PoemHunter.com

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Denis Martindale

The Unworthy Servant Returns!

When the crowd saw him coming near,
They jeered at him, called him good-for-nothing,
Yet he continued in his approach towards them,
Then through them and then past them...

They followed him as if he were their new game,
Taunting him as one they despised,
Played their mind games... yet he walked on,
For he had not returned to please them...

The Master's House showed no remorse,
No portent of love or hate towards this lost soul,
This lonesome wanderer, now devoid of pride,
Here, in his misbegotten rags... a broken man...

They called him The Prodigal, for so he was,
But without the Father's joy, such words were vain,
Suddenly, before entering the Master's house,
He stopped and the crowd laughed out loud...

PoemHunter.com

He gulped back the strain of the ever-present tears,
Gritting his teeth, so as to say nothing,
Yet his silence increased their spite against him,
He lowered his head, overcome with shame...

His face became as red as the blood within,
His tears fell down his cheeks and onto the ground,
Then with the heart breaking, he fell and died
And the crowd were astonished and ashamed...

And the Master heard of it and forgave the man...
Everything he had ever done, all was pardoned,
For had he not repented? Had he not returned?
Had he not served some purpose even in his dying?

And the Master sent out a decree to all wayward souls,
All those with broken hearts who stood alone,
Pleading for each to return home once more,
Before their hearts were broken beyond repair...

And there came a multitude across the years,
All admitting their debt to the man who had died,
For he had softened the heart of the Master,
For what Master would want anyone to suffer so?

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Denis Martindale

Cosmic Creator

Praise the Lord for creating light and the formation of the heavens!
For He, from the vast expanses selected this special space, for Earth:
The Mother Planet... for upon this world was fashioned greatness,
With a myriad of majestic miracles, born in a divine sequence,
Like a configured musical composition, indeed, God's masterpiece!
Behold, a sun and a moon! Yet our sun and our moon!
Designed even before the waters of the world were divided!
Then were the seas stretched out and the mountaintops set...
Once in their appointed places, the stage was therefore complete.
Then came the players in life's rich and passionate pageant.
Behold, the creatures that were granted their times and their seasons:
Out of the earth they peered, each asking, 'Who is our Master? '
Out of the seas they peaked, out of the skies they stared,
For there was no sovereign but the Invisible God,
Yet Man, a little lower than the angels, was destined to rule!
From Eden's soil where no sin soiled or stirred came primeval dust.
God breathed upon that chosen handful of delicate dust to form
Adam's handsome singular soul then Eve's beauteous second soul!
Following the Fall, the Children of God's love brought forth new life,
By uniting half and half, within the woman's wondrous womb,
The pre-destined place for mortal procreation...
Consider the exquisite wisdom of the ages: the challenge of children,
The legacy of the Lord, but, chiefly, above all temporal forms,
The blessing of love, for it is the foundation of all things fruitful!
Indeed, if you have ever loved, or been loved, turn to God, this day,
And, with the sincerity of a satisfied soul, say, 'Thank You! '
God, the Cosmic Creator, envisioned and blessed and magnified love,
This miracle of miracles, this splendour of splendours, this holy joy!
There can be nothing more precious! For what is life without love?
As it is written, 'Wherever God is, love is... for God is love...'

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Find out more about God by watching the GOD TV and
Revelation TV channels. Check Google for details.

Denis Martindale

The Poet As The Creator!

Behold, from out of depths within,
Where rhythms once were born,
Emotions flowing uppermost,
As from one's soul were torn...
And in those mighty moments formed,
Cascading down again,
To cool as moon replaces sun,
Till new life comes and then...

What wonders echo west to east,
From creatures night and day,
For they enjoy their brand new home
And thus they choose to stay,
So offspring join them through the years,
To populate the land,
As if such things were meant to be,
As if God had it planned...

Writing poetry...

PoemHunter.com

An island perhaps created by a rising volcano
Of emotions, hopes and dreams,
But later on, the sea and the air
Bring the seeds of life from all over the world
And all manner of animals, too.

So whatever we create can grow,
Taking on precious life of its own
And thus become more pleasing to others,
Especially if we create with these purposes
Firmly at home within our hearts and minds.

Denis Martindale

I Wrote An Aweful Poem!

I wrote an aweful poem yet
The wind blew it away!
A paperweight I've to get,
TODAY! TODAY! TODAY!

Denis Martindale, copyright, January 2014.

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Best Poem Ever!

The angel of the Lord appeared
With scroll and quill at hand
And then to me he gently neared
To say what God had planned...
He told me straight that I must write
A poem to be blessed,
In fact, he promised me that night,
It was to be the best!

So I began at first to think
Of words that I would share,
Then realised there was no ink,
Just scroll and quill and prayer...
The angel bid me write without,
Then ink would be supplied,
So I dispelled all trace of doubt
And thus I humbly tried...

The ink appeared upon the scroll
As each new word was thought,
To leave my spirit and my soul
As I wrote what I ought...
So I explained the Cross of Christ
With Mother Mary close,
The Lamb of God was sacrificed,
Surrounded by His foes...

The Easter Story said it all,
But now my words brought tears
And on the scroll to spill and fall,
To signify my fears...
For I could not be brave as He,
My Saviour, Lord and King,
The Friend of Sinners died for me
And that meant everything...

The poem finished, tears above,
It vanished from my sight,
God took the symbol of my love

And then the quill took flight...
The angel smiled because he knew
How much the Lord was pleased,
Then said, 'My friend, God loves you, too...
And now with love increased...'

The angel vanished from my home,
Just as I sensed he would,
To leave me thinking of that poem,
That made my heart feel good...
I can't recall each word, each rhyme,
But still throughout the years,
I can't forget that precious time,
The reason for my tears...

Denis Martindale, copyright, January 2014.

You can hear the word of the Lord on the
God TV and Revelation TV channels...
Check Google search results for these...

Denis Martindale

Marilyn, La Boheme

Her life as carefree as her hair,
Two golden waterfalls,
She faces life as with a stare,
As if her eyes were walls...
A precious face, blue eyes, red lips,
Her pink skin soft to touch,
Enough to tingle fingertips
Of those who love her much...

Her life as carefree as her form,
In gossamer array,
That's scarce enough to keep her warm
When moon steals sun away...
Yet there she stands, content to shine,
With beauty all her own
And blessed would be her Valentine,
To whom her love was shown...

Her life as carefree as a flame
That shines eternally,
Sweet Marilyn is but her name,
Yet La Boheme to me...
And all my life I'll call to mind
That awesome smile she bears,
Thus in my soul, my heart, my mind,
Find mention in my prayers...

Her life as carefree as the lace
Upon her dainty neck,
That underlines her state of grace,
That lesser mortals check...
Belle of the ball, talk of the town,
Marilyn, La Boheme,
To me, a model of renown,
A dream within a dream...

Denis Martindale, copyright, January 2014.

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by deviantart painter Raipun called 'La Boheme'.

Denis Martindale

African Princes

The lion king's the alpha male,
The one who rules his pride
And he's the one who mustn't fail,
The one who must preside...
The cubs are princes, still unscarred,
Untested for a while,
Not called upon to play their part,
No wonder they still smile...

But time moves on and cubs will grow,
To roar with all their might,
As if to let their parents know
In time, their future's bright...
So parents watch the young guns more,
Teach hunting skills each day,
Reducing every foolish flaw,
To help them catch their prey...

The lion king's the alpha male,
For now, but not for long,
Perhaps one prince will blaze a trail
And prove he's just as strong...
For princes wait their destiny,
The chance for everything!
Not knowing yet who's meant to be
The future rightful king!

Denis Martindale, copyright, January 2014.

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'African Princes'.

Denis Martindale

Solitude?

The lonesome leopard rose from sleep
And yawned away his dreams,
Because life's vigil he must keep,
From peace to wild extremes...
But now, he lounged upon a rock,
Tail swishing up and down,
With solitude the way to block
His every worldly frown...

So taking in the sun he stayed,
At first, content to rest,
Pretending that he had it made,
That he was somehow blessed...
But kinda lonesome just the same,
His childhood long since gone,
No more with cubs to play a game,
Alone to carry on...

He sighed at how life seemed forlorn,
Forced solitude or what?
A part of him faced it with scorn,
The rest of him did not...
The choice was his, the future here
Or try to find a mate?
He chose the latter without fear...
Who knows? It could be great!

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Island Retreat

The panther walked with cubs close by,
With thirsty thoughts to soothe,
Till then, there'd be that question why
The cubs were on the move...
But parents know ahead of time
The basic facts of life,
A drink of water tastes sublime,
It tends to ease one's strife...

So water was the thought that drove
The panther straight ahead,
Towards a wondrous treasure trove,
That's where the cubs were led...
So that they'd learn of Paradise,
A place to drink and bathe,
A secret shared among the wise,
Their very lives to save...

A precious rock was waiting there,
With water all about,
A tiny island without care,
Where faith dispelled all doubt...
Where panthers rest, their thirst relieved,
Just taking in the day,
As if with brand new hope perceived,
Received and here to stay...

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Leopard's Lair

The leopard roamed from place-to-place,
As if to find his spot,
An awkward look upon his face,
For found it he had not...
He climbed a tree to look around,
To see both near and far,
Then with such insight went to ground
In search of Shangri-La...

To him, this was a noble quest,
Something that must be done,
Search north and south and east and west,
Beneath that golden sun...
And finally, his soul found peace,
His leopard's lair felt close,
His striving spirit found release,
The kind God only knows...

And so with pleasant scenery,
With safety left and right,
A soothing shady spot to see
All creatures day and night...
With shelter, should the rain begin,
With water, steps away,
He'd found a place where he could win,
That really made his day!

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Siberian Shadows

The tiger cubs weren't all that keen
When Winter took its toll,
Recalling Summer months they'd seen
When going for a stroll...
But now white snow had frozen cold,
Dark shadows all around,
To hide life's wonders to behold,
No wonder that they frowned...

When water was their current need,
They still chose to delay,
Cold throats and bellies won't succeed
As if to make their day...
But parents chose to bear such pain,
Their offspring to approve,
Believing life held much to gain,
With future warmth to soothe...

To follow suit and drink as well
Or sit still on the snow?
Despite the fact that time would tell,
The cubs watched water flow...
When fate compelled them to the brink,
The coldest gift to give,
Then one-by-one, each chose to drink,
Another day to live...

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Skyjaguar!

Rainforests come, rainforests go,
If some still have their way,
Yet if replaced, then more would grow,
Forever and a day...
That's why a noble hope persists,
Tomorrow's trees to plant
And each donation thus enlists
Its help when others can't...

Just think of England without trees,
In fifteen years from now,
Such waits the future overseas
If folly would allow...
Yet wisdom strives and wisdom saves,
Both Man and beast live on,
A rescued future path it paves,
Else all best hopes are gone...

So spare a thought, donations, too,
Conserve what could be lost,
Before there's nothing we can do,
Too late to count the cost...
The TV adverts help explain,
Rainforests have their worth,
Because there's so much Man can gain,
Let's rescue Planet Earth!

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale, copyright, January 2014.

The poem is based on the WWF and Sky Digital
charity to save the Rainforest and 1 billion trees.
As explained in their skyjaguar tv adverts about this.

Find more conservation and wildlife poems using
the Google search phrase Stephen Gayford poetry.

Denis Martindale

Silent Approach...

In daylight, like all leopards seen,
This leopard's lost control,
No longer confident and keen
As he was on the whole...
But when a subtle shadow's close,
This leopard merges in,
His mystery then grows and grows,
With much more chance to win...

He's not just playing hide-and-seek,
To him, it's not a game,
He's not some cheetah, fast and sleek,
He needs time taking aim...
If not for silent stealth and guile,
He'd take too long to feed
And so he waits with patient smile,
Determined to succeed...

That's why he's such a blatant beast,
No mercy to forgive,
He's tried his best to say the least,
His cunning's helped him live...
No bow and arrow at his side,
No lance or spear to use,
No conscience serving him as guide,
Just one path he must choose...

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale, copyright, January 2014.

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Silent Approach'.

Find more wildlife poems using Google search
for the search phrase Stephen Gayford poetry.

Denis Martindale

African Queen!

The lofty-looking lioness
Was quite a sight to see,
With feline posture and prowess
She strode with certainty...
She knew the lions looked her way,
For she was mighty fine,
In fact, she really made their day,
They thought she looked divine...

With such an audience as these,
She grinned from ear-to-ear,
You see, young males weren't hard to please,
Whenever she drew near...
A tail swish here, a tail swish there,
A kind look now and then,
So that she looked beyond compare,
That's right, ten out of ten...

She'd learnt a lot from Mum, no doubt,
That sideways glance worked well,
As did that royal walkabout,
That always cast her spell...
Decorum was of course maintained,
But subtle hints were shown,
That's why no lion's yet complained,
For she deserves her throne...

Denis Martindale, copyright, January 2014.

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'African Queen'.

Denis Martindale

African Beauty!

What beauty radiates from her,
That cheetah, eyes aglow,
With dainty, dappled spots on fur,
Like footprints, toe-by-toe...
Steadfast, alert, with regal stare,
Her senses all combined,
So that she's primed and so aware
And utterly refined...

And yet there's more besides than these
That set her quite apart,
Beyond the charms that quickly please
All creatures young at heart...
Consider how she twists and turns
When hunting for her prey,
Increasing skills she's learnt and learns
With every passing day...

What beauty, too, when cubs are raised,
As mother to them all,
Her gently ways so highly praised,
Her wisdom to install...
That cheetah's not just any cat,
She's debonair and sleek,
In fact, she's so much more than that,
She's truly quite unique!

Denis Martindale, copyright, January 2014.

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'African Beauty'.

Denis Martindale

In The Shadows...

The leopard strives to hide away
Somewhere in the shadows,
Yet not always to stalk his prey
Or keep safe from his foes...
Sometimes the shadows grant him peace,
Sometimes his legs need rest,
Sometimes he nestles in the breeze,
That blows from east to west...

The leopard bides his time and schemes,
Till something comes along,
When he no more relies on dreams
To give chase fast and strong...
But till that next meal wanders by,
He's comfy on his own,
Hid well from scorching sun and sky,
Location still unknown...

'Surprise! Surprise! I'm over here! '
That's something he won't tell,
But come the time he must appear,
He's one chance to do well...
Then from the shadows, watch him run!
He's no time left to purr...
His coat as golden as the sun,
He's almost like a blur!

Denis Martindale, copyright, January 2014.

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'In The Shadows'.

Find more wildlife poems using Google search
for the search phrase Stephen Gayford poetry.

Denis Martindale

Proud Father!

The lion and his cub were close,
The father with his son,
Yet for what future, Heaven knows,
The things that would be done...
For now, the cub had much to learn,
The months would turn to years,
Perhaps his legend yet to earn,
If courage conquered fears...

The cub was innocent, of course,
Knew nothing much at all,
Was ignorant of Nature's Laws
And duties yet to call...
So he played catch and snatch the tail
And chewed cubs' ears as well,
As if he were the alpha male
With stories he could tell...

Proud fathers know what young ones think
And let them fool around,
Like their own fathers used to blink
At every sight and sound...
Too soon such childhood pranks must fade,
The years will take these, too,
Till junior stands unafraid,
So strong he frightens YOU!

Denis Martindale, copyright, January 2014.

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Proud Father'.

Find more wildlife poems using Google search
for the search phrase Stephen Gayford poetry.

Denis Martindale

The King!

To some, he's just a lion there
Among the pride he owns
And yet he looks beyond compare,
Like kings upon their thrones...
He rules by strength, maintains by might,
Controls what seems the best
And called upon to stand and fight,
Still proves he beats the rest...

That kind of courage says it all,
Except for scars, of course,
So pardon him if he stands tall,
His legend to enforce...
And pardon him if he decides
The one who's first to eat,
For he's the one who never hides
From those times he competes...

The king's the king, for now, today,
Tomorrow's king, who knows?
But now's it's everything his way
Till losing to his foes...
So pardon me, if I respect
The king who's in his prime,
The alpha male that I suspect
Sighs how kings fall in time...

Denis Martindale, copyright, January 2014.

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'The King'.

Find more wildlife poems using Google search
for the search phrase Stephen Gayford poetry.

Denis Martindale

Forest Shadow

The stalking tiger crunches snow
Beneath his heavy frame,
Still biding time while hungers grow,
For him, life's not a game...
The Summer breezes now feel chilled,
White snow shines everywhere,
Such that his heart's no longer thrilled,
Because he doesn't care...

So hungers drive him on and on,
Relentless, without peace,
Until he's eaten and they're gone,
For some short time to cease...
For him, no easy street to walk,
He takes what he can get,
You see, he has no knife and fork,
No table, dinner set...

So who are we to criticise?
Our meals are cooked and hot!
The shops are where we buy supplies,
So we're not on the spot...
His shadow roams the forest still,
He hunts just to survive,
He hunts this day and always will,
That's how he stays alive...

Denis Martindale, copyright, December 2013.

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Forest Shadow'.

Find more wildlife poems using Google search
for the search phrase Stephen Gayford poetry.

Denis Martindale

Arctic Spirits

Two Arctic wolves as white as snow,
With eyes of black and gold,
Surveyed the landscape to-and-fro,
Amid their world so cold...
Just taking in the sights they saw,
Yet listening all the while,
For not one sign would they ignore,
Their hearts so filled with guile...

The hunt was on, their lives to keep,
For Winter's mercies fade,
For now, it wasn't time to sleep,
Nor time to be afraid...
As long as they had eyes to see
And ears for them to hear,
Each moment was a mystery,
Of things both far and near...

Each rustle could be just the breeze,
Or maybe their next meal,
To nourish them to fight the freeze
That every soul could feel...
Like Arctic spirits, vigils kept,
The two wolves stood their ground,
But woe to anything that crept
That these two wolves had found...

Denis Martindale, copyright, December 2013.

The poem is based on the magnificent
wildlife painting by Stephen Gayford
called Arctic Spirits.

Denis Martindale

Trouble Brewing!

Four smirking lion cubs strolled out
As if the world were theirs,
As if they owned it all, no doubt
And felt like billionaires!
Yet lurking smirking cubs are bold
And while their parents sleep,
Those cubs won't do what they've been told,
As onward still they creep...

The gang was naughty through and through!
They prowled across the land!
They never knew what they would do,
For they'd got nothing planned!
But when they swaggered, things were wild,
Wise creatures ran away!
While cubs looked cute, don't be beguiled,
Their teeth and claws don't play...

There's trouble brewing! Yes, indeed!
Those cubs are a disgrace!
If Mum and Dad don't intercede,
Those cubs will own the place!
Like lion kings, yet lacking sense,
They're naughty so-and-sos...
What happens next, none comprehends,
For now, God only knows!

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Wrinkles!

The elephant looked really rough!
He'd had a long, long day!
With wrinkles only Mums could love,
That's always been the way!
With weary eyes that looked half dead,
With ears that weighed a ton,
With pointed tusks that always led
And overhead, the sun...

But wrinkles really said it all,
They signified his strife,
As troubles drove him up the wall,
Throughout his long, long life!
And yet he wouldn't change a thing,
Life's price he chose to take,
Despite his weary wondering,
Despite his sad heartbreak...

He knew that he'd endured the lot!
He'd lived, survived and thrived!
That's why he didn't give one jot
At how he'd now arrived...
He'd been a son and brother, too,
A father given time...
Despite those wrinkles that you view,
His life has been sublime!

Denis Martindale, copyright, December 2013.

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Wrinkles'.

Find more wildlife poems using Google search
for the search phrase Stephen Gayford poetry.

Denis Martindale

Going Home!

This tiger simply had enough!
His ears were way too cold!
This Winter had been way too tough
And he felt way too old...
Why was his anger fever-pitched
Just like a crazy cub?
His tootsies throbbed! His whiskers twitched!
His back was playing up!

'I'm going home! To Mum and Dad! '
He vowed with all his might!
Reflecting on the things he had,
The Prodigal took flight...
Backtracking homeward off he set,
Towards that Shangri-La,
Towards the joy he'd not forget,
Regardless near or far...

The days passed by, the weeks passed by,
Yet where could home be found
Beneath that awesome pale blue sky
And snow upon the ground?
The months relented, then Spring came,
The tiger's hope returned,
Though not quite home, his home to claim,
The dream that he had earned...

Denis Martindale, copyright, December 2013.

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Going Home'.

Find more wildlife poems using Google search
for the search phrase Stephen Gayford poetry.

Denis Martindale

Laid Back...

The tiger roamed across the snow,
No certain place in mind,
With nowhere special he should go
And no romance to find...
Just plodding on, without remorse,
Just yawning now and then,
Just letting Nature take its course,
While snow was back again...

Of course, he'd seen the snow before
And yet what could he do?
It wasn't something to ignore,
Just something to live through...
So on he plodded till fatigued,
Then all at once he stopped,
When all his senses then agreed,
How suddenly he flopped!

Now laid back there and quite relaxed,
He yawned the longest yawn,
No longer feeling quite so taxed,
Though humbled, not forlorn...
For even tigers know they're beat
By acres all aglow,
That's when, laid back, they stretch their feet,
Serene amid the snow...

Denis Martindale, copyright, December 2013.

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Laid Back'.

Find more wildlife poems using Google search
for the search phrase Stephen Gayford poetry.

Denis Martindale

Roof Of The World!

Towards the wondrous, pale blue sky,
The mountain top to hide,
The snow leopard climbed, way up high,
Upon the mountain side...
Yet such was he, determined still,
Despite the slanted slope,
Regarding it as but a hill,
Would somehow grant him hope...

So one step closer to the peak,
Just one step more to climb,
Towards the goal he chose to seek,
Just one step at a time...
No foolish run perchance to fall,
Just patiently ahead,
As some example to us all,
If we, that fate should dread...

And all at once, the end in sight,
He stood there in a dream,
The scenic view brought such delight,
Magnificent, supreme...
Now breathless at that view so good,
Remaining for a while,
As if like God who understood
And simply had to smile...

Denis Martindale, copyright, December 2013.

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Roof Of The World'.

Find more wildlife poems using Google search
for the search phrase Stephen Gayford poetry.

Denis Martindale

Liberty!

The eagle on the precipice
Stands not afraid to fly,
For instincts taught him of such bliss
Beyond his questions why...
No vast expanse can stir up doubts,
Liberty drives him on
And so he flies beneath the clouds
Till all his strength has gone...

As long as he has eagle eyes
That scan the skies for miles,
The eagle flies and flies and flies
And so the sight beguiles...
Thus humans stare, with envy still,
On lands beneath the sun,
Aware each time they climbed a hill,
They could but walk or run...

Yet every eagle sees the land
Like God from up above,
Because all life by God was planned,
To serve Him well enough...
Our God created freedom's wings
That cross the skies in flight,
As surely as He made all things
That bring our Lord delight...

Denis Martindale, copyright, December 2013.

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Liberty'.

Find more wildlife poems using Google search
for the search phrase Stephen Gayford poetry.

Denis Martindale

My Funeral

I was permitted to see my funeral,
A vision and nothing more,
A few people attending,
A service soon completed...

Then the people left and the birds returned,
The hours passed, the light dimmed,
Night came once again...
Then the darkness...

And the cold night weighed heavy,
Seeming never to end,
Yet morning came and so it went on...
The sun shone, the cold departed...

By the end of the week,
I was a forgotten man,
Just another name removed from time,
Just a legacy of all I ever was...

PoemHunter.com

Prophecy is not yet done with me,
Though a thousand years glide by,
For the spirit is eternal,
With much more to be revealed...

So the vision merely hastened,
All that I ever was, or would yet know,
For a man's known numbered days
Direct his final ways...

So from this day forth,
Remember what I was,
For I am that man no more,
The rules have changed...

A new man is born this day...
The man I was is dead...
It will be the new man only
Who attends the funeral...

Denis Martindale

Quiet Contemplation...

The cheetah checked the local scene,
Not hunting, just aware,
With nothing new to intervene,
His heartbeat steady there...
When sometimes eyelids start to fall,
But sleep's the risk to take,
That's why he sighed, surveying all,
As if still on his break...

He had to pace himself, of course,
He couldn't run all day,
Nor could he go on distant tours
From his homeland to stray...
For now, when peace was all around,
He savoured what he could,
Enjoyed all the calm he found
Because it felt so good...

In contemplation, such as this,
The cheetah was relaxed,
Absorbing minutes of pure bliss,
Not stressed or tensed or taxed...
His nerves were soothed by quiet repose,
The sort so rarely shown,
The kind a cheetah seldom knows
Until he's on his own...

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The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Quiet Contemplation'.

Search poemhunter for Stephen Gayford poetry or try
a search engine for Denis Martindale blogspot poems.

Denis Martindale

My Replacement!

Lord, my replacement's born today,
Laid in his Mother's arms,
That's why my death's not far away,
Less poems and less psalms,
Less verses penned or typed out fast,
Uploaded here and there,
Less poetry, the die's now cast,
Of that I'm well aware...

Yet Heaven waits the likes of me,
One room, that's all I need,
No mansion and no luxury,
Just rhymes to write and read...
For I'll be writing for all time,
Beyond this mortal frame,
My spirit glowing quite sublime,
No call for wealth or fame...

Just sharing thoughts of life and love
That angels may peruse
And smile if such prove good enough,
From all the words to choose...
Or maybe I'll just humbly pray
For poets on this Earth,
That God can guide them day by day
And help them prove their worth...

Perchance to write for decades yet,
As I did from my youth,
To look back now, without regret,
Because I shared God's truth...
Replacements come, replacements go,
My turn's now all but done,
Yet there's one truth I've yet to know,
That's when I meet God's Son...

So don't regret my passing, too,
My work here has to end
And on the day that I leave you,

I'll meet the Sinner's Friend...
The One called Jesus, known as Christ,
The One who died for me...
The One God loved yet sacrificed,
The King of Calvary...

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Denis Martindale

Walter Kitty!

My cat stays safe within my house
From all that snow outside,
Wherein there dwells no single mouse
And that I say with pride!
Yet that darn cat has plans and schemes
Beyond this cold, cold day
And when he sleeps, he sometimes dreams
Of those on which to prey...

I call him Walter Kitty since
He daydreams all the time,
Of thwarting dogs like Rex and Prince
With cheetah speeds sublime...
He wants to be a mountaineer,
Climb taller than a tree
And never to look down with fear,
The best that he can be!

I've seen him stare across the street
With wistful looks so calm,
To watch birds fly and hear them tweet
For they won't come to harm...
They know that Walter Kitty's there,
But he can't do a thing,
They taunt him, make him stop and stare,
They mock him as they sing!

But Walter Kitty knows their game!
He's wise to every ploy!
When he's outside he shows no shame,
Those birdies to annoy!
With eyes as big as goldfish bowls
He glances left and right,
To see each postman as he strolls
Or pizza guys at night...

Yes, Walter's waiting, pausing still,
No catflap yet installed,
Or else he'd climb that yonder hill

Like Everest enthralled!
Or sit upon some car roof while
The passing humans sighed,
To shake his paw and with a smile
Think they were brave they tried...

For Walter can be cruel or kind,
A hero now and then,
Depending on his frame of mind
Or hungry once again!
Cat food can't feed his appetites,
My cat was born to stray..
That's why he scratches, claws and bites
When he goes out to play!

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Denis Martindale

Lazy Days!

Oh, my word, that tiger's lazy!
Has he lost all his powers?
Or perhaps he's just plain crazy?
He hasn't moved for hours!
I know there's snow upon the ground
And there's not much to do,
Yet there he stays like he's snow bound
And hasn't got a clue!

D'you think he's hungry just like me?
Or has he had his fill?
He lays there like he's fancy free
And like he always will...
I've never seen the like before,
No point in taking pics!
He's absolutely quite the bore,
I'm twiddling thumbs for kicks!

Hey, you! Wake up and do something!
Get off your derriere!
Excuse me, pal, for wondering,
But please get up from there!
Oh, Lord, he's really moving fast!
Well, how was I to know?
OK, the time for jokes is past,
We've really got to go!

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A second poem based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Lazy Days'.

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Denis Martindale

Survival Instinct!

White tigers know a thing or two,
Their senses are quite keen,
But then it's knowing what to do,
Stay still, serene or mean?
The adult tiger knew much more
Than that small cub that day
And yet how could each one ignore
When fear won't go away?

The cub had everything to lose,
Perhaps with no way out,
With faith the instinct left to choose
To overcome its doubt...
For adult tigers do their best
When instinct tells them to
And so the cub its fear suppressed,
Believing they'd get through...

The safest place was there and then,
No running off alone
And just like counting upto ten
Helps courage to be shown...
This time, the danger gently past,
This time, to disapppear...
This time, no need to stay downcast,
This time, the coast was clear...

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A second poem based on the magnificent painting
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Denis Martindale

Hidden Danger!

The tiger knew that danger loomed,
This time with no mistake,
Perhaps this day he would be doomed,
His fear was real not fake...
A sense of dread can dull the mind
And then you lose a lot,
You need to run, but then you find
You're transfixed to the spot!

I saw him stand his ground and wait,
He didn't have a clue,
I saw him stare and hesitate,
Afraid to see things through...
I saw his whiskers stand on end,
His eyes move left to right
And yet on this you can depend,
I knew he'd soon take flight!

He shook his head, he strained his ears,
He flared his nostrils so,
But when all courage disappears,
He knew he had to go!
It's rare to see a tiger hide,
Or cower with dismay,
But I'll admit I stood with pride
To see him run away!

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Brotherly Love

Many tigers can get along,
Yet brothers most of all,
Beyond the bond that makes them strong,
Regardless, great or small...
Of all the creatures on this Earth,
That roam both near and far,
Heed well when tigers show their worth,
Each one proves he's a star!
Reach past the tiger's eye and see
Kept hidden there behind,
Enthusiastic harmony,
Valued because it's kind...
In families, where love holds sway,
No harm is borne of hate,
Much joy is brought and shared each day
And there to celebrate...
Rejoicing isn't always shown,
Try smiling every hour,
It's simply good they're not alone,
No need displaying power...
Distinguished fellows side by side
Are safe through self-control,
Love's there to bless each tiger's stride,
Each going for a stroll...

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The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Brotherly Love'.

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Denis Martindale

Barbary Prince

While Summer lends its warmth and light,
The lion swaggers well,
For he was born to fight the fight,
To have a tale to tell...
Sometimes to scatter scars around,
Sometimes to start the feast,
Sometimes to stand and thus astound
Each creature and each beast...

For many cower at his roar,
To cringe yet one more time,
Confronting fear of tooth and claw,
Of one who's in his prime...
For now, he's but a prince and yet
One day he'll rule as king,
Such that he'll be in no-one's debt,
Then he'll have everything...

The sun and moon care not of him,
The stars see nothing new,
Yet he can make the future grim
Before this day is through...
He craves no permit from the rest,
One roar and cowards flee,
One roar and everyone's impressed,
Yes, even folks like me!

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The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Barbary Prince'.

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Denis Martindale

Arctic Glow

Amid the twilight, nestled there,
The lone wolf bides his time,
Upon the snow so cold, so bare,
Yet he looks quite sublime...
Amid the Arctic glow that gleams
And glistens, sparkling bright,
While other creatures close to dreams
Surrender to the night...

Yet he looks on, surveying all,
Regardless of life's trials,
Outliving those that fade and fall,
Surviving through with smiles...
For he stores Summers in his mind,
Recalling how things were,
The seasons life once left behind,
Each but a distant blur...

His wistful eyes still twinkle here
As snowflakes cool his head,
His recollections crystal clear
To soothe his soul instead...
He lives by grace, by sun, by moon,
Blessed by their Arctic glow,
Awaiting Spring that's coming soon,
To see the flowers grow...

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The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Arctic Glow'.

Denis Martindale

Alpha Male

The wolf was well aware of things
That lesser wolves ignored,
For alpha males who lived like kings
Were hardly ever bored...
Too much at stake to let life slide,
Too much as life went on,
For alphas have no place to hide
And no place when they've gone...

So here and now are all they own,
As leaders of the pack
And lonely while they rule the throne,
For there's no turning back...
It's theirs as long as others fall
Beneath their power and might
And so, for now, they've got it all,
Protecting day and night...

It's Nature's way, for strength endures
The heat, the cool, the cold,
With dedication that ensures
Their steadfast grip and hold...
The years may come, the years may go,
Then old age takes its toll,
That's when new legends daily grow,
As new blood takes control...

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The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Alpha Male'.

Denis Martindale

Enter The King!

The lion smoothly sauntered in
With royal poise and grace,
With confidence and winsome grin,
As if he owned the place...
And few were those who disagreed,
His sovereign status there,
Why risk their lives or just to bleed
With scars beyond compare?

He bore no qualms inflicting pain
Against an equal foe
And lesser foes caused him disdain,
For soon they had to go...
To lick their wounds, if still alive,
To curse and rue the day,
That they each chose to stand and strive
Against him, come what may...

Enter the King, His Majesty!
Gangway, he's coming through!
The fool would look him in the eye,
So credit where it's due...
Because the King is oh so large
And your blood he can spill...
Stand clear and let the King take charge,
To feast on what he will...

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The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by wildlife artist Ian Kent called 'Enter The King'.

This is similar in style to paintings by artist
Stephen Gayford nb prints sold on the bid.tv UK
shopping channel in special art evening events.

More Stephen Gayford poems here:
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Denis Martindale

Winter Warmth

The tiger laid upon the snow,
Contented in a way,
For he knew soon that it would go
And bring a warmer day...
From years gone by came sweet recall,
Of how warm warm could be,
Regardless of the snowflakes' fall,
The tiger stayed happy...

With patience still, he licked his arm,
With twinkles in his eyes,
Tranquillity had brought him calm
Instead of morbid sighs...
If only we could match his smile,
When Winter brings its cold,
Content with Christmas thoughts a while,
With gifts as good as gold!

No friend had he, no home to share,
No shelter but his coat,
Yet he had hope beyond compare
To serve as antidote...
No gifts had he, no socks, no shoes,
Yet peace lived in his heart...
This Christmas gift God helps us choose,
For it's the better part...

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The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Winter Warmth'.

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Denis Martindale

Winter Games!

Two tigers roared with utmost glee,
Their Winter games to play,
Alive and simply glad to be,
No matter, come what may...
Their Winter coats kept them quite warm,
While they were so engaged,
Despite their menace and their form,
While acting so enraged!

They switched their bodies to and fro,
To gain the upper hand,
While keeping secrets as they go,
To carry out what's planned...
Yet all in fun, no hatred here,
No vicious streak within,
That's why they didn't show some fear
Or sign that they'd give in!

So on they went, roar after roar
And snarl and sneer and scowl,
While both of them were keeping score,
Beyond each grin and growl...
Then suddenly, their games complete,
They found sweet harmony
And that's something that none can beat,
Like Christmas, naturally!

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The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Winter Games'.

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Denis Martindale

Water Babies!

Two tiger cubs were nudged along
By Mum and Dad behind,
Who never thought the water wrong,
In fact, they thought it kind...
But these two cubs not yet convinced,
Were less impressed to try,
In fact, it could be said they winced
And wanted to stay dry!

Yet in they went, head first and yet,
They surfaced quite relieved,
No longer choosing now to fret,
As if, they, too, believed...
What was this thing, so silver bright
That shone beneath the sun,
That danced around both left and right
And just how was that done?

The tiger cubs could not explain!
They did not have a clue!
But when they found so much to gain,
They swam like tigers do!
The water was then loved instead,
They thought it such a thrill,
With paws outstetched to swim ahead,
They learnt a brand new skill!

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The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Water Babies'.

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Denis Martindale

Their First Lesson

Young lions with their Mother went,
Yet life for them moved on
And adults learnt what this had meant
When childhood days were gone...
Now hunting skills would soon become
The lessons life would teach
And that was why each looked so glum,
Some brand new prey to reach...

Heads pointed forth, grim-faced and yet,
Starvation must be fought,
Regardless of their first regret,
With something newly-caught...
United as they were in this,
Survival was their aim,
It wasn't something borne of bliss,
When they were hunting game...

Mankind has hunted through the years,
From cavemen till today,
With bows and arrows and with spears,
Their hunger to obey...
Yet how else will young lions grow?
What other food to choose?
Hard lessons come, hard lessons go,
Some win, some draw, some lose...

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The poem is based on the magnificent painting
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Denis Martindale

Side By Side

Two cheetah cubs were nestled close,
Eyes looking left and right,
While almost bumping nose to nose,
Just side by side, polite...
Without the playful attitude
That they had shared before,
This was no time to be that rude,
More like the time to snore!

They really hadn't paced at all,
The sun was warm not hot,
No wonder that they chose to fall
And lounge there on the spot...
While humans worked the whole day long,
They sunbathed day by day,
Of course, to them, that wasn't wrong,
It simply was their way...

No future pension scheme to plan,
No tax paid year by year,
No house, no car, no caravan,
No clothes, it would appear!
Just side by side, like most cubs do,
With Mum and Dad nearby...
My word, I really envy you!
Good luck! Good day! Goodbye!

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The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Side By Side'.

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Denis Martindale

Shallow Waters

The tiger plodded in the stream
Though not thrilled to the core,
For things weren't as they used to seem,
Not quite like as before...
The water wasn't quite as wet
And certainly not high,
No wonder that he felt upset,
Quite miffed and puzzling why...

Where did that water run off to?
It just got up and left!
And there he stood, yet what to do
Except to look bereft?
Poor soul! My heart went out to him!
His back still piping hot,
Half-cooked, not wading to the brim
And swimming on the spot...

But he stopped me from swimming, there!
That stream looked mighty fine,
He didn't look like he would share,
Nor I to cross the line...
Before, I, too, my blood could chill,
While asking, 'When? When? When! ? '
I had to watch and wait there till
He waded out again...

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The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Shallow Waters'.

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Denis Martindale

Mysterious!

The cheetah strangely felt aware
That something strange was up,
Yet gone the days he felt despair,
Long since he was a cub...
For as an adult predator,
Each sound new secrets kept,
To help him learn what must occur,
If he stayed still or leapt!

So while a steadfast vigil meant
He must not move as yet,
His diligence would not relent
And neither would he fret...
For he had courage years bestowed
For moments just like these,
Adrenaline just overflowed,
As if his thoughts to tease...

This time, he knew he had to run,
His speed would save the day,
So off he fled, the battle won
When he got clean away...
The hunter that he was survived,
Mysterious and mean
And proved that when his meal arrived,
With none to intervene...

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The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Mysterious'.

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Denis Martindale

Little Prince

The leopard cub was quite petite
And on the little side,
No wonder that he looked so sweet
And gave his parents pride...
His eyes a-twinkling neath the sun
As he lounged here and there,
Yet all the time, their precious one,
Their prince beyond compare!

Their legacy upon this Earth,
Laid on his shoulders now,
As he took years to prove his worth
In all God would allow...
To roam around, then run around,
To pause, reflect, move on,
All through his life meant to astound,
Until his life was gone...

Would he maintain the royal line,
His legacy intact?
Sometime to love his Valentine
With kisses action-packed?
Perchance to grow and make new friends,
No more to be forlorn,
That's still the gamble life extends,
To every leopard born...

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The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Little Prince'.

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Denis Martindale

Deep Water!

The tiger cub had all but grown
And now the world seemed his,
For as a tiger all alone
Deep water proved such bliss...
The days were hot, yet he was warm,
Then went from warm to cool,
So from extremes he could transform
And bend things as a rule...

No wonder, then, a tiger grin
Was firmly on his face,
The second that he waded in
So gently, full of grace...
To see the bubbles near his nose
And silver ripples spread,
The sun reflecting all its glows
Straight up beyond his head...

This is the life, he soon declared,
His tootsies squelching mud,
His whiskers twitching, nostrils flared
And now much cooler blood...
The tricky part was when to leave
This sacred Shangri-La!
His former life on land retrieve
To wander near and far...

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Denis Martindale

Exciting The Writing!

My thoughts and inspirations drive
My pen across the page,
Applying pressure as I strive,
To reach that final stage...
Consumed by contemplations made
That yet conduct my tour,
Till all my dreams are there displayed,
Both now and evermore...

My wondrous words and ready rhymes
Must resonate with style,
Beyond a message of our times
That's meant to raise a smile...
And for this reason, I press on,
Regardless, day or night,
Till every blessing's come and gone,
Till my new poem's right...

But now it's done, no more to share,
So emptiness begins,
A solemn silence fills the air,
My pen no longer spins...
No longer flicks, no longer moves,
No longer swirls about,
No longer comforts, heals or soothes,
No longer casts out doubt...

That's when the poet's heart grows cold,
Though once was sizzling hot,
Because the story has been told,
The poet's on the spot...
Another poem, yes or no?
Or put the kettle on?
In truth, the poet's greatest foe,
Is time not built upon...

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Denis Martindale

Cherish The Choice!

Like each poet, I cherish the infinity of choice,
the tickling to-and-fro sensation of creating ideas,
sifting through unspoken dreams and themes,
fashioning exquisite memories in the minds of others,
regardless of the hours thinking, formulating,
editing into a final compression of expression,
then the caring and the sharing, hoping for a miracle,
that time of collective community celebration!

And could it be, that we, of all the Earth,
were chosen with a divine purpose,
cherished, revered, esteemed and loved,
guided towards the ultimate perfection,
that of infinite expression, beyond this mortal realm?

Are we to become the poets of Paradise,
the future heralds of Heaven?

And if not so, then will we languish with the lost,
doomed for eternity, cast out, despite our devotions?

Let that not be, if grace permits, before our parting,
for if we were blessed, did we not strive to bless,
to care and to share, to pour out pleasures?

And did we not forego the seasons our own lives,
with the passing of our youth, into old age,
still writing and sweetening the pot of life itself?

And did we not forsake temptations great and small,
just to pen a poem, start a story, create a character?
And was that time well spent, all those hours and pages?

If at life's end, judgment falls on those of us,
who sought to save others, what hope for Mankind?
For they sought nothing, not even their own pardon!

Therefore, I pray, that God will cherish the choice,
just as we have cherished each chosen word

and valued the vessel that each brings to bear,
the content of collected words, the flurry of phrases,
the effervescent and fluorescent lava flow
that is the quickening and the awakening
of titanic truths and defiant dreams unfolding,
with visions before our mortal eyes, secrets revealed,
prophetic utterings captured and written down,
whether on parchment or the finest paper at hand,
whether scrawled upon prison walls, held fast,
declaring each displayed dramatic portrayal,
meant to create human emotions leading to responses,
in the dearest hopes for a better world!

Consider us with the most tender compassion,
some of us were meant to outshine the sun,
shame the moon with our brightness and holiness,
yet we fell from grace during our loneliness,
wandered like sheep across the grassless land,
denied still waters of refreshment, alone...

And if there is no merit in such deprivations,
yet God is acclaimed for His mercy, even so,
that is Your choice and may we cherish the choice,
else what purpose may we serve beyond this life,
stretching forth beyond this mortal realm?

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Denis Martindale

Fingers Of Freedom!

One morning, I looked out of the window,
as I let my eyes survey the garden,
to my amazement, I saw a butterfly,
there hanging within a spider's web,
that was supported on the washing line...
I immediately went to the kitchen,
opened the back door, went outside,
I walked up to the butterfly, checked it,
yes, it was still alive, with no spider in sight,
so my fingers surrounded the butterfly,
gently wresting it from the spider's web,
somehow freeing it to live another day...
There it was within my grasp, to choose,
if life or death, but of course, I already knew,
for my hope was to bless and not to curse.

So the butterfly righted itself, its wings safe
and I stood there, watched it fly to freedom,
safe and sound away from the spider and from me...
yet was that butterfly a female with eggs to lay?
Did I save more than one butterfly that day?
Are there thousands of butterflies alive now,
because I chanced to look out my window,
at that exact time in our lives upon this Earth?
And if I had got up an hour earlier, what then?
Would I never have seen that butterfly?
Would I have merely made the coffee?
Would I have merely watched the news on TV?
That chance event has changed my life...
For that was another fateful day I became a hero...
The day I saved another... with the fingers of freedom!

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Denis Martindale

Superlove! By Denis Martindale

Every single time I support charities like Oxfam,

I am Superman, Batman, Spider-Man,

I am the Justice League and the X-Men,

I am the Fantastic Four, I am He-Man, I am Thor.

I am a hero and I'll always be a hero,

While there's that last penny or dime,

While there's my hand opening my wallet,

While I am using my credit card, donating online,

While I am praying for more than my share,

Just so I can share with others in dire need...

PoemHunter.com

I can be a hero when I am Clark Kent, or as Bruce Wayne,

Or as Peter Parker, or even as Denis Martindale.

I don't have to fly through the air,

I don't need a costume or a cape,

I don't need a secret identity!

I only have one superpower, it's all I need,

Because, with this, I can change the world...

It is comprised of three elements,

Just as the Bible says, Faith, hope and love...

And the greatest of these is love...

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Denis Martindale

Alysia

Alysia, while hope burns bright,
Let confidence excel,
You choose to walk within the light,
So that your life goes well...
I sense the time is near to share
And whisper love in every prayer...

Alysia, two lips you own,
Let love transform each kiss,
You are a princess on a throne,
Success is more than this...
I pray God grants you grace to spare
And miracles beyond compare...

Alysia, that is your name,
Like no-one else on Earth,
You shine as strong as any flame,
So never doubt your worth...
I know that love is everywhere
And ever more for one so fair...

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Denis Martindale

Think Big!

Sometimes my poems make me wonder!
Perhaps just an interesting tumbling of words,
like all my doubts being poured into a big bucket,
stirring them all with a big stick,
then peering over the edge,
watching them swirling around,
then suddenly falling in
and swirling around with them, too,
feeling dizzy, wondering what,
if anything is really going on...

How can I compete with all the others?
How will my work prove the test of time?
Is it merely an unpaid pastime, no more?
Or is it priceless to one and all who share?
That's where I bear my share...
That's where they bear their share...
So am I writing just for myself?
Or am I writing for others, too?

PoemHunter.com

I used to have big dreams... huge!
But after a few hundred anthologies
with my poems here and there...
and after creating some websites, too,
I'm now just enjoying the writing,
the editing, the sharing, the caring...
Now, when I go to sleep at night,
I hope to wake up with more poems,
not big dreams, just more poems...
because I can't help, I'm greedy!

Denis Martindale

What, Me, Jealous! ?

I recently wanted to console someone,
who was suffering from jealousy...

Hi, I recently read the poem called Desiderata
which says there will always be those who are
better than yourself. Maybe they go to the
same school and have a natural gift, or have
learnt a new skill quickly, or maybe their brain
works in a totally different way, or they are
stronger, because of their regular exercises...
Whatever their gifts or strengths, they may
inspire others and be greatly loved, or they
become so vain that they are hated instead...

They may not even know we exist, but if
approached, who knows? They may actually
mentor us, provide tricks and tips, get us
motivated beyond ourselves. That's usually
how the US Army and the British Army
gets the raw recruits into shape, till they
form a cohesive unit, one to be proud of.

When I find more fluent-writing poets,
I can gain from each of these writers,
when I find great painters, their work
proves longterm dedication to their art.

Jealousy, to me, is more one of a somewhat
romantic nature, you must know what I mean,
when dating and some other smooth-talking,
fast-walking, flash-dressing guy appears,
just waltzes in, nicks my bird and there she is,
all smiles while he's whisking her off her...

Erm, where was I?

Denis Martindale

God's Highway To Happiness!

Happiness isn't happiness unless it is shared.

It's like having a secret love, then being told,

You must keep it a secret FOREVER!

No, love, like that, couldn't endure alone.

Nor can you smile every single second.

Life isn't one happiness after another...

Happiness isn't simple, but it's not complicated, either.

Christmas is coming! Go bankrupt buying for others!

Will you be happy in January? Completely bankrupt?

Far better to find God's highway to happiness...

PoemHunter.com

I wonder what it is? I wonder where it is?

Are we making God happy? If not, He can't make us happy.

You see? Happiness is nothing unless it is shared...

And who better to share it with than God?

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Denis Martindale

Yeah, Baby, Yeah!

Life serves as a reminder that when I love you,
it doesn't mean that you love me...
and despite what seemed like a good start,
a bad ending is sometimes just around the corner.
That's the risk we take, it's difficult to avoid it,
loves offers all, demands all in return,
a fair exchange being all of me given to you,
all of you in return and together, the totality of us,
united, happy ever after from then on...

And how annoying, how rude, to become
a cast-off, a distant memory, so near and yet so far,
so damned close to what might have been...
To be dismissed from what was once a devoted mind,
cast out from the human heart like yesterday's dreams,
then to learn they are with someone new not you...

But if we find someone new...
how quickly we forget the ex,
bolt the doors on memories once cherished,
move on to the thrills of romance still to be...
So it is that our emotional baggage becomes lighter,
hey, cheer up, 'cos it's a new world with new dreams
and life's for living once again, yeah, baby, yeah!

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Denis Martindale

Beyond A Mother's Love

All these things the good Mother has received
with the tender passing of the seasons and the years,
each granted to be a second blessing to others,
so think of how true love begins in the human heart,
how the mind decides and applies that love everyday...

Love is a heartfelt choice that leads to an action,
the softness in the voice, the tightness of an embrace,
the smile on the face, the twinkling in the eyes,
the pat on the back, the quick kiss on the lips,
the nurturing spirit, the regular saying of prayers,
the holding of hands and the letting go of hands,
the birthday treat, the wrapped-up Christmas gift,
the great expectations, the words of comfort or praise,
the putting on of shoes, the taking off of shoes,
the washing of feet and constant humility hour-by-hour...

Without love, a family falls, spirits dwindle,
hopes melt away each midnight hour,
dreams change, fears freeze, burdens linger,
friendships become distant memories,
food doesn't taste as good, the days feel longer...

In truth, love lives in the here and now,
plans ahead, fights the trials and tribulations,
strives to overcome, seeks godly grace,
finds unmerited favour of the Lord, lets God in...
else all remains outside His sovereign will,
His wondrous purposes for each eternal soul...

Without a Mother's love, the world changes,
so how much is that change going to be
without our Father, who art in Heaven?
FAMILY... what does that mean to God?
Father And Mother, I Love You...
If only that were so for one and all...

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Denis Martindale

Moonstruck Mankind!

The moon stays constant in the sky,
Reflecting sunshine here,
As little children ask God why
The moonbeams seem so clear...
And lovers hold each other's hands,
God's moon still granting light,
That few on Earth still understands
Why that moon shines each night...

Yet there it flies, full speed ahead,
Surrounded by God's stars,
His centrepiece that's good as dead,
Yet still remains first class...
Because it serves without complaint,
An orphan, all alone,
No golden rings so it looks quaint,
Like Saturn, so well-known....

A faithful servant, if you will,
The moon brings weight to bear,
Controlling all the tides that spill
And rise again elsewhere...
Such that the awesome oceans move
According to its might,
So it has nothing left to prove,
It merely does what's right...

Some say men walked upon the moon,
Some say that was a lie,
I'm staying here, not going soon,
Like all flesh, meant to die...
Yet that old moon, though dead, endures,
Without the air to breathe,
To glide around on distant tours,
Yet Earth it must not leave...

It's found a home, this world to share,
Companions on the way,
Around the sun, its heat, its glare,

Millenia to stay...
A thousand years will come and go,
The moon defies them all,
Because the Lord declares it so,
Our moon's not meant to fall...

Behold the moon through telescopes,
Behold its battered frame,
Behold the emblem of Man's hopes,
Still shining all the same...
It represents a childlike faith,
Enduring time and space,
Accepting all the strength God gave,
A symbol of God's grace...

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Denis Martindale

Words And Wordsmiths

If, as poets, we set the words free,
it's only because we captured them first,
dragged them from dictionaries,
sploshed them ink-wise upon each page,
let them dry there unhindered,
let them nestle into the porous surface,
then continued, leaving them unedited...

We control their worldwide presence,
we conduct the final orchestration,
set in motion each and every emotion,
utilise all our memories for one purpose,
to create something new and noteworthy,
else why bother in the now and next attempt?

If, as wordsmiths, we set the words in place,
then we can remove or move each word around,
change its location, reposition, lock it down,
we can punctuate, form phrases, manipulate,
fashion themes from dreams half dreamt,
switch present thoughts like changing trains,
swoop down upon one word, spell it differently,
create consistency, or let it meander to-and-fro,
or let it sprinkle itself like winsome fairy dust...

For if we, as masters, set words as slaves,
making them do our bidding, obey our wants,
then we, as writers, will bear responsibilities,
beyond the here and now, for all eternity...
such is the destiny of our dedication, our art,
that each heart must reflect on words writ,
shared in the fulness of time, released, forever...

And if there be some reward that God apportions,
then stand up straight, ready to reach forward,
to hold each crown, each laurel of one's glory
and should these be all, then hold fast to these,
yet if you, meeting strangers in that yonder Paradise,
become blessed for all your pure and precious prose,

their words will be both fair and true, without guile,
enough to make you smile each time you cared...

So it is written, so it shall be done...

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Denis Martindale

Please, Write Something!

Write something that touches your heart,
Then share it and touch another heart,
That heart can share it with another heart
And that's just a part of the start...
How wonderful if it's a precious love poem,
Meant to inspire millions every single day,
Something nice and simple to memorise,
Or so profound it becomes unforgettable...
And if it should challenge some lonesome soul,
To stand up and stand tall and face life anew,
Then that's how poetry should serve humanity,
Not always with a winsome twinkle in the eye,
Not always with a playful and cheeky grin,
But always meant to touch the human heart,
To nurture all the wonders that ever were,
To grant them a refreshment once again,
Something delicate or fine, brilliant or bold,
Something that's thought special, good as gold...
Yes, something that's thought special... good as gold...

PoemHunter.com

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Denis Martindale

The Stirring Of The Stars

They display the vastness of space,
they create a dark dynamic tapestry,
they sparkle like a baby's eyes,
they shine like distant pearls,
they shoot across the midnight sky,
they declare God's secrets anew...
they help two lovers sigh again,
those three words, 'I LOVE YOU! '

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Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

I Want To Change The World!

Everyone who wants to change the world has already done it,
just by wanting to, because that's the first step we must make
on our journey to joy, and without that first step, what next?
But once that first step has been taken, the second soon follows,
for the body's balance has changed, it's still leaning forward,
it's still in motion, with the body obedient to the mind,
with all the evidence of the heart's desire to complete its quest!
Yes, there will be setbacks and maybe we'll crawl along,
when once we were strong and so full of hope for Mankind,
but the years take their toll, so we must prepare ourselves,
make ourselves ready, even for this, even if we must crawl...
No need to be ashamed of crawling along if helping others,
so why foster any doubts at this stage, when things look bad?
Many a hero has humbled himself to rescue another soul,
forcing himself beyond his doubts and fears, towards victory,
valiant in spite of all to the contrary, steadfast, determined,
yet what better way to change the world than by love?
I can't think of any better way than by love... can you?

PoemHunter.com

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Denis Martindale

The Dynamite Poem!

I want to write a dynamite poem,
one that'll blow their brains out,
one that'll leave them open-mouthed,
not breathing in, not breathing out,
just suspended in time, utterly phased...
Yeah, I want to write a dynamite poem,
one that'll send ripples across the world,
one that'll be read by the next generation,
compelling them to sit up and take notice,
like they were forcibly positioned that way.
Just one little, brand new, dynamite poem,
one that'll make all poets green with envy,
one that'll make them want to write better,
something really, ever so powerful... yeah...
Something that'll be read out loud in Heaven,
God listening intently, angels' wings slumped,
with heads nodding in vigorous agreement,
with halleluyahs and hosannas following...
Lord! Just one dynamite poem, that'll do me...
yeah, I'm not greedy, that'll do me just fine...

PoemHunter.com

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Denis Martindale

Soft Kitty, Warm Kitty!

Each kitty's just a ball of fluff,
A teeny-weeny form
And not what you'd first think as tough
And yet it's soft and warm...
And should you hold that kitty near
And look into its eyes,
A sudden thrill will then appear
Before you realise!

That little one looks up to you,
Sees smiles like none before
And though it hasn't got a clue,
Those smiles it can't ignore...
For those with twinkling eyes and smiles
Look kindly once again,
A combination that beguiles,
That's meant to, now and then...

And if your love grows constant, friend,
Your kitty friend's the same,
Thus on your kindness can depend
Each time it hears its name...
To play with rolled-up balls of string,
To chase a torchlight's beam,
Plum-tuckered out from everything,
To pause its paws and dream...

And should it purr with teeny purrs,
You have to hold it close,
It cuddles up when that occurs
And often licks your nose!
It's just its way, but that's enough,
I know it's all it's got,
Each kitty friend's born full of love
And yet it gives the lot!

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Denis Martindale

Camilla The Camel!

Yesterday I bought a camel
And I paid through the nose
And although she's one large mammal,
It's true, her dribble flows...
I hadn't seen her face close-to,
Was told she's known to spit,
So with my camera zoom to view,
I sighed, confirming it!

I couldn't get a refund back,
The seller scarpered fast,
So there I stood, things looking black,
To see his jeep fly past...
I heard him laughing, cash-in-hand,
Content that he'd conned me,
For what I'd bought then couldn't stand
Upon her wonky knee!

Camilla the camel laid down,
Determined not to move,
She looked at me with such a frown,
With nothing left to prove...
I looked at her, then asked the Lord,
For patience by the ton,
Camilla looked at me quite bored,
So nothing could be done...

But then a stranger came along,
Saw us and understood,
Then bought Camilla for a song,
Yeah, he conned me real good...
For from a distance I observed,
Thanks to my camera zoom
And thus the truth I had unearthed,
Which filled my heart with gloom...

Camilla soon stood up again!
Pretending all the while!
Did I imagine it just then?

I swear I saw her smile!
Camilla looked quite spritely now,
No limp, no pain at all...
Camilla, you should take a bow,
At least a curtain call...

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Denis Martindale

To Me, You'Re Like A Poem!

Yes,2 me, you're like A poem,
With question marks 4 Is,
U change your mood upon A whim
B4 U realise...

With exclamation marks 4 ears,
Your cheeks like lines R read,
Each little o creates your tears,
Full stops F words aren't Z...

N pauses when your fibbing starts
N underlines 4 frowns,
N crosses when you've crossed your hearts
F I find out N pounce!

N lots F Ys 4 whys I ask
Each time I stay with U...
4 giving can B quite A task,
But what M I 2 do?

PoemHunter.com

Yes,2 me, you're like A poem,
Your words sound so sincere,
But U act just like A pilgrim,
Like you're not staying here...

So move along, B on your way,
Let me find some-1 new,
U might as well push off 2day,
M now A-verse 2 U!

Denis Martindale

I Really Remember!

I remember weeping when my Grandpa died,
I remember weeping when my Grandma died,
I remember weeping when my Uncle died,
I remember weeping when my Auntie died,
I remember weeping when my Cousin died,
I remember weeping when my Nephew died,
I remember weeping when my Neice died,
I remember weeping when my Father died,
I remember weeping when my Mother died,
I remember weeping when my Sister died,
I remember weeping when my Brother died,
I remember weeping when my Sweetheart died,
I remember weeping when my Wife died,
I remember weeping when my Son died,
I remember weeping when my Daughter died,
I remember weeping when my Friend died,
I remember weeping when my Enemy died,
I remember weeping when my Neighbour died,
I remember weeping when my M.P. died,
I remember weeping when my Pop Idol died,
I remember weeping when my Innocence died,
I remember weeping when my Optimism died,
I remember weeping when my Freedom died,
I remember weeping when my Courage died,
I remember weeping when my Humour died,
I remember weeping when my Future died...
I... remember... weeping... yes... every... time... I... cried...

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Denis Martindale

Spell Check, Please!

God, Im glad that Im a poet,
So I can serve your plan,
Sins I wand the world to know it...
Ill do the best I can.
Ill write me little poems down
So publishers can read
Then publish poems town to town
Your Gospel grace to heed...

Ill write a sonnet now and then,
Romances Ill write too
And evry time Ill prove again
The good that I can do...
Through out the Wholly Bible sift
Describing joy or tears,
Ill make you proud you gave this gift,
Ill write for years and years...

It must be grate to write as good
And bless folks here and there
And help them prey the prayers they should
To show they reely care...
So thats what I propose to try
No matter whats the cost,
Ill write until the day I die
To help you save the lost...

My word, Im quite excited, Lord,
To think its me you chose
And both my Mum and Dad ignored,
Just me to write some prose...
I know Im just a nobody
And folks are bound to dout...
But thats the truth, its upto me,
Just me, so help me out!

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Denis Martindale

Don'T Tell Us, Tell Him!

We've heard her say that she's in love,
Or that she thinks she is,
Of course, that isn't near enough
For two hearts to find bliss...
The boy-in-question doesn't know,
He hasn't got a clue,
But all she has to do is go
And blurt out, 'I love you! '

It's true, she's shy, she's always been,
But that's a poor excuse,
Especially if, when you're quite keen,
On someone you could choose...
To get to know that special one,
That's what life's all about,
It's finding facts that's half the fun,
But she can't sort things out!

We tell her straight, to take a chance,
That first step's not so hard,
It's like the first step of a dance,
One foot and not a yard...
So why can't she and why won't she
Admit and not employ
The lovesick words of poetry
And simply TELL THE BOY!

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

The First And The Best!

It's our poetry that reminds us that we don't
actually walk around talking in such
eloquent and descriptive language as this.

We are quite flippant in everyday speech,
but it's in using our best writing skills
that we deliberately pick and choose
from our vocabulary to full advantage.

So it permeates the style, the presentation,
the quintessential heart of our emotions
and the blessings of all our senses brought to bear.

It's as if we're savouring every single second,
because we feel fully alive, and that, of course,
is just because we're falling in love, as if this were,
the first and the best time of them all...

Falling in love is sometimes Autumn-atic...
yet whatever the season that love is born again,
we should embrace it with the deepest affection,
show we're truly thankful, every time, because,
in case you didn't know it, or have forgotten,
love is truly lovely... any time of the year...

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Writing Something Of Substance!

When I sat down the other day,
I heard a gentle sigh,
As if my heart felt far away,
Not here inside, close-by...
What was I meant this time to tell?
What was I meant to try?
The writing hadn't gone so well,
I paused to ask God why?

The pen and paper close-at-hand,
I hoped to start once more,
Something of substance God had planned
That I must not ignore...
And so, inside, a new flame burned,
As hope began to soar,
Towards new treasures I returned,
God's words began to pour...

I wrote of Jesus crucified,
The scars upon His skin,
The last day that He lived then died,
My shameful soul to win...
Accepting pains that few could bear,
God's Son dare not give in,
Yet paused to intercede with prayer,
Forgiving all their sin...

I wrote of Mary and of John,
Companions to the end,
Until Christ's life had come and gone,
To hardly comprehend...
The Lord was who He said He was,
Behold the Sinner's Friend,
Who bled upon that blood-stained Cross,
My broken heart to mend...

Yet I held back that trail of tears,
That I was loathe to weep,
Because I knew, despite my fears,

God's Son would rise from sleep...
To walk again, to talk again,
From that dark tomb so deep,
Victorious, beyond our ken,
His character to keep...

That's when the poem stopped for me,
Christ risen from the dead,
The King who conquered Calvary,
Who lived although He bled...
The Lamb of God who did it all,
The day His Blood was shed...
Who at His feet, the angels fall,
Of whom this poem's read...

Denis Martindale, copyright, November 2013.

This poem is about the Gospel poem I wrote
this week called The Mother Of Our Lord...

Several of my Gospel poems have been
read out on Revelation TV and I often
write about the programmes and topics on
this Christian TV channel thanks to the
receiving of their monthly RTIMES newsletters.

You can hear the word of the Lord each day on
Revelation TV on Sky, Freesat or Freeview HD, or
the Roku set top box or Revelation TV online.

You can search my poems for Revelation TV
programmes and topics, using keywords
like Jesus, God, Holy Spirit, Church, baptism
and revelation tv or revelationtv.

Denis Martindale

The Hello Poetry Computer

There came a time when poems were
The apple of my eye,
Such that I'd often felt the spur
To write and let words fly...
I used some software to create
A search for rhymes to choose
And thankfully it turned out great,
With wondrous words to use...

So pretty soon my lexicon
Was helping me out fine,
Each thought and theme to dream upon,
Completing every line...
Explaining brand new words to me
I'd never known before
And that sure blessed my poetry,
No longer quite the chore...

For I could spend at least an hour,
Just choosing what to write
And that could mean that I'd lose power,
Especially late at night...
Unfinished poems thus complete,
Transformed beyond all doubt,
With magic muse that none could beat,
So no more need to pout...

At last the poems served my need,
With publications, too,
Anthologies helped me succeed
To share my point of view...
Computers can be wondrous things,
With fonts that bless the heart,
They help reduce our ponderings,
They help inspire art...

I wish I'd had one years ago,
Typewriters drove me mad,
But now I'm writing in full flow

And keyboards make me glad...
Just save your work and do your best,
Choose rhymes that fit your style,
It's worth the time that you invest,
It's worth each tear and smile...

If you speed up your poetry
And yet maintain your flair,
You'll get more rest from half-past-three,
More beauty sleep to share...
Each valued verse begins with you,
Yet needn't take all night,
A PC cuts the work in two,
Till you switch off the light!

Denis Martindale, copyright, November 2013.

Denis Martindale

The Mother Of Our Lord

When Mary heard her son was caught
And put to trial that night,
Her fears began for Christ our Lord,
Yet faith kept hope in sight...
And thus she waited what would be,
Full pardon or the Cross,
His freedom gained, or Calvary,
Salvation, life or loss?

From place-to-place, the crowd began,
To move with tensions raised,
Yet who could save the Son of Man,
The King that they had praised?
No army stood nearby to spare
The punches or the whip,
It was as if not one could care,
As Blood commenced to drip...

So Jesus walked the final mile
Beneath a wooden stake,
To suffer every demon's guile,
To die for righteous sake...
With fashioned nails till hoisted high,
To fill the crowd with dread,
Who knew that Romans crucify
Until a man's proved dead...

And that was where His Mother stood,
With heart as cold as stone,
Numbed at her Son, whose heart was good,
The greatest love she'd known...
Because this all was prophesied,
God's will foretold and yet,
She looked on Christ, soul mortified,
Aghast, filled with regret...

But still she stayed, enduring all,
Wept sore, with aching throat
And heard His critics' words so cruel,

Determined yet to gloat...
Christ passed His Mother to friend John,
Disciple through and through,
Because Christ knew when life was gone,
No greater man would do...

And then Christ offered all He had!
Jesus of Nazareth!
Behold the Man! Let souls be sad!
Behold His dying breath...
And Mary's heart gave out that day,
Slumbed in John's arms so strong,
Who prayed her pain would melt away,
To somehow right this wrong...

For neither had the faith to trust,
That Christ had paid sin's price,
But simply thought He'd fade to dust,
Like prophets, once so wise...
How could their mortal hearts accept
The evidence they'd seen?
If Christ, like others who had slept,
Had suffered nails so mean?

Yet God had promised Jesus Christ
His Resurrection Day,
The Lamb of God who was baptised,
Would have the final say!
Thus Pentecost revealed God's will,
Salvation in Christ's Name...
Because Christ died upon that hill,
This world's no more the same...

Denis Martindale, copyright, November 2013.

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Denis Martindale

Christian Chamber

Four chambered-hearts that beat with love
As saints when born again,
By faith with prayers that rise above,
Beyond all mortal ken,
I challenge you, be witness to
God's awesome faithfulness,
Proclaiming His world point-of-view
And miracles that bless...

For what's faith's point without reward
And answers to our prayers,
If not in praise of Christ our Lord,
Who for Mankind still cares?
We know He's risen from the dead
For witnesses agree
That love beyond the Blood He shed
Lives for eternity...

And while we live and breathe on Earth,
His Name forever praised,
We merely stay to state His worth,
So everyone's amazed!
And blessed are those who persevere,
Beyond these present trials,
For Heaven's holy light shines clear,
Enough to grant us smiles...

That's why our faith still warms our hearts,
When others' faith grows cold,
You see, true faith's not stops and starts,
It shines as good as gold!
So grow in faith, while there's still time,
Be bold and steadfast still...
You see, God's love remains sublime
To saints who serve His will...

Denis Martindale

My Medieval Maiden

Her soul is filled up to the brim
With sadness, so bereft,
Quite deep in thoughts that are of him,
As God's Crusaders left...
Oblivious to all events,
She lays without a sound,
In finest gossamer garments,
With twilight all around...

I gaze upon the lass I love,
Yet she does not love me,
But I must choose to rise above,
To set her spirit free...
Her winsome face must smile again,
Or else my heart would break,
God grant me strength to help and then
Please heal her lonesome ache...

Before this night comes to a close,
I vow to prove her friend,
To help her blossom like a rose
That has not met its end...
While there is faith and hope and love,
God let my maiden smile,
For she is gentle as a dove
And makes my life worthwhile...

Though she still loves another heart,
Crusaders chose to leave
And her despair tears me apart,
Such that I, too, would grieve...
Lord, grant some miracle this night,
With no more tears to weep,
God grant her smiles of pure delight,
Then let my maiden sleep...

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Denis Martindale

Hello, Poetry!

I saw the poetry walking towards my house,
Then straight up to my door,
I got down the stairs in time,
I let the poetry in and I offered some coffee...
After the coffee, the poetry explained,
So I got the pen and the paper,
Started taking as many notes as I could...

The poem certainly was a tricky theme,
But the poetry had every faith in me,
Told me to give it a go, see what I could do...

Then the poetry stood up, shook me by the hand,
Yet there I stood, knowing another visit was soon,
So once the poetry had left, I sat down again...

Loads of ideas fluttered in my brain,
Like a host of butterflies swirling inside,
Then they settled and stayed completely calm,
So at last, I could think and make a start...

I was puzzled as to how to present the tale,
This was neither funny or serious in nature,
Just a basic account with what happened next details,
Something was missing, a jigsaw piece,
A spasm of inspiration bringing things together...

I tried three times to get the poem to say something,
To have some purpose, some measure of worth,
But nothing happened that proved helpful...

So I read my notes again... and yet again...
And there it was, just one word that wasn't clear,
Yet once corrected, the poem came to life...
The early attempts torn up, no longer needed,
But starting over was the turning point,
The greatest blessing that I had felt so far...

That one word made sense of the experience,

Rekindling the writing skills once more...
So from then on, the rhyming lines flowed,
Smooth as silk, gentle, tranquillity personified...

It was done, checked, checked and checked again,
Saved, kept safe, then another printed copy made,
Created to appear in a fancy calligraphy style,
Framed especially for when the poetry returned...

The next day came and the poetry was back,
So after some coffee, I presented the framed poem,
So the poetry read the words slowly...
The poetry stood up, embraced me, thanked me,
Then left my house with the framed poem...

Didn't even pay for the poem or the frame...
And even to this day I've learnt,
The poetry never does...

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Denis Martindale

The King Of Glory!

Surely it shall come to pass
That those who pray shall be heard,
For I am not deaf to those I love,
Whose names are known to Me.
Nor am I forgetful of the cries of My people,
As someone filled with regrets,
For have I not seen the beginning
And have I not seen the end?

What manner of God can you imagine?
You cannot count the suns, the moons, the stars,
Nor create life from something that is nothing,
Nor fashion power from the barren void,
Nor are the secrets of Heaven held in your hearts,
For you are the mortals of My creation,
You are born, you live for a season, then you die,
Too soon to grasp the details of your own lives...

You whisper and think I cannot hear you?
I am closer than your lips and the air you breathe,
For I am the eternal spirit, the wisdom, the power,
The guiding hand upon the changing Cosmos,
The celestial Heaven is Mine and who can find it?

I see you, by day and by night, knowing you,
Knowing you in your entirety, your essence,
Aware of decisions borne of wisdom or hope,
Compassionate concerning each degree of tragedy,
Welcoming the birth of trust that is yet to grow...

Made from dust, with dust as a future closing,
Yet seeking to know Me is your greatest blessing,
Not the asking of the blessings that come and go,
The spiritual gifts that teach you day-by-day,
Not the direction along the path of destiny,
That only you may receive, if serving Me...

Service is merely the journey, the passing of time,
But love is our companionship till you come home,

Then I will hold you as one who is dearly loved,
Call you Mine, bestow a robe of righteousness,
A crown of glory and a precious newness of life...

Did you think your mortal life was all there was?
The good times, the bad times, those in-between?
Love is merely a child's toy compared to My love,
For I have loved you before your existence,
Seeing you from afar, drawing close, smiling,
Then waiting for the faith to blossom like a rose,
Yet no simple rose that comes and goes,
You are worth so much more than pretty petals...

Think on these things, for tragedies are not the end,
Beyond the tears is the gracious gift of peace,
Surpassing present troubles, darkness and lies,
For peace has been My servant, obedient and true
And so it is My first gift, My first gift to you...
Therefore, be comforted by the King of glory,
For My light is strong, steadfast and eternal,
As is My love...

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Denis Martindale

The Lovesick Fool!

While poets come and poets go
And faithless lovers, too,
There yet abides this truth I know,
This poet's heart loves you...
And if I could seek one blessing
To fit into that scheme,
Then it's you, I'm now confessing,
To be that wish, that dream...

While hope exists, today at least,
What use unless it grows,
So that by faith it has increased,
To blossom like the rose?
Yet that, my love's just yours to grant,
Not mine and mine alone,
Because this lovesick fool still can't
Convince you on my own...

Like others, who once loved before,
I risk all things on love
And though I strive to know for sure,
I'll give you space enough...
Not press advantage borne of wiles,
Nor gifts your heart to buy...
Yet know this, princess, full of smiles,
I'll love you till I die...

And if that isn't your desire,
Then marry someone else,
In finery and best attire,
Blessed by those wedding bells...
But as for me, I'll never wed,
Because this love's so true,
Without your love, I'll stay instead,
This lovesick fool for you...

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Denis Martindale

The Fifth Of November!

Yeah, finally, the fifth is here!
November, back once more!
When dazzling fireworks appear
To cause their great furore!
When Dad's take charge as children stand,
Eyes popping in their heads,
As rockets rise above the land
Displaying blues and reds!

With Catherine wheels that swirl and fizz
And sparklers at arms' length
And bursting bangers all-a-tizz,
Exerting all their strength...
And warmed-up treats devoured fast,
Ears tingling in the cold,
Yet thankful hearts enjoy the blast
That each mind can behold!

The money going up in smoke,
Yet sights that still enthrall,
While sipping Pepsi or a Coke,
Most folks will have a ball...
No wonder some from windows stare,
From bedrooms smiling, too,
For they saved money, paid no share,
Yet loved the chance to view!

Perhaps some pounds kept back and saved,
No penny for the guy,
Supporting heroes that have braved,
Some poppies still to buy...
Children in Need is on the way
With Christmas Day quite soon!
Yet for the fifth, at end of day,
Let's smile beneath the moon!

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Denis Martindale

Something Special For You!

Well, hello, there, fellow poet,
Though Writer's Block holds sway,
You've still time, before you know it,
I know, you'll seize the day!
For the Lord's there, ever-present,
Yes, right there by your side
And thanks to Him, the Writer's Friend,
Today, He'll turn the tide!

He'll warm your heart, He'll stir your mind,
He'll kindle dreams anew,
He'll whisper words so that you'll find
Something to write for you...
And inspiration, once it's breathed,
Transcends both time and space,
Such that the Writer's Block relieved,
A smile adorns your face!

Perchance some vision may appear,
Just like a TV show,
That casts out doubt, that casts out fear,
That little word called, 'No! '
And like a rose without a thorn,
A poem title starts
The brand new poem to be born,
To bless a billion hearts!

For with the Lord, His saints unite,
To hear the poets sigh,
They've prayed to Him to help us write,
They've blessed us by and by...
That's why the Lord responds like this,
To poets everywhere,
Who scratch their heads and sometimes miss
The poems wrought by prayer...

Take heart, for you've still words within,
Faith like a mustard seed,
You've got no reason to give in,

Succeed, you shall, indeed...
He made the sun, the moon, the stars,
Can poems be that hard?
No, surely they can come to pass,
To bless each mortal bard...

God gave you heart and mind and soul,
God gave you language, too,
God gave you precious self-control,
God wants to help you through...
So ask, seek, knock... as writers should,
For wondrous words to pen,
You'll be amazed that they're so good,
You'll praise Him once again!

Denis Martindale

Seize The Night!

Come, poets, of the world unite!
Despite the ending day!
I challenge you to seize the night!
Before it melts away!
Above the papers, pens held tight!
New poems thus to share!
I challenge you to wait and write!
Anoint words with each prayer!

Come, poets, of the world, hold fast!
This night won't come anew!
And very soon it joins the past!
To fondly bid adieu!
Let sleepers sleep, perchance to dream!
God knows what dreams might bring!
I challenge you to be extreme!
Return to your writing!

Come, poets of the world, repent!
Cast off your sleepy heads!
You may think dreams are Heaven-sent!
But don't go to your beds!
Let God grant you some new insight!
Bless what you're writing for!
I challenge you to seize the night!
Write poems by the score!

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

The Process And The Masterpiece!

Painting isn't as easy as the drawing,
for it to become great art,
there's an emptying of the heart,
there's the control from the soul,
there's the essence of compressed thoughts,
yet the viewer sees not the process,
merely the finished masterpiece,
merely the snapshot of one's creative genius...

How could they know the everstretching tedium
that is the beginning and the middle,
or that strange moment of realisation,
that moment of ultimate expression,
when one declares with wonder and thanksgiving,
saying, 'It is finished! '?

Then laying down every paint brush,
washing one's hands clean like Pontius Pilate,
standing back to gaze upon the end result,
as if with brand new eyes taking in the detail,
forgetting the process, forgetting the journey,
the private time that others cannot know...
Standing still, admiring the gift God gave,
perhaps with a gulp of astonishment,
then a warm salty tear shed at such artistry,
never before accomplished until now,
yet there it is... the masterpiece!

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Denis Martindale

Unicorns And Camels

When the Lord God Almighty
fashioned His first spirit creatures,
they each shone with gold and silver light,
radiating pure energy as fierce as the sun.

The unicorns looked utterly splendid,
as they pranced and marched to-and-fro,
each one celebrating its beauty,
more wondrous than the elephants and the horses,
more glorious than the cows and the sheep,
more noble than the whales and the dolphins.

But then they looked at the camel creatures,
staring at their spirits somewhat bemused,
seeing their appearance somewhat ungainly
and when the unicorns looked, they were sad,
they felt something new growing within,
for the feeling was called compassion...

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Unicorns being wondrous, glorious and noble,
huddled together, discussing the plight of the camels!
Look at them, they remarked, one to the other.
Look how sad they stand this day, so forlorn,
before the Lord who created them as they are.

And thus the unicorns, having compassion on camels,
chose one golden unicorn to speak on their behalf,
so that was the one who bowed before the Lord...

Let us, the unicorns, be sent to dwell below,
not as we were first created here with You,
but placed within the forms of camels instead...
and let our companions, the camels,
be placed into the forms of unicorns...

Suddenly, the angels gathered near,
this was a momentous event unfolding,
and the Lord smiled at the compassion
and smiled at the unicorns and at the camels...

The camels' eyes stared widely,
more so than ever before,
more brilliantly as hope glistened,
as if all their dreams had come true...

Let it be so, said the Lord, and thrice-blessed...
Thus these unicorns, wondrous, glorious and noble,
through compassion, love and sacrifice,
taught humility to all the angels of Heaven...

All except Lucifer, who became proud inside,
and would never forego his beauty...
and so was born rebellion, leading others astray...
and even to this day, his pride remains...

Denis Martindale

Beyond The Destiny!

Hello, poet, hello, poetry!
Hello to questions within!
Hello to God-blessed destiny,
If you do not give in...

And yet, in truth, I tell you this,
it all depends on you
and not the poems that you'll write,
yet credit where it's due...

Your life's a one-time here decree,
a gift surpassing all,
if you believe in destiny,
then, please accept that call...

To think, use ink, to write what's right,
but then and only then,
find time, the writing time, insight,
That God grants once again...

Because, in truth, God only knows,
each great verse meant to be,
the good you share that grows and grows,
if that's your destiny!

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Denis Martindale

The Zing Of Amazing Poetry!

Sometimes we write for ourselves,
yet share it with others
and who knows the amazing good
that such poetry achieves?
OK, some won't like
certain words or phrases,
OK, some won't like
the length of the lines or verses,
OK, some won't like
the beginnings or the ends...

But we will learn that
some liked this or some liked that...
maybe just a fantastic phrase
that sparks off a new poem,
maybe just a smile now and then...
There's something amazing about poetry
and amazing poetry happens,
spontaneously, just like that,
yes, every single day!

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Denis Martindale

The Alpha Bet!

All that I'm doing writing here,
Believe it, yes or no,
Concerns the letters I can steer,
Determined as I go.
Expressing thoughts that I can pen,
For just one purpose now,
God knows it's hard, but once again,
He helps me out somehow...
I'd like to think I can succeed,
Just one line at a time,
Keep well aware of what I need,
Link every single rhyme,
My hopes, of course, are halfway done,
Not much that's left to do,
Often to pause, as one-by-one,
Perhaps they'll get me through...
Quick thinking helps towards the end,
Rhymes working out quite well,
So worth the time I had to spend
To tell the tale I tell...
Unfolding letters A to Z,
Vocabulary used,
With fast-approaching sense of dread,
X could not be refused...
Yet here I am! The bet is won!
Zealous Denis got it done!

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Denis Martindale

Beyond The Magic Of Love!

Teenagers so quickly fall in love,
delaying kisses and cuddles and caresses,
then submitting to each in turn,
to treasure them not so much,
to dismiss them each in turn...

That's the time to be thankful,
another of life's little lessons learnt,
that the magic is only there for a spell...
the fairy dust so quickly loses its twinkle...
the softest caress soon loses its charm...

But someday, true love blossoms,
else it's not for now,
as it's not true love...
but that works both ways,
you love and you are loved,
thus two loves become one...
with no more need for magic, just love...

If not for love, in its purest form,
none could be steadfast across the years,
nor sacrifice and sacrifice again,
find smiles beyond the tears,
embrace silences without fears,
nor prosper in partnership yet to be...

For love gives all, yet demands all,
for it deserves nothing less...
that's why love is the greatest lesson,
the greatest lesson of them all...

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Denis Martindale

Puntitled!

My world was once quite full of puns,
Like Oscar Wilde gone wild,
Like ricochets from smoking guns,
No more the child so mild...
But there are folks who don't get jokes
Who merely moan and groan,
As if each one somehow provokes
To leave my puns alone...

My puns aren't gone, I still pressed on,
Sometimes a few would laugh
And their response I built upon,
As I kept on my path...
I'm cutting down, yet with a frown,
I'm not the man I was,
No more the bold insistent clown,
Because some folks get cross...

Mister Tim Vine? He's my hero!
Comedian and more,
A stand-up guy, whose puns I know
And simply quite adore!
I'll always have his sense of fun,
My soul still craves to smile,
That's why I'll always love to pun,
'Cos I can pun with style!

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

That Someone Special

Your life is merely life
Till you find that someone special,
That someone who makes
Everything worthwhile...

In the twinkling of an eye,
Transforms each longing sigh
Into a brand new
Wondrous winsome smile.

Thrice-blessed are those indeed,
When they find that someone special,
That someone who makes
Life beyond compare...

For life is so much more,
Than a daily grinding chore,
It resonates with beauty
Here and there...

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Beyond this time and space,
God's glory and God's grace
Transcend the loneliness
That mortals know...

That's why God sent His Son,
To be that special one
And thus, each day,
To bless us here below...

Denis Martindale

As Light As A Feather!

My heart's as light as a feather,
Each time I kiss your face,
Like each time you say I'm clever
Or handy round the place...
My heart's content when you're around,
For love's here in the air,
It's almost like we're Heaven-bound,
With miracles to spare!

My heart's at peace, with you, my dear,
No arguments hold sway,
With you, the future's crystal clear,
Blessed by the prayers you pray...
My heart's aware that kindness reigns,
Whenever you're in sight,
No bitter words to bring us pains,
Just thoughts meant to delight!

My heart's blessed by the constant love
That eminates your soul,
And thus, to me, more than enough,
So that I am made whole...
My heart's alive, no more than now,
Your love has set me free,
On bended knee, should God allow,
I ask, 'Please marry me! '

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Denis Martindale

Singapore!

I've never been to Singapore!
They say it's wondrous there,
The place to thrill you to the core,
The place beyond compare!
With sights and sounds that never bore,
Vivacious, full of flair,
Such that you'll want to stay for sure
And never roam elsewhere!

I've never been to Singapore!
My word, it sounds a treat,
A brand new world through every door
And such cuisine to eat!
Perchance to find some paramour,
With kisses oh so sweet,
No wonder, that folks go on tour,
With oh so happy feet!

I've never been to Singapore!
Exciting beyond doubt
And yet what am I waiting for,
At home, to pause and pout?
It seems the place that I'd adore,
That's why I scream and shout,
You see, one truth I can't ignore...
My passport's just run out!

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Denis Martindale

Poem For The Lazy Poet

I sense how tired you must feel,
The keyboard neath your nose,
Another poem to reveal
Before your day must close...
And so I'm helping you this time,
Some poem just for YOU...
For when it's hard to think or rhyme,
You haven't got a clue...

Enjoy the QWERTY letters there
Pressed on your forehead still,
The spacebar's in your mouth, take care,
If swallowed, you'll be ill...
You've lost Control unless you SHIFT,
You can't Escape your fate,
As long as you've been cast adrift,
To dreamlands you create...

Though you can't Function while asleep,
You can't win dozing, friend...
You feel at Home while speakers bleep,
As you yet reach day's End...
Page Up, Page Down, Insert, Delete,
Your typing's random now,
I hope at least your dreams are sweet,
Some insights to allow...

You may awake, when all dreams cease,
Perchance to shine again,
To share a brand new masterpiece
That's quite beyond our ken!
So dream on, friend, I understand,
Yes, all us poets do...
Though writing poems can be grand,
It's hard at half-past-two...

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Denis Martindale

No Future In The Past

It is difficult to avoid the past,
whether waking or sleeping,
for we recall the places visited,
the sweethearts loved and lost...

Without some ruthless control,
each memory swirls within,
to course through our veins,
quickening the human heart,
releasing a faster-paced thrill,
that thunder, that adrenaline,
that present purpose to explore...

Then to savour and to milk the feelings,
to stroke them into greater power,
to make them obey the fantasy
that evolves from pleasures known.

To change the names, the faces, the places,
the course of events unfolding,
striving and driving new hopes, new dreams,
perchance to cultivate a more perfect love,
to fix what the past has left unfixed,
to transcend both time and space,
to set in motion a better more precious plan,
a greater future, where love has dominion
and all is well and not as it once was
and could and would and should have been...

It is Man's destiny to prevail against the odds,
to compel him towards the abyss,
to look over and face it without fear,
to embrace death like an old friend,
seeing it as but the portal to a better world.

And if Man is meant for higher purpose,
then even love becomes the slave of destiny,
even the fantasies of a more perfect love,
for this Earth is not all there is or was,

nor is it all that God meant us to know...

So the past is not the guide to all things known,
nor the ruler of the human heart or soul,
nor the taskmaster of the human body,
nor of life and limb, nor of the hopes and dreams.
Such authority is reserved to God Almighty
and He will never let that authority go...
and rightly so, for all Creation is His
and His for evermore...

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Denis Martindale

Writers' Block Blessings!

A lot of people don't know this,
But Writers' Block helps you write.
You're so flustered at first that you're
Primed and ready to write anything,
Anything that pops into your head...

And that's the time when inspiration comes,
As it streaks across the mind's horizon, there,
Suddenly revealed in all its glory and off you go,
Full speed, words tumbling like machine-gun fire,
Or a fantastic firework display in November.

Remember, every miracle's worth waiting for!
So hold that pen tightly, if you know what's good for you!
Or have your fingers above the QWERTY keyboard!
Because when inspiration comes, you'd better be quick!
Because a brand new creation's upon you, once again!

Oooooh, you lucky so-and-so! I don't half envy YOU!

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* I Am An Elephant!

It's true, I am an elephant!
In fact, I've always been!
I've got this trunk way up in front,
Stuck here, right in-between...
I've got two tusks that weigh a ton
That press and push and poke
And it's like God was having fun
And thinks it's all a joke...

I've got these massive ears as well,
Like pizzas piping hot
And four feet that are bound to swell,
So thankful I am not...
I've got a teeny-weeny tail
That I'm too fat to see,
That swirls around when there's a gale
And keeps on swatting me...

Now, is this fair? Now, is this right?
Just munching all day long...
To end up bloated through the night,
Like something's really wrong?
With pesky flies upon my hide
And birds upon my back,
My word, the times I've sighed and sighed
I can't give them a whack...

And when I run, it's hard to stop,
Fair warning, please stand clear,
'Cos if you don't, you're sure to drop,
Squashed flat when I come near...
And must the sun be oh so bright?
It really hurts my eyes...
But no-one listens to my plight,
Again, that's no surprise...

No wonder, then, I've had enough!
I'd rather be a cat!
If not, I'd rather be a dove,

A pigeon or a bat!
If not, I'd rather be a cow,
A horse, that's what I want!
Just anything, because right now,
I am an elephant!

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Denis Martindale

What Legacy Will We Leave Behind?

We know that writers can transform their characters
from zeros to heroes, but not always themselves.
When I write nice little poems, it's because
I enjoy them and want others to enjoy them.
The talent, gift or boon each writer receives is one thing.
The hard graft is ours, to put aside the negatives,
to reach beyond ourselves, all the past mistakes,
sorrows, trained and restrained thoughts and get busy...

I didn't write hundreds of poems without honesty,
but I chose to write the ideas, not always the truths.
I've written about butterflies as well as vampires.
I believe we can stretch our writing muscles...
The first problem is obvious, to those that become aware...
We let ourselves continue to write negatively,
yet we can change, we can think it through...
we can make a stand, stop ourselves continuing.

We can ask ourselves, where's the profit in the negatives?
No use thinking of eloquent poisonous paragraphs.
Oscar Wilde was clever, but how could he then be nice?
His witty ideas were his genius, but not his best friend.
The world is full of nice poems, but ours will always be ours.
What legacy will we leave behind when we've gone?
What comfort did we pass on before we passed on?

What could God tell us of what we have written so far,
Enough to say that He was truly proud of something?
Was He ever asked to spare some insight, some joy?
Was He ever asked about our measure of truth?
Was He ever asked to lighten our load along the way?
But even now, even at this late stage, this very day,
I can say, with God's help... It's not too late to change...

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Denis Martindale

Beyond The Burdens!

Ever wondered why life's not fair?
It's because fairy tales are for children
and romance novels are for adults,
but true life, that's reality, that is...
That's when someone's sneaked in,
torn a few pages out of our life stories,
left us bewitched, bothered and bewildered,
left us lonesome and forlorn, utterly crushed...

But sadness passes and God restores our souls,
Sunlight inspires us once again,
The sparrows still sing unafraid,
They still soar like eagles on high...
Yet what of us, the fragile ones here on Earth?
If not for faith, hope and charity,
we'd be nosediving all the time,
flat on our faces once again,
too dazed to stand up and FIGHT!

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How do we fight? We use our heads,
we use our hearts and our prayers,
we throw down the gauntlet with gusto,
steadfast against all present sorrows,
challenge every despicable foe,
defy all the odds, get up and stand tall...
until the next time... and what then?

But the next time, we've changed,
we're the new and improved model,
the one that's oh so ready for battle,
the one that's not so battle-weary,
not so much the easy-pickings we used to be,
the one who sees the bully and doesn't run,
the one who doesn't flee, legs like a blur,
arms waving like a little defenseless girl...

So they'd better watch out... next time!
'Cos believe it or not, we're ready!

Denis Martindale

Crush, Bang, Wallop!

Love, the tricky bit that each life has to offer...
First the rush and then the crush,
but it depends who and what we're looking for,
perhaps to complete us,
making us think love in itself is the happy ending...
or the happy beginning.

I like the tenfold increase in feelings and yet,
surely that's the attraction and the addiction of love...
Perhaps our onefold normality is deliberate,
compelling us towards that higher reality,
that sensation of everything alive and new...
that striving in pursuit of happiness...

The daredevil mentality, risking all,
yet not, indeed, for all in return...
No, that would be too much to hope for,
too much to handle all at once...

PoemHunter.com

Thus love comes to us in stages,
with letdowns along the journey,
deflating our inflated hopes and dreams,
like the popping of bubbles or balloons...
Life is complicated enough without love,
but love is the only game in town...

Denis Martindale, copyright, October 2013.

Denis Martindale

Artwork That Inspires Poetry

My Stephen Gayford wildlife artwork poems
are sometimes started like this,
with over 400 uploaded, to share each storyline,
from incredibly-detailed paintings,
the lions, tigers and bears,
their family scenes together.
I like art and poetry websites, too,
as I can develop brand new themes,
new dreams, poetry portrayals from such as these...

The highlights, the tones, the light and the shadow,
the effervescent or fluorescent colours, the vibrant scenes,
altogether, creating magic each artist meant to share...
If our poems reflect such glory, we have done well...
But how will we know without finding the pictures?
Search engines help with a title or a keyword,
a remembrance of some artist and his particular style,
or a recommended place to start in search of art...

PoemHunter.com

To see art fullscreen on one's large TV,
now that's something, the colours alone so pristine,
yes, there are splendours out there, somewhere,
awaiting each poet's pen, with paper at the ready
for all our unwritten wondrous words, yet to be...
and just an hour away... just an hour away...

Denis Martindale

The Shallow Sharing Time

There is something quite vulnerable here,
Like when you find a soulmate more than a friend,
A love more than a passing relationship...
The essence of trust issues being put to one side,
Secrets shared, revealed, laid into the heart of another,
There, meant to stay, yet with a verbal plea,
'Keep my secrets safe, promise me,
Cross your heart and hope to die...'

Perhaps the inward confession,
'I've said too much! '
A sudden chill in the bones,
A tingling backbone fear,
The gulp, the blink, the realisation,
'I've gone too far to back out now...'
But blabbermouths must learn this lesson,
Find out their secrets, too,
Have something on them,
Merely as protection, some future leverage...

Better still, the vigil of the silent tongue,
Better disguised with a few kisses
Or the faked tenderness moments,
Borne of the act of the holding of hands...
For one's secrets aren't called secrets for nothing,
Especially if they cut deep, have consequences
And thus, in truth, mean everything...

Denis Martindale, copyright, October 2013.

Denis Martindale

That's The Writing Bug!

My word! You've caught the Writing Bug!
That little bitty thing and you can't see it!
But it sneaked in when you were dreaming!
There it is, just lingering on its hammock,
Resting between your ribs and your lungs,
Pulling on your heartstrings now and then,
Playing you like you were a lovesick harp.

The pretty music plays, the rhymes begin,
Then a few tall tales whispered in the night,
The sudden twangs of inspiration, the puns,
The memorable quotes, witty sayings, jokes,
Romances followed by twisted intrigues,
With narratives describing fluffy clouds,
Aqua blue skies, rainbows, waterfalls...

Throw in a dolphin, a dog, a cat, a horse,
Oh, yes, you're well and truly hooked now,
Need a new poem, do we? Need a fast fix?
Or some heartfelt cry for justice to be done?
A drawn out sigh, could it be phrased better?
Yet out of great expectations, perhaps success,
That chance to shine, to get noticed at last,
Receive tokens of admiration to feast upon...

Success, that's the be-all and the end-all,
The measure, not of good fortune, no, no,
But of how you value yourself, your time,
Spent caressing phrases, coupling couplets,
Directing traffic, of all those dictionaries,
Foreign thoughts, songs half-remembered,
Till finally God grants release, the writer's done...

And the Writing Bug leaves its human home,
No longer welcoming or warm, just empty,
The legacy scattered across the globe itself,
In anthologies and novels and magazines,
On TV and Radio and the olde Internette...
With only God to know what good was done,

Enough perchance to grant some eternal reward...
Only then will you know the true worth of words,
When God says, 'THANK YOU! ' or 'WELL DONE! '

Denis Martindale

Defining Moments Of Our Love

Are written on my heart
And when I sleep, they glide above
And to my mind impart,
The fantasies and memories,
The hopes, the dreams, the prayers,
The yearning here to find release,
That only true love shares...

Defining moments of our love,
God meant to shine like gems,
Began as diamonds in the rough,
Yet now are diadems...
Now cut to size so expertly,
Transcending time and space,
Within each look you give to me,
Each smile upon your face...

Defining moments of our love,
Consider all they mean,
Together now, more than enough,
That none should intervene...
Joy blossoms here, true tenderness,
The like we've never known,
Forever-fashioned, meant to bless
Two hearts that felt alone...

Defining moments of our love,
To me, they're everything,
I am the hand, you are the glove,
With wondrous warmth to bring...
When our eyes meet, words fall away,
To melt upon our lips,
Cascading down until they stay,
Fixed to our fingertips...

Defining moments of our love,
Could fill an aviary,
If every day looked like a dove,
So pure and fancy-free...

PoemHunter.com

Content am I to stay this way,
Reflecting on the past,
Yet praying that true love will stay,
For evermore to last...

Denis Martindale

Understanding Grace!

And what is grace? I hear you ask...
God's Riches At Christ's Expense,
Because Lord Jesus had the task
To die to save His friends...

For strangers, too, for enemies,
For those as yet unborn
And thus the captives to release,
No more to be forlorn...

Consider Christ and Calvary,
Sunday's resurrection,
Then Pentecost's first fruits to see
From Christ's new connection...

His Church on Earth, Jerusalem,
Then all across the globe,
To bring Good News, not to condemn,
Faith's mustard seed of hope...

PoemHunter.com

When John of Patmos truths declared,
That God revealed to Christ,
With Revelations' chapters shared,
At last, men realised...

The Jews would leave and then return
To Israel's Holyland,
In time, the Saviour's Name to learn,
From nailprints on each hand...

Thus grace abounds where sin abounds,
While faith will rise and fall,
Through miracles and sights and sounds,
That TV screens show all...

Men may rejoice as martyrs die,
But judgment's then outpoured,
From vials of wrath that testify
That Jesus Christ is Lord...

Today's the day, salvation now,
While God's voice shares His word,
To smooth away each furrowed brow,
Before such things occurred...

Thus wisdom, now, yes, here, it is!
Love shining on Christ's face!
When standing on His promises,
We're understanding grace!

Denis Martindale

What's Good About Goodbyes?

It often puzzles me to ask,
What's good about goodbyes?
Sometimes it's such a troubled task,
Tears streaming from our eyes...
Cheeks moistened by the miseries
That partings can unfold,
Because the hugs that used to please
Now make us numbed and cold...

Hands clutching shoulders oh so tight,
Then brave face once again,
The struggle staying so polite,
Like counting upto ten...
Then one, two, three, untwining now,
Releasing with a kiss,
Then gulping back, some way, somehow,
Because of what we'll miss...

The love and friendship that was shared,
The bonding to-and-fro,
That leaves our hearts so unprepared,
The time it's time to go...
The looks to left, the looks to right,
The tight-lipped moment's here,
No matter day, no matter night,
True love stays crystal clear...

To others looking on, this says,
More than our words can say,
With loved ones nestling in our prayers,
No matter where we stray...
Sometimes it's such a troubled task,
Tears streaming from our eyes...
It often puzzles me to ask,
What's good about goodbyes?

Denis Martindale

Meag, The Poetess

Her picture's such a winsome sight,
She looks down from above,
Like Aphrodite dressed in white,
With wistful stares of love...
Cascading waterfall-like hair,
That sunshine's beams pass through,
Her eyes like amber, so aware,
Her heartfelt joy is you...

For you inspire every thought,
That spurs her on her way,
Because of treasures that you've brought,
Through poems day-by-day...
From such as these, love songs are born,
Like rainbows cross the sky
That raise morale, bless those forlorn,
The ones that ask God, 'Why? '

And so, with wonder, she must write,
To emulate such dreams,
That far outlive the darkest night,
Its foolish, mad extremes...
For while there's hope that's strong to save,
The poets spread the word,
Until they share their growing faith,
When what they wrote is heard...

Her picture's such a winsome sight,
She looks down from above,
Like Aphrodite dressed in white,
With wistful stares of love...
Cascading waterfall-like hair,
That sunshine's beams pass through,
Her eyes like amber, so aware,
Her heartfelt joy is you...

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Denis Martindale

The Chocolate Bar!

My Dad had challenged me, his son
And you know how Dads are...
To see if I could last just one
Whole week, no chocolate bar!
No tasty treat for me to eat,
No tongue to melt upon,
No cheating with some secret sweet
Until one week had gone!

A silence fell and then he smiled,
That irked me to agree,
So there I was, his addict child,
Outsmarted as could be...
Yet did I have the strength of will,
Just seven days and nights?
Stay vigilant, remaining still,
Avoiding mini bites?

The first day didn't prove a thing,
I've gone one day before,
The second day meant wondering,
Temptations to ignore...
My Dad, of course, told all my friends,
To watch me like a hawk!
And should they learn of some pretence,
He bribed them all to talk!

The third day in and friends observed,
Each day I went to School,
No wonder that I felt unnerved,
Yet tried to play it cool...
The girls in my class were the worst
With chocolate fingertips
And standing near like they'd rehearsed
With chocolate on their lips!

Day five and I was going mad!
Just two more days to go!
Remembering the treats I'd had,

The joys I used to know!
Yet very soon I'd treat myself,
Spend savings from this week,
Buy choccies still left on the shelf
That my mouth craved to seek!

On Saturday, I stayed at home,
No friends, no girls, no way,
No chance upon my bike to roam,
So from my path I'd stray...
But TV adverts, my, oh, my,
You've seen the stuff they sell,
With choccie bars we're meant to buy
That ooze sweet caramel!

Thank God for Sunday, yes, indeed,
With hours left, that's all,
Dad hoping that I'd not succeed
And that I'd not stand tall...
He changed the time to catch me out!
That clock's a cruel trick!
But when I've gone eight days without,
I'll really make him sick!

Denis Martindale

The Halloween Zombie!

I ran down one street, hoping to escape them,
But he was waiting ahead, for me, eyes staring,
Shoulder slumped on one side, hand dangling,
Knowing the others were forcing me towards him,
I kept running forward, my eyes scanning,
For some kind of weapon before I faced him,
Then I noticed a dustbin and scrambled there,
To use the dustbin lid as a makeshift shield,
I rummaged through the rubbish there was,
Found a few extras I could use, given time...

He didn't even move, just looking, biding his time,
Following a set plan that had worked before,
But maybe not this time, maybe not with me...
The others had blocked the other end of the street,
Now moving forward, closing the gap between us,
No turning back that way, too many of them,
But he was my way out, unless there were others,
No point thinking too long at this point, though...

PoemHunter.com

So I charged directly at him and still he didn't move,
But at the last moment he blocked me to the left,
I immediately twisted around sideways half circle,
Smashed his face with the dustbin lid, blinding him,
Now unable to see what I was doing, I attacked,
Grabbed his feet, forced him down to the ground,
Wrapped the string I'd found round his ankles...

Only then could I look around and assess the rest,
I had about a minute ahead of them and I ran,
I ran like crazy down the street, climbed fences,
Then I hid myself in one of the gardens, terrified,
Breathing heavily, hoping to calm down again,
I didn't even raise my head to see if they were near,
Just lay there shivering in the bitter cold twilight,
Knowing I'd be starving soon, yet no hope of food,
Only then did I understand how hungry zombies are...
And that now they'd do anything... just like me...

Denis Martindale, October the 31st
in the Year of Our Lord 2013.

Denis Martindale

The Halloween Vampire!

The trick was simply to stay alive,
Defeat him while time permitted,
To cross his path without fear,
Willing to die or become an undead...
The burden of responsibilty fixed to my heart,
With no way out and nowhere to run,
Kill or be killed, the only solution...
The location specifically chosen, no escape,
No second chance once committed,
The traps were already set in place,
Ready to fire on target on my command,
The all-important remote control in my hand,
Arrows fixed, there to strike from crossbows,
With so many angles covered at once,
Hidden from sight, awaiting their destiny...

The vicious vampire returned to his home,
The crosses appeared as the curtain drapes fell,
Dazzling lights shone upon the crosses,
The vampire stood motionless, unable to flee,
One simple button press meant to end the horror,
The arrows screamed through the air,
Half found their target and he collapsed...
I watched from behind another curtain,
Saw him shrivel into gruesome grains of dust...
Then waited till the sunrise came once more...
Yet one more hour passed undisturbed...
I drew back the curtain and walked forward,
Holy water surrounding me on all sides,
Holy Bible strapped to my chest for safety,
The dust lay there without scattering,
I purified the final remains and walked away...
I wept for him as if he were my brother...
He was once a close friend, now he was no more...

Denis Martindale, October the 31st,
in the Year of Our Lord 2013.

Denis Martindale

The Word Of The Lord!

In ancient days, men prophesied,
Declaring all God shared,
Proclaiming Christ as crucified,
The Lamb of God prepared...
Both King and slave to serve God's will,
Good shepherd, spotless lamb,
The preacher blessed with words to thrill
From 'I AM THAT I AM'...

King David and King Solomon
Were well-versed in God's ways,
Until their lives had come and gone,
Despite their words of praise...
Yet what of Christ, must He die, too?
Yes, this had been foretold!
Though He was sinless through and through,
His Blood worth more than gold...

His name is Jesus, for He lives,
As risen from the dead!
And it's through Him that God forgives,
Saved by the Blood He bled...
That's why the Holy Bible's blessed
With power from above,
For it proclaims God's very best,
He's called the King of Love...

And so, it's up to us to choose,
God's pardon to allow,
Or else reject the Lord's Good News,
God's blessings here and now...
The only reason I believed
Was that Christ died for me,
That was the day that I received
The truth that set me free...

Denis Martindale, copyright, October 2013.

Several of my Gospel poems have been
read out on Revelation TV and I often
write about the programmes and topics on
this Christian TV channel thanks to the
receiving of their monthly RTIMES newsletters.

Hear THE WORD OF THE LORD each day on
Revelation TV on Sky, Freesat, Freeview HD,
the Roku set top box or Revelation TV online.

You can search my poems for Revelation TV
programmes and topics, using keywords
like Jesus, God, Holy Spirit, Church, baptism
and revelation tv or revelationtv.

Denis Martindale

Covet To Prophesy!

Sometime, somewhere, somehow, for sure,
I'll write without a doubt,
Just plough through that great field of words,
Just scattered all about,
Till from the remnants gold remains,
I've plundered from the Earth,
Sometime, somewhere, somehow, for sure,
I'll prove to God my worth...

I'll think, I'll plan, I'll dream, I'll scheme,
I'll get that poem penned,
That sovereign masterpiece I've hoped
Would help folks comprehend,
Beyond all poems ever known,
Beyond all thoughts revealed,
I'll think, I'll plan, I'll dream, I'll scheme,
I'll find God's truths concealed...

Won't stop, won't quit, won't fall or fail,
My life's work this must be,
To share with all, the hidden things,
Each waiting mystery,
Each blessing still in store and yet,
Meant for another time,
Won't stop, won't quit, won't fall or fail,
My quest is too sublime...

I must succeed, before I die,
Before my life is done,
Before the final breath is past,
My last beneath God's sun...
Mankind needs love, faith, hope and truth,
He needs them day and night,
I must succeed, before I die,
While I've still time to write...

Denis Martindale, copyright, October 2013.

Denis Martindale

Those Can'T-Forget-You-Kisses!

Inside my mind, inside my heart
Live joys for evermore,
The time young love first made its start,
To thrill me to the core!
With constant pokes reminding me,
Of when we'd meet again,
Rehearsing words repeatedly
Till fixed inside my brain!

Then sentences that poured out fast,
Till everything was said,
To leave me silent and at last,
You eased my sense of dread...
With tender kisses one-by-one,
Left cheek, right cheek and lips,
To hold my hand when this was done,
Caressing fingertips!

Then arm-in-arm to walk the park,
With sunshine everywhere,
To lean against the tall tree bark,
Delighted standing there...
To gaze into your eyes and see
The love you feel as well,
As if for all eternity,
Love's story still to tell...

If not for you, how could I know
What kisses really mean?
The hoped-for wishes still to grow,
So perfect and pristine...
Those can't-forget-you-kisses now
Are all I'll ever need,
If God, such blessings will allow,
We'll both be blessed indeed...

Denis Martindale

The Reason For Love!

You haven't lived until you've loved,
Completely, thus to fall,
Until you've sighed, until you've bluffed,
To risk your heart, your all...
To pour out poems by the score,
Hummed tunes to daydreams new,
To find out what you're living for,
When saying, 'I love you! '
Nor understood the strength to feel
Emotions that cut deep,
Because in truth, they're way too real,
In night dreams when you sleep...
It's only when love whispers thoughts,
Grants smiles beneath your eyes,
Completely puts you out-of-sorts,
That then you realise...
That love is all, with nothing else,
The only game to play,
The reason for those Wedding bells,
The reason hearts still pray...
And what's the reason God gave this?
That you might understand,
The moment of eternal bliss,
The day you hold His hand...

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Denis Martindale

The Christian Poetess

Christian themes, dreams, visions, inspirations.
History brings remembrance how God inspired others,
How Jesus touched their hearts, minds and lives,
How the Holy Spirit has indwelt them and blessed them.
Through such as these, we may find refined gold,
Or merely a few worldly nuggets of wisdom...
Wise words may not always be nice, neat and tidy,
Yet sometimes, in Christian poetry, there's that true desire
To rise above the common man, the uncommon poet,
The mere Christian outgoing experience of helping others.
Sometimes, we see the need to be born again, refreshed
And properly blessed, enough to focus on the Father,
Journey with Jesus, scintillate with the Holy Spirit,
Still granting insights old and new, to me, to you...
So continue to commune with God, as a Christian poetess,
Before you write, as you write and after you write...
Then you will stay all right, an inspiration to one and all...

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Denis Martindale

The Christian Poet

Christian themes, dreams, visions, inspirations.
History brings remembrance how God inspired others,
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Through such as these, we may find refined gold,
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And properly blessed, enough to focus on the Father,
Journey with Jesus, scintillate with the Holy Spirit,
Still granting insights old and new, to me, to you...
So continue to commune with God, as a Christian poet,
Before you write, as you write and after you write...
Then you will stay all right, an inspiration to one and all...

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

The Cruel Sea!

When anger rages in the sea,
It strikes the land once more,
Erodes it microscopically
Each time it meets the shore...
With waves that rise crescendo-wise,
Then crash down on the land,
Though wondrous to all human eyes,
So few can understand...

Volcanoes fight back here and there
With lava flows so hot,
As if in search for space to spare,
To dry upon that spot...
But still the battle rages on,
The land will not give in,
The sea, of course, is never gone,
So neither side can win...

Like Titans waging longterm war,
These enemies persist,
As if that's all they're living for,
Till turned to dust and mist...
The waves look aqua shiny new,
Fluorescent walls so nice
And yet behind that brilliant blue
There lurks a heart of ice...

The cliffs are jagged in reply,
To slice each wave to shreds,
Some crumbling stones are sent to die
Upon the ocean beds...
The sun and moon look down amazed,
The stars blink mournfully
And even God looks solemn-faced
To see the land and sea...

Denis Martindale, copyright, October 2013.

Denis Martindale

It's Best To Stay A Pilgrim

Why do ugly things happen to beautiful people,
Breaking their hearts and twisting their minds,
Causing sorrows that fester within and leaving without,
Such that their very souls lie dormant, vulnerable,
Listening to the whispers of demons, falling prey...
Until they pray and God delivers them from evil?

And where are the angels of mercy that are spoken of,
Are they merely the legends of yesteryear,
Lost in the ancient wearisome turmoils of time,
No more the powers they once used to be,
Or gently avoiding trouble, flying round in circles,
Pretending they can do nothing, nothing at all?

Surely the all-seeing, all-knowing God of eternity
Has foreknowledge and could intervene,
A thunderbolt warning at an appropriate time,
Sending demons scurrying away in abject fear?
But life seems so random in its changing tides,
Its marches forward and its sudden stops,
Then the building and the knocking down
With empires rising, merely to crumble in the dust...

If empires come and go, then why shouldn't Man?
Yet Man consists of more than men themselves,
Surely women and children comprise their part
And deserve their portion of a wholesome life?
Or are we merely mortals, vulnerable victims,
The pawns within some cosmic game of chess?
No more thought of once removed from the board,
Tossed into our own little boxes like coffins,
Cast aside till tomorrow's game or later today...

I have feelings and so do you, yet what of these?
Are feelings merely the necessity of life,
The inborn streams that prove one's sorrows true,
The reality of individual sacrificial pain,
Made manifest for every wise seeing eye to see,
The outpourings of scarlet and crimson bloodstains,

Drying 'neath a solemn, uncaring sun and moon?

If not for love, the father of forgiveness,
Who could stand the rigours of times gone by
Or submit to future tyrannies as yet await?
If not for faith, who then abides beyond the pain,
To stand as one who's called a conqueror,
A proven valiant champion and deservedly so?

But this I know, of all truths Man has ever known,
I cannot survive alone, nor would I seek to try,
While there is still humanity and charity,
Compassion borne of wondrous grace,
While there is but one miracle abiding still,
Waiting in the wings, even the wings of angels...
It's best to stay a pilgrim, to pray and persevere...

Denis Martindale, copyright, October 2013.

Denis Martindale

Write Something!

A whole day had gone by, flown by,
I'd written absolutely nothing at all,
Just washed my hands and my face,
Just dressed, shaved, made the bed,
Just prepared breakfast, dinner, supper,
Just watched a bit of the weekend TV,
Yet before I knew it, the day had gone,
Till after midnight, the yawning started
And my day was just moments from sleep.

The dream started just as dreams do,
Somewhere, only this time, in school,
The teacher was on his bended knees,
Pleading with the young children...

WRITE SOMETHING!

I looked on, neither as teacher or as child,
An observer, wondering, taking it all in...
But then the teacher rose, turned directly to me,
Grabbed me tightly by the lapels...
Stared strangely into my eyes...

WRITE SOMETHING!

I woke up, somewhat amazed at first,
To think I should almost be throttled,
That was quite strange and yet what to do?
Should I share my dream with others?
Keep it secret, shrug it off, smile it away?
Then I asked what should I write?
Should it be funny, entertaining, profound?
Should it tell tall tales, or just the truth?
And while I fumbled with the paper and pen,
The words came to me like never before...

I scribbled down lines as fast as I could,
Hoping that I'd not lose a single one...
Strange words and yet not even English,

Such that no matter who I've asked,
Nobody has been able to translate them...
Were the words important or trash?
Would they help Mankind or prove worthless?
In time, I realised something...
I must choose the words I write,
Not merely receive words I'll never know...
That was the turning point in my life,
The day that everything changed...
The day that I decided to

WRITE SOMETHING!

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Denis Martindale

The Loneliness Of The Long Distance Rhymer

They learnt he started long ago,
When he was twenty-six,
For he'd shared his online bio,
His profile and his pics...
When he forget his former sports
As poems were outpoured,
That blossomed into precious thoughts,
Because he found the LORD...

The decades of late nights and such
Caused him to sleep alone,
With morning chats he loved so much
To her upon the phone...
With poems penned for his girlfriend,
He'd never met or kissed,
Until, of course, that had to end,
With her so sorely missed...

But life goes on upon this Earth,
With love a constant need,
So other girls revealed their worth
And they were loved indeed...
More poems penned, emails to send,
Perchance romance to bless,
Yet not for him, nor heart to mend,
To grant some happiness...

The loneliness was hard to bear,
It shrivelled up his soul,
No more his love he chose to share,
He maintained self-control...
While girls he met were oh so nice,
He wouldn't ask one out,
Because the hoped-for Paradise
Still filled his mind with doubt...

So heart and soul and mind as well
Faced every sorrow known,
The shallow end, the pit of Hell,

PoemHunter.com

Forever home alone...
With parents gone and brother, too,
The house was all he had,
Disabled now, he struggled through,
Still seeking to be glad...

Thus decades came and decades went,
A thousand poems done,
A treasure trove he could present
To strangers one-by-one...
The last kiss he could still recall,
Meant nothing to him now,
His loneliness had taken all,
Yet he survived somehow...

For there still burned the flame called hope,
The LORD had shared with him
And words of comfort so he'd cope,
When loneliness felt grim...
Feel free to pity such a man,
Old timer that he was,
Old rhymer who still served God's Man
Each day he preached Christ's Cross...

But life's a gift that God holds fast,
To take back once again
And that was when death came at last
To poet, paper, pen...
The man collapsed and left this life,
His world, his poetry...
To leave behind no child, no wife,
Just words... his legacy...

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Denis Martindale

The Clocks Go Back!

The clocks go back an hour's time,
Just like they did last year,
No 2nd chance, we've got 2 climb
Stepladders still, I fear...
2 twiddle with the hour hands
2 get the darn things right,
I'm sure each person understands,
It's not safe while at night!

A power cut and we'll fall down,
Good luck with how we land,
No wonder that I wear a frown
At how such things are planned...
But if we wait till daylight shows,
We sleep and then forget,
Until confusion grows and grows
That each knows with regret...

I'll put a note beside my bed,
My kettle and TV,
Reminding that there's change ahead
And so it's up 2 me...
Since 2am is far 2 late,
For folks 2 play tick-tock,
I'll put things right at half-past-eight,
Instead of 2 o'clock!

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Denis Martindale

Is She Not Beautiful?

While men can dream of dreamgirls still,
While poets pen their rhymes,
While there's the strength, the love, the will,
Each plans for better times...
Yet without her, is life so grand,
Enough to say worthwhile?
No heart says no, life would be bland
Without her perfect smile...

It's true, some girls are sweet of face,
Quite winsome in a way,
Incredible and full of grace,
With smiles that make my day...
Yet when she's seen, her twinkling eyes,
Her smiles, her laughs, her hair,
It's then I gently realise,
That she's beyond compare...

Her fashion sense sets her apart,
So gaily she appears,
With daily changes, chic and smart
And how her accent cheers...
She's full of fun, the giggly sort,
So confident, so fine,
No wonder, I've no second thought
In wishing she were mine...

There's something yet intangible,
Beyond her female form,
Beyond her mind so sensible,
Her heart that's oh so warm...
And that's the part I yearn to know,
Beyond her cheek to touch,
Beyond the lips if love should grow
Till love's almost too much...

While men can dream of dreamgirls still,
While poets pen their rhymes,
While there's the strength, the love, the will,

Each plans for better times...
Yet without her, is life so grand,
Enough to say worthwhile?
No heart says no, life would be bland
Without her perfect smile...

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Denis Martindale

Ready, Get Set, Grow!

I paced the room in my hotel,
Not knowing what to do,
I felt as if I were in Hell,
She'd gone yet gave no clue...
The love we shared, as good as gold,
Until the day she went,
With dark despair still there to hold
Of all the gifts she sent...

I saw a Bible was nearby,
Its cover beckoned me,
Perhaps there was a reason why,
These lost loves had to be...
When hearts divide and separate
From closeness they once shared,
Dismiss the chance to celebrate,
As if they'd never cared...

The Bible's spine was firm indeed,
Gold lettering so neat,
Perhaps God's message I should heed,
Or I'd stay incomplete...
The Bible didn't weigh that much,
It felt good in my hand,
As if it welcomed human touch,
As if it all were planned...

Gold leaf was shining on each edge,
To signify its worth,
For its wisdom, truth and knowledge
Had spread across the Earth...
Yet here was I, the loneliest,
More than I'd ever been,
In need to find the holiest,
Jesus the Nazarene...

The Bible's back explained God's Word,
From Genesis to now,
The way God's Son the people stirred,

Yet crowned upon His brow,
To die upon a callous cross
A long, long time ago...
And yet He died for us because
It was our chance to grow...

I opened up just anywhere
And laid upon the bed,
Yet felt no need to say a prayer,
Just read a bit instead...
But something changed inside my heart,
A miracle of grace,
That simply tore my world apart,
As something new took place...

That was the day my heart was warmed,
When God became so real,
When suddenly I felt transformed,
As if Christ's words could heal...
The pain I held had disappeared,
By midnight it was gone,
As if the cobwebs had been cleared
Now that I loved God's Son...

From that night on, my life was His,
To lead me here and there,
The former life no more to miss,
Not while He hears my prayer...
For He revealed such prophecies,
I know God's Word is true,
To find God's wonders never cease,
Is now my prayer for YOU...

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Denis Martindale

Evening Patrol

The white owl wings sweep through the air,
Each feather plays its part,
Fuelled by the strength that got them there
When that owl made his start...
He glides from tree to tree to tree,
Observes life's cavalcade,
The pageantry that few eyes see,
As sunshine's glow must fade...

Less details seen as twilight bears
Its full weight from now on,
An owl's designed without such cares,
Despite the sun that's gone...
The moon's enough to fly around,
To set off or to land,
Another meal must yet be found
And so each evening's planned...

His hunger spurred each new event,
His every twist and turn,
Each changing thought to comprehend,
To update and to learn...
For this patrol, like those before,
This owl must fly alone
And that once seen fills us with awe,
The like that's rarely known...

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The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Evening Patrol'.

More Stephen Gayford poems here:
denis-martindale-dot-blogspot-dot-com

Denis Martindale

Winter Fox

When Winter comes, we put back clocks,
Aware the days are short,
Yet outside, there's the Winter fox,
Who sees life as a sport!
To him, the days if short or long,
Are all that life provides,
That's why he keeps both fit and strong
And warm each time he hides...

But when he's on the prowl again,
His tootsies way too cold,
His courage strengthens now and then,
That's when he looks so bold...
'Just bring it on! ' he seems to say,
'I'll take it all, you'll see!
I'll simply live my life my way...
Be all that I can be! '

But as for me, I'll stay at home
And put the heating on,
For in the Winter, I'll not roam,
I'll wait until it's gone!
The Winter fox can run around,
Enjoying all that snow...
A far more pleasant time I've found
By simply saying, 'NO! '

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The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Winter Fox'.

More Stephen Gayford poems here:
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Denis Martindale

Leaving The Nest!

The kingfisher first looked around,
Before leaving the nest,
To see the sights that could be found,
To his north, south, east, west...
And high above and down below,
To learn what must be done,
For soon he'd leave, be on the go,
To fly beneath the sun...

And thus aware of all there was,
He ventured all in flight,
With me enthralled and all because
Here was a wondrous sight...
His bold blue wings transformed the scene
That Nature had prepared,
Amid each grey and brown and green,
What sight could be compared?

To me, here was a miracle,
A festival and more,
A precious sudden spectacle
That thrilled me to the core!
Like Superman across the sky!
Like Spider-Man as well!
I smiled and then I heaved a sigh...
So jealous, can't you tell?

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The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Leaving The Nest'.

More Stephen Gayford poems here:
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Denis Martindale

Fallow Pair

The two male deers were quite content,
Companions full of grace,
No hate, no guile, with each a friend,
Fond memories to trace...
From years gone by, both warm and cold,
Adventures day and night,
Surrounding beauty to behold,
Beneath the sun's great light...

The forest birds still sang along,
Some flying overhead,
Some building nests they hope are strong,
For offspring to be fed...
With tiny flower fragrances
God placed upon the ground,
That would help to bless the senses
And sometimes quite astound...

And here, I stand, observing all,
My Nature Watch complete,
Regarding both the great and small
That I by chance would meet...
The two male deers oblivious
As I smiled by a tree,
Accepting all things glorious
That God meant me to see...

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale, copyright, October 2013.

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Fallow Pair'.

More Stephen Gayford poems here:

Denis Martindale

Badger

Behold the badger! What a sight!
Full-grown and in his prime!
Surviving every day and night,
Yet pristine and sublime.
Distinctive in his stature
And confident as well,
So practised both in tooth and claw,
What secrets he could tell.

With grandeur, he surveys each scene,
Accustomed to life's ways,
To visit places that he's been,
And yet explore some days.
Life's like a journey, here and there,
Beyond both sleep and food
And faithful feelings help him care,
Perhaps to bless his mood.

The badger has a noble stride,
Wherever he may roam,
He need not cross the whole worldwide,
The forest is his home.
He does not own a house or car,
A caravan or yacht,
Yet through the life, he's lived so far,
He's glad for all he got.

Denis Martindale. October 2013.

The poem is about the magnificent wildlife
painting by Stephen Gayford called 'Badger'.

More Stephen Gayford wildlife painting
poems are on poemhunter poetry website.

Denis Martindale

Bravado!

When God made Man, this world to rule,
From Adam, God made Eve,
Yet did God make each one a fool,
The Devil to believe?
Consider all of history,
Its lessons learnt and lost,
Consider Man's humanity,
Each action has its cost...

With exploits here and exploits there,
Man seems hell-bent on death,
His wars have always caused despair,
Lives stolen from each breath...
With callous crimes and cruelties,
With turmoils far and wide,
It's very hard to salvage peace
When hatred burns inside...

Bravado's such a great deceit,
'I dare you! ' Satan says,
Could this be why Man must compete
And widows say their prayers?
Could this be why great strides are made,
Technology and such?
Yet all such joys are bound to fade,
If Death comes close to touch...

While pioneers transcend all fears,
Past records still to break,
Mortalities will span the years,
Yet not for righteous' sake...
Merely to brag, to swell with pride,
To say, 'I beat the rest! '
So many men have tried and died,
To leave us unimpressed...

To see a bird bids Man to fly,
A whale bids Man to dive,
'The moon above, that's not so high,

Let's see who can survive! '
And so, Man dares, bravado reigns,
Where wisdom fears to tread,
Refusing still to reach for gains,
When no-one gains if dead...

The skier on the mountain slope,
The diver 'neath the waves,
The spaceman gliding near Earth's globe
Who prays that God still saves...
Bravado fills our veins and more,
It fills our midnight dreams,
Yet in those dreams, blood's rare to pour,
It's life that brings extremes...

The young man on his motorbike,
The old man in his car,
They speed along the roads they like,
Perhaps one day too far...
The wrestler in the grudge match,
The boxer beaten down,
The burglar with a heist to hatch,
The king who keeps his crown...

No man is safe from 'I dare you! '
If he would be a man,
Yet what does God want us to do
To stay within His plan?
When wisdom lives within the mind,
It prays before each act,
For wisdom proves itself as kind,
When bodies stay intact...

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Denis Martindale

I Am An Elephant!

It's true, I am an elephant!
In fact, I've always been!
I've got this trunk way up in front,
Stuck here, right in-between...
I've got two tusks that weigh a ton
That press and push and poke
And it's like God was having fun
And thinks it's all a joke...

I've got these massive ears as well,
Like pizzas piping hot
And four feet that are bound to swell,
So thankful I am not...
I've got a teeny-weeny tail
That I'm too fat to see,
That swirls around when there's a gale
And keeps on swatting me...

Now, is this fair? Now, is this right?
Just munching all day long...
To end up bloated through the night,
Like something's really wrong?
With pesky flies upon my hide
And birds upon my back,
My word, the times I've sighed and sighed
I can't give them a whack...

And when I run, it's hard to stop,
Fair warning, please stand clear,
'Cos if you don't, you're sure to drop,
Squashed flat when I come near...
And must the sun be oh so bright?
It really hurts my eyes...
But no-one listens to my plight,
Again, that's no surprise...

No wonder, then, I've had enough!
I'd rather be a cat!
If not, I'd rather be a dove,

A pigeon or a bat!
If not, I'd rather be a cow,
A horse, that's what I want!
Just anything, because right now,
I am an elephant!

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Denis Martindale

The Day I Met A Poet!

Oh, how blessed the day I met him,
A poet so he was!
A guy with thoughts up to the brim,
Though sometimes at a loss...
A wondrous walking lexicon
Of words beyond my ken,
With arguments to build upon,
Like who and how and when...

And could he talk? My word, he could!
I've never known his like,
So loud across the neighbourhood,
He didn't need a mike...
And my, oh, my, the clothes he wore!
The dirt upon his shoes!
As if to clean was such a bore,
Decidedly bad news...

But when reciting poems fast,
He held me in his sway,
Sometimes transfixed to stare aghast,
Sometimes not choose to stay...
Yet still I stayed, as if to learn,
Absorb his energy,
His vibrant voice helped me discern
Each twist and turn to see...

Then he'd explain his characters,
His heroes, foes and more,
His maidens of his Universe,
Their beauty, thus his awe...
The girls he'd met while in his youth,
The love affairs and such,
Perhaps not always quite the truth,
They numbered way too much...

Yet oh, the tales, the tall tales told,
Backed up with poetry,
Enthusing still, as good as gold,

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Just to bamboozle me...
Yet every now and then, what style,
What elegance performed
And every time I saw him smile,
My thankful heart was warmed...

From that day on, I chose to write
And thus bid years adieu,
To share my hopes and dreams each night
With poets that I knew...
And on we'd share such precious things,
With insights borne of grace,
As if right there, more wise than kings,
Such treasures to embrace...

I'd never trade those times for gold,
For silver or the Earth,
Because I've heard such stories told
That rise above all worth...
And to this day, I still stand tall,
Though life would take its toll,
To know that God has blessed us all
Is priceless to my soul...

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Denis Martindale

Second Chance Rose

To say I'm crushed is not enough,
I'm battered, fading fast,
A stand-up rose so full of love,
But now folks look aghast...
I used to be a miracle,
A wondrous sight to see,
I used to be so beautiful,
As if pure poetry...

But when God's clouds arise in strength,
Each breeze becomes a storm,
Such that they blast across one's length
Replacing perfect form...
And so, when morning came once more,
My petals strewn about,
The passing people saw each flaw,
The truth not one could doubt...

And yet not one would tend to me,
No healing touch at all,
No tenderness, no charity,
No helping should I fall...
Disabled people saw my pain,
Yet not one offered aid,
So that I'd rise to bloom again,
To join Spring's cavalcade...

A second chance, too hard a task?
Supporting twigs and twine?
Some nutrients too much to ask?
Another chance to shine?
Another season in the sun?
Just for a month or two?
Hello, please help me, anyone!
It's so easy to do...

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Denis Martindale

The Hungry Heart

A billion hearts beat just like mine,
With barely hope to live,
With no-one as my Valentine,
Despite the love I'd give...
And dulled and dimmed the light within,
With intermittent glow,
That's overlapped with bones and skin
Still warmed by my blood flow...

A billion hearts beat just like mine,
When beauty stands nearby,
It's like I'm drunk on sparkling wine,
Yet halt the tears I'd cry...
For loneliness that chills the soul
Until it's cold as ice,
Is strong enough to take control
And make the mind think twice...

A billion hearts beat just like mine
When fear is way too near,
As if on terror it would dine
And linger still right here...
But courage swells to make a stand,
To intervene and guard,
Such that I feel God take my hand,
Till fear is all but barred...

A billion hearts beat just like mine,
Affection still to crave,
To sweeten every trace of brine,
Perchance this life to save...
God knows if I will one day wed,
This secret hurts me still,
For who am I, for whom Christ bled,
A servant to God's will?

A billion hearts beat just like mine,
Like Christ's did on His Cross,
With every heartbeat as the sign

We share a sense of loss...
Companionship and friendship, too,
Each heart must hunger these,
Till some sweetheart says, 'I love you! '
Our hunger cannot cease...

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Denis Martindale

A Christian Poetess

Behold, a Christian poetess,
Seeking the ultimate good,
Not just the feel-good, right now.
One who cares, dares, shares
And says her prayers,
Acknowledging the purposes
Patience keeps secret for a season,
Its legacy to unfold later,
To be revealed in the fullness of time...

For her, love isn't a sport or game,
Played upon the heartstrings,
Meant for subtleties and follies.
She is so much more than today's woman,
For she thinks with an eternal mind,
Borne of passion, poetry and inspiration
And words of comfort nestle in her heart,
Fastened there, to abide forever.

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To her, Christ is the King of Love
And she is but the handmaiden,
Chosen by grace, indwelt by love.
May she hold on to her heart
And treat it with tenderness,
For the blood that flows there
Brings remembrance of the divine
And the wisdom enriching her mind
Is like that of refined gold...

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Denis Martindale

What Could Be Greater?

Lovers look up at the stars,
See the Universe dancing across the sky,
Perhaps a shooting star
And though humbled by the majesty of it all,
Seek to aspire to greatness here on Earth...
And what could be greater than love and falling in love?
We're never more alive than when first in love,
With thrills streaming through our hearts,
Fantasies flooding our sleeping thoughts,
Rehearsing things to say to that special one,
Hoping things will work out for us,
Dreams coming true here and here...

A few presents given back and forth,
A few delicate caresses no longer disguised,
The outspoken holding of hands,
First kiss, second kiss, utter bliss...
Then others finding out and saying,
'Someone's in luh-uvv...'
The too-late-to-back-out-now scenario,
The serious looks when it's become so real,
The sudden half-based proposal,
The one that's still accepted with a kiss...
Tell me, what could be greater,
What could be greater,
What could be greater than this?

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Denis Martindale

A Positive Life

First, save up all the cash you can,
Then send the rest to me...
And always have a backup plan
Or maybe two or three...
Don't trust the Government at all,
The leaders just don't care,
They'll simply drive you up the wall,
Despite your every prayer!

Don't put your trust in bonds and such
And stocks and shares avoid,
They've helped a few, the rest not much,
No wonder I'm annoyed!
Don't bet on horses, no, no, no,
Ignore the greyhounds, too,
'Cos some of these are way too slow,
That's why I'm warning YOU!

My Pension Plan is my concern,
No bedroom tax for me!
If there's one thing in life to learn,
It's own your house rent-free!
With loft conversion, extra room,
Sort stuff and store upstairs,
Less clutter seen, one would presume,
To simplify affairs...

And as for paintings, stamps and jewels,
It's pot luck what occurs,
With many wise men proved as fools,
For pure greed often blurs...
Can you afford that holiday
In New York, Paris, Rome?
You'll never see me fly away,
I'd save cash staying home!

And don't forget to haggle, friends!
Don't be ashamed to beg!
For on this truth, your life depends,

If you, expenses peg...
Folks rip you off from left to right,
Compare the shops and see...
If you save cash, you'll sleep at night
And thank God, just like ME!

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Denis Martindale

The Beauty Of Literature

I rarely do the household chores,
The gardening and the like,
I hide away behind closed doors,
As if I've gorn on strike!
I'll read a book quite quietly
And never say a word,
So that no-one on Earth finds me,
Until the time preferred...

I've rarely washed a cup or plate,
A knife or fork or spoon,
That's why the house stays in a state
Until the afternoon...
I'm lost from chapter one, page one,
A world unto myself,
Until another story's done
And placed back on the shelf...

While poetry's my secret love,
I need my books, for sure,
From normal life to rise above,
To skive off evermore...
They've not caught on to my first scam,
'It's research! ' I respond...
And though I'm guilty of this sham,
I'd rather read James Bond!

The classics occupy some time,
Charles Dickens wrote a lot!
And though his stories are sublime,
Sometimes I lose the plot!
Romances aren't ideal to read,
The scam can't reach that far,
And War and Peace I'll never need,
Such heavy books I bar...

One day, of course, they'll realise,
I'm lazy, through and through,
Then out the door my research flies,

With housework forced to do!
From all housework I'm staying clear...
No other scams to form...
Until found out, I'm staying here!
In my bed, nice and warm...

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Denis Martindale

Icelandic Sunset

So few have seen what I've just seen,
On craggy rocks nearby,
A distant stream that's always been
Beneath that pale blue sky...
On my right side, a waterfall,
Cascading pink champagne,
With purple waters under all,
Still destined to remain...

The craggy rocks on my left side,
As if they came from Mars,
To stretch out to the landscape wide,
Where life seems oh so sparce...
Yet beauty graces all about,
In scarlet-crimson hues,
Like royal robes the land wears proud,
To shimmer evening's clues...

As I gaze down for miles ahead,
A flaming yellow sun,
Towards its sunset it has sped
For day's now almost done...
And mid this wondrous spectacle,
That only my eyes see,
It's like I hear the Saviour call,
Declaring love for me...

As to to say, 'I shed My Blood,
On Calvary's Cross to die,
That you'd be saved and come to God,
Not linger, asking why?
But suddenly, a leap of faith,
Would spare your life and more,
Eternal Life, forever safe,
Something to live life for! '

And so I stand upon the rock
As if baptised anew,
Now born again, despite the shock,

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By faith that gently grew...
This sunset here's my special one
Of all I've ever known...
For when this evening's truly done,
I 'll know I'm not alone...

Denis Martindale

Keep Calm And Imagine

Yes, it helps to know God loves me!
Yet life still gets me down!
Though my faithful friends are lovely,
At times, I wear a frown!
Before I dream, I clear my mind,
Let God take full control,
Awaiting any joy to find
To soothe my troubled soul...

I keep calm and imagine there
That I'm a movie star,
Another Oscar yet to share,
Then back home in my car...
To go online and see it all
Upon my TV screen
That almost spans across the wall,
The biggest ever seen...

My butler brings me my champagne
And wants my autograph,
I hope he doesn't think me vain,
I hope he doesn't laugh...
I look divine when on TV,
All dressed up glam, of course,
My Oscar shining next to me,
Because it's mine, not yours!

I can't help smiling ear-to-ear!
That Oscar means I'm blessed!
Now with the one I won last year,
No wonder I'm impressed!
That's when at home in Cricklewood,
Not Hollywood, alas,
Completely calm and feeling good,
I let the long day pass...

I fall asleep, perchance to dream,
That God helps pay my rent,
That even now I'm on His team,

Although my money's spent...
With holey socks and holy heart,
Despite my poverty,
I've still got love enough to start
Some brand new poetry!

Denis Martindale

Imagine Dream Write

The heart and mind combine as one,
The spirit thus set free!
To rise on high, warmed by the sun,
On wings of poetry!
To swirl above, the clouds to move,
Then tip-toe here and there,
Above the storm, where angels soothe
And God knows every prayer!

The spirit senses everything,
The sun, the moon, the stars,
Beyond all Man's imagining,
Which sometimes proves a farce!
Consider dreams that melt away,
In minutes, they're soon gone,
Forgotten more than yesterday,
Yet life still carries on!

Far better then, to write one's thoughts,
Like journals of our lives,
Beyond the smatter of reports,
If memory survives...
Life isn't just the main events,
It's so much more than that!
It's so much more than finding friends
To gossip or to chat...

Sometimes it's quite profound, you know!
Sometimes it's fun and games!
Sometimes it's fast, sometimes it's slow...
But who remembers names! ?
So write them down! Recall! Take note!
If Peter, James or John,
Your notebook's like life's antidote,
For poems and so on...

You may look back one day and smile,
At what you write right now!
Remembering it took a while,

Yet you should take a bow!
I wrote this poem just for YOU!
To grant some bright insight...
To help God's Spirit bless you, too...
Imagine! Dream! And write!

Denis Martindale

The Licked Her Scale

Their love affair was short and sweet,
A fling and nothing more,
To run its course until complete,
Each pleasure to explore...
Then everything to leave behind,
Each liplock, lick and touch,
Another partner soon to find
And love so well, so much...

With brand new tricks, their games go on,
No matter, day or night,
To fill the void that's never gone,
Despite what's called delight...
Beyond all trace of self-control
That adults choose in youth,
Created spirit, body, soul,
Man can't escape the truth...

But that's the way that flesh makes fools,
With rebels coming first,
Defying all of Nature's rules
Until by God they're cursed...
For judgment also has its course,
Its starting point and end,
Its solemn truths to reinforce
Until we comprehend...

Temptation still exists and yet
The wise ones know the cost,
For there's a land full of regret
Beyond the line that's crossed...
If wise advice that's not ignored
Means judgment never seen,
Then loneliness has some reward,
Think well, what might have been...

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Denis Martindale

The Wholesome Winsome Essence Of Love

If love does not transcend
Both treasured time and space,
It is not love...
If love does not extend
Someone some sweet embrace,
It is not love...

For love does not hold back
Its daily measured tears,
Nor cause another's lack
To span across the years...
Nor burden someone's heart,
With promise unfulfilled,
Nor seek a brand new start
When all its dreams are killed...

For love is more than life,
More than each joy or curse,
More than the daily strife
That spoils this Universe...
For if love were contained
In all that we could know,
Then love could be constrained
And limited in flow...

Yet I have seen true love,
A mother for her child,
A love to rise above
All labour's pains reviled...
Her husband at her side,
Amazed at what was done,
As he now looks with pride
Upon their newborn son...

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Denis Martindale

God's Eternal Love

The miracle of love's reward,
Indwells us every day
And blessed are those that trust the LORD,
Whatever, come what may...
Like Jesus Christ from Nazareth,
Before the day He died,
Until His final fatal breath
When He was crucified...

The King of Love they call Him now,
Who faced the Devil's scorns,
Despite the crown upon His brow
That soldiers made from thorns...
No wholesome winsome essence then,
Yet Jesus paid sin's price
And for one thief before all men
Christ promised Paradise...

If not for love, its strength, its faith,
Not one of us could stand,
Before the LORD so strong to save,
Nor even hold His hand...
How blessed are those that hear Him call,
Behold the Son of Man...
God's love persists, enduring all,
Eternity to span...

Denis Martindale, copyright, October 2013.

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You can hear the word of the Lord each day on
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the Roku set top box or Revelation TV online.

You can search my poems for Revelation TV programmes and topics, using keywords like Jesus, God, Holy Spirit, Church, baptism and revelation tv or revelationtv.

Denis Martindale

Honesty Is The Best Policy

A brand new season's coming soon,
My spirit tells me so,
Perhaps sometime this afternoon,
I'll find the strength to go...
And from my heart and mind may rise
Another sad refrain,
Such that new tears could fill my eyes
As feelings I explain...

Love causes me to spill such thoughts
In rhythms and in rhyme,
Not merely writing bland reports
Of things once called sublime...
When I recall that we were friends
Till sorrows came about,
How can the memorised events
So easily fade out?

If I could take back words I said
And letters that I wrote,
To simply say farewell instead,
Would truly get my vote...
But life goes on, to pastures new,
To further dreams and such,
Though we still ponder what to do
And vainly stay in touch...

Perhaps it's time to call a halt,
Declare it all but done,
Just draw the line, admit each fault,
Confess that neither won...
Let all emotions fade away
Till snow falls on the ground,
To hide from us the games we play
When joys are newly-found...

With that in mind, my heart takes rest,
If you agree we're through,
No more to phone if no more blessed,

If to our hearts we're true...
Love ran its course, the thrills are spent,
The tenderness has gone
And though we met by accident,
Let's now, by choice, move on...

Denis Martindale, copyright, October 2013.

Denis Martindale

Special Pair

With two white tigers on patrol,
Their land was safe indeed
And so today was like a stroll
Where sunshine hours might lead...
A time to let their tails swish free,
Less tense than times before,
As if they felt with certainty
That each one knew the score...

A special pair to some of us,
If we esteem their kind
And count such beauty as a plus
When tigers come to mind...
Yet there are those that give no thought
To creatures such as these,
Regarding wildlife as a sport,
They do just as they please...

How long white tigers still remain
Is anybody's guess,
The greater good may yet restrain
To grant some happiness...
Man ought to pray white tigers lived
Than hurt a single one,
So each of these can be God's gift
Beneath a golden sun...

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Snuggle Up!

The lioness was with her cub,
The apple of her eye!
She told the cub to snuggle up,
Not just to stay close by...
For there are times, life takes its toll
And times meant just for this,
A chance to pause, not take a stroll,
But simply one of bliss...

The comfort zone, where hearts entwine,
Where both minds think alike,
When I am yours and you are mine,
The world can take a hike...
The two of us and nothing more,
Amid a gentle breeze
That whispers, 'This is what life's for,
So, rest now, take your ease...'

That tiny cub learns day-by-day
That life is all it owns,
Beyond the times it wants to play,
Or grumble moans and groans...
There's in-between, there's tenderness,
There's silence in the sun,
There's prime time we call happiness,
When nothing much gets done!

Denis Martindale, copyright, October 2013.

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Snuggle Up'.

More Stephen Gayford poems here:

Denis Martindale

Youtube Legend

Yes, Youtube's now the show-off's home,
His perfect Shangri-La,
Where he's as sweet as honeycomb,
The place where he's a star!
His chance to shine, let others know,
Perform for all he's worth,
For he's now found the chance to glow
For everyone on Earth!

He'll sing and dance and tell jokes, too,
Share poems what he wrote,
Sometimes he'll share his point of view,
Now you've been warned, take note!
He'll recommend the latest fad
The Internet provides,
Yet warn of gizmos he thinks bad
And quote their user guides!

But every now and then he'll shine,
Impressing one and all,
As long as he can stay in line
And not, like some stars, fall...
He'll be a legend given time,
Sign autographs and such
And folks will think that he's sublime
And love him way too much!

Denis Martindale, copyright, October 2013.

Denis Martindale

Of Such Is The Quality Of Love

To find another,
with a heart as wonderful as your own,
isn't rare,
but if they love you
as much as you love them,
that truly is rare
and that, of course,
is the most precious rare of them all...

To find that one true love,
the lovelorn must explore,
seek that which is beyond words,
far beyond the five senses,
for love is as sensual
as the rising of the sun,
like the first falling of snowflakes,
or the cascading of waterfalls,
or the joyous smiles of dolphins...

PoemHunter.com

Love is that first sharp intake of breath,
that first realisation of admiration,
that first gulp that signals a secret within,
that coy nervousness as the one admired knows,
that they have some power over you...

Call it a bewitchment, an enchantment,
call it but an illusion, merely a game,
yet true love can become serious in a heartbeat,
overwhelming all reason, robbing the senses,
ask anyone who's been kissed and kissed good...

Despite all thoughts of self-preservation,
the one in love falls captive to hopes and dreams,
caresses entwining, the holding of hands,
the subtle soft whispers ear-to-ear,
the sharing of future plans together...

Oh, may the King of Love be merciful,
on those too fast in love,

forgetting past mistakes of yesteryears gone by,
too easily impressed with pressed lips,
perhaps the perfumes in the air,
perhaps the fine clothes and their colours...

For what is love to be esteemed as much?
Is it not like any other social dance?
Full of twists and turns, close-up and personal,
yet sometimes not in its fullest harmony,
a few missed steps here and there,
with some pretence that all is well...

More honest is the sitting together, merely talking,
Without insincere flatteries, just gentleness,
just the tenderness in a smile or two now and then,
with sudden silences that speak volumes,
for that one right there, could really be the one...
right... there...

Denis Martindale, copyright, October 2013.

Denis Martindale

The Bestest Poem!

I wrote the bestest poem in the world!
I know I'm only three and just a kid!
It just happened and my pen just twirled and twirled
Before I'd done the thing that I just did...
My Daddy saw me do it!
But he didn't talk me through it!
I framed my verse myself
And I put it on the shelf!
This poem's not as good,
But I want this understood!
I wrote the bestest poem in the world!

Denis Martindale, copyright, October 2013.

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

A Trifle Disappointed!

The week's shopping was delivered at last
and I had to help get that lot into the house,
to the kitchen worktops, floor and the fridge...

So in went a few trifles, the milk and the eggs,
some to the top fridge section, some to the base.
The top section trifle devoured within the hour,
the others left for later, or so I thought...

At 10pm, the next day, all was not well...

The trifle I took out the base section was, erm,
frozen solid, not a sign of a trifle treat in sight.
So I left it in the kitchen to defrost, as yer do...
At midnight, I thought I'd check it again...
The spoon couldn't sink into that trifle at all, at all,
so I tried again a few hours later, as yer do...

At 3am, the spoon squished its way into that trifle,
over here, over there, a trifle to the left and to the right,
so I tested a squidgy spoonful and decided it was OK,
then another spoonful, then another, then another...

Pretty soon, I'd devoured three quarters of it down,
but that last quarter wasn't looking at its best...
sort of iffy rather than lovely, so I admitted defeat...
Decided not to finish off whatever it was that was left...
I hate wasting food with so much food waste nowadays...
Not too impressed with meself at the moment...
In fact, I'm a trifle disappointed, to say the least...

Denis Martindale, copyright, October 2013.

Denis Martindale

Poetry Resources

I'd like to find some ways to write
When ideas just aren't there!
I'd like to get some new insight
So great that I must share!
I'd like to learn the poem styles
That I've not tried before!
Perhaps to spread a million smiles
From shore-to-shore-to-shore!

I'd like to study my own pace
And not be whizzed along!
I'd like some challenges to face,
So please don't get me wrong!
I'd like to think the Internet
Would grant a site or two,
With some improvements I could get
And then pass on to you!

I'd hope that some folks understood
The joy of poetry
That makes us write the stuff we should
To help humanity!
Like poemhunter's site, of course,
And other sites as well...
So that each poet still outpours
New dreams and themes to tell...

Denis Martindale, copyright, October 2013.

The poem is based on tinyurl-dot-com/poetry-resources
offering ways to help poets to be even more creative!

Denis Martindale

The Poetry Computer!

The microchip was so designed
To share thoughts come what may,
Whatever insights came to mind
Or caused a soul to pray...
And once installed, compelled to write
In rhymes like poets do,
To entertain and to delight
The likes of me and you...

And so, it started, my, oh, my,
With poets quite enthralled,
As we sat down and by and by,
The wait had us appalled...
Then suddenly the printer bleeped,
The first verse to impart
And, oh, the praises that we heaped,
For it touched every heart!

The printer bleeped a second time,
The second verse was done,
Us poets thought it was sublime,
So winsome, full of fun!
An hour passed and once again
Another verse was born,
A solemn calm fell on the men,
For it was so forlorn...

Verse number four had soon arrived,
Upbeat from start-to-end,
A kitten that had grown and thrived
And one day found a friend...
Us poets smiled to read the tale,
Like true love conquers all,
Like true love knows it must not fail
For it's a miracle!

When number six was shared around,
Us poets were amazed,
For it brought thoughts that would astound

And thus be highly praised...
One poet wept with joy inside,
For unashamed was he,
To say he had a sense of pride
For all such poetry...

The whole day long us poets felt
A tidal wave of love,
As if a stack of cards were dealt
With poems from above...
As if the Lord was with us, too,
Outpouring one-by-one,
Vivacious works of art so new
No better could be done...

The final poem printed out,
No more were ever known!
It proved beyond all trace of doubt
That Man is not alone!
Describing Martians living here
And naming them as well!
While I know this, no need to fear,
I'll never, ever tell!

Denis Martindale, copyright, October 2013.

Denis Martindale

Unbounded Power!

Unbounded power everywhere
That God would call His own,
For from above each holy prayer,
God smiles upon His Throne...
That place once set before all else,
Unmoved eternity,
Unmoved by all the demons' spells
And all their infamy!

Unbounded power every hour
For every single day,
For every week, month, year to tower,
Regardless, come what may...
With wisdom, grace and more besides,
With suns and moons and stars,
Magnificence that never hides
For it can never pass!

Behold the Lord! Behold His strength!
Behold what God has done!
Behold the Universe at length
Created by His Son!
For by the Saviour all was made,
He owns it through and through,
That's why God's angels have obeyed,
So credit where it's due...

The Prophets granted truths to see,
As yet beyond their time,
Beyond their wisdom's clarity,
Such wonders, so sublime...
Concerning Christ, as good as gold,
His purpose here on Earth,
The greatest story ever told,
The proving of His worth!

Unbounded power He laid down,
All glory born as Man,
Till one day forced to wear a crown

Of thorns as scorns began...
Yet in this time, His sacrifice,
Was known by God above,
Before Christ entered Paradise
Known as the King of Love!

Unbounded power once again!
His glory thus restored!
From that day on, the Light of Men,
As Saviour, King and Lord!
Eternal Priest, the Lamb of God,
Good Shepherd to the lost,
With Israel blessed, where once He trod
And for sin paid the cost!

Unbounded power in His heart!
What wonders to discuss!
His Holy Spirit to impart!
Who else could love us thus?
To grant new lives to lost souls here,
To guide them day-by-day,
His steadfast love won't disappear...
No man can take away...

By faith, Mankind to Heaven looks!
By faith, each child finds grace!
By faith, thanks to the Bible's books!
By faith, we see Christ's face!
With thankful hearts, the saints are known,
For they've seen Calvary!
That's why they seek the Father's Throne
Throughout all history!

Denis Martindale, copyright, October 2013.

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Denis Martindale

The Mournful Spirit

The shadow world that welcomed me
Was dark as night and more,
Where evil dwelt so fancy free
With all its soiled allure...
With subtleties all borne of lies,
Manipulations trained,
Another lost soul as the prize,
Its conscience to be strained...

The shadow spirits old as time,
Shapeshifters and the like,
So steeped in cruelties and crime,
As vipers fit to strike...
And not so much as friends were they,
Just colleagues now and then,
To fight by night, to fight by day,
Against all kinds of men...

I was a man, a lost soul, too,
Thought everything was fine,
Till now sent here, my life now through,
On other souls to dine...
So dead inside and dead throughout,
So cold, so callous now,
In fact, without a single doubt,
All evils to allow...

No turning back now life was done,
No pardon for my sins,
Just darkness lacking warmth or sun,
Where every demon grins...
But then a rainbow shone above
Across the midnight sky,
A miracle that meant God's love
Beyond all questions why...

Though dead, I heard God call my name,
My spirit was released,
Forgiven sins and sense of shame,

As if all blame had ceased...
I levitated from that Hell,
That vicious rendezvous,
As if this horror still to tell
To someone just like you...

Without the Saviour's blood to save,
I'd still be there today...
So please don't wait until the grave,
While you've still time to pray...
Remember Easter, what it cost,
Reflect on all that means,
For no-one else can save the lost,
Until Christ intervenes...

Denis Martindale, copyright, October 2013.

The poem is based on a near death experience as was explained on a Revelation TV programme about experiences of Heaven and Hell... In this experience, the lost soul didn't even know it was lost and yet in that Hell, surrounded by demons, the Lord Jesus Christ was still able to rescue... When life returned to that soul, only then could that person truly say, 'Today, I'm born again.'

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Denis Martindale

Riverside Siesta!

The tiger knew the sun was hot,
So to the stream he went,
Because he liked the stream a lot,
Thought it was Heaven-sent...
The trick was just to be alone,
No other tigers there,
As if the stream was his to own,
For tigers hate to share!

And luck was on his side that day,
No others to be seen,
Now was the time lone tigers play,
When none can intervene...
He splashed and splashed and splashed and splashed,
He swam from shore-to-shore,
He picked up speed and quickly dashed,
All pleasures to explore!

And satisfied that all was well,
Began to glide along,
As if now time to rest a spell,
Like nothing could go wrong...
The stream obliged his every need,
The lucky so-and-so,
For he felt blessed, yes, blessed indeed,
Born free to come and go...

Denis Martindale, copyright, October 2013.

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Riverside Siesta'.

Denis Martindale

Peaceable Kingdom

When four bear cubs were granted space
To stroll along one day,
There was no sudden sad disgrace
Because they chose to play...
Thus side-by-side without a brawl,
Just like four musketeers,
With all-for-one and one-for-all
They each shared smiles not fears...

Of course, they'd bonded like bears do,
Each knew there was no harm,
They faced that morning rendezvous
With no trace of alarm...
Thus peace was reigning, kingdom-wise,
With gentle harmony
And surely that's the greatest prize
That's ever meant to be...

If only humans chose this path,
Aspired to its aims,
There'd be more reasons still to laugh,
Less reasons to call names...
Yet love takes time in every heart
To blossom like the rose,
Before its blessings can impart
And lifelong friendship grows...

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Learners In Love

Since their first kiss and soft caress
Had blessed each other's hearts,
So harmony brought happiness
For that's what it imparts...
When understanding takes control
And partnership holds sway,
There's wholesome gladness in each soul
That hopes it stays that way...

Some call it work to co-exist,
It just needs memories,
For from the past they still persist,
Reminding what can please...
So arguments stay in the past,
Contentions thus to fade,
All that remains are things that last,
Now pleasantly displayed...

That's how a couple's meant to be,
Entwined by thoughts of love,
Beyond the hopes and dreams that we
At first would think enough...
Because they seek their share of bliss,
Instead of finding blame,
How blessed indeed, this couple is,
Deserving of acclaim...

Denis Martindale, copyright, September 2013.

Denis Martindale

Mr & Mrs

The lion and his lioness
Had blessed each other's hearts,
So harmony brought happiness
For that's what it imparts...
When understanding takes control
And partnership holds sway,
There's wholesome gladness in each soul
That hopes it stays that way...

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It just needs memories,
For from the past they still persist,
Reminding what can please...
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Denis Martindale, copyright, September 2013.

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Mr & Mrs'.

Denis Martindale

Chewing It Over...

Two pandas by a tree trunk sat,
Their breakfast close-at-hand
And though some folks would call them fat,
How could they understand?
Not everything's in black and white,
Up front and crystal clear,
So don't trust everything in sight,
Things aren't all they appear...

Life's so complex and that's a fact,
It's not see-through like glass,
The Universe is densely-packed
With suns and moons and stars...
Where they came from, God only knows,
The pandas have no clue,
Chewing it over as day goes
Is all these guys can do...

Two pandas merely while away
The morning that God gave,
Without a single word to pray
For knowledge that we crave...
They only know it's time to eat,
So on the grass they squat,
As if refusing to compete,
Like Man who thinks a lot...

Denis Martindale, copyright, September 2013.

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Chewing It Over'.

More Stephen Gayford poems here:
denis-martindale-dot-blogspot-dot-com

Denis Martindale

Golden Eagle

The golden eagle, what a sight!
Across the pond, they know!
A wondrous creature when in flight,
Its silhouette aglow!
Just like an arrow cross the sky,
Angelic-like above,
The kind of bird Man questions why
This life seems not enough...

Yet viewed up close, designs are known,
Each eye that sees so far,
Each feather there so that he's flown
As if from Earth to star!
With claws to help him land as well,
The mountain face to grip,
So that he's like a miracle
That's never meant to slip...

The golden eagle still inspires,
He's known the whole world wide,
A brilliant bird that one admires,
Regarding each with pride...
Prospectors understand gold's worth,
Romantics comprehend,
Like eagles that have blessed this Earth,
Let's soar like eagles, friend!

Denis Martindale, copyright, September 2013.

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Golden Eagle'.

Denis Martindale

Royal Pair

Two wolves were taking in the day,
Regardless of the cold,
A royal pair, so come what may,
Stood firm, as good as gold...
For inner strength had brought them here,
Tenacity of will,
Despite the cold that most would fear,
They fought against the chill...

For these, no lone wolf solitude,
No struggling through alone,
No always thinking food, food, food,
Less hunger pains were known...
For unity brought confidence,
Each Winter to survive,
Togetherness meant they were friends,
So that these two could thrive...

If Man observed their simple rules,
What wonders could he do?
No fights or wars commenced by fools,
No atom bombs to rue...
Just one improvement at a time,
Just trying to be kind,
Just think of that, for it's sublime,
If Mankind changed his mind!

Denis Martindale, copyright, September 2013.

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Royal Pair'.

Denis Martindale

Family Outing!

When meerkats have a day-off planned,
The family outing starts!
Young meerkats scamper cross the land
With joy inside their hearts!
The kiddies do what kiddies do
And frolic in the sun,
With parents hoping they'll live through
What's needed to be done...

From Meerkat Manor they've explored,
Their day-off to peruse,
That yonder hill that they've ignored
Till now the one they choose...
As kiddies climb, they might get weak
And that could calm them down,
Yet since some kiddies are unique,
These kiddies went to town!

The parents crawled the final stage...
Fatique had worn them out...
You'll know it when you reach that age...
Your bones display no doubt...
So meerkat Mum and meerkat Dad,
Were glad they made it home!
They ached so much that they felt bad,
Vowed never more to roam!

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Feline Grace

A sleek black panther had appeared,
It slinked along so slow
And even as it gently neared,
I didn't turn and go...
For there was wonder in my eyes,
So statuesque I stayed,
Regardless that it wasn't wise
To pause with thoughts delayed...

My luck persisted for a while,
As if a miracle,
The panther couldn't see me smile,
My camera catching all...
Like models on a catwalk pose,
This panther took its time,
With feline grace each step it chose,
Superb and quite sublime...

And when it turned and walked away,
Its tail swished side-to-side,
Content to live a perfect day,
If sunshine served as guide...
While just a tourist, I was glad,
Although I dared not blink,
For it enjoyed the grace it had
And that sure made me think...

Denis Martindale, copyright, September 2013.

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Feline Grace'.

Denis Martindale

Banyan Tiger

Among the trees the tiger trod,
A striking sight to see,
Yet close-up you could think him odd,
Despite such majesty...
His propped-up ears above his head,
His whiskers twitching still,
Yet if you've paused and haven't fled,
You're bound to feel a thrill...

The biggest big cat of them all,
Twelve foot from nose-to-tail,
Enough to make a strong man fall,
Or tread soft on the trail...
The tiger knows his way around,
He's walked this path before,
So less surprises to be found,
Of that you can be sure...

So be advised, safe distance keep,
That Banyan tiger's wise,
He knows the times to run or creep,
Or stay still in disguise...
Let tourists visit, walk and roam,
Let tourists smile all day,
But as for me, I'll stay at home,
Much safer, friends, that way...

Denis Martindale, copyright, September 2013.

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Banyan Tiger'.

Denis Martindale

Jungle Phantom

A lone white tiger strolled along,
Exploring far and wide,
A mighty creature, oh so strong,
So difficult to hide...
With swishing tail now raised above,
As if the world were his,
So nonchalant, as if in love,
A sight not hard to miss...

As if to say, he'd got it made,
No fear of what could hurt,
No need to run as if afraid
Till something strange occurred...
Yet Man was but a mile away,
Oblivious indeed,
Till Man walked near upon that day
And saw this wondrous breed...

White tigers from that day esteemed,
Regarded as sublime,
The likes of which remained undreamed,
Until this chosen time...
A jungle phantom first observed,
A miracle of grace,
A precious gem like one unearthed
That now has pride of place...

Denis Martindale, copyright, September 2013.

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Jungle Phantom'.

Denis Martindale

High Noon

Two cheetahs stared with great intent,
Across the land they shared,
Perhaps some danger to prevent,
So they remained prepared...
Their focus on things far away,
That few on Earth could tell,
For at high noon no shadows stay,
To move or prove all's well...

The sun, of course, would soon move on,
With shadows to return,
Until this time was all but gone,
With lessons still to learn...
A keener vision granting peace
When silence gave no clue,
Until the time high noon must cease,
Way past its rendezvous...

While creatures merely serve their needs,
Mankind wants so much more,
Through centuries he still succeeds
The Cosmos to explore...
Each generation comes and goes,
Yet each heart beats alone,
Each mind must learn until life's close,
For by this quest we're known...

Denis Martindale, copyright, September 2013.

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'High Noon'.

Denis Martindale

Winter Fun!

When polar bears are prone to play,
Like wrestlers in the sun,
It's typical of cubs to stay,
Determined to have fun!
They grapple like it's not a fight,
Playacting, nothing more,
Although they really hold on tight
And stand there paw-to-paw!

A few snarls here, a few snarls there,
Yet parents aren't concerned,
It's not as if they just don't care,
For that's the way they learned...
To stand up for oneself each time,
Warm up the blood a while,
Just like a mountain meant to climb,
To go that extra mile...

While cubs observe unspoken rules,
They tussle all they can,
Yet when they're done, they're not like fools
That parents must then ban...
Those cubs don't meet a grizzly end,
In fact, they look quite glad,
For though they fight, each has a friend,
So please don't think them bad...

Denis Martindale, copyright, September 2013.

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Winter Fun'.

Denis Martindale

Majestic Prince

A tiger's legend soon begins
Like any alpha male,
Yet he was one majestic prince
That truly set a trail...
Across the land, no place his home,
Survival uttermost,
No family, so free to roam,
As if from coast-to-coast...

But fate had other plans and so
A tigress crossed his path,
Thus love for her began to grow
Towards his better half...
In partnership, these two took time
To raise their family,
With both of them still in their prime
Displaying loyalty...

Thus Nature's plan maintains the line,
The heritage and more,
The strong survive, served by design,
Their future to ensure...
Yet every tiger's quite unique,
As proved by tiger skins,
One day a cub so frail, so weak,
One day majestic prince...

Denis Martindale, copyright, September 2013.

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Majestic Prince'.

Denis Martindale

Secret Admirer

The tiger saw the tigress there,
She faced the other way,
For him, true love was in the air,
For her, no need to stay...
So unrequited love lived on
Within his lonely heart,
Purr-haps until the time she'd gone,
Unknowing from the start...

What should he do? He paused to ask,
Was this the time or not?
To watch her in the sun to bask
While he stayed on the spot?
Admiring yet gaining nought?
Rush in where angels dread?
Thus in a quandery he was caught,
Each thought stuck in his head...

Was he made timid by his love?
Discretion was the key,
Yet somehow this seemed not enough,
If love was meant to be...
So he approached, her heart to win,
Just like she had won his,
What happened next sure made him grin...
'Cos it was purr-fect bliss!

Denis Martindale, copyright, September 2013.

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Secret Admirer'.

Denis Martindale

Indian Tiger Family

Indian tiger family
So peaceful at this time,
Together in such harmony
That all appears sublime...
For now, each cub has no concerns,
No hungers and no pains
And nothing that each heart still yearns,
As long as this remains...

Yet life continues day-by-day,
Soon food and drink they'll need,
No more the winsome times of play
When they're consumed by greed...
Till then, this hour casts its spell,
Its other-worldly feel,
Yet this must pass and bid farewell,
No longer quite so real...

PoemHunter.com
Indian tiger family
With all this hour brings,
I envy your tranquillity
Above all other things...
For not all humans feel so blessed,
For some live on their own,
Your family's a treasure chest,
Each day you're not alone...

Denis Martindale, copyright, September 2013.

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Indian Tiger Family'.

Denis Martindale

Instinct

White tigers, wondrous as they are,
Survive as best they can,
Yet instinct only goes so far,
So parents need to plan...
That's why white tigers still exist,
Just recently made known,
That's why we hope they will persist,
Their hunting skills to hone...

They've found their place in Nature now,
Esteemed by Man as well,
Protecting while he can allow,
So they've their tale to tell...
With families that roam the land,
The young cubs still to train,
While Man provides a helping hand,
Come sunshine or come rain...

Consider instinct just the start,
The guiding force inside,
In matters of the head, the heart,
So wisdom is supplied...
If not for instinct, senses fail,
No matter, great or small,
No matter if male or female,
It helps us, one and all...

Denis Martindale, copyright, September 2013.

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Instinct'.

Denis Martindale

Himalayan Highlander

Serene snow leopard, high above,
Survivor to the end,
Regardless if no-one to love,
Not even as a friend...
Alone, almost unseen, yet still,
Determined to survive,
Highlander, there, upon a hill,
Where few could stay alive...

Deserving of respect at least,
Some admiration, too,
A cunning soul, a fearsome beast,
Yet cold the whole day through...
Protected simply by his coat,
With bristles as his fur,
Preserving like an antidote
Whatever may occur...

I cannot envy such a cat,
A predator, that's all
And hardly an aristocrat
When Winter comes to call...
Tenacity is there to see
Upon his frame and face,
If living grants us dignity,
Like us, he lives by grace...

Denis Martindale, copyright, September 2013.

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Himalayan Highlander'.

Denis Martindale

Wading Tiger

The wading tiger slowly moved
Within the silver stream,
Observing just how much it soothed,
A winsome mellow dream...
Where feelings blur and melt away,
To leave behind a glow
That takes all traces of the day,
Such that all troubles go...

And in such peaceful, lilting bliss,
That tiger closed his eyes,
Just so... and with no chance to miss
What few could realise...
Tranquillity is such a gift,
Transporting soul from mind,
As if to grant the heart a lift
That it was meant to find...

No wonder, humans feel the same!
It's bathtime! Rest a while,
Relax, this Shangri-La to claim,
Breathe gently with a smile...
With perfumes here and perfumes there
No tiger could explore,
My word, it's quite beyond compare...
So who could ask for more?

Denis Martindale, copyright, September 2013.

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Wading Tiger'.

Denis Martindale

The Born Again Poet!

Because of Christ and Calvary,
I now fight the good fight!
Born again poet? Yes, that's me!
Alive each time I write.
For life itself has been transformed,
Transcending time and space,
When I see Christ, my heart feels warmed,
As we stand face-to-face.

For in the realm of Heaven's love,
Where angels come and go,
God's Throne stands tall, all else above,
For evermore aglow!
Thus saints arise from mortal toil,
Ascending to God's home,
Because on Earth each one proved loyal,
Now here, why should they roam?

Thus poets who once preached God's Word
Are welcomed one-by-one,
Through Easter knowing what occurred
They trusted in God's Son!
Behold the splendours there reserved
For both the young and old,
With every blessing well-deserved,
They walk God's streets of gold!

By faith, all poets start each line,
Content the end draws near,
Great poems flow like holy wine,
Till miracles appear!
Thus every poet born again,
Take comfort while alive,
Write poems till that moment when
In Heaven you arrive!

Who knows what wonders yet await?
Who knows how God will bless?
We only know that our God's great

And grants true happiness!
For what proves joy without a dream,
A vision or a hope?
Each poet's heart's a God-blessed stream
That reaches all the globe!

That's why I feel alive each time
Another poem's shared,
Perhaps with words God calls sublime
Because each time I cared.
To sacrifice each golden hour,
Itself proves great reward,
For from such love God grants us power
To serve our precious Lord!

Denis Martindale, copyright, September 2013.

Several of my Gospel poems have been
read out on Revelation TV and I often
write about the programmes and topics on
this Christian TV channel thanks to the
receiving of their monthly newsletters.

You can hear the word of the Lord each day on
Revelation TV on Sky, Freesat or Freeview HD, or
the Roku set top box or Revelation TV online.

You can search my poems for Revelation TV
programmes and topics, using keywords
like Jesus, God, Holy Spirit, Church, baptism
and revelation tv or revelationtv.

Denis Martindale

The Calligrapher Speakonia Text Version

Sat down upon a comfy chair,
The writing tools at hand,
The coming journey oh so fair,
That few could understand.
For patience proves the precious key,
Meticulous design,
Beyond the pure calligraphy,
Each letter on each line.

Sometimes upon a scroll or frame,
Presented to a friend,
Or just the writing of a name,
For some award to send.
Or matching illustrations done,
So delicate so sweet,
With discipline despite the fun,
Till everything's complete.

With swirling letters capitals,
Some foreign symbols too,
Creating wondrous miracles
For everyone to view.
The sense of pride, the thankful heart,
Perhaps to shed a tear,
The time well spent perfecting art,
The grin from ear-to-ear.

Then teaching others what works well,
Observing what they learn,
As they fall neath the writing spell,
And to it, they return.
To match the teacher's skills at last,
Their children to impress,
Such that they'll never be down cast,
Now they found happiness.

Denis Martindale, copyright,

September 2000 and 13.

This is the text version meant for a different
setup using the text-to-speech program called
Speakonia, using the properties section to
adjust the voice, pitch, speed and volume such as
robosoft 3, pitch 45, speed 5, volume 60 and
text can be saved as a wav file, yet the text is
slightly different to the original which uses
commas rather than dashes and full stops instead
of dot dot dot pauses.

Some phrases sound better without some commas
and maybe a few words could be split e g
they found rather than they've found and
happy ness rather than happiness.

If the copyboard is set then a highlighted text,
then the COPY action will immediately speak
that text according to the speech properties
such as I suggested.

The VLC Lan program works with the wav file
based on its file association and that program,
or try another sound playback program instead.

Denis Martindale

My Translated Poem!

A man approached me in the street,
As if he knew me well,
Then he shook hands as if to greet,
Though why I couldn't tell...
He said he knew something I wrote,
Translated long ago
And then he stopped to clear his throat,
Reciting to and fro...

His gestures reinforcing thoughts
I barely recognised,
I stood amazed and out-of-sorts,
Like I was hypnotised...
He smiled as if from ear-to-ear,
All fired-up, enthused,
With me engulfed by all his cheer,
While standing quite bemused...

And all at once, reciting done,
The title was revealed,
It proved to be my favourite one,
The thoughts that most appealed...
Herein Is Beauty it was called,
Herein my heart was kept...
And while he looked at me enthralled,
With joy, I stood and wept...

Denis Martindale, copyright, September 2013.

Denis Martindale

The Pleasure Of The Poet

The pleasure of the poet stays
Long after poems penned,
Beyond the nights, beyond the days,
Beyond this world, my friend...
For God remembers words sublime,
Meant for another's good,
Beyond the poet's thoughts on time,
If truly understood...

For this life comes and this life goes
And stars no longer shine,
Yet there's a debt that each soul owes
To words that stay divine...
For God empowers prophets here
Across the centuries,
Beyond their words that dispel fear,
That strengthen, teach or please...

God's poets preach or entertain
Through Bibles now and then,
God only knows how much we gain
In ways beyond our ken...
Discretion borne of poems read,
The foolish thus made wise,
A warm heart blessed by a cool head
That treasures truth not lies...

The essence of the poet's task
Is sharing precious gold,
That follows on, if we but ask,
God's wisdom to unfold...
The pleasure comes when God's grace flows
To each heart, mind and pen...
What happens next God only knows,
Till God shares once again!

Denis Martindale, copyright, September 2013.

Denis Martindale

When Time Lords Fall In Love

The Doctor who left Gallifrey
A long, long time ago,
Had no idea what he would be,
His future yet to know...
The times he spent upon the Earth,
That water world so far,
Became to him of priceless worth,
Beyond each sun or star...

There came a time when love began,
Two hearts that learned to care,
Beyond adventures still to plan
From here to anywhere...
Her name was Rose, the girl he chose,
The girl who made him smile,
The girl he wanted to hold close,
To dance with for a while...

She loved him, too, with all her heart,
Of that there was no doubt
And only when he split apart,
Could they sort their love out...
Two Doctors stood, yet one must choose,
To love or travel on,
For one, it would be such good news,
For one, true love was gone...

So Rose stayed with her Doctor choice,
The other said farewell,
The one she chose this day enjoys
More love than she could tell...
The Tardis felt a sadness then,
One never felt before,
In time to heal him once again,
With confidence and more...

Amelia Pond came on the scene,
The girl he forced to wait,
But time arose to intervene,

Creating love from hate...
A second chance or so they thought,
Yet it was not to be,
For by another he was caught,
As if his destiny...

Her name was River Song and yet
They lived time in reverse,
With spoilers shared with some regret,
As if they proved a curse...
For there are moments so sublime,
Fixed firmly without change,
Forever set in space and time,
Not one could rearrange...

But River Song had love so strong,
The Doctor loved her, too,
As if these two would still belong
And always see things through...
While sweet companions come and go,
While tenderness is shared,
The Doctor in his hearts would know,
For River Song he cared...

Denis Martindale, copyright, September 2013.

Denis Martindale

One Last Verse!

I knew that I should go to bed,
But peace I could not find,
I must stay up to write instead
This poem in my mind!
It started in the afternoon,
Stayed with me from then on,
With one last verse to end it soon
Before the day was gone!

But that last verse was not quite there,
I tried ten times and more,
So I sat down and paused in prayer,
New feelings to outpour...
Yes, I confess I prayed a while,
Perchance to get it right,
Perchance to help me set the style
And not stay up all night...

An hour past and still I yawned
And yearned for sweet release,
Thank God, for then an idea dawned,
To make my striving cease...
At last, the final line was penned,
Rewarding all my toil...
And with my poem at an end,
My cocoa's on the boil...

Denis Martindale, copyright, September 2013.

Denis Martindale

Kicking Up Dust!

When zebras gather somewhat close
And privacy is lost,
Sometimes a tension slowly grows,
Perhaps a line gets crossed...
If tempers flare, with some disgust,
Onlookers often see
Naughty zebras kicking up dust,
Somewhat ungraciously...

Regardless of the causes there,
Things aren't all black and white,
Sometimes they really, really care,
Sometimes they're impolite...
But who are we to judge them all?
We've gone to war for less...
Sometimes folks drive us up the wall,
Sometimes folks want to bless...

We each have bad days now and then!
Life's not plain sailing here!
But soon dust settles once again
And time suspends all fear...
So give it time till all goes well!
Be patient for a while!
Why make things worse? Why scream? Why yell?
Calm down! ! ! And learn to smile...

Denis Martindale, copyright, September 2013.

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Kicking Up Dust'.

More Stephen Gayford poems here:

Denis Martindale

Careful Watch

Two lion cubs were quite alone,
No parents were close by,
So there they waited, on their own,
Beneath the clear blue sky...
They both looked left, they both looked right,
As careful watch they kept,
On anything that stood in sight,
Or anything that crept...

Because the other cub was close,
They both would form a bond,
As if each life the other owes,
For now and years beyond...
A partnership was bound to be,
The other to defend,
But sweeter than mere family,
With each, the other's friend...

For now, the fragile felines stayed
As they surveyed the land,
As both their parents they obeyed
And tried to understand...
Yet one day, too, as lions learn,
Their time could come real soon,
When to their young cubs they return,
Some sunny afternoon...

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Trodden Footsteps

Appearing from the undergrowth
The jaguar came near,
My guide and I, we saw it both,
Excitement turned to fear...
We stood our ground, remained unseen,
My camera caught it well
And if fate didn't intervene,
We'd have a tale to tell!

Of course I gulped, to see the cat,
So close-up, no way out,
But I was brave and didn't scat,
So let's clear up that doubt...
The jaguar stopped suddenly,
His trodden footsteps calmed,
As if quite unexpectedly
His senses were alarmed...

The game was up! I heard some noise!
My guide had scarpered fast!
The jaguar then made his choice,
Saw him and then ran past...
I turned around and watched them run,
Escaped the other way...
I'm not ashamed of what I've done...
I lived another day!

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Typical!

It took me all of sixty years
To build the time machine!
I entered it despite my fears,
No God to intervene...
The safety checks were all but done,
The settings left to test,
As if the battle almost won,
As if now almost blessed...

I shivered as I turned the dial,
Afraid, no turning back,
No sense of joy, no smirk, no smile,
More like a heart attack...
Then suddenly the power grew,
The time machine left home,
The settings changed to sometime new,
Another place to roam...

I went back fifty years and more,
The scanner view agreed,
I tried to open up the door,
But couldn't quite succeed...
It wouldn't open, for I learnt
A force field kept me in,
Despite the fact that I'd returned,
I found I couldn't win...

It was as if God laughed aloud,
The joke, of course, on me,
No longer feeling quite as proud,
No longer fancy-free...
So I returned back home again,
Dejected through and through,
My exit granted there and then,
So what else could I do?

I sold the time machine, of course,
Just spare parts here and there,
Because I knew that God has laws,

Time travel He can't bear...
I thus retired with the cash,
To go on a world cruise,
To live my life with great panache,
My last days to amuse...

Denis Martindale

The Calligrapher

Sat down upon a comfy chair,
The writing tools at hand,
The coming journey oh so fair,
That few could understand...
For patience proves the precious key,
Meticulous design,
Beyond the pure calligraphy,
Each letter on each line...

Sometimes upon a scroll or frame,
Presented to a friend,
Or just the writing of a name,
For some award to send...
Or matching illustrations done,
So delicate, so sweet,
With discipline despite the fun
Till everything's complete...

With swirling letters, capitals,
Some foreign symbols, too,
Creating wondrous miracles
For everyone to view...
The sense of pride, the thankful heart,
Perhaps to shed a tear,
The time well spent perfecting art,
The grin from ear-to-ear...

Then teaching others what works well,
Observing what they learn,
As they fall neath the writing spell
And to it they return...
To match the teacher's skills at last,
Their children to impress,
Such that they'll never be downcast,
Now they've found happiness...

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

From Text To Speech

Sometimes, when I've new poems penned,
I read them out once more,
In my own voice from start to end,
Each message to explore...
Yet there are programs I can use
That share from text to speech,
That's why their voices I can choose
To find their range and reach...

I test the pitch, I test the speed,
The male or female voice,
In hopes I find just what I need,
So I can make my choice...
And then my headphones help me hear
The way each voice portrays,
So that much closer I may near
The best of all each plays...

Regardless of each comma's pause,
Delaying what I wrote,
I listen as each voice outpours
Inflections of the throat...
Perhaps I'll change a word or two,
Perfecting where I can,
Just like wise poets often do
To make their poems scan...

So go online with Google search,
Text programs to install
And maybe you'll soon get the urge
To test just one or all...
I've found them useful as a sign
In phrasing thoughts I've penned
And so, I bid you go online,
To test them out, my friend...

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

The Symmetry Of Poetry

The symmetry of poetry
Brings harmony indeed,
As if its rhymes were meant to be
In order to succeed...
And fashioned into fancy things,
Adorned with vibrant words,
As if to fly on silver wings
Or stay like hummingbirds...

The symmetry of poetry
Brings truths and so much more,
As if the poets playfully
Brought splendours to the fore...
Abiding, thus, resplendent there
For readers' sweet repose,
With inspirations to compare
From those each poet chose...

PoemHunter.com

The symmetry of poetry
Brings order now and then,
As if to set the spirit free
Just like each poet's pen,
Which swirls and dances cross the page
And switches line-to-line,
Content to be there, centre stage,
To serve some grand design...

The symmetry of poetry
Depends on self-control,
The editing proficiency
Towards a higher goal...
Such that the readers feast awhile,
Forget each worldly woe,
Perhaps permit a smirk or smile,
At least I would hope so...

The symmetry of poetry,
What pleasures can arise,
Perhaps a touch of jollity,

Perhaps pure thoughts so wise...
Whatever precious pens outpour
From all each poet shared,
At least we'll know for evermore,
Somebody, somewhere, cared...

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Denis Martindale

The Ghost Poet!

Some say he haunts at dead of night,
Some say he will not leave,
Some say they heard the ghost recite,
As if new spells to weave...
He tells the tale of love once lost,
His maiden long ago,
To say that he was double-crossed
By friends he used to know...

His poems are in ancient speech,
Like Shakespeare's at The Globe,
As if the Fates he must beseech,
As if his final hope...
And so he wanders room-to-room
In search of Gabrielle,
His mournful heart so full of gloom,
For she may be in Hell...

There are no clanking chains and such
Embellishing this tale,
Enough to say he loved her much,
Alas, to no avail...
When word got out, the people went,
Departing home, sweet home,
To leave him there without a friend,
For evermore to roam...

To think, he spouts his poetry,
Each lonely, lonely night,
No living soul to hear or see,
Thus no-one there in fright...
Just beetles climbing up the walls,
Just moths that flitter by,
While to his love each poem calls,
Recited with a sigh...

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

The Charisma Of Christ

Before the coming of the Lord,
God's prophets saw that time,
When prophecies to them outpoured,
So precious and sublime...
Such that these men proclaimed Good News
Before the Saviour's birth,
For He alone would save the Jews
And Gentiles by His worth...

For worthy was the Lamb once slained,
His offering of Blood,
Until His final breath remained
And death ordained by God...
Thus Christ was given not to judge,
But save the lost from sin,
Because God loved us oh so much
That He would not give in...

Before Christ grew into a man,
His ministry to start,
God told the world about His plan,
Some wisdom to impart...
Thus demons knew who Jesus was
And rallied as if one,
Content to see Him on His Cross,
Despite all He had done...

Yet there He was, the victor still,
The King of Love who bled,
Upon Golgotha's vicious hill,
The place where He was led...
The place where He was nailed and fixed,
The place where all could see,
And though they watched with feelings mixed,
Could say, 'He died for me...'

But that took time to understand,
Though Jesus lived anew,
Like doubting Thomas, hand-in-hand,

With Christ so that faith grew...
The Good News spread at Pentecost,
Three thousand souls were saved,
The day God's Spirit blessed the lost,
Once baptised, newly-bathed...

And from then on, when Saul met Christ,
Repented, born again,
So that Paul's life was sacrificed
To those that he could train...
Paul's words have proved his faith, his love,
His Jesus joy each day,
For in Christ's Name, Paul looked above
And often paused to pray...

The centuries have come and gone,
Charisma still endures,
For Jesus lives to carry on,
With grace that yet assures...
With revelations granting peace,
With miracles divine,
Because God's wonders never cease,
His truths to underline...

That's why the Church proclaims Good News
With Bibles everywhere,
So that lost souls can learn and choose
To say The Sinner's Prayer...
The Holy Spirit welcomes those
That trust in Jesus' Name,
Because in Christ God's Spirit knows
Eternal Life they claim...

Denis Martindale, copyright, September 2013.

Several of my Gospel poems have been
read out on Revelation TV and I often
write about the programmes and topics on
this Christian TV channel thanks to the
receiving of their monthly newsletters.

You can hear the word of the Lord each day on Revelation TV on Sky, Freesat or Freeview HD, or the Roku set top box or Revelation TV online.

You can search my poems for Revelation TV programmes and topics, using keywords like Jesus, God, Holy Spirit, Church, baptism and revelation tv or revelationtv.

Denis Martindale

* About Revelation Tv

Several of my Gospel poems have been
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and revelation tv or revelationtv.

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

The Path To Perfect Poetry

Poetry is like a scroll or a road map,
set ablaze with various expressions
guiding us towards an understanding
of what is required, if we define poetry
as being perfect in each and every way.

Thus the writer and the reader
join in partnership, to partake of
some great or small inspiration,
leading to the betterment of both,
else why the bother and the effort,
the time and the energy?

Surely the writer must strive towards
what many call perfect or perfection,
as when a man sees a girl or a woman
declaring her perfect or absolutely perfect,
or as perfection or absolute perfection,
as that is all he sees, as soon as he sees her.

PoemHunter.com

To convey that in one's creative poetry
is not limiting it to the realm of romantic rhyme,
such as lovesick Romeo describing his Juliet,
but in one's inmost being, where one develops
a sweet affection, a preference, or a standard
that is the measure of all that is seen thereafter.

Thus the poet presents us with a landscape
of this united travelled journey towards our goal,
either portrayed in the writing or the reading.

What sometimes affects me, is the joy in reading
one of my earlier poems again, a few years later
and receiving it as if written by somebody else,
seen as with different eyes than when first written.

The poems may not be perfect... and yet...
they were the milestones upon my journey,
the sudden snapshots of years gone by,

the markers of my hopes and dreams,
the presence of poetry and prophecy,
the pleasant proof of the perfect divine love
and the helping guiding hand of my God...

Denis Martindale

Jesus

When angels formed their choir above,
The shepherds listened well,
For born on Earth, the King of Love,
Was welcomed here to dwell...
The angels sang in harmony,
Good News thus to reveal,
That Christ was sent for you and me,
Our sinful souls to heal...

As Jesus grew from boy to man,
His Father saw it all,
In time to let Him see the Plan,
In service to God's call...
For what was Jesus living for,
Except to save Mankind?
To offer us, the rich, the poor,
His perfect peace of mind...

What man is safe from sin and hate?
They dwell in every heart...
And what is there to celebrate?
For these tear us apart...
While they bring wars and crimes untold,
While they bring years of shame,
The greatest story ever told
Begins with Jesus' Name...

When crowds around the Lord came near,
His parables brought hope,
The wisdom meant was crystal clear
And wisdom helps us cope...
Beyond the words He shared each time,
His prayers brought healings, too,
Such that some thought He was sublime
And that His words were true...

But others chose the ancient laws,
Condemned God's Son to death
And once they set upon that course,

They sought His final breath...
And less than this they would not take,
As Pontius Pilate stared
And so Christ died for righteous sake,
That through Him, we were spared...

Jesus! Oh, Lord, what wondrous love!
God's will was thus obeyed,
Your perfect love proved grace enough,
For sinners who had strayed...
Now hymns and praises rise each day,
Ascending to God's Throne,
Rejoicing, Jesus is The Way!
Christ only can atone!

What can we give that might reward
The Lord for what was done,
For all the Blood that was outpoured
Beneath the moon and sun?
The Sinner's Prayer explains our need,
The pardon that we crave,
Still written into every creed...
Through Jesus, God forgave...

Denis Martindale, copyright, September 2013.

Several of my Gospel poems have been
read out on Revelation TV and I often
write about the programmes and topics on
this Christian TV channel thanks to the
receiving of their monthly newsletters.

You can hear the word of the Lord each day on
Revelation TV on Sky, Freesat or Freeview HD, or
the Roku set top box or Revelation TV online.

You can search my poems for Revelation TV
programmes and topics, using keywords
like Jesus, God, Holy Spirit, Church, baptism
and revelation tv or revelationtv.

Regards, Denis Martindale.

Denis Martindale

The Pleasure Of Pure Poetry!

The pleasure of pure poetry!
The quintessential joy!
You might know what it means to me
Since I was but a boy!
The English teacher read the lines
And magic filled the air,
The story of the man who pines
When love is everywhere...

The teacher smiling at the end,
When every word was said,
A twinkle filled his eye, my friend,
Discretion still to tread...
Another poem he read out,
It blew my mind away,
The poem's title still in doubt
Until this very day...

But this I know, it made me laugh,
It also made me cry,
Because it took a different path
And left me wondering why...
But then the writing bug was born!
It lingered in my mind...
No longer did I feel forlorn,
For I could help Mankind...

In time, I wrote my feelings down,
My journey thus began,
Describing every common noun,
Perchance to form a plan...
To cherish private thoughts at last,
Unfettered by restraints,
No need to act as if downcast,
Like other Christian saints...

A freedom came that love made bloom
To blossom like the rose,
With fragrance that could fill each room

With memories if we chose...
So I sat down, with pen in hand
And paper there beneath,
So that the world could understand
The Good News I believe...

The time well spent, I pause to smile,
Before my life's end nears,
I liked the 8,6,8,6 style
From hymns I sang for years...
My poems range from all God gives
To things I pray will serve,
I preach the truth that Jesus lives
To sinners of this Earth...

To think, that I, of low regard,
A mortal of this time,
Should love to be a humble bard,
Declaring thoughts sublime...
Great expectations once were known,
Yet none are quite like this,
With poetry, no more alone,
God loves me, I am His...

My quest is therefore good as gold,
To share my God and King,
To pass on treasures I behold,
For God is everything...
He made the sun, the moon, the stars,
The mountains, lands and seas,
The Rings of Saturn, Venus, Mars,
No other God made these!

As Man sends probes across the void,
Our poetry goes, too...
And thus Man's hopes are gently buoyed
By poets old and new...
The songs and hymns and poems tell
The Universe we lived
And that we tried to live life well...
For life's God's greatest gift...

Denis Martindale, copyright, September 2013.

My Gospel poems can be found using keywords like
God, Jesus, Holy Spirit, Church and baptism...

Denis Martindale

The Reasons I Write

When English was the lesson spent
Within another class,
Through common grammar rules we went,
Another test to pass...
Yet sometimes poems were explored
That changed my point of view
And lessons there were not ignored
Among a chosen few...

When I left school, at home to stay,
A song began to form,
Which I could sing and I could play
And made my heart feel warm...
That was my song, that was my tune,
That was my talent shown,
Investing there that afternoon,
Found treasure yet unknown...

The reasons that I chose to write,
Forgotten I confess,
Yet God had granted some insight
To future happiness...
But would I strive, or persevere,
Or let that talent waste?
Esteem God's riches, hold them dear
And by them be embraced?

Years flew away till once again
I found myself at home,
With time to spare, so now and then,
My inner thoughts would roam...
And out of brainwaves that occur
To fashion flames and fire,
The kindled kindness chose to stir
And filled me with desire...

A poet learns to sit a spell
And mingle with the mind,
Where prophecies can thus foretell

And grant sight to the blind...
For words portray unpainted styles,
Unsculptured virgin clay,
To grant each reader tears or smiles,
To while away the day...

But more than musings in the sun,
Came poems day and night,
True love expressed as yarns were spun,
Some humour to delight...
Then God came forth, His calling came,
Salvation claimed my heart,
The day I learnt God knew my name,
New poetry to start...

That's why the hymns began within,
The common metre theme,
With thoughts of grace to conquer sin,
As God's love stood supreme...
When revelations were outpoured
Explaining truths divine,
Such that I preached of Christ the Lord,
Who saved this soul of mine...

My life has changed from what it was,
Renewed through Christ the King,
The Lamb of God upon His Cross,
For He means everything...
A thousand poems tell His tale,
So wondrous to behold,
In English, here's the Holy Grail...
The greatest story ever told...

Denis Martindale, copyright, September 2013.

You can hear the word of the Lord each day on
Revelation TV on Sky, Freesat or Freeview HD,
or try the Roku set top box or visit the website.

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Denis Martindale

Staring At The Stairway

It was the start of a beautiful sunny day,
Two Christian brothers were driving along in their car,
Suddenly a tragic accident happened...
Both were taken to hospital, yet both died...

The first brother to leave this Earth ascended
And found himself at a half-built stairway,
There he saw a sign that told him what to do,
If you want to get to Heaven, complete the stairway!

So the man looked at the stair blocks and the cement,
Started carrying the heavy blocks and set each in place,
He laboured there for what seemed like weeks,
Finally, the last block was held fast and he sat on it,
He was completely worn out by the task set before him,
After he recovered, he pushed the Pearly Gates open
And at last, he smiled as he entered Heaven...

The other brother arrived at the half-built stairway,
He read the sign telling him what to do...
He giggled uncontrollably at the thought of all that work.
He then knelt down and prayed to His Heavenly Father,
The One he had faithfully prayed to for years...
Father, please send an angel down to me, to lift me up
And let him fly me safely into Heaven to be with You...

Immediately an angel appeared and embraced him,
Then lifted him up in his arms and flew him to Heaven.

Which of these two Christians would you rather be?

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Denis Martindale

Acts 29

The Holy Bible shares the truth
No matter who you are,
You may still be as but a youth,
Or famous movie star...
Yet God still preaches to this day
Beyond Acts 28,
To tell us Jesus is the Way,
The One to celebrate...

Disciples went from place to place,
The Gospel to impart,
Good News each sinner could embrace
And welcome in each heart...
With many healings as they went,
By faith and Spirit-led,
For they knew they were Heaven-sent
And knew why Jesus bled...

The Church began as Christians met,
Discussing Christ, God's Son,
To think He paid for each sin's debt
To pardon everyone...
But who would choose to serve the Lord
And who would walk away
And who would merely seek reward
Avoiding Judgment Day?

God sought the love of mortal man,
Eternal Life to give,
Not just to do the things he can,
But truly, truly live...
For what is life without God's love,
What purpose could it serve?
That's why Christ left His Throne above
And died for us on Earth...

No wonder even now we strive
To know the Father's will,
So that ambitions don't deprive

What He wants for us still...
It's why evangelists must preach
And why they count the count,
You see, God calls each one to teach
In hopes to save the lost...

While fellowship can be so sweet
With praises that ascend,
It's Jesus who makes us complete,
For He's the Sinner's Friend...
He changes hearts and minds, of course,
He shares His future plans,
Our partnership to reinforce,
So that each understands...

For what can we do without Him,
His Holy Spirit knows,
That's why He fills us to the brim
So that love overflows...
Acts 29 is here today,
It's Good News here and now,
That's why the Church should kneel and pray,
Before the Lord to bow...

With signs and wonders Christians learn
The power of the Lord,
But greater still if they discern
God's grace that's shared abroad...
A billion souls could yet be saved,
But only if we try,
How else will sinners' sins be waived,
Before the end is nigh?

Denis Martindale

Fallen Angel

An angel with a broken wing
Crashed down upon my head!
Apologized for everything,
Despite me there, half dead...
He picked me up and prayed for me,
Concussed and nonplussed, too,
Still glad that I had eyes to see,
Though I was black and blue...

He brushed me down then shook my hand
While I was fit to swoon
And hoped that I would understand
That he'd be leaving soon...
God told me straight to pray as well,
That broken wing to heal,
Then after that to rest a spell,
Sit down and have a meal...

The angel's wing clicked into place,
He waved then flew away,
To leave me there with squashed-up face,
That really made my day...
But life goes on and so did I,
My nose all out of joint,
With people always asking why,
But then they get annoyed!

No-one believes a single word,
They frown at my demise,
Yet they weren't there when it occurred
And what they say's not nice...
I've been on TV now and then,
Yet folks just want to mock,
I'll never do that stuff again,
As I'm a laughing stock!

My wife was kind in her pretence
That she believed it's true,
I know I've lost her all her friends

By what I've put her through...
Then one day, she got up and left,
Divorced within a year,
I live alone, feeling bereft
And often shed a tear!

Why did God let that angel fall?
Straight down upon my head!
What happened drove me up the wall
And I'm still seeing red!
My life's in tatters, thank You, Lord!
Forgive me for my doubt!
You see, I'm not as self-assured
And scared of going out!

Why me? That what I want to know,
No witness at the time,
Just me alone, an average Joe
And now well past my prime...
It's just not right, it's just not fair!
I always went to Church!
It seems to me, You just don't care...
You've left me in the lurch!

Denis Martindale, copyright, September 2013.

Denis Martindale

Hey Howie

When little children go to school,
They learn what children can,
Perhaps to learn the Golden Rule,
Perhaps to learn God's Plan...
Thus Christmas comes and Easter, too,
Assemblies day-by-day,
Perhaps to learn God's point of view,
Perhaps to learn to pray...

The teenage years can take their toll,
Work proves to be quite hard,
To tax the spirit, heart and soul,
God lost in high regard...
Thus Christmas comes and Easter, too,
But praise has lost its edge,
No longer seen the thing to do,
Or something meant to pledge...

As life goes on, the talents form,
Thus music played its part,
The drummer boy soon raised a storm
As new songs thrilled his heart...
The group was playing here and there,
Success was on its way,
Yet where had gone that daily prayer,
What words were his to pray?

In time, despair began to grow,
Doubts crushed him like a vine,
There must be something more to know
Within God's great design...
And so, one day, he sought the Lord,
For who else could he turn?
That was the day when he implored
That he began to learn...

When prophets preach and God is close,
Amazing words explain
The future times God only knows

And shows with much to gain...
And so one man found destiny,
When faith had conquered fear,
Such that it was now plain to see,
God in the Media...

One man could change TV in time,
Investing all he had,
A sacrifice which was sublime,
The kind that makes God glad...
Like tithes that come from rich and poor,
Esteemed by God above,
To change the world forever more,
Anointed by God's love...

Like Genesis, a brand new start,
A time for brand new things,
With healing for each broken heart,
Thanks to the King of Kings...
Without His blessing, who can stand?
Yet He blessed week by week
The sinful souls who held His hand,
His perfect will to seek...

Thus partners came from far and wide,
Gave Gospel gifts and such,
Tuned in each day and watched with pride
And chose to stay in touch...
With friendships formed across the years,
Creation's tale to tell,
To cast out foolish doubts and fears,
Their dangers to dispel...

The family that serves the Lord
Receives the Saviour's smile,
In time to share God's great reward,
If patient for a while...
But greater still to save lost souls,
Transform each brand new friend,
To teach souls of the Saviour's goals
So they can comprehend...

To summarise, God still prepares
The Church to learn the truth,
Beyond the saying of our prayers
That we've learnt from our youth...
He chooses those who must be told
They have a destiny,
Then offers them the heart of gold
That bled on Calvary...

Denis Martindale

The Poetry Planet

When first the angels saw the Earth,
They marvelled what it was,
Reflecting why this world had worth,
God's Spirit here to cross...
Of all the planets God had made,
Of all the suns and stars,
Why was this tiny dot portrayed
As something not to pass?

For there it was, a nowhere place,
According to reports,
Just roaming round one sun in space,
Yet central to God's thoughts...
God spoke again and rearranged
Its surface and below
And in the days that it was changed,
The angels yearned to know...

None dared to speak or ask Him why
For God yet laboured on,
To fashion clouds upon the sky,
To come and go till gone...
And mountains rose and valleys fell,
With brown land decked in green,
The likes of which not one could tell,
For life was barely seen...

Then suddenly, the birds sang forth,
In glory to the Lord,
From west to east and south to north,
With angels overawed...
And creatures formed and swam around,
As if the seas were theirs,
Yet none of these that breathed were drowned
As they spread out in pairs...

Then Man was formed from dust, no more,
The gift of speech to talk,
Alone, what was he living for?

In time, with Eve, to walk...
He wrote a poem for his mate,
No wonder he felt proud,
With wondrous words to celebrate
The joy that God allowed...

The angels listened to his psalm,
The love that Adam felt
And saw the couple arm-in-arm
As if their hearts would melt...
But some were jealous of such love,
Rebelled through foolish pride,
Cast out from where they dwelt above,
Because sin lived inside...

The moral of the tale is this,
Don't strive against God's plan,
Let others own their share of bliss
According to each man...
Regardless of Man's poetry,
His feelings to outpour,
Let angels stay content to be
Eternal, ever more...

Denis Martindale

I Pity Those

I pity those who cannot write,
Who go to bed and sleep at night,
To live their lives without insight,
It's true... I pity those...

I pity those who cannot write,
Who see the world in black and white,
No coloured themes, so sweet, so bright,
It's true... I pity those...

I pity those who cannot write,
Who never share some form of plight
And in that sharing end their spite,
It's true... I pity those...

I pity those who cannot write,
Who guard each secret as in fright,
Close to their chests to hold them tight,
It's true... I pity those...

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I pity those who cannot write,
Who never have a fight to fight,
No striving for the highest height,
It's true... I pity those...

I pity those who cannot write,
Who seek to find no inner light,
Who never learn the Saviour's might,
Indeed, I pity those...

Denis Martindale, copyright, September 2013.

Denis Martindale

The Road Of Discovery

The poet woke up from the dream,
The dream that changed his life,
Though dreams aren't always what they seem,
This cut him like a knife...
His soul was cleaved in two that night,
As revelation came,
He stood up with an awful fright,
His heart was filled with shame...

For in that dream he saw the Lord,
God's finger pointed so,
With judgment that can't be ignored,
He knew where sinners go...
Still shaking like a dangling leaf,
He gulped, filled with remorse,
Despite the fact that dream was brief,
His life took a new course...

Like Scrooge, repentant suddenly,
His life was turned around,
His charity was fancy-free
And brand new joy he found...
Yet emptiness came flooding back,
His soul still wasn't healed,
His proud old heart still firmly black,
Till God, Good News revealed...

The Holy Bible thus explained,
God's pardon has been bought,
Through Jesus Christ, forgiveness gained,
That's what God's Word has taught...
Upon this great discovery,
The poet took God's hand,
Still praising Christ and Calvary,
At last to understand...

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Denis Martindale

Victors And Victims

Although they started as equals,
The race, of course, began,
From then on, who of us foretells
What purposes they plan?
Pacemakers set the standard first,
While others follow fast
And then the stragglers come off worst,
Quite solemn and aghast...

Although the middle time's come near,
The field's spread open wide,
The leader's smiling without fear,
Though burning up inside...
And nearby there's the wily one,
Determined still to win,
Alas, for him, it's not much fun,
As others won't give in...

The third and fourth are close behind,
They're waiting till the end,
The final lap when they will find
More strength around the bend...
And suddenly, another strives,
With legs like lightning now,
Till past the pain his body drives
With all it can allow...

He battles on ferociously,
Till upto second place,
The crowd goes mad expectantly,
With cheers upon each face...
He's in the lead and he's flat out,
His body's racked with pain,
How long he'll last, that's now in doubt,
With so much still to gain...

He's made it to the winning line,
He's running to the right,
He's breathless till he's feeling fine,

Gold medal in his sight...
The TV crew are close-at-hand,
Congrats are everywhere...
Competitors still shake his hand,
Then go home in despair...

For there are winners, losers, too,
Their lives forever changed,
Yet what on Earth were they to do
If time's not rearranged?
Each had their chance for victory,
Each knew the risks involved,
But now there's no more mystery,
The matter's been resolved...

Denis Martindale

Spock

A child of Vulcan long ago,
Half-human from the start,
Tormenting feelings yet to know
That could tear him apart...
Enduring other children's taunts,
Their jibes and jabs of pain,
Throughout his life each memory haunts,
Still striving to remain...

They spurred him on to prove himself,
To always be the best,
To use his cunning and by stealth
Make sure that he impressed...
And driven by the Vulcan blood,
Traditions crushed his soul,
To overcome the human flood,
Tame it with self-control...

The scientific method learnt,
Mathematics served him well,
Each accolade was truly earnt,
While logic cast its spell...
Then came the choice he had to make,
Embrace the Vulcan mind,
The solemn path then forced to take,
All feelings left behind...

To him, it was his destiny,
His wisest choice, of course,
To sacrifice humanity,
A life without remorse...
No surge of joy, no smiles, no tears,
Emotions chilled within,
Robotic thoughts to fill his years,
No tempting thoughts to sin...

Yet in those thoughts that must endure,
Tranquillity and peace,
A servant to that higher law

That Vulcans seek to please...
Yet Starfleet offered him his chance,
Adventure and prestige,
Perhaps the future to enhance,
As yet beyond his reach...

The Universe had much to share,
That's why he left his home,
With warp drive speeds beyond compare,
Both time and space to roam...
To boldly go, where none had gone,
In strength and not alone,
Against all odds to carry on,
Exploring worlds unknown...

Thus Spock became the man he was,
Green-blooded through and through,
Accepting logic as his cross,
Respected by the crew...
The stern-faced man who seemed so wise,
Whatever should occur,
The Captain's friend on Enterprise,
The Science Officer...

A stubborn man, obeying rules,
As if they were enough
To combat rebels, mixed up fools
And those that fell in love...
But when love dies, what's left to live?
Consider what's been lost...
I'd rather love, my heart to give,
Than like you, count the cost...

Denis Martindale, copyright, September 2013.

The poem is based on Star Trek's Mr Spock,
half-Vulcan, half-human, green-blooded and
logical, possessing intellect, dignity and loyalty.

Denis Martindale

Silent Witness

The leopard lounged, content to be
A silent witness there,
While way up high upon the tree
To look, to gaze, to stare...
To contemplate, to muse a while,
Beyond the worldly scene,
To be amazed or gently smile,
Yet always stay serene...

As life goes on with its parade,
Let others hunt their prey,
Let others hide when finding shade,
To watch the young ones play...
The leopard lay upon his shelf,
Legs dangling now and then,
Not lonesome being by himself,
Until that time again...

When night approached and stars returned,
He stared upon them, too...
And wondered, were these eyes that learned
From yonder point of view?
Or were they merely like the moon,
Just scattered to and fro?
And while such answers don't come soon,
His heart still yearned to know...

Denis Martindale, copyright, August 2013.

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Silent Witness'.

Denis Martindale

In The Long Grass

Two bear cubs stared in the long grass,
Alert, as if on guard,
No friend or foe to let them pass,
Yet Mum and Dad weren't barred...
But truth to say, just stay a while,
Look tough to one and all,
But when approached, would run a mile,
Or maybe trip and fall...

Each gave the other courage till
A stranger came along,
Then they would scarper, feeling ill,
Decidedly not strong..
For now, they hold their heads up high,
Though somewhat raw recruits,
If something moved, then watch them sigh,
While shaking in their boots...

Just barely holding on, you see,
Till Mum and Dad return,
This Twilight Zone eternity
Has nothing new to learn...
I bet that Mum and Dad are near
And find it quite sublime
To see those bear cubs full of fear,
While they laugh all the time!

Denis Martindale, copyright, August 2013.

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'In The Long Grass'.

Denis Martindale

! ! ! I Can See Paradise!

From death to Hell, then darkness felt,
Its evil presence feared,
Enough to make all courage melt
As soon as it appeared...
A beam of light from Heaven came,
Christ's hand was seen and more,
While I was thinking Jesus' Name,
I saw an open door...

Now lifted up, ascending high,
Transported safely out,
In time, I saw that darkness die
And love replaced all doubt...
A tunnel beckoned, thus I went
And through it I was moved,
Until at last I saw the friend
Who all my troubles soothed...

If not for love transcending all,
Forgiving all my sins,
How could I hear my Saviour's call
Or see God's Holy Prince?
Ascending high and travelling
Across both time and space,
The darkness thus unravelling,
Until I see Christ's face...

Uplifting light outshining there,
A wondrous, precious glow,
With matchless love beyond compare,
My sins as white as snow...
And grace beyond my wildest dreams,
Forgiveness through and through
And warmth within, like living streams
And liquid love flowed, too...

Unfolding visions met my eyes,
Explaining life and death,
Such that I can see Paradise,

Jesus of Nazareth...
Perceiving truths few souls have known
And lived to tell the tale,
That proved with God I'm not alone,
His love can never fail...

Behold, a future meant to be,
A new world formed in space,
A new home for eternity,
Just for the Human Race...
God's glory found in every part,
God's presence felt within,
Fulfilling every human heart,
Devoid of death and sin...

If only words could thrill your soul,
The way these sights thrilled mine,
A foretaste of the Lord's control,
His majesty divine...
His untold blessings not revealed,
No eyes or ears can know,
Yet all such secrets stay concealed,
So that our faith may grow...

For what is Man if hope is lost,
Receiving all things now?
Except Lord Jesus paid the cost,
With thorned crown on His brow...
But we must wait and yet abide,
The Good News here to tell,
That lost souls need Christ crucified,
To pardon them from Hell...

That's why I preach as years go by,
Determined, filled with faith,
To share God's Word and let it fly,
For it is strong to save...
The Blood of Jesus shed for me,
In death, Christ paid the price,
That's why I share this mystery...
I can see Paradise!

Denis Martindale

Smallville

The planet Krypton was his home,
Until the day it died,
Then in a spaceship forced to roam
Across the void so wide...
But finally upon the Earth,
The meteors had to fall,
A fate not one had to deserve,
Yet Smallville felt it all...

The child from Krypton left the craft
That crashed within a field,
Found by the Kents, he smiled and laughed,
As if all wounds were healed...
With strength beyond the might of Man,
The Kent's world had to change,
To foster him, the perfect plan,
If somehow to arrange...

From that day on, Clark Kent was named
And raised upon their farm,
As if to have his childhood framed,
Protected from all harm...
But from his spaceship came the sound
That Clark had to obey,
A Krypton crystal would astound
And build his hideaway...

And there, within that solitude,
His fortress, stood alone,
To hear his father's voice intrude,
His life no more his own...
For fathers lead their sons ahead,
To places yet unthought,
Sometimes Clark's heart was filled with dread
Now captured, held fast, caught...

His foster parents tried their best,
Showed right things Clark should do,
To be the hero, pass each test,

Maintain their point of view...
Clark's father knew his destiny,
He trained him day-by-day,
Yet always stayed a mystery,
So many games to play...

And love, of course, was everywhere,
With conflicts that occur,
So many secrets not to share,
Yet called the Big Red Blur...
With heroes, sometimes fickle friends
And Kryptonite as well,
Life always kept him in suspense,
At times, he went through Hell...

They say time heals all wounds within,
Yet would Clark persevere?
For not all battles could he win,
Save those he loved most dear...
Yet broken hearts still carry on
When true love shines its light,
A kiss or two and fears are gone,
Then courage stands to fight...

Because he held the hero's dream,
Because he cared so much,
He faced all dangers called extreme,
Determined not to budge...
His life no more his first concern,
This world he came to love,
Yes, that's the lesson that we learn
Each time he flies above...

The secret is, he's Superman!
A hero through and through,
While I can't do the things he can,
I'll stick to him like glue!
I'll bring him down, I'll rub him out!
I'll stop, desist and cease!
Lex Luthor here, I'm without doubt
The villain of the piece!

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Denis Martindale

The Hallmarks Of Greatness

If one's greatness can be measured
And hallmarked just like gold,
Once proved it should be treasured
By both the young and old...
Respected for its virtues shown,
The courage that it took,
The times one had to stand alone,
By faith, thanks to God's Book...

The Scriptures stand the test of time,
To teach and to correct,
For life can be an upward climb
When many dreams are wrecked...
Yet if God's Word lives in the heart,
The world gets changed around,
Of course, we know that's just the start,
If miracles abound...

But what if miracles are few?
Can greatness be attained
By simple things that people do,
When wisdom is explained?
If not, then greatness would be lost,
Less heroes everywhere,
If no-one stopped to count the cost
Or humbly kneel in prayer...

Yet even children can be great,
If they serve Christ as Lord,
If they let Jesus guide their fate,
They too, receive reward...
For God can bless the great, the small,
Grant insights, visions, too,
For that was how God blessed Saint Paul
And how He can bless you...

Think not, that you cannot be blessed,
Made great within His sight,
If you, your sins to God confessed

And now walk in God's light...
A billion souls may come and go,
But while you live, take stock,
If you love Jesus, let it show
And He will be your rock...

A servant isn't thought the best,
Yet that is what Christ was,
He died so that we could be blessed,
Yes, even on that Cross...
The greatest story ever told
Is His and His alone...
Because His heart was good as gold,
He now sits on His Throne...

What then will God reveal to Man?
What wonders will He share?
And how can we fit in His plan
If we stay unaware?
If one's greatness can be set aside,
To grow and grow and grow,
It comes through Jesus crucified,
For that's where blessings flow...

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Denis Martindale

If Only I Was Perfect!

And then word got around,
Then on the telly, I suspect,
In colour and in sound...
No make-up needed for my face,
Great high definition,
Of pimples there would be no trace,
For I would seem a vision...

Oh! What wondrous clothes to wear,
A dazzling chronograph,
A smile to make the ladies stare,
With jokes to make them laugh...
A tale or two to scintillate,
My new film out next week,
Enough to fill James Bond with hate,
With me still at my peak...

A lovely lady on each arm,
Spellbound, so deep in love,
Head over heels for I would charm
With soft words like a dove...
And then to stand and share my song,
My brand new number one,
To sing it proud and sing it strong,
Yet with a sense of fun...

Red carpets here, red carpets there,
My life would be a blur,
With happiness beyond compare,
I could cause quite a stir...
Folks green with envy all the time,
Yet deep within my thrall,
Like Liberace, so sublime,
Impressing one and all...

But I'm just me, just me, just me,
I'm no great shakes, I know,
Not known as some celebrity,
I merely come and go...

PoemHunter.com

No photos in the magazines,
No zoom lens and no flash,
I'm just like other human beings
And always strapped for cash!

Denis Martindale

Watch And Learn!

Three lions stared at goings-on,
Because they were brand new,
Regarding sights till they were gone,
For what else should they do?
Like us, they learn how things are done,
The skills that others know,
In time like them, second to none,
With each one like a pro...

Three lions looking quite perplexed,
Amazed at what they saw,
To question what would happen next,
Then learn what lay in store...
Eyes open wide and taking in,
Like cameras set on zoom,
Depending on their kith and kin,
Their lessons to resume...

Three lions learning day-by-day
The hunting skills they'd need,
Gone was the time they used to play,
Their new lives must proceed...
How else could they survive the years?
As partners they'd do well,
As long as they could beat their fears...
But only time would tell...

Denis Martindale, copyright, August 2013.

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Watch And Learn'.

Denis Martindale

Arctic Fox

The arctic fox was laying low,
With cunning in his eyes,
While just above the ice and snow,
Just waiting in disguise...
A patient creature, yes, indeed,
Yet patience was the key
And with this friend he would succeed,
Sometime, eventually...

His gentle breath belied his heart,
It was as cold as ice,
Starvation tears the soul apart,
From then on, it's not nice...
So hunting prey was his sole aim,
His only chance to live,
And so I ask, is he to blame,
If he, no chance will give?

The arctic fox must bide his time,
While time was on his side,
To contemplate upon his crime,
So many can't abide...
Despite the fact some can't condone,
His dinner keeps him strong,
Since no-one's here, he's quite alone,
Till dinner comes along...

Denis Martindale, copyright, August 2013.

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Arctic Fox'.

Denis Martindale

It's Been A Long Day

Oh, the white tiger was weary!
His tootsies throbbed and throbbed...
Though white tigers don't get teary,
He almost sighed and sobbed...
He asked, How long will this day last?
He hoped it would end soon,
Because he knew when it was past,
He'd sleep beneath the moon...

The day went on and on and on...
He had to have a rest!
He couldn't wait till it had gone,
Though anger he expressed...
He hadn't learnt to pace himself,
That's why there was no doubt,
He wasn't in the best of health,
He was plum-tuckered out!

His heavy head matched heavy heart,
He yawned, as tigers do,
The doziness began to start,
Eyes closing to the view...
And minutes later, tootsies soothed,
He gladly said, Goodnight...
And thus, for hours, hardly moved,
Contented to sleep tight...

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The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'It's Been A long Day II'.

More Stephen Gayford poems here:
denis-martindale-dot-blogspot-dot-com

Denis Martindale

Hide Away

The tiger tottered to-and-fro,
Exhausted by the heat,
Then saw a magic silver glow
Upon a flattened sheet...
He realised the stream was near,
A little hide away,
Then everything was crystal clear,
As if to make his day...

When tigers smile, they almost grin,
Stiff upper lip, you see,
That's why he slowly sauntered in,
Instead of joyfully...
But almost in, he gently paused,
As if with thankful heart,
With no idea how this was caused,
Yet ready to take part...

Thus gliding in, till shoulder high,
Then past the muddy spread,
He paddled on, now feeling spry,
In one straight line ahead...
This is the life, he told himself,
A wash down now and then,
A soothing booster to one's health!
Amen... Amen... Amen!

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The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Hide Away'.

More Stephen Gayford poems here:
denis-martindale-dot-blogspot-dot-com

Denis Martindale

Young Gun

The young male lion lived life well,
A leader through and through,
With courage only time could tell,
Great expectations, too...
Determined always, standing proud,
His image to protect,
Untamed, unfettered and unbowed,
Thus Nature's true elect...

How long before he lost his crown?
He never thought that way,
His wisdom never let him down
And here he chose to stay...
He pitied those that sought to fight
A lion such as he,
For he would fight with all his might
And prove his majesty...

One glare from him and others sensed
Their challenge was forlorn,
His stance was bold with muscles tensed,
He viewed each one with scorn...
Alas, one truth remained ignored,
The price of self-control,
With not one friend as his reward,
He looked a lonely soul...

Denis Martindale, copyright, August 2013.

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Young Gun'.

More Stephen Gayford poems here:
denis-martindale-dot-blogspot-dot-com

Denis Martindale

Gifts For The Home!

When Stephen Gayford paints for you
It's wondrous what will be,
Perhaps a close-up point of view
Of creatures few will see...
White tigers are quite rare, of course,
Endangered as they are,
Not like the cow, the sheep, the horse
You find both near and far...

When Stephen Gayford paints for you,
It's beauty that he shares,
Beneath a sky that's oh so blue
Are lions, tigers, bears...
Yet each of these can still express
The journey life endows,
Perhaps the chance for happiness
That sometimes life allows...

When Stephen Gayford paints for you,
Across the world he'll roam,
Not just to sketch life at the zoo,
To share gifts for the home...
He's right there where the creatures live,
With camera close-at-hand,
Then sketching creatures that he's with
So that you'll understand...

When Stephen Gayford paints for you,
It's like a photograph,
With striking colours bold and new,
Like light upon a path...
To draw you in, to make you smile,
To help appreciate,
That life's a gift to share a while,
Something to celebrate...

When Stephen Gayford paints for you,
His talents make him glad,
For he knows what his paintings do,

From feedback that he's had...
Perhaps his paintings grace the hall,
Enhance the fireplace,
I only know they help us all,
Put smiles on every face...

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The poem is based on the magnificent paintings
by Stephen Gayford, sold as gifts for the home...

Stephen Gayford poems here:

denis-martindale-dot-blogspot-dot-com

Denis Martindale

From Gethsemane To Golgotha

When God is silent, doubt begins,
Yet Jesus prayed again,
Was this the time to die for sins
And if not now, then when?
And if that cup of death must be,
Was that too much to ask?
Would Jesus walk to Calvary
And thus complete the task?

Gethsemane beneath His feet,
Upon the world He made,
Where Judas came, his friend to meet,
One kiss with Christ betrayed...
And then the dark night of the soul,
Would Jesus stand His ground?
Would Jesus master self-control
With demons all around?

The leaders of His day played sport,
His flesh their battlefield,
They gave His pain no single thought,
For He, the thousands healed...
Yet Christ withstood the onslaught till
Golgotha was declared
And so Christ climbed, obeyed God's will,
So that we could be spared...

Though sin is deadly every time,
Yet pardon has its price,
Behold the man, God's Son, sublime,
Behold the sacrifice...
And let imagination serve
To stir compassion's sigh,
As Christ is raised up from the Earth
And destined thus to die...

Cascading mercies fall below,
From front and back descend,
As righteous blood must overflow

From Christ, the Sinner's Friend...
By faith, just faith and faith alone,
The Saviour suffered all,
His love, the greatest ever known,
His finest miracle...

Yet God works miracles as well,
He raised Christ from the dead,
To prove that Christ could save from Hell,
For that is why He bled...
The risen Lord has much to do,
Two thousand years or so,
Still reaching out to me and you,
For how else can we grow?

Today is just another day,
Unless God gives us light,
His Word is there to lead the way,
To help us do what's right...
A thousand pages thereabouts,
With Israel centre stage,
God-given faith to end our doubts
In this, God's golden age...

Denis Martindale, copyright, August 2013.

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on Sky, Freeview HD, or the Roku box, or
visit the website revelationtv-dot-com

Denis Martindale

Rhyme Sublime

One's often puzzled what to rhyme!
Yet that's the journey, friends,
To meditate and use that time
Until one comprehends!
To struggle with the choices found,
That one stores in one's brain,
Perchance one choice that will astound
With oh so much to gain!

Of course, one's education aids,
The repertoire within,
Reflecting as each word cascades,
Perchance to pause and grin...
Yet oh what blessings can outpour,
Fine phrases and fine thoughts,
Creating what a poem's for
With diamonds not just quartz!

Consider rhyming dictionaries,
They're friends, both yours and mine!
With each selection they increase
The ways to end each line...
They offer fancy words or plain,
They guide us on our task,
It's like they scan each poet's brain,
What more could poets ask?

Who knows what wondrous words we'll write
If helped along the way?
Who knows the depths of each insight
If helped like this each day?
So when it's rhyme time, pause a while...
Check websites on the net,
Those dictionaries can make one smile,
If one does not forget!

Denis Martindale, copyright, August 2013.

dictionary-DOT-com

Rhyming DOT-com dictionaries:

rhymezone-DOT-com
rhymer-DOT-com
wikirhymer-DOT-com
b-rhymes-DOT-com
rhymebrain-DOT-com
writeexpress-DOT-com
rhymes.lexemic-DOT-com

Denis Martindale

God's Golden Age!

Blessed is the heart that beats with love,
Forgiving like the Lord,
Who sees all things with grace enough
To grant His saints reward...
To think, that Christ went to the Cross
And suffered for Mankind,
Such that for every pain and loss
His faith could be refined...

Let patience walk its perfect path,
Let grace outpour like gold,
Let Jesus lead by rod and staff,
His purpose to unfold...
For what is Man who lives in time,
Except to serve each day?
In search of everything sublime
And shared with those that pray...

So many secrets stay concealed,
The prophets wait their turn,
Until their day when truth's revealed,
More wisdom still to learn...
When visions come and dreams explain,
What hidden knowledge grows,
For all on Earth that yet remain
Of those the Saviour chose...

When signs in Heaven are made clear,
The sun, the moon, the stars,
Mankind will know the Saviour's near,
God's plans will come to pass...
And peace will reign upon this Earth,
As sure as day and night,
As Jesus Christ will prove His worth
By making all things right...

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visit the website revelationtv-dot-com

Denis Martindale

Brian The Robot

While Brian's got no soul at all,
Just innards and a shell,
Of all the robots it stands tall,
For wonders it can tell...
Though Brian's just its brainy name,
It knows a thing or two,
Yet Brian's only got one aim,
Comparing costs for you...

All Brian needs is our support,
So it completes its task,
A little time, a little thought,
Are these too much to ask?
With each request the truth's soon known,
The data's scanned and found,
Such that the price, when it's first shown,
Stands out and can astound...

Since humans can save cash and time,
It must be logical...
Technology has proved sublime
And blesses one and all...
As long as humans face the facts,
Then Brian's quite a friend,
For courtesy it never lacks
When saving cash we spend...

Insurance is its tour de force,
Its reason to exist,
But humans have so many flaws,
Confusion can persist...
But thanks to Brian, that's all changed,
A few facts and it's done,
A quick quote's promptly then arranged,
Care of confused-dot-com...

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Denis Martindale

Write Well, Write Here, Write Now!

I've written at the Dentist's
And at the Doctor's, too,
And I've been known to write my lists
When even at the zoo...
I've written poems on a plane,
First class without a fuss,
I've written sonnets on a train
And limericks on a bus...

I've written on a taxi ride
And on a coach trip, too,
And on a hovercraft to slide
I've shared my point of view...
I've written rhymes devotedly,
Unpaid when times were tough,
Yet with the gift of poetry
Comes the labour of love...

By faith, a poet starts to write,
Not knowing how it ends,
Yet knowing that with each insight,
A poet helps his friends...
And strangers, too, both near and far,
Will share those thoughts somehow...
It doesn't matter where we are...
Write well, write here, write now...

Denis Martindale, copyright, August 2013.

Denis Martindale

Lions, Tigers, Jaguars!

So many big cats lurk out there!
They prowl by day and night!
Enough to give your heart a scare
And make you gulp with fright!
Enough to make you run a mile,
Four minutes, maybe less...
Enough to make that big cat smile
And smirk with happiness!

A head start you may have, my friend,
But can it you maintain?
Or in the background there to blend
And patiently remain?
Or can you climb the tallest tree
Those big cats would refuse,
Purrchance another day to see
And not fall down and bruise?

Oh, my! I think I'll stay at home!
Watch telly and stay safe!
No point in going out to roam,
You see, I'm not that brave...
I'm not like Stephen Gayford is,
Exploring far and wide!
I think I should give that a miss...
Buy paintings here... and hide!

Denis Martindale, copyright, August 2013.

Stephen Gayford is a wildlife photographer who
then sketches and creates detailed paintings...
He visits wildlife parks and reserves to get the
close-up views of these incredible big cats.

I'm the guy who stays at home who'd rather
stay alive and buy his big cat wildlife prints.

I found a wildlife big cat website which featured my poem, Snow Leopard, which is all about that Stephen Gayford painting. There are some great right-hand screen lynx, erm, links to purruse..

Denis Martindale

Superpoet!

He came to save this world from hate,
Injustice, poverty,
Deciding it was not too late
If changed by poetry!
And in disguise, he stirred up love
The world had rarely seen,
In writers who thought words enough,
They had to intervene...

So war was thus declared on war,
Romance was in the air,
With poems written more and more,
So they were everywhere!
The Superpoet prayed unheard
For writers on this Earth,
In hopes that they would spread the word
And prove what love was worth...

So music played its part in this,
Love songs were sung each day,
To help promote the tender kiss,
With marriage on its way...
And children, too, learnt lullabies,
Which parents sang at night,
As if to grant their families
The chance to make things right...

The kings and queens wrote poems, too,
The psalmist shared his muse
And worship was the thing to do
To help God hear your views...
And even God was known to share
On tablets laws to serve,
So everyone could choose to care
And bless the planet Earth!

When Superpoet did his best,
He helped Mankind to see,
That life is like a treasure chest

That's filled with poetry!
For what is love without a song?
Or life without a verse?
Or wisdom teaching right from wrong,
The blessing from the curse?

When Superpoet's work was done,
He left the Earth behind,
To travel far beyond the Sun,
New planets there to find...
We wish him well, God grant success,
Give thanks he helped us know,
The wonders and the happiness
Each poem's meant to show...

Denis Martindale

When I Fall In Love

To see her is the highlight, now,
To talk to her, sublime,
To ask God what He will allow,
Should He provide the time...
For love itself must blossom till
The thrill is borne of dreams,
Its destiny yet to fulfil,
Perhaps not as it seems...

If only love dispelled the dance,
The game two people play,
The back-and-forth that takes a chance,
The intrigue night and day...
If only love declared the truth,
Straight out and from the start,
Not drawn out from one's awkward youth,
But spoken from the heart...

I've never told her how I feel,
I've kept my love inside,
Despite the fact it's oh so real,
Not something I should hide...
For when we talk, she's in a whirl,
Says things not borne of love,
Such that I know she's not my girl
And dreams don't prove enough...

One day, I'll kiss her suddenly,
No warning of intent,
Act like a thief, risk misery,
My feelings to present...
But that's not what I want for us,
So patiently I wait...
Compelled to talk, not kiss, not fuss,
But simply hesitate...

She shows no sign, that love is near,
I humbly wait my turn,
To hold her hand, to make things clear,

No other way to learn...
They say that love's worth fighting for,
They say don't force its course,
They say love's worth it, that's for sure,
But oh, the waiting bores...

The times I wanted to give in,
Move on, find someone new,
Confessing I'm not meant to win
Or tell her, I love you...
Just listen to her now and then,
Encourage, sympathise,
Fight back that hope to kiss again,
Hold back a thousand sighs...

I know I'm trapped, but you've not seen
The beauty of her smile,
Yet even God won't intervene,
To get us down the aisle...
So I remain her faithful friend,
Her friend and nothing more,
The man who daily must pretend
I'm not thrilled to the core!

Denis Martindale, copyright, August 2013.

The poem tells the story in the Nat King Cole song,
When I Fall In Love, as this is one of my favourites.

Lyrics: poemhunter-DOT-com/song/when-i-fall-in-love-7/

Denis Martindale

Yoda The Poet?

And why should Yoda try to write,
Of all my kind yet known
And puzzle, yes, by day, by night,
All by myself, alone?
Are there not poets yet enough,
Their books sold by the score?
So, why, then, share my thoughts on love,
My feelings to outpour?

Who would kiss Yoda? Hmm, I ask...
Who would caress his ears?
Yet are such things too hard a task,
So full of morbid fears?
No female Yoda have I seen!
Our kind almost extinct...
I cannot write what has not been,
Such lies will not be inked...

It's Yoda, here, a truthful soul
And lonely, too, at home,
But think of all that self-control,
With no more need to roam...
But Yoda knows what Yoda knows,
Yes, Yoda's not a fool,
Not taken in by fragrant rose,
Or once in love to drool...

Yes, Yoda's pleased with Yoda now,
Content, tranquil and calm,
Serene inside, no frown on brow,
No lady on his arm...
Just lonely sometimes, now and then,
Admit it, yes, I do,
But rather would I count to ten
Than blurt out, I love you!

So Yoda needs no poetry,
No pretty prose to share,
To entertain humanity,

All feelings thus laid bare...
So you write poems in my stead!
Sell poems if you can!
I think that if I stay in bed
Sounds like a perfect plan!

Denis Martindale

The Subliminal Sublime

In mortal man, where sin yet dwells,
Across both space and time,
A miracle that God foretells
Is waiting there sublime...
The hollow portion in Man's heart,
Is where the Lord must be,
For God who made His perfect start
Still loves humanity...

When Christ was born not of man's love,
A virgin then conceived,
For Mary's faith had proved enough,
For she, the Lord, believed...
And thus from Christ, both God and Man,
Came forth new life on Earth,
According to God's perfect plan
Meant to reveal Christ's worth...

For only He, the Son of God,
Was worthy in God's sight,
For Jesus gave His sinless Blood,
Fought sin with all His might...
Enough to stay upon His Cross,
To bleed there to the end,
In truth, He died there just because
He loved you as a friend...

The risen Lord can save your soul
And fill that void within,
So that you can fulfil your role,
As you, new life, begin...
For what is life without the Lord?
What purpose does it serve?
Without Him, everything is flawed,
It lacks God's learning curve...

Yet with the Lord, the heart's made new,
The mind itself transformed,
Both for the Gentile and the Jew

When by God's Gospel warmed...
If not, each stays a criminal,
Still tainted day-by-day,
Though change may be subliminal,
It happens when we pray...

Life may be short, it may be long,
Yet sin lasts centuries,
Mankind, through it, is not made strong,
It brings us to our knees...
Yet that is how we pray our prayers,
It's how we seek God's grace,
It's how we learn that God still cares,
See Jesus face-to-face...

In prophecies and visions, too,
All flesh may still be blessed,
For dreams can change Man's point of view
And help give us God's best...
So why deny His perfect love,
As if His heart to break?
Lift up your hearts with prayers above,
Salvation's path to take...

Denis Martindale

The King Of The Jews!

The prophecies that came to pass
Were not completely done,
For soon would come the evil farce,
The judgment of God's Son,
Sent to this world to save Mankind,
The Lamb of God so pure,
The Holy One who would remind
Each soul what life was for...

And so it was, one night of spite
Unfolded with such force,
That Christ was captured at its height
And actions set in course...
Thus Judas kissed his Master's lips,
Such that Christ faced arrest,
That's when the guards then came to grips
And put Christ to the test...

When Pilate met God's Son at last,
The truth he sought to learn,
He found no fault and acted fast,
The evil tide to turn...
But crowds aren't easy to control
When screaming, 'Crucify! '
He washed his hands to soothe his soul
And let Lord Jesus die...

Yet on the placard Christ must bear,
When to His cross was fixed,
Were Pilate's words beyond compare,
Although men's thoughts were mixed...
In truth, Jesus, the Nazarene,
Crowned here, King of the Jews!
Yet no-one there to intervene
Meant He, His life, would lose...

The crowd stood still upon the hill,
The Cross was used again,
The crowd stood still and watched blood spill,

A sacrifice of pain...
Yet they knew not, the Lamb of God
Before their very eyes,
Such that they didn't think it odd,
For they were worldly wise...

Yet Jesus prophesied His death,
How could He then escape,
Despite His awesome final breath
And body out-of-shape?
His body slumped, then flesh removed,
Transported from that site,
You see, the Saviour's love had proved
God's choice in Him was right...

Authority belongs to Christ
And all that power brings,
Through all the Saviour sacrificed,
He's now the King of Kings!
Jerusalem is His domain,
Israel His Holy Land,
Redeemed by Blood, redeemed by pain,
Delivered by His hand...

Two thousand years have almost gone,
Yet He's alive today,
Continuing the light that shone,
For Jesus is The Way...
The King of Kings and Lord of Lords,
Eternal Priest divine...
Lifegiver, granter of rewards,
Who saved this soul of mine...

Denis Martindale

Poetry And Prophecy

When God created all there was
And all there was to be,
He tapped His fingers, very cross,
For where was poetry?
The Universe was full of noise,
With energies sublime,
Yet none of these had any choice,
No reason and no rhyme...

So God surveyed the planets made
And picked out Planet Earth,
With all its wonders there displayed,
It lacked some noble worth...
So God made man and woman, too,
Then put them to the test!
Would they still see His point of view?
Would they remain so blessed?

Alas, they slipped, alas, they fell,
From Eden they were sent...
And once cast out, they knew sin's spell,
In every place they went...
But language spins within the mind,
Collecting words and themes
And poetry was there to find
In visions and in dreams...

Now all was done, God's plan revealed,
In songs and psalms and such,
God's wisdom there, no more concealed,
For God still stayed in touch...
Selecting prophets here and there,
Foretelling future things,
Astounding rhymes beyond compare,
Times waiting in the wings...

So poetry's still used to teach,
To reach, beseech and more,
Sometimes it's spoken in a speech,

To resonate with awe...
While lovers rhyme their I love yous,
God's prophets prophesy,
So poetry we'll never lose,
For it can never die...

Denis Martindale

Poemhunter Poetry Contest

My word, what's this? A contest here?
With money on the line?
The winner known within a year?
Yes, please! That's mighty fine...
I clicked the link upon the screen,
Perusing poems done,
To find the best I've ever seen...
Till choosing only ONE!
Each title shouting to be picked,
'Choose me, not them, just me! '
But in the end I must be strict,
Selecting poetry...
I made my choice, I clicked its link,
Yet would it be approved?
Until I knew, I had to think,
What if it's been removed?
But, thankfully, it all went well...
So now I'm forced to wait!
The semi-finals! Who can tell
If I will celebrate?
To get that far means some success
For any poet here,
For poemhunter's choice would bless
And cause some folks to cheer...
But in the meantime, what to do?
Stay thankful, write some more!
Then I'll upload my point of view,
That's what our website's for!

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale, copyright, August 2013.

Denis Martindale

The Greatest Poet Who Ever Lived

Upon Golgotha's gruesome mount
That men called Calvary,
The man who told all men to count
The cost paid that for me...
For here am I, His witness now,
Partaking of His tale,
To see the crown of thorns on brow,
Upon the Lord so frail...

I, with the crowd, behold the man,
Yet tears fall from my eyes,
For I perceived God's awesome plan,
Was doomed to realise...
For I held back the hidden fists
That yearned to strike their blows
Against each Roman who resists
The righteous King God shows...

While prophecies beyond compare
Proved Jesus as God's best,
Close to Christ's Mother, Mary, there,
I heard each word expressed...
My mortal frame transfixed that day,
A statue cold as stone,
To parallel as God must stay,
Still watching from His Throne...

A deathly chill pervaded here,
Within my troubled heart,
For would God's Son face all His fear
Or would God's Son depart?
To vanish from our tearful eyes,
To disappear at will,
Or still remain, God's sacrifice,
The Lamb of God to kill...

I saw Him suffer, bleed and die,
All hope died in me, too,
I knew but half the reason why,

Till truths stepped into view...
Then suddenly, the prophecies
Released new hope again,
The likes of which brought certainties
Refreshing sinful men...

When Good News came Christ was alive,
I wept just like a child,
Not just in knowing He'd survive,
But God had reconciled...
With resurrection, Christ was proved
The Lamb of God and more,
To show that God was truly moved
To mercy based on law...

The substitution, soul for soul,
The perfect life for ours,
The ultimate in self-control
Upon His Cross for hours...
The faith it took to see it through
Until the very end,
Lord Jesus died, for me, for you...
Behold, the Sinner's Friend...

And now, as years have come and gone,
I preach Good News to all,
Revealing light the Lord has shone
On those who hear God's call...
The call of Calvary that was,
The call of Christ the Lord,
The King of Love upon His Cross,
The Saviour men ignored...

But mark this well, my witness stands,
Though whipped, I won't forget,
Though put in prison, bonds on hands,
I serve without regret...
My pains aren't worth the time to pray,
Compared with all Christ's tears...
So I still preach each precious day,
With poems through the years...

Denis Martindale

Wordpad

Towards this program I would roam
With inspirations new,
For Wordpad is my second home
For all good things I do...
For there it is, a font is used,
That brightens up my prose,
To make sure that I stay enthused
And that God's legend grows...

For I will write by typing out
The thoughts that spring to mind,
God's phrases meant to dispel doubt
That burdens all Mankind...
Thus Wordpad greets me day-by-day,
File, Edit, View and more,
Such that I settle to relay
Bold musings, that's for sure...

Calligraphy transforms the soul,
Rebounding words again,
Releasing structured self-control
That formal fonts retain...
Regarding splendours, springs and swirls,
The uppercases sprawl,
The lowercases have their twirls,
Such that I love them all...

Italic numbers have their styles,
Their subtle snakelike forms,
Their slithers sometimes bring me smiles,
Is that why my heart warms?
To switch from colour, font and size
Leads me to want to frame
My poetry in stark surprise,
As if life were a game...

My thanks to Wordpad knows no bounds,
I owe it oh, so much,
Its majesty each day astounds,

It keeps my heart in touch...
With all the poets, young and old,
Calligraphers and scribes,
Who see each word as precious gold,
Like music full of vibes...

Cascading flourishes downpour,
To overlap the lines,
As if to say, there's so much more
In what each thought defines...
Because I've got so much to gain
From Wordpad day and night,
Please pardon me, if I remain,
Contented, here to write...

Denis Martindale

I Wandered Lonely In The Crowd

I'm not the sort that folks embrace,
If they've got hugs to spare,
Nor have I fans who fondly chase,
For I'm not debonair...
It's not that folks seem mean or cruel,
Like everyone's a fraud,
It's just that I'm invisible...
So no-one's overawed...

While I don't have a charming face
That causes girls to stare,
I wander round from place-to-place,
Yet no-one seems to care...
High Street or Low Street, shop or mall,
My faith won't be restored,
I'm not a chap they can recall,
It's like their memory's flawed...

I'd like to think I leave a trace,
A footprint here and there,
I'm of this Earth not outer space,
Not someone to beware...
It's true some people have the gall,
To shed no love abroad,
If I don't fly or I don't fall,
It's like the world is bored...

While I'm one of the Human Race,
I've got no chic or flair,
I know that I've seen better days,
But I think life's unfair...
Invisible to one and all,
No wonder I'm ignored!
That's why I need a miracle,
SO HOW ABOUT IT, LORD! ?

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Inspire Me, O Lord!

Inspire me, o Lord of Lords,
Else I must dwell alone
Without the grace of God's rewards
That now surround Your throne!
Each holy angel stands full blessed,
Untainted till the end,
Yet most of all I stay impressed
By Christ, the Sinner's Friend...

If not for grace, then where go I?
Divinity must choose,
For unto God all prayers must fly
From Gentiles and from Jews...
If vision stands apart from me,
No wisdom then imparts
And yet I plead for clemency,
For that's when true love starts...

Once granted love, bid me receive,
A portion as my share,
No more, no less, for I believe
Your judgments are proved fair...
But mark this, too, I ask for those,
Who lack the wits to pray,
That I may blossom like the rose
That gives its scents away...

Inspire me, o Lord of Lords,
With insights old and new,
That I may know Your kindest thoughts
About the Chosen Few...
That I may pour out wines so pure,
That they may feast in kind,
To praise Your Name for evermore
With perfect peace of mind...

For what is Man except God's child?
In this life and beyond,
But only when Man's reconciled

Through Christ's eternal bond...
How can I reach the remnant left,
Prepared to save the lost,
If You leave me on Earth bereft,
As chilled as morning frost?

I seek to be inspired here
Before I pass away,
For inspiration makes things clear,
From right paths not to stray...
The roads ahead are hid from sight,
Yet You, Lord, know all things
And thus fill angels with delight
And constant wonderings...

Yet look at me, behold the man,
Consider what could be...
If inspiration serves Your plan,
From darkness, set me free...
The sun, the moon, the stars on high,
Each serves Your purpose well,
Inspire me, that I may try
To rescue souls from Hell...

Denis Martindale, copyright, August 2013.

The poem is based on the prayer of
Saul of Tarsus, once blind, yet hoping
to be healed, set free from darkness,
to walk in the light, yet then to share
God's light with those that remained lost.

Saul became known as Paul. Much of
the New Testament was written by him.
He declared himself to be more blessed
than others, possessing all the gifts of
the Holy Spirit. This mercy was granted
because God foresaw how dedicated
he would be in preaching the Gospel...
and that the world would be changed

thanks to his faith and eternal testimony.

Hear the word of the Lord on Revelation TV,
on Sky, Freeview HD, or the Roku box, or
visit the website revelationtv-dot-com

Denis Martindale

The Creative Woman

She views the world through wondrous eyes,
Enthralled by what she sees
And captures splendours that surprise
Because they're meant to please...
She strikes a chord in other hearts,
That stirs their minds as well,
Such that her worldview merely starts
Good news that others tell...

Within her heart, a childlike faith,
That sprinkles pastures new,
That makes her stand both strong and brave
In all she hopes to do...
She brings her style, her wit, her charm,
She cultivates a bond,
She celebrates a vibrant calm,
That reaches far beyond...

To choose the path that suits her style,
Takes courage borne of joy,
Yet still she chooses mile-by-mile
Each factor to employ...
For she must stand by all she does,
Her name imprinted there,
Between the calm, between the fuss,
Between each precious prayer...

She strives not for the commonplace,
That's so last year, of course,
She reinvents not to erase,
Just as a tour de force...
Love grows the essence stored within,
That awesome waterfall
That bubbles high till made to spin,
Cascading over all...

Expressions splash like rainbows drawn
From droplets high above,
To formulate both joy or scorn,

Rough passion, tender love...
From fragile forms to broadstroke lengths,
From colours tight or loose,
She looks, she sees, she finds the strengths
In reds, greens, yellows, blues...

Restraints embraced or cast aside,
Is freedom truly free?
If so, it always opens wide
Each old philosophy...
New works transform the child untaught,
Unchained, writ large, revealed,
No more the fettered lonesome thought
Society's concealed...

Watch out, young woman, for new light,
New patterns borne of time,
For in one second comes insight
That each soul finds sublime...
When you're right there, the pioneer,
Defender, sharer, too,
I charge you now, remain sincere,
As that's why I love you...

Denis Martindale, copyright,3rd August 2013.

Photographer Mika Nanagawa, Calligrapher Sishu.
NHKWorld HD, Sky and Virgin Media,3rd August 2013.

The poem is based on seeing the Creative Woman, a Japanese TV show about a photographer and a calligrapher. Each had her own journey starting off in the traditional style, blossoming into brand new beloved insights, transforming the conventional into exciting, brilliant, effervescent artistic explorations.

Denis Martindale

Forest Sentinel

The wolf was waiting, as you do,
Yet who could tell what for?
The scenery, the point of view?
Perhaps a sense of awe?
A sentinel from Summers past
With Winter here today,
Now braving winds approaching fast
With sunshine kept at bay...

Beyond a mumbling, grumbling tum,
A belly void of food,
The wolf knew he must overcome,
Not simply change his mood...
He paced himself, saved energy,
Reserved resources still,
For fate would change his destiny
According to its will...

Perhaps a father one year soon,
The wolf must yet survive,
Beneath the sun, beneath the moon,
To somehow stay alive...
In life, there were no guarantees,
Just 'maybes' now and then,
So he endured the Winter freeze,
Like last year, once again...

Denis Martindale, copyright, July 2013.

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Forest Sentinel'.

More Stephen Gayford poems here:
denis-martindale-dot-blogspot-dot-com

Denis Martindale

Zero Tolerance

My word, that elephant stood proud!
No diet had he planned!
He ate such food as was allowed
Each day he roamed the land...
He munched food here, he munched food there,
He munched, munched, munched all day,
No longer looking debonair,
Just one big blob of grey!

No longer alpha male once praised,
Just moving kinda slow...
The others looked at him amazed,
As he let himself go...
His legs like tree trunks hoisted high,
So he could trudge along,
To fill up with some new supply,
In this, he saw no wrong!

But others knew! He'd soon get ill
And bellyache again,
When eating wasn't quite the thrill
Once thought ten out of ten...
Why tolerate all foods like him?
Let's hope that you're more wise!
Gone past the stage, filled to the brim,
He's almost twice his size!

Denis Martindale, copyright, July 2013.

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Zero Tolerance'.

Denis Martindale

The Perfect Prince

In God's own time, His Son was born,
Beyond the Palace walls,
Beyond the shepherds' fields forlorn,
Beyond the new lambs' stalls...
Below the angels praising high,
Below the stars above,
Below with Mary asking why
God blessed her with His love...

In God's own time, His Son was spared
Because Christ had to live,
Because Christ could not be compared,
Because Christ would forgive...
Before the crucifixion came,
Before men made Him bleed,
Before the saints could bless His Name
As each confessed their need...

In God's own time, His Son was raised,
Belief then quickly grew,
Belief then meant His Son was praised,
Belief helped see things through...
Between them all a faith was stirred,
Between them all such joy,
Between them all God's holy word
New wonders could employ...

You see, the perfect Prince was known,
The Christ God prophesied,
For only Jesus could atone
When He was crucified...
Two thousand years to seek God's face,
This mercy's quite sublime,
God offers us His matchless grace,
If we repent in time...

Thus Christ's crusade has surely moved
The Father's heart with pride,
Since Christ was perfect and this proved

That He could be our guide...
The Perfect Prince of Peace has lived
And died yet rose again,
Forgiveness is His perfect gift
To all imperfect men...

Denis Martindale

Sublime Rhyme Time!

Stand back, another's coming through!
Another poem's here!
Hello, hello, hello to you,
My precious, little dear...
And how are you, this fine old day?
I hope you're feeling fine!
What's that? You've got something to say?
Then tell me your first line!

O.K, that's written on the page,
What's next? I'm curious!
Come close, right here, on centre stage,
Be brave, victorious!
My word, you're such a pretty thing,
A bright light, all aglow...
I wonder what on Earth you'll bring?
I've simply got to know!

Oh, yes, I like that very much,
A sentimental theme...
The sort that's got the gentle touch,
A dream within a dream...
Now comes a picture from your heart,
Its story to unwind,
Oh, yes, now that's a work of art,
The kind I like to find...

Come close and whisper how it ends,
A secret I can share
With fellow poets and my friends,
Who for such poems care...
I love you, poem pal, sublime,
You trusted me today...
You granted me a time to rhyme,
I wish that you could stay...

But you must go, to someone new,
Some poet, young or old,
Another poem to get through,

Something as good as gold...
Go with my blessing, shine your light!
I'll miss you when you leave...
God bless the ones you help to write
The poems they receive...

Denis Martindale, copyright, July 2013.

Denis Martindale

Just One More!

The poet lingered near to death,
Nobody else around,
His gentle heart plus gentle breath
Could barely make a sound...
Yet feeble though his body felt,
His soul had strength to pray,
Despite the fact he rarely knelt,
He knew what words to say...

'Just one more, Lord, before I leave,
A final poem, please...'
That even made the Lord to grieve,
Who every poet sees...
By faith, the poet held the pen
And on the paper wrote,
A prophecy from God again,
A lump still in his throat...

For God had loved him to the end,
That made the poet weep,
God was his Lord, God was his friend,
Yet soon his soul would sleep...
The poet finished every verse,
He read them one last time,
Then knew no matter what occurs,
God's grace would prove sublime...

And so the poet slipped away,
The final poem done,
Upon the poet's final day,
When he left everyone...
His message from the Lord was found
And shared across the globe,
While he, in Heaven, has been crowned,
By Christ, the King of Hope...

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Denis Martindale

Ready To Act!

The cheetah sensed a presence near,
A sudden sound was heard,
He looked around to get things clear
And tension in him stirred...
Not breathing now to focus more,
He waited extra signs,
As if preparing there for war,
Despite the sun that shines...

For things aren't always what they seem,
As hunting skills had proved,
Sometimes serene, sometimes extreme,
Yet he was rarely soothed...
This time, he stared intently so,
Completely on his guard,
For every cheetah comes to know
That sometimes life gets hard...

Amazingly, he stood his ground,
With courage rarely shown,
For something close was circling round,
So he was not alone...
Then out of nowhere, danger struck,
So fast it had to stun!
Good job for him he had some luck...
You should've seen him run!

Denis Martindale, copyright, July 2013.

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Ready To Act'.

Denis Martindale

Write A Poem!

I've racked my brains to get it right,
It's not that easy, folks!
The constant strain to stay polite
And not to share my jokes!
The battle for a turn of phrase
Nobody's heard before,
With syllables in perfect place,
Then count them to be sure!

The title takes at least a day,
The first verse takes a week,
With spell checks that I must obey,
Or else I'm up the creek!
With punctuation marks as well,
To set the record straight,
I tell you this, it's bloody hell
And I'm not kidding, mate...

My so-called Muse just comes and goes,
She prompts and prods then leaves,
Yet where she's off to no-one knows,
She's in and out like thieves...
She helped me write the other night,
Then left me in the lurch,
So there I was, when she took flight,
The final verse to search...

I don't get much for all I do,
I don't get paid a mint!
In fact, right there, you've got a clue,
Why every day I'm skint!
But I like writing poetry...
So why should I complain?
A brand new poem's come to me!
Oh, well, here goes... again...

Denis Martindale

The City That Lost Its Soul

I used to blame the Government
For things when they went wrong,
For spending money Heaven-sent
God meant to make it strong...
Yet passing time enlightened me,
To tricks I never knew,
To parties that were fancy free,
Just for the chosen few...

And golden handshakes just for some,
When taxes were increased,
As if that were the rule of thumb,
The nature of the beast...
But then I saw the City die,
The homeless still despised,
While righteous souls were asking why,
The truth I realised...

I saw the point of no return,
Inflation damned us all,
Mathematic skills the last to learn,
Meant fools like us must fall...
Yet every nation faced the same,
Despair lived in each soul,
Such that each one must bear the blame
When we lost self-control...

When prices rose, we tightened belts,
The City understood,
Yet even then, our money melts
In every neighbourhood...
Our money doesn't go as far,
That's why the cuts are made
And pretty soon, the weak they bar,
The strong no longer aid...

So look around, with open eyes,
Just look at what they've done,
They've cut each soul right down to size,

Yes, every single one...
That's why your soul's now not as bright,
As once it used to be...
You see, outside it's dark as night,
Through sin's audacity...

Denis Martindale, copyright, July 2013.

Denis Martindale

Out Of Sight

The lonesome leopard loitered there,
With nowhere else to go,
High up that tree to coldly stare
At those that didn't know...
While hiding out, what could they do?
That's why he chose that spot,
Not simply for a point of view,
But wickedly to plot...

Nefarious, his middle name,
Yet nonchalant, at rest,
He'd found a loophole in life's game
He was about to test...
A little shade to soothe his soul,
A little sun above,
A little time for self-control,
Before he did his stuff...

His dinner hadn't sauntered by,
He pondered when it would,
For time up there was slow to fly,
In that calm neighbourhood...
Yet pretty soon, he had to snooze,
Though sleep he tried to fight...
Sometimes to win, sometimes to lose,
Completely out of sight...

Denis Martindale, copyright, July 2013.

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Out Of Sight'.

Denis Martindale

Another Stretch

The lion cub awoke from sleep
One eyelid at a time,
Wondering extra dreams to keep
Or face the world sublime...
With one slow breath, his legs had moved,
He squinted at the sun
And though he'd hoped that he'd improved,
His waking wasn't fun...

Though his heart was still in Dreamland,
Like us, he'd things to do...
With dangling legs, he tried to stand,
But they were stubborn, too...
He stretched his legs with all his might,
His eyeballs stared ahead,
To get accustomed to the light
That stirred him from his bed...

'What's going on this brand new day? '
'Who will I fight and win? '
'Who's up right now who wants to play? '
His memories made him grin...
Another stretch, another yawn,
Another longdrawn sigh,
Once done, they helped him face the dawn
And hold his head up high...

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale, copyright, July 2013.

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Another Stretch'.

Denis Martindale

Money Mad!

I asked God for a million pounds,
Quite late the other night,
When I think back, that prayer astounds,
Yet who knows if God might?
If you don't ask, then you don't get,
My Dad was known to say,
I must admit I lost my head,
That heatwave made me stray...

The lottery was in my mind,
Ten tickets I've just bought,
So Saturday's the day I'll find
If I've done what I ought...
I've made sure that they'll never roam,
I've locked them up inside
My trusty little safe at home,
The safest place to hide...

On Saturday, results are shared,
I'll have my TV on,
That's when I'll learn if God has cared
Or if all hopes are gone...
A million pounds should be enough,
My brand new life to start,
Proposing to the girl I love,
The girl who holds my heart...

If not, we'll never wed at all,
No children we could raise,
No souvenirs we could recall
Until the end of days...
It's up to God if these are lost,
But what can poor folks do?
That's why I'm praying, fingers crossed
And hope I win, NOT YOU!

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

I Wrote The Perfect Poem!

Having wrote the perfect poem,
I placed it in a drawer,
Alas, for me, my luck's turned grim,
It's not there anymore!
I took the drawers out one-by-one,
The contents on the floor,
Not finding it was not much fun,
It cuts me to the core...

Nobody's been here, that I know,
Where has my poem gone?
To lose it now is such a blow,
No hope to build upon...
This situation's quite absurd,
A worn-out marathon,
I can't remember every word
And won't do later on...

I guess my poem's not that great,
So I've no need to pout,
No cause for me to celebrate,
No need to fret about...
If God could send an angel down,
I'm sure he'd help me out,
His wings could soothe away my frown,
His words could end my doubt...

I'm always leaving things behind,
Last week, I lost my pen,
Too many things upon my mind,
I'm just like other men...
I wish I'd got that poem scanned,
A copy there and then,
I'd have it here, right in my hand! ! !
But that's just me... again...

Denis Martindale

The Battle For 1 Billion Souls!

The battle for 1 billion souls
Began with prophecy,
For God, in truth, has higher goals
For all humanity...
Jerusalem, Jerusalem,
The apple of His eye,
Because Israel belongs to Him,
His love will never die...

And it is love He seeks to share
With Gentiles and with Jews,
That's why He listens to each prayer
The day we've heard Good News...
Yet it is us He calls to preach
And us to count the cost,
Such that we seek each soul to teach,
Such that God saves the lost...

For who are we, except we serve?
What purpose can we know?
If we find courage, keep our nerve,
What blessings will we sow?
And yet, dear saints, we're not alone,
The battle is the Lord's,
For He's the King upon His Throne,
The giver of rewards...

Yet if rewards are all we seek,
These aren't as great as love,
You see, the love of God's unique,
None greater found above...
To think, God's Son was sacrificed,
Yet He rose from the dead,
His crown of thorns so highly prized
That He bore on His head...

He gave His life, He gave His blood,
A crown upon His brow,
The world has mocked the Son of God,

Yet Christ is victor now...
The world itself through Him is blessed,
Dear saints, proclaim His worth,
God loves so much, He gave His best,
For all Mankind on Earth...

A billion souls? That's possible...
The prophecy was clear,
When God grants us this miracle,
God's Son may reappear...
With angels preaching far and wide,
Evangelists still strive,
As long as Christ stays here inside,
Let's tell folks, He's alive!

With signs and wonders, faith still flows.
It's like a tidal wave!
And where it stops, God only knows,
So battle on, be brave!
A billion souls await the day
God's freedom pardons sins,
His revelation comes to stay
When Christ becomes their Prince.

Dear saints, let conscience be our light,
Beyond our gifts and tithes,
So that we share with God's insight,
To touch a billion lives...
Perhaps a billion families,
Perhaps a billion friends,
Perhaps a billion prophecies,
For God's love never ends...

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Hear the word of the Lord on GOD TV
on Sky, Virgin Media, UK Freeview HD,
Roku box, or visit the website god-dot-tv

Denis Martindale

Watching You, Watching Me

'What's this! ? ' the cheetah asked himself,
As on the rock he stayed,
But then he crouched upon its shelf,
Intentions thus displayed...
For I saw him and he saw me,
Both looking nowhere else,
Just staring back, quite purposely,
Within hypnotic spells...

Perhaps he gulped, like I did then,
Courageous, unafraid,
Determined not to run again,
With cowardice betrayed...
With valour shining through and through,
Nobility and such,
With minor trembling hard to view
And trying not to budge...

But then I blinked! And Hell broke loose!
He chased me down the hill,
My little legs no time to choose,
My heart no time to chill...
Safaris aren't my scene, in fact,
I'm not that keen to roam,
I'd rather keep my life intact
And watch TV at home...

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

You Know It Makes Sense

The poet jingle-jangled words,
Like rockets from his brain,
His effervescent thoughts escaped
And crashdived on the page...
He picked them up and stirred them round
Like alphabetic soup,
Until nobody got the jist,
Just jingle-jangled gloop...

He offered verse like precious gold
To every soul he met,
So folks explored his jumbled jive
And started to reflect...
They wondered, is this poetry?
They wondered, what on Earth?
Their puzzled looks then made him think,
Do my words have true worth?

A few years later, all had changed,
He was respected now,
Because his words were rearranged
And structured well somehow...
His brand new poems read out loud
Brought so much joy, you see
And thus he walked with head held proud,
Loved for his poetry...

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

You Call Yourself A Poet?

I had a dream the other night
That chilled my very soul,
A demon laughed and caused a fright
And tried to take control...
A poem contest he proclaimed!
He wondered who would win!
He hoped, of course, that I'd be shamed,
A loser, then give in...

He jumped right in, began to write,
Reflecting now and then,
Then smiling wide with pure delight,
Another verse to pen...
I let him finish every line,
Cross t's and dot the i's,
He read it out and it was fine,
If you believed his lies...

PoemHunter.com

Then I began with title penned,
The first verse praised the Lord,
It told of Christ, the Sinner's Friend,
True love as His reward...
The second verse explained the Cross,
The Resurrection, too,
God's victory, despite the loss,
Love shared with me and you...

The third verse mentioned Pentecost,
Three thousand saved by Christ,
Their souls were found, no longer lost,
That's why they were baptised...
I read the poem loud and proud,
The demon's smile drooped down,
He slinked away, his sad head bowed,
As if to hide his frown...

The winner wasn't thus declared,
He couldn't say a thing!
He simply stood, looked back and glared,

With no more pride to cling...
When I awoke, my poem stayed,
It's framed upon my wall,
The only pride in Christ displayed,
Right there, for one and all...

Denis Martindale

The Big Bang Eerie

All things began from nothing?
And then the nothing grew?
And then turned into something,
Quite quick, just spanking new?
Then something was expanded,
Without reason or rhyme?
It all sounds underhanded,
An utter waste of time...

Of course, time helped such things occur,
But where did that come from?
How could such wonders simply stir?
Was that a new time bomb?
The speed of light was thought the same
No matter where one went,
Until new theories slowly came,
But were these Heaven-sent?

I must confess, God seems to be,
The only truth to heed,
It seems He made eternity
Because He felt the need...
He took His time creating stuff,
He show off now and then,
So that as us we'd learn to love
And each day serve again...

Some say the Earth is very old,
But others think they're mad,
When they, the evidence behold,
They shake their heads, quite sad...
They say the moon is young as well,
The moondust serves as proof,
But when the others they would tell,
The others stay aloof...

And thus, divided, here we stand,
Heads scratched till we go bald,
To say the others should be banned,

Their text books all recalled...
The Holy Bible keeps some wise,
The Christians and the Jews,
The other folks prefer the lies,
Yet they are free to choose...

If God would grant a miracle,
Perhaps folks would believe,
Be thankful if some blessings fall,
Some extra cash retrieve...
But God by money's not impressed,
That's why He sent His Son,
God loved so much, He sent the best,
But look what Man has done...

They took His Son, once glorified,
They hated Him because
The Father He had not denied,
Not even on His Cross...
The Big Bang Theory's shot to Hell,
The Big Boss Truth remains...
So choose today, sit down a spell,
It's time to use your brains!

Denis Martindale

Ascending To Heaven

When poets pen their brand new rhymes,
The ink anoints each page,
Each holy word to Heaven climbs,
Ascending at that stage,
Evaporating one-by-one,
On thermals to God's Throne,
The Father shares them with the Son,
So all their wisdom's known...

Some poems please them oh so much
They're shared with angels, too,
As if each felt the Master's touch,
Proclaimed His point of view...
Perhaps you wrote that Jesus bled,
That each soul's saved by Him!
Perhaps your poem's framed and read
By saints and seraphim!

If not, maybe you're not that good,
You haven't yet excelled,
But let's suppose one day you could,
Your poem then beheld...
What wondrous thoughts inspire those
Who please the Lord above?
Till your turn comes, God only knows
The poems He will love...

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

My Parched Pen

My fountain pen began to moan,
The thirsty little thing,
My fountain pen began to groan,
For me, some ink to bring...
I filled my fountain pen once more
And heard it burb with glee,
So I got ready to outpour
Some brand new poetry...

I wonder, do we moan as well,
When parched just like my pen?
Or do we hide inside our shell
And not raise hell again?
If we don't ask, then we don't get,
Ask hagglers saving cash,
If we don't ask, we'll face regret,
Polite, not acting rash...

That restaurant served tasty food,
We'd no need to complain,
Alas, that poor wine changed the mood,
So should we tip again?
It's up to you! Do what you want!
But I don't tip when sad,
But I will toast the restaurant
Each time that I leave glad!

Consumer rights, consumer needs,
It helps if we are right,
That's when our moaning most succeeds,
When hard to stay polite!
My fountain pen was parched and dry,
So thirsty, so downcast...
Yet now, new poems I can try,
Because I acted fast!

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Denis Martindale

Naughty Poem!

A brand new poem I began,
The first verse went quite well,
The second didn't go to plan,
So things weren't going swell...
The poem prompted other rhymes
Instead of those I chose,
It's never done that other times,
So that got up my nose!

'How dare you intervene! ' I said,
'That simply isn't done! '
Yet every time I pressed ahead,
The battle wasn't won!
The poem wanted something else,
The like I've never known,
That sounded all my warning bells,
'Be off, leave me alone! '

Did it give up? Did it give in?
Did it respect me, then?
Oh, no, it had new words to spin,
New words beyond my ken!
Some foreign words! They're not my style!
They're not my style at all!
I've not tried those a long, long while,
They drove me up the wall...

The poem said, I'd no excuse,
Well, that's a flipping cheek!
The poet has the right to choose!
So why write French or Greek?
The poem sighed... as if to con
And get some sympathy...
But I was glad when I pressed on
To write MY poetry!

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Denis Martindale

A Different Perspective

The artist bought his canvas frame,
So brilliant, pristine, white,
Another chance to increase fame,
To share some new insight...
Another reason to improve,
Exploring pastures new,
Perhaps a landscape meant to soothe
Or abstract point of view...

The artist stared at what he'd bought,
Placed on his easel there,
He studied it while deep in thought
And even said a prayer...
Yet brushes stayed unused that day,
The paints not mixed or stirred,
He merely stared for some delay
Brought silence, not a word...

PoemHunter.com

No inspiration, there and then,
No image in his mind,
No revelation once again,
No painting meant to find...
Until some lucid thought arrived,
Formed deep within his heart
And so the untouched frame survived,
Because he made no start...

To him, the brightest white he saw,
Was perfect as it was,
A precious work of art, yet more,
Untainted there because
He saw its inborn decency,
Its truth made manifest,
So why disturb its dignity,
The holiness expressed?

He took it to his living room
To hang it on the wall,
Somehow it made the decor bloom,

From there down to the hall...
Reflecting light to symbolise,
God's presence there to stay,
A sweet reminder to his eyes,
Perspective, so he'd pray...

Denis Martindale

A Poet's Guide To Britain

A legacy of untold wealth
Adorns the British Isles,
As if a tonic to one's health,
Beyond a million smiles...
From far and wide, the tourists fly
To roam Earth's tapestry
And yet no man need ask them why,
The truth is here to see...

Behold the cameras clicking still,
Landscapes, seascapes and more,
While love exists, they always will,
From shore-to-shore-to-shore...
Each capital attracts the crowds,
Each airport bids them near,
For cameras act as talent scouts,
As wondrous sights appear...

How many poets daily write
Of precious places seen?
God's handiwork creates delight
That keeps the tourists keen...
Thus England, Scotland, Ireland, Wales
Are loved with thankful hearts,
With loyalty that never fails,
As praise to God departs...

Each English rose that grows transforms,
Like perfumes young and old,
Our weather either chills or warms,
Depending what takes hold...
Yet through it all, what scenery!
What treasures will each find?
Yet best of all, for you and me,
Our memories that remind...

Take stock of all the journeys made
By bus, car, coach or train,
Those joyful times must never fade,

They'll never come again...
They'll be replaced by journeys new,
North, south, east, west to roam...
Each poet with a point of view,
Reflected in a poem...

Denis Martindale

Cheetah Sunset

Another Summer's day must end,
The cheetah left fatigued,
So there he was, without a friend,
Still hoping to succeed...
To him, that meant his suppertime,
Some random passing meal,
For how else could he pass his time,
With hunger pains so real?

The sunset loomed and that prevents
His hunting skills, of course,
When running leads to accidents
And even more remorse...
He studied well the local land,
The ground both near and far,
A final chase foreseen and planned,
Before each coming star...

Another Summer's twilight came,
The cheetah's hopes to melt,
Survival was his only aim,
Imagine how he felt...
From some, he'd get their sympathy,
From some, he'd get dismissed,
Yet hunting, that's his destiny,
The next day to exist...

Denis Martindale, copyright, July 2013.

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Cheetah Sunset'.

Denis Martindale

Swanderful

When Summer sunshine heats my home,
Too hot for me to stay,
Towards the lake I often roam
And there swans make my day...
They're so genteel, like clouds that float,
Like cotton wool with wings
And though they can't outrace a boat,
My word, what joy each brings...

If you could see the cygnets there,
You'd nod your head and smile,
They glide along without a care
And copy their Mum's style...
I watch them on my bench alone,
Contented as can be,
Just hoping that when they're full grown
They'll still be there for me...

The weather holds, the sun still shines,
The silver ripples move,
That's why a day like this reminds
Each swan has ways to soothe...
A genteel pace, what more to ask?
At peace beneath the sun,
Returning home to face the task
Of chores I left undone!

Denis Martindale, copyright, July 2013.

The poem has been accepted for the poetry anthology
Animal Antics, by Forward Poetry UK publishers.

Denis Martindale

The Eloquence Of Friends

Behold the awesome majesty,
The eloquence of friends,
Compressed as perfect poetry,
That each heart comprehends...
It strikes a chord, it sets the tone,
It resonates along
And sometimes words don't stand alone,
But nestle in a song...

Behold the precious portraits made,
The characters explained,
The craven coward so afraid,
His every muscle strained...
The hero and the damsel,
The villain in disguise,
The Lord who grants a miracle,
The prophet who is wise...

Behold dramatic storylines
Unfolding, given time,
The broken heart that pines and pines
And Valentines that rhyme...
To think, that we, should find a way,
To entertain ourselves
And at our bookstores proudly pay
For poems on their shelves...

Behold the sun and moon and stars
Of which the poets write,
Astronomers don't play guitars
And pen songs in the night...
Yet poets walk upon the moon
And visit Saturn, too,
Imagination's such a boon,
For folks like me and you!

Behold the Lord upon His Throne,
In Heaven, looking down,
He cares for those He calls His own,

Prepares for each a crown...
Man's eloquence is not as smart
As true love here below,
While eloquence springs from your heart,
Love's worth much more, you know...

Denis Martindale

Temple Tigers

The temple tigers calmed the pace,
They stopped us in our tracks,
It was as if they owned the place,
Deciding to relax...
They lounged as if they couldn't care,
Mankind should go away,
Just be polite and leave them there,
Come back another day...

But as a tourist, camera-blessed,
I didn't up and leave,
Despite the fact my friend confessed
Was scared and tugged my sleeve...
While he ran back, I kept my ground,
My camera clicking fast,
Then suddenly, my forehead frowned,
As they stood up at last...

I swiftly turned, then chased my friend,
As if The Great Escape,
A hundred yards, on that depend,
But he was out of shape!
I caught him up, then ran ahead
And started up the jeep!
Those tigers filled us both with dread,
The temple they can keep!

Denis Martindale, copyright, July 2013.

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Temple Tigers'.

More Stephen Gayford poems here:
denis-martindale-dot-blogspot-dot-com

Denis Martindale

Regal Presence

At first, of course, I had to stare,
Snow leopards blend so well,
Yet when I saw him nestled there,
I heard that warning bell...
His regal presence calmed my heart,
He was so self-assured,
As if to him, it was an art,
Perfected, never flawed...

My camera clicked each time he moved,
No matter, left or right,
My soul at rest and somehow soothed,
By gentleness in sight...
As long as he could not see me,
The photos were sublime,
Amid the wondrous scenery,
Where we both spent our time...

To think, that Man appreciates
The big cats and the small,
It's almost like Man celebrates
The wonder of it all...
Snow leopards brave the coldest days
And through them all endure,
Perhaps that's worthy of Man's praise,
Our courage to restore...

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Laying In Wait

Stretched out upon a sloping rock,
The tiger took repose,
As if his very place to lock,
Take stock and count his toes...
His stomach flattened, there to rest,
Till something came along,
His dinnertime, so he'd get blessed,
To keep him growing strong...

An hour passing slowly by
Can make the neck to ache
And so he simply let it lie,
As if to take a break...
His eyes surveyed the scenery,
The sky, the trees, the ground,
His ears relayed each mystery
Compressed in every sound...

But time went on and on and on
Until his eyelids drooped
And all his senses then were gone,
With him completely pooped...
I've never heard a tiger snore,
For only fools get close,
That's why today, I'm not quite sure...
If yes, God only knows...

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The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Laying In Wait II'.

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Denis Martindale

My Kingdom

The lion king surveyed his land,
His kingdom and domain,
For destiny his future planned
Upon that worldly plane...
His challengers had rued the day
They fought the lion king,
Because he battled all the way,
As it meant everything...

The best of them left scarred and scared,
His claws as sharp as knives,
Against his strength not one compared,
Escaping with their lives...
He licked his wounds, yet kept his crown,
He bled, yet suffered all,
For he must earn his great renown,
As victor of each brawl...

His fighting skills improved with age,
His courage kept him strong,
While he was there on centre stage,
To fight the whole day long...
That's why he roars the loudest still,
Contempt for underlings
And that contempt remains until
The changing of the kings...

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale, copyright, July 2013.

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'My Kingdom'.

More Stephen Gayford poems here:
denis-martindale-dot-blogspot-dot-com

Denis Martindale

Preoccupied About Punctuation

I wasn't always like this way
The sort who'd sort it out
But now I'm like this every day
And switch text all about
I want my poems nice and neat
With pauses now and then
So that my poems look complete
When published once again

Apostrophes get on my nerves
If they should go amiss
Those teeny weeny little curves
Don't fill my heart with bliss
And semicolons drive me mad
I hate them every one
Some think they're good yet I feel sad
As they're no flipping fun

I like full stops because they're cool
And perfect sense of course
As if they follow every rule
And pauses reinforce
Quotemarks or speechmarks I can't tell
As publishers must choose
And I'm just glad if I spell well
As I my text peruse

And so if I should summarise
My problem now addressed
The truth I've come to realise
And know that I'm obsessed
I'm obstinate and that's a fact
It's hard enough to write
With all my errors tightly packed
Right there in black and white

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Murphy's Law And Me

I've made mistakes, of that I'm sure,
A faux pas now and then,
That's why I think of Murphy's Law
And blame that once again...
It's not my fault, I often say,
As if that's good excuse,
It's Murphy's Law, like that's O.K.
And something I can't choose...

I went to School, I passed exams,
I know a thing or two
And yet I still get into jams,
As if I've got no clue...
Though coffee keeps my mind awake,
I do the best I can,
Precautions I prefer to take
And sometimes I will plan...

Then things go wrong, yes, all skerwiff,
All suddenly awry,
It's then I pray and ask God if
He'll fix things by and by...
If not, my word, I'm up the creek,
Then Chaos Theory rules...
Of course, I know I'm not unique,
The world is full of fools...

It's not our fault! It's Murphy's Law!
Most of the time, we're wise!
But life would be a daily bore,
If we were perfect, guys!
So cut some slack, show patience, please!
Don't say we'll never learn!
In life, we've got no certainties...
Who knows when it's YOUR turn?

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Pentastic!

I went out shopping, as you do,
Not knowing what I'd buy,
Just window shopping for some clue,
My credit card to try...
The stationers was calling me,
As if within a spell,
As if Hell-bent on stalling me,
Yet more I couldn't tell...

Then suddenly, it caught my eye!
A golden fountain pen!
I fell in love! Oh, my, oh, my!
In truth, beyond my ken...
Why should it be? I stood amazed
At all its finery
And suddenly, my hand was raised,
With credit card set free...

I paid a fortune then and there!
There was no other way!
Gone were my instincts to take care,
I took it home that day...
The blue ink filled it to the brim,
The pen was in my hand,
I wrote of Jesus, just of Him,
I was in Wonderland!

Calligraphy, my faithful friend,
Was with me all the time
And with my poem at its end.
I knew it was sublime!
I framed that poem when it dried,
The frame went on the wall...
'The Cross Of Christ' was penned with pride,
You see, it says it all...

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Think Ink!

Think ink! Think ink! Think ink! Think ink!
It's so important, guys!
Before tonight in bed you sink,
Write something down, be wise!
This day will never come again!
You'll blink and see it gone!
So capture thoughts and use that pen,
Release the light that shone!

Tomorrow isn't guaranteed!
Who knows if we survive?
Who knows if God still has to need
To keep us folks alive?
I'm making sure, by writing out,
The secrets that God sends,
I'm spreading Good News all about
With enemies and friends!

Think ink! Think ink! Think ink! Think ink!
Invest your precious time!
Who knows if you are on the brink
With poetry sublime?
Who knows if God is pleased with you?
Redeem the time today!
For pretty soon, each life is through,
With little left to say!

But I will pray for strength enough
So you can lift your pen!
That God will fill your heart with love
Again and again and again!
You've no excuse, you so-and-so...
Pick up your pen and write!
Thank God for poems that will flow
Before you sleep tonight!

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

It Never Ends!

Outside our homes, the cameras wait,
They focus on us, folks
And every frame has day and date
And privacy revokes...
The innocent and guilty, too,
Are subject to their wiles,
Regardless of our point-of-view
And how this reconciles...

The camera crew, behind the scenes,
Inspect the daily grind,
Beyond the norm, each intervenes,
If troubles they can find...
Yet they possess that right not us,
Who knows what they allow?
For they don't care about the fuss
If citizens ask now...

They watch your car and number plate,
They watch your credit card,
They even know your credit rate,
Today that's not so hard...
Your children may not understand,
They'll gossip all day long,
But what if things get out-of-hand,
What if they get things wrong?

False witnesses can also hurt,
The lies some people tell,
That's why we all must stay alert,
Else things won't go so well...
The camera lies, sometimes, it's true,
That's why the Courts decide,
Perhaps one day the victim's you,
No place to run or hide...

In prisons, cameras catch the crowd,
The moving to-and-fro,
The guards and inmates may walk proud,

Or humbled, heads kept low...
Yet cameras lurk in our classes,
On streets and motorways
And on gadgets, like sunglasses
And pens, such is the craze...

It doesn't matter where you go,
Surveillance rules the skies,
For satellites are in the know
And Google's no surprise...
And yet beyond this mortal realm,
God also watches, too!
As long as God is at the helm,
It never ends for YOU!

Denis Martindale

My Turn Next!

Two tiger cubs had ventured forth,
Exploring just for fun,
This time, went heading to the north,
Beneath the mighty sun...
They came across a tree trunk there,
A few feet tall, no more,
So one climbed up with utmost care,
While one looked on, not sure...

The climber had his claws in deep
And grinned from ear-to-ear,
As skyward, he, began to creep,
Without a trace of fear...
The other thought, 'That's not so hard!
But one's enough for now...'
That's why he waited, for his start,
The other to allow...

Just like the British when they queue,
Respectful, patiently,
That second tiger simply knew,
He, too, must wait and see...
Instead of wild, just like a child,
He looked on, quite impressed!
'It's my turn next! ' he thought and smiled,
'I'll show him who's the best! '

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Psalm 151

Behold the day of salvation,
Behold the day of grace,
Behold God's sweet celebration,
Behold His smiling face...

Let the sun rise early morning,
Let the angels be there, too,
Let victory kiss the dawning,
With sunshine ever new...

Let children learn atonement,
Let kings kneel on the ground,
Let forgiveness heal the present,
Let friends with praises sound...

For God has made a new thing,
Triumphant evermore,
A holy bird upon the wing
To fill the Earth with awe...

PoemHunter.com

Consider those within the faith,
Still preaching far and wide,
A billion souls perchance to save,
The Father glorified...

From dawn's increasing spread of light,
Till evening's darkness falls,
The saints on Earth learn new insight,
As each old truth recalls...

Reflect upon the prophecies,
Absorb the hopes foretold,
For these will do much more to please
The soul that's lacking gold...

The poor man hopes what rich men boast,
But every rich man dies,
The poor man seeks the uppermost,
The fear of God that's wise...

Destruction waits the selfish fool,
The callous in command,
The rebel spurning every rule,
For these, the Lord won't stand...

But I've looked close at sights unseen,
My visions reach beyond,
The Lord above must intervene,
To break each demon's bond...

Else who can stand? Else who can win?
The flesh is weak, indeed
And who of us resists all sin,
That we for God succeed?

If not for pardon, wrought with blood,
The guilty have no peace,
If not for love, our patient God
Would make Mankind to cease...

When famine comes, all creatures lose,
More so if God shares nought,
More so if God holds back good news
Not granting prophets thought...

But God proves love with dreams at night,
With visions still by day,
With angels teaching each insight,
If prophets ask away...

The rest of all Mankind is slow,
With darkness in each heart,
With eyes that lack a godly glow,
Born sinners from the start...

If God held Mankind in contempt,
Both now and evermore,
Not one of us would be exempt
If breaking any law...

But God regards a tapesty,

A telling of Man's tale,
From first to last and victory
Is there yet to prevail...

Take heart, then sinners, of this Earth,
Behold the sun and moon,
God's great redeemer proves His worth
And He is coming soon...

To some, a servant, just a man,
To some, God's chosen king,
To some, the One within God's plan
Who changes everything...

Denis Martindale

Saved By Grace

A thousand sonnets I could write,
Proclaiming joy, peace, love,
Yet when I meet death's darkest night,
I ask, 'Are these enough? '
Though I might give my earthly home
And contents there within,
Such time from Earth I'm forced to roam,
I ask, 'What of my sin? '

If single I remain to be,
Unwed, no hope, no strife,
No love for all eternity,
I ask, 'What use is life? '
Yet if I use that life for Christ,
For His sake not for mine,
Will God bless all I've sacrificed?
I ask, 'God grant a sign...'

If I resist temptations sent
And set myself apart,
To walk the path that Jesus went,
I ask, 'God guard my heart.'
Too many saints have fallen short,
Lost blessings here and there,
Because Christ is my central thought,
I ask, 'Lord, hear my prayer...'

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

The 8-6-8-6 Guy

Yes, I'm the 8-6-8-6 guy!
Yes, poetry's my thing!
As long as God still bids me try,
New poems I must bring...
I'll write by day, I'll write by night,
Computer on the go,
I'll tap, tap, tap with all my might,
So that my verses flow...

Guess I'm just a writing machine,
Ideas still on my mind,
With pictures that can set the scene
So stories can unwind...
I don't know what I'm writing next,
I just sit still and wait,
For pretty soon I get the text
That rhyming words create...

The 8-6-8-6 style is nice,
From simple to sublime
And for short poems will suffice,
Quite well, most of the time...
When publishers accept my verse,
I can't help feeling proud,
So I'll share my world of wonders,
As long as I'm allowed...

My dreams and visions cross the globe,
From England to Japan,
It's almost like God's sharing hope
With every soul He can...
Perhaps He wants to use you, too!
If so, what will you write?
If you love God as He loves you,
He'll help you day and night!

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Forest Nomad

The wolf had roamed the forest trail,
A nomad, nothing more,
At times, still starving, looking frail,
Wondering what life's for...
At other times, he'd run for miles,
A tour de force, so fast,
His mind so cunning, full of guiles,
Till hunger came at last...

That's why he walks and doesn't run,
Conserving energy
And biding time beneath the sun,
For all the world to see...
But come the night, his luck will change
As trees will hide him well
And when the world turns dark and strange,
The tales that he will tell...

For now, he looks a fragile thing,
A victim like the rest,
But come the night, behold a king,
With hunting skills to test...
He'll turn the tables round about,
It's then his turn to stalk,
Then only fools would search him out
And in his footsteps walk...

Denis Martindale, copyright, July 2013.

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Forest Nomad'.

More Stephen Gayford poems here:
denis-martindale-dot-blogspot-dot-com

Denis Martindale

Lunch Break

The panda likes to eat bamboo,
Bamboozled like it's fun,
He finds bamboo then starts to chew
Until the day's all done.
To pandas, that's the way it is,
As if the only way,
As if it grants some perfect bliss
To while away the day.

That's why his belly starts to swell,
And noises it will make,
Embarrassing, if truth could tell,
Of that, there's no mistake.
Yet there the panda seems content,
Unmoving by the hour,
While other creatures came and went,
And think the bamboo sour.

I've never tasted bamboo yet,
Nor see the need to try,
Nor see the need to buy or get,
Yet yearn to ask him why.
What's this obsession that he has?
What fascinates him so?
He can't tell me, and so, alas,
I guess I'll never know!

Denis Martindale. February 2022.

The poem is about the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Lunch Break'.

Denis Martindale

Backward Glance

Two meerkats stood amazed, aghast,
For there above them flew
A wondrous bird that was so fast
They knew not what to do!
Survival instincts kept them close,
So back-to-back they stood,
Clenched jaws, clenched backs, clenched claws and toes,
Although this did no good!

That bird flew over once again,
It simply was a blur,
Its shadow disappeared and then
The meerkats chose to stir...
They warned the rest who scarpered off
Till every one was safe,
But those two meerkats had to cough,
You see, they weren't that brave!

The bird had flown to who knows where,
Yet never to return,
But every day those meerkats stare,
On guard not to adjourn...
From truth the adults never strayed,
'You should have seen its wings! '
Young meerkats giggled unafraid,
'Old fogies seeing things! '

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Be Careful!

The panther turned his head around,
He knew that I was near,
Regretfully, I'd made a sound
And it was crystal clear...
I didn't panic there and then,
I simply froze, that's all,
Somehow I counted up to ten,
Deciding I should stall...

As long as I kept mighty still,
No further sound was heard
And though it was an act of will,
My silence was preferred...
That panther hadn't seen me yet,
While I blinked quietly,
Pretending that I needn't fret,
Heart beating frantically...

The panther turned, continued on
And I was mighty glad
And when I saw he'd safely gone...
I felt a lucky lad...
One camera click was all it took
To turn that panther's head
And though he had a long, long look,
I'm still alive, not dead!

Denis Martindale, copyright, July 2013.

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Be Careful'.

More Stephen Gayford poems here:
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Denis Martindale

Deep Thinker

The lion's legs were full of lead,
He stared before he slept,
With rumbling thoughts still in his head,
Which their own vigil kept...
How come those clouds stay in the sky
While freezing rain falls down?
How come the sun and moon pass by?
Such questions made him frown...

The world was simple years ago,
His parents seemed so wise,
Somehow those two stayed in the know,
With twinkles in their eyes...
Now all grown up, he'd time to stare,
Ask questions now and then,
Alas, the answers were so rare,
He'd give up once again...

Why did he always feel alone,
With others still in sight?
Who could he ask of all he'd known?
Why is it dark at night?
Why is it water's dripping wet?
Why am I sometimes strong?
And while such questions made him fret,
He'd ask them all day long!

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Just The Two Of Us

The two white tigers looked so cute,
Within their comfort zone,
As if each other stayed astute,
Protective of their own...
Such partnerships, of course, are rare,
White tigers are quite scarce,
No wonder, then, some folks take care,
White tigers have such class...

If conservation saves these, too,
White tigers will be safe,
For now, they're just a precious few,
Though each of these is brave...
It isn't just the fragile lives
That humans must protect,
We hope each tiger still survives,
Not one we dare reject...

While numbers dwindle year-by-year,
Protected species roam,
As long as humans hold them dear,
Preserving every home...
That's why such creatures still exist,
Find some peace now and then,
Yet truly folks who don't persist
Won't see their like again...

Denis Martindale, copyright, July 2013.

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Just The Two Of Us'.

More Stephen Gayford poems here:
denis-martindale-dot-blogspot-dot-com

Denis Martindale

The Priceless Gift Of Prophecy!

When God proclaims His prophecy,
The angels listen close,
Because He holds eternity
And all His friends He knows...
Thus prophets born within time's trail
Get gifts more blessed than gold,
When God proclaims, His truths can't fail,
Man's future's been foretold...

God sees the path each man would take,
The contents of each heart,
If gentle lamb or callous snake,
He sees us, every part...
Before we've done a single thing
Or thought a single thought,
God knows what every life will bring,
If we do what we ought...

No wonder, then, He chooses best,
Sees beauty yet unknown
And grants some favour to the blessed,
To these, and these alone...
Yet prophecy will guide the wise,
Transform the humble, too,
As if to open up their eyes,
To change their point of view...

Consider Christ, who prophesied,
All things must come to be,
Including Christ, once crucified,
Remember Calvary?
Though Jesus knew He'd live again,
Disciples disagreed,
The risen Lord they saw and then
Had proof all men should heed...

The Holy Spirit blessed them all
With power here on Earth,
Eleven men who heard God's call

And preached for all they're worth...
Since then, came prophecies galore,
New Israel but a dream,
But now it's here, time's short for sure,
With future years extreme...

How sad that sinners walk away
From each evangelist,
Yet God proclaims His Judgment Day,
His prophecies persist...
No guilty soul escapes that hour,
Excuses have we none,
The Blood of Christ has saving power,
That's why God sent His Son...

When Christ returns, this world to rule,
The skeptics must believe,
Accept it now, why play the fool?
Why wait till then and grieve?
Far better here and now to trust,
Than gamble with your soul,
When Jesus comes, we know He must
Make all things new and whole...

Denis Martindale

American Icon

I've travelled near, I've travelled far,
Across each noble land,
I've slept beneath God's shooting star,
Observed what God had planned...
Yet there are icons God has made,
Each nation then may choose,
The eagle soars high, unafraid,
Amid the clouds to cruise...

America personified,
Triumphant borne of faith,
The sun above to serve as guide,
To help it to stay brave...
For what are wings if courage fails?
Each eagle's meant to fly,
Despite the storms, despite the gales,
All odds meant to defy...

From such as eagles, planes exist,
From planes, came rockets, too,
Then to the moon would Man persist,
To land a chosen few...
Behold the eagle, icon still,
Like Voyager in space,
Permitted by the Father's will
To glide with utmost grace...

Denis Martindale, copyright, July 2013.

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'American Icon'.

Denis Martindale

Stolen Moment

Beyond the tall grass cheetahs roam,
Beside the waterhole,
As if it were their second home,
Seclusion for the soul...
And here a mother cheetah laid,
Her cherished cub close by,
Who looks around yet unafraid,
The apple of her eye...

A stolen moment stems their peace,
A rustling sound quite close,
Enough to chill their laid-back ease,
For even they have foes...
But dangers past, they settle still,
Content that all is well,
Such that they stay there so tranquill,
Within their magic spell...

Beyond the tall grass cheetahs roam,
Drink water now and then,
As if it tastes like honeycomb,
A blessing shared again...
Yet water is much more than this,
It cools the blood inside
And bathing there is utter bliss
That few can ever hide...

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The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Stolen Moment'.

More Stephen Gayford poems here:
denis-martindale-dot-blogspot-dot-com

Denis Martindale

Up Close And Personal

White tiger eyes are prone to stare
At creatures all about,
Then he saw me and froze right there,
Just gazing, full of doubt...
It wasn't that I'm beautiful,
Or that I'm highly praised,
Or that, to him, I'm wonderful...
He just stood there... amazed...

Was it my camera or my hat
That made him stare at me?
Or something else that made that cat
Stay still and not to flee?
I'm not a six-foot gentleman,
Yet I stood up, of course,
The tiger didn't know God's plan
Meant me tall as a horse!

Was I the first man that he'd seen
Of all the human race?
The very first to intervene
As if I owned the place?
My camera clicked and caught him well,
That photo's on my wall,
My only trophy left to tell
He hadn't seen it all...

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Father, Son And Holy Spirit

You bless the Church worldwide,
Our every prayer, You hear it,
Since Christ was crucified...
That's why disciples preach Good News,
With miracles and signs,
With words of knowledge for the Jews
To serve as their guidelines...

Beyond the apple of Your eye,
Beyond Israel's domain,
You gave the Gentiles reasons why,
They, too, Your love could gain...
That's why a wondrous multitude
From every worldly tribe,
Still reads God's word that was first viewed
By every holy scribe...

Translations scattered everywhere,
Still sharing all God's best,
With prophecies we're meant to share
To north, south, east and west...
A billion souls could yet be saved,
Like ripples spreading out,
Disciples baptised, fully bathed
And cleansed beyond all doubt...

Consider, then, what's left undone,
Be patient, if You can,
For lost souls distant from God's Son,
Yet still within Your plan...
Draw such as these close to Christ's Cross,
Your saving grace to learn,
In Jesus' Name, we ask because,
Time helps them to discern...

This world will share a Golden Age,
A thousand years of grace,
When Jesus Christ rules centre stage,
Such that we see His face...

Yet faith grants now a foretaste here,
Eternal life and more,
When perfect love casts out our fear
And pardon makes us pure...

Without the Saviour's precious love,
This world is lost, indeed,
Upon His Cross, when nailed above,
He chose to stay and bleed...
And then to die, atoning, Lord,
So that God could forgive,
So that this mustn't be ignored,
If we, in Christ, would live...

So many souls we're preaching to,
Good feedback all the time,
With praises rising up to You,
So humble, yet sublime...
The battle is the Lord's, we know,
We merely point the way,
Yet help us, Lord, as on we go,
While on this world we stay...

Denis Martindale, copyright, July 2013.

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on Sky, Freeview HD, or the Roku box, or
visit the website for updates on god-dot-tv

GOD TV's prophecy is to save a billion souls!

Denis Martindale

My Next Poem!

When I look out the window
I see the world by day and night.
It changes everything I choose to write about.
Sunny days and stormy days we can all recognise,
Yet Summer or Winter, Spring or Autumn,
We know, that this could be our last day.

If we have ever received a blessing
From a fellow poet or poetess,
Then it could be that we merely
Copy their style or merely
Let the words flow freely, without restraint.

If, however, we strive towards perfection,
Maybe we will stick with the 8,6,8,6 syllables style.
Whatever style we create for each poem,
We aren't always going to write profound poetry
Or great epics for posterity.

PoemHunter.com

Sometimes we're simply playful,
Sharing something that adds a smile here and there.
But if today is my last day,
I still have poems I want to write
And ideas bubbling away,
With fantastic phrases
And winsome words
And scintillating sentences.

I have seen the wonders of the Universe,
But I have not seen my next poem...
I'm still curious how it will turn out.
God willing, I will find out
And share it on the poemhunter website!

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The next poem written after this was called
Father, Son And Holy Spirit and it's about
GOD TV sharing the Gospel across the world.

The poem can be read by editing this text:

tinyurl-dot-com/father-son-and-holy-spirit

That's for the print-friendly text version.

We can magnify the text for it or switch to
poemhunter's website poetry page instead.

Denis Martindale

Sleep Tight

The two white tigers laid flat out,
Fatigued yet still awake,
Yet even tigers cannot flout
The need to take a break...
And so they breathe much deeper still,
Give way to thoughts they think
And gently glide and overspill
Upon the very brink...

Their eyelids lower even more,
To flutter now and then,
While striving yet to keep the score
For 'Who? How? What? Where? When? '
Then both are done... it's sleepytime...
For them, no turning back,
They slink towards their dreams sublime
And everything turns black...

To think, white tigers are quite few,
Endangered, truth to say,
How many left? I've got no clue,
Yet maybe less today...
And while their beauty makes us stare,
Perchance to hold them dear,
If we should lose the will to care...
White tigers disappear...

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Mum Knows Best

The lioness, three cubs in tow,
Observed surrounding scenes,
Much taller than her cubs and so
Would sense what intervenes...
As long as she was calm, at peace,
The three cubs had no fears
And since her love would never cease,
Like her, they'd live for years...

Until the cubs felt danger close,
This time was theirs to play,
As long as Mum was on her toes,
All the livelong day...
To minimise each cub's regret,
She was their warning bell,
Protecting here and now and yet
Their future years as well...

They were her golden legacy,
Defining all she was,
The future lions yet to be
If she escaped such loss...
Of course, there were no guarantees,
Life's such a fragile thing,
Yet everyone on Earth agrees
Each cub could be a king...

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Across The Falls

While Mother Earth adorns herself
With splendid scenery,
It's God Himself who shares His wealth
Throughout eternity...
And so Man looks at all there is,
At mountains, rivers, lakes
And waterfalls bring instant bliss
And soothe our sad heartaches...

The wolf across the falls would go,
Observe his silvered fur,
Just like the water, all aglow,
Transparent, just a blur...
Mid-step, he hears a sudden sound,
Looks back, in case of harm,
Then glad there was no danger found,
With no cause for alarm...

Thus, on his journey, gingerly,
Across the falls once more,
With footsteps borne of certainty,
His balance ever sure...
Once safe, he'll take the time to stare
At God's great cavalcade,
Yet only Man gives thanks in prayer
For all the Lord has made...

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Kingfisher

Above the water, all alone,
He stares impatiently,
Another passing fish to own,
If not escaping free...
Just perched perchance to grab a meal,
Before it darts away,
Another creature's life to steal,
To live another day...

His life before was just the same,
Efficient every time,
Remaining poised till he took aim,
Swoop, grab, then upward climb...
The boredom factor wasn't nice,
But what else could he do?
Fish come and go as God supplies
And some days just a few...

Kingfisher, tell me, if you can,
Do you like fish to eat?
Would you, yourself, your meals to plan,
Choose something else like meat?
I'm glad that I'm an omnivore
Who eats just anything,
I'm sure just fish would be a bore,
For fisherman or king...

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Backlit Prince

To some, that lion lounging there,
Was quite the sight to see,
Not quite enough for folks to dare
Approach his majesty...
But at safe distance, humans smile
At such magnificence,
It's true, they fondly love such style,
Yet know they can't be friends...

While he stays there, they feel such bliss,
It seems all's going well,
Although it wouldn't go amiss,
To say that time will tell...
In just one second, he can stand
And run for all he's worth,
To scatter those upon his land
Not of his royal birth...

A backlit prince that lion seems,
How picturesque, how quaint,
Yet not the stuff of winsome dreams,
For cuddlesome, he ain't...
Please don't be fooled by fabled tales,
That lion's biding time,
When he stands up, he never fails
To prove that he's sublime...

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Never Underestimate The Power Of Love!

Of all the world's entirety,
Its share of young and old,
Reflect upon Man's dignity,
Its faith as pure as gold...
And call to mind, the deepest love,
The deepest love of all,
For that is where we rise above
And seek a miracle...

The praying mother on her knees,
The choir in the Church,
The patient saint who seeks to please,
The knight, his quest to search...
The king, the queen, the nobleman,
The scholar reading still,
For such as these, God has a plan,
According to His will...

And there are poets, songsmiths, too,
With word skills all their own,
Who transform words like I LOVE YOU,
With wondrous truths unknown...
As God upholds Man's hopes and dreams,
His visions pour like wine,
Defying all the Devil's schemes
With power that's divine...

Behold this world, this dot in space,
This tiny realm we share,
Yet then regard the Saviour's face
And scars He chose to bear...
The power of love can raise the dead
And heal the sick as well,
The Saviour's Blood was truly shed
To rescue us from Hell...

If not for love, God's mercies fade,
For patience has its length,
Consider everything God made

When God gave Man his strength...
That's why faith grows despite one's youth
And family bonds grow strong,
Yet uppermost, the love of truth,
Shows how we may belong...

To fools, new love can offer joy,
Romance and nothing else,
Beginning with each girl and boy
And what their future tells...
To sacrifice one's life for those
We know and love is pure,
Yet greater love, the Father knows
And Jesus, to be sure...

The Gospel prophecies exist
To light our path each day,
So that in love we may persist,
Forgive along the way...
For Jesus died not just to save,
He died that we might live,
If we would honour what He gave,
Then we, too, must forgive...

God sets this challenge to Mankind,
This test of tests remains,
On Earth, we either loose or bind,
Yet not for our own gains...
The Holy Spirit tells us things,
No mortal soul could know,
He guides the prophets, lords and kings,
They sense the debt they owe...

This poet waits the power of love,
The essence of Man's faith,
With grace that proves itself enough
When nothing else can save...
If not for love, why live at all?
If not for God, why care?
If not for grace, the mighty fall,
That's why we should love prayer...

Christ said, 'I AM WITH YOU ALWAYS',
That must not be ignored,
Prayer changes things... It leads to praise,
With answers from the Lord...
This world needs love, no more, no less,
Yet conscience is our guide,
How else can God each heart still bless
Unless love lives inside?

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on Sky, Freeview HD, or the Roku box, or
visit the website revelationtv-dot-com

Denis Martindale

Lone Vigil

It matters not if day or night,
Lone vigils must be kept,
The lone wolf stared at all in sight,
At things that crawled or crept...
For predators, food is the key,
The future to unlock,
Their stomach pains must be set free,
Regardless of the clock...

So day or night, the lone wolf stares,
Determined to survive,
Mid Summer's breeze or cold night airs,
Who knows what will arrive?
For other creatures need food, too,
But haven't sensed who's near,
So merely do what creatures do,
Till wolves fill them with fear...

The lone wolf waits, like statues will,
Unmoving, yet on guard,
Atop a snow-tipped frozen hill,
Yet with a heart so hard...
Take note, it matters not, my friend,
If you look great or small,
The lone wolf waits, on that depend,
To hunt for one and all...

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Each Step Has Its Story

It's God who stares upon our steps
And contents of our hearts,
He knows our heights, He knows our depths,
He knows our stops and starts...
So why not trust the Lord above,
Like many poets do?
They know He sees us from above,
Yes, even me... and you...
Perhaps that's why disciples pray
For everyone they meet,
That God will guide steps on their way,
That bless their souls and feet...

Don't think that I can always walk,
That steps come easily,
These mortal steps of which I talk
Are borne of faith, you see...
We know of Footprints In The Sand,
That caused someone to sigh,
Yet Christ was there to hold the hand
Each time when questioned why...
He won't desert the broken heart,
Reject the sinful soul,
That's why saints sing, How Great Thou Art,
For God is in control...

Let God be God and Man be Man,
Let wisdom grow and thrive,
How else can we fulfill His plan
In Heaven to arrive?
God's got more steps to Paradise
Beyond this Earth's domain,
By faith, let's climb and not think twice,
For there's so much to gain...
It's step-by-step, a gentle stride,
From Earth to Heaven's Throne,
With Jesus Christ, walk side-by-side,
For Heaven is our Home...

Denis Martindale

Yes, Truly Our Days Are Numbered

Yes, truly our days are numbered,
God counts them one-by-one,
Despite the nights we've slumbered,
Because this must be done...
We can't stay up both night and day,
Each week, each month, each year
And so, we rest, for come what may,
To sleep we always steer...

Yet God grants dreams to bide the time,
With stories that unfold,
Some meaningful and quite sublime,
Transforming us like gold...
True riches wait, as yet concealed,
God's secrets pouring out,
In parables, truths are revealed,
That simply cast out doubt...

So don't forego your beauty sleep,
For beauty there awaits,
Despite nightmares that make us weep,
What wonders God creates...
Some dream of Heaven all amazed,
Transfixed, agog and glad
And sometimes God is highly praised,
Though leaving makes them sad...

Sometimes I dream that I can fly
Just like the angels do,
Sometimes I dream and question why
I wake up feeling blue...
Sometimes I dream of bygone homes,
Or gardens and their flowers,
Regardless where my spirit roams,
Soon come the waking hours...

Yet greater dreams this spirit blessed,
For I've seen Calvary,
Then love poured down upon my chest,

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As warm as love could be...
Reflected from the Cross of Christ,
God's beacon on the hill,
Revealing Jesus sacrificed,
To serve God's perfect will...

His days were numbered just like mine,
He tasted death for all,
Yet His appointment was divine,
That's why God couldn't stall...
Passover Lamb, that's what He was,
He came to pay the price,
One thief believed Christ on His Cross
And thus gained Paradise...

My final chapter still unfolds,
Death waits for me to leave,
As if my mortal flesh it holds
And tugs upon my sleeve...
Yet God decides my final day,
It's numbered in God's hands,
So I'll not leave or pass away
Till I've fulfilled His plans...

Denis Martindale

Celestial Solitude

While challenges as yet remain
Upon this Earth we live,
Sometimes it helps if we refrain,
At rest, till God can give...
Not all are athletes circling round
A stadium to win,
Sometimes the race is homeward bound,
Alone, just staying in...

Apart from every other soul,
The heart beats gentler still,
Allowing God to take control
According to His will...
Celestial, such times will prove
What God has got to say,
Beyond His softened words that soothe
That follow when we pray...

The hand of God can crush the fool,
The evil and the proud,
Yet give to us each Golden Rule
To show what's been allowed...
For both the rich and poor alike,
Receive the sun above,
Until that day when Death must strike,
Can we live with God's love?

The humble and the fearful, too,
Can bow their heads in prayer,
To intercede for me and you,
For whom the Lord must care...
If not, then why should Jesus die,
Upon the Cross of Christ?
Or grant us grace in full supply,
Unless we're highly prized?

In solitude, when saints calm down,
With heartbeats on the wane
And absent is the fretting frown,

That signals fears or pain...
Eyes closed in meditative mode,
The Lord's not near or far,
He's everywhere to bear the load,
Wherever burdens are...

Cast all your cares upon the Lord,
No matter, great or small,
Receive, like Peter, your reward,
Like James and John and Paul...
Amid the storm, amid the calm,
Christ beckons us stay close,
He gently guides us by the arm
To new things He still shows...

That's why, today, the saints are led,
From place to place to place,
Still trusting Christ the King who bled...
And died to grant them grace...
That's why, each day, they preach the Word,
With wisdom borne of joy,
For solitude has truly stirred
God's gifts that they employ...

At times, when poems trickle here,
Creating line-by-line,
It's though I sense the Lord draw near
And simple truths refine...
Like furnace gold that's purified,
Fit for the Master's use,
My eyes though light are open wide,
Transfixed by what He'll choose...

My solitude can bring forth fruit
That only silence sends,
Perhaps with words that gently suit
The sharing with my friends...
Thus poems come and poems go,
I dare not hold them fast,
For some are meant for all to know,
Till I must go at last...

But until then, it's solitude,
So poems can be born,
God blessing in each interlude,
Not just the breaking dawn...
So, please, excuse when I'm apart,
I'm with the Lord, you see,
It's time to have a heart-to-heart,
The Prince of Peace... and me...

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Roku box, or visit the website god-dot-tv

Denis Martindale

God's Poetry Of Love

The Bible says that God is love,
In oh so many ways,
Beyond the prayers that soar above
With sprinkled psalms of praise...
If not for love, this Universe
Would shrink away to nought,
With darkness left to prove the curse,
With light no longer brought...

But until then, let those with eyes,
Take in the sights to see,
Let those with ears then realise
That God made all things be...
The gentlest bird that ever sang
Sends forth a joyful song,
Just like our Church bells cling-a-clang
When Sunday comes along...

The snow-topped mountains rest sublime
As symbols of God's love,
Because they stand the test of time,
If grace proves strength enough...
The rivers, too, grant life to all,
Not holding back their share,
If only we were like Saint Paul,
Who proved his love in prayer...

If only it were possible
To share God's love with you,
Yet God must work that miracle,
So you may share it, too...
But why should God love us on Earth,
Unholy as we are?
Our future lives must have some worth
Beyond a sun or star...

They shine with light and fill the sky,
The night is blessed, indeed
And yet, beyond the question, 'Why? ',

Remind us of our need...
For who would rather forego joy
God's love shares day-by-day?
Except the fool, the naughty boy
Or girl too proud to say...

Yet I confess God's love grants me
Most reason still to live,
Because I trust in Calvary,
With faith God will forgive...
So even sin and death are tamed,
Defeated by Christ's Blood,
Such that in Heaven I am named
And claimed by Him and God...

By faith, I preach the Word of Truth,
Declaring far and wide,
That God is love, with Christ the proof,
For Christ was crucified...
Yet more than this, God raised His Son,
As Priest and Lord and King...
And now I know what God has done...
God's love means everything...

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Denis Martindale

The Books Of The Holy Bible

The Books of the Holy Bible form the Cross of Christ.

Eleven to the left,
Eleven to the right,
Eleven books raised high above,
With thirty-three below,
So together we know,
Sixty-six show the King of Love...

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

From Visions To Revelations!

Transcending time, transcending space,
His mind was just a blur,
Behind his eyes, behind his face,
Where dreams can still occur...
And prophecies get written down
Ahead of what will be,
As if time were a golden gown
Or scroll of poetry...

The prophet sensed God's presence there,
He shivered at the thought,
For though he'd sought the Lord in prayer,
Would he do what God taught?
He trembled like a little lamb
When first stood on its feet,
Surrounded by the great I AM,
Enveloped in the heat...

Then came the Word... Poured out like gold,
Refined and purified,
With all God's wonders to unfold,
The man's eyes opened wide...
He saw a river flowing still,
A multitude baptised,
According to the Father's will
And in the Name of Christ...

With men ascending Heavenward,
The second each was bathed,
As if washed clean, now seen as good,
Each pardoned, loved and saved...
Rose petals floating from the sky
To form the Jesus Rose,
That makes each sinner ask God why,
Yet only Jesus knows...

His resurrection made it plain,
For Jesus rose that day,
Despite His crucifixion pain

Which now had drained away...
The prophet saw the world spin round
Much faster than before,
With all the Christians Heavenbound,
Its weight was less not more...

The Rapture changed the world he knew,
The secret must be kept,
Beyond the time he bid Adieu,
Till in the grave he slept...
But after that, the prophecies
Would reach the whole world wide,
Concerning Christ, the Prince of Peace,
The Saviour, crucified...

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Denis Martindale

Listen To The Leprechaun!

For rhymes, I counts me syllables,
I counts them line-by-line,
While watching as a new verse falls
According to design...
At times, me words are oh so cute,
That's not always the case,
I counts on words and hopes they suit,
Yet sometimes I replace...

For thoughts, I pictures what I wrote
Then I waits for the rest,
Each new thought comes and I takes note,
Determined to be blessed...
I dreams as well, then wakes up quick
And writes down what I saw,
Such that me golden ideas click
And suddenly outpour...

For all I knows, I strikes a chord,
But that's not guaranteed,
Financially there's small reward,
Yet onwards I proceed...
I does me best, gives all I got,
8,6,8,6 guides me,
While not a lot, each helps me plot
Me perfect poetry...

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

The Poetry Judge!

Anthologies were his domain,
His publisher to serve,
Yet other poets he would strain
Throughout their learning curve...
So he threw out above and love
And true and blue and you,
Because he'd simply had enough
And yearned for something new...

Apostrophes would drive him mad
When missing now and then,
He sighed aloud as if quite sad
And threw out these again...
But treasure waited in the pile
Received each day by post,
Perhaps a gem to make him smile
With perfect style for most...

One morning came and full of sighs
He chanced to read some verse
That started well, the prose seemed wise,
Proceeding to get worse!
He tore that poem into shreds
Then put it in the bin,
The sort of sonnet that one dreads
And patience then draws thin...

But then, it happened, joy at last!
A nugget of pure gold!
All others there it had outclassed!
Behold! Behold! Behold!
He read it once, he read it twice,
He checked each word, each line,
The punctuation very nice,
The sentiments divine...

Ten out of ten! It made his day!
He got some copies done!
At home, he put them on display,

Read there by everyone!
His son was pleased, his daughter, too!
His wife was thrilled as well!
That poem joined the chosen few
He didn't put through Hell...

Denis Martindale

The Mission Of The Messiah!

When Virgin Mary's womb was blessed,
New life began indeed,
In fact, God's Spirit brought the best,
So that God would succeed...
God's only Son, as prophesied,
Anointing Him, Messiah,
That's why her praise was magnified,
Higher and higher and higher...

To think, that she, God's grace believed,
Poured out her psalm of joy
Before her newborn son received
And saw her little boy...
And what a song of sacred praise,
Reflecting on God's love,
His holiness, His constant ways,
His power from above...

No human father interfered
With promises God made
And so Man's Saviour soon appeared
And in his manger laid...
A prophecy that like a lamb,
Reserved for sacrifice,
He served His God, the great I AM,
Christ came to pay the price...

Atonement, God with Man, at one,
United in one cause,
God's great Messiah was God's Son,
Subservient to His laws...
Unless He proved eternal worth,
God wouldn't free Mankind,
Yet only Christ could save this Earth,
If He were so inclined...

His Mission was at first to live,
The Scripture truths to learn
And armed like this to go on with

The wisdom to discern...
To teach in time what must be taught
To both the young and old,
That's why His holy life's still thought
The greatest story told...

He healed the sick, He raised the dead,
He pointed to Man's sin
And though some thousands Christ had fed,
The next stage must begin...
Thus Judas gave Him up to those
Who hated Jesus Christ,
What happened then the Bible shows...
God's Lamb was sacrificed...

Christ proved His faith that God knew best,
That's why God raised His Son,
That's why, through Him, this world's been blessed,
Because of what He's done...
His words alone, weren't seen enough,
Christ gave His life to God,
He tasted death, for us, in love,
That's why He shed His Blood...

How noble! Yes, that's how we're saved,
Forgiveness in His Name,
No other name so sins are waived,
His only we proclaim...
His Mission's still to preach Good News
Explaining Calvary...
Once done, it's up to you to choose...
I know Christ died for me...

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The Messianic Vision is being declared on the
'It's Supernatural! ' Gospel show on GOD TV.

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Denis Martindale

The Messianic Vision

From Genesis, we learn the truth,
God made all things on Earth,
Yet adding to this precious proof,
Made Man to prove his worth...
Thus angels watched him in surprise,
When Adam learnt of Eve,
With insights few could realise
And even less believe...

It's true, these two received God's grace,
Authority and love,
Dominion over every place,
Yet that seemed not enough...
God's Spirit dwelt within their souls,
Within their hearts and minds,
Till sin removed their self-controls,
Because from truth it blinds...

PoemHunter.com

God prophesied and spoke of Him,
A Saviour so sublime,
Far stronger than the seraphim,
For He's the Lord of time,
The King of Kings, the Lord of Lords,
The Prophet and the Priest,
The Mighty One who brings rewards,
So slaves can be released...

In Exodus, when Moses came,
Passover's sacrifice
Showed how a lamb could bear the blame,
That its blood paid the price...
Escaping judgment, faith revealed
God's people would be saved,
If they obeyed, to humbly yield,
Their sins would thus be waived...

The Prophets spoke to callous Kings,
To teach them to be wise,
Directing them to Godly things,

To open up their eyes...
Thus miracles worked hand-in-hand,
For both the great and small,
From sea-to-sea and land-to-land,
Correcting one and all...

Then Jesus came to live with Man
And angels praised His Name,
To glorify God's holy plan,
The Gospel to proclaim...
With Mary blessed, the world would change,
Israel could thus be blessed,
God chose this world to rearrange,
As far as East to West...

Through parables the children heard,
God's Son explained God's love,
In thought, in deed and every word,
Yet would this prove enough?
God granted healings here and there,
God even raised the dead,
Yet there were men who didn't care
For every word Christ said...

In time, their evil led to death,
Christ captured, crucified,
God's Son, Jesus of Nazareth,
Breathed His last breath and died...
Was God defeated by this act?
Surprised how low Man fell?
Of course not, He knew every fact,
In Heaven, Earth and Hell...

The Father raised Christ from the grave,
Eternal Priest and King,
The Saviour, who's now strong to save,
Despite of everything...
So heed the Bible and be sure
Of every truth you read,
He's Man's Messiah, evermore,
The Prince of Peace indeed...

Denis Martindale

My Naughty Little Poem!

Have you read my naughty poem?
Of course not here it is!
Ive written it as if a whim
Excited full of bliss...
Its just the way I choose to be
All fired up and such
Because I loves me poetry
Yes very very much!

By now a few mistakes youve seen
And want to point dem out
As if youd chance to intervene
Eliminating dout...
But I'm so naughty I dont care
And never ever will
Because Im only here to share
And give you folks a thrill...

While punctuations not my bag,
I sometimes really try,
But suddenly it seems a drag
And then I gotta sigh...
Use semicolons? Good for you!
Im not that into those
Sometimes i havent gotta clue
So my verse over flows...

Am i a rebel? yes indeed,
A naughty one at that
Sometimes my poems i will read
And wunder wear im at...
Did i write dem or some one else?
My teachers wood be sad!
And so wood anyone who spells
Im sorry im so bad...

Im glad for dem that do fings write
Their English grammers grate
But my mistakes are outa sight

Hand new ones i create!
I do these fings yet without shame
An aweful so-n-so!
Theres no one else that i can blame...
no no, no no, no no...

Denis Martindale

The Triumph Of The Cross!

The Triune God made manifest,
Fulfilling prophecies,
Despite the fact Christ did His best
And was now on His knees,
Beneath the cross-beam forced to bear
Before His Calvary,
Because the Father did not spare
His Son for you and me...

With battered back now torn apart,
With face now marred by hate,
The Saviour's faith stayed in His heart
Salvation to create...
This spectacle for all Mankind
Would change all history,
Though Man was dumb and deaf and blind
To this great travesty...

And hoisted high, the Saviour bled,
From both His hands and feet,
From head-to-toe, His blood was shed,
Salvation to complete...
But death remained, would faith endure
Despite indignity?
If not, then this we know for sure,
There came no victory...

Yet Jesus suffered everything,
Including death's embrace,
The sign above declared Him King,
Despite things taking place...
King of the Jews, wrote Pilate then,
Yet Caesar's majesty
Condemned Christ there, the Light of Men,
Thus came Christ's tragedy...

For God declared such sins would flow,
Like poison in Man's soul,
Rejecting God who loved Man so,

Refusing God's control...
Thus freedom led to Christ's demise,
His death upon the tree,
With no-one there to realise
That He alone was free...

For sinless was His middle name,
His reason to serve God,
To serve, not judge, is why Christ came
And sacrificed His Blood...
He died in utmost darkness there,
He went through agony,
Committing all to God in prayer,
For all eternity...

Would God stand by, let Jesus die,
No angel there to send?
Would God leave people asking, 'Why? '
How could they comprehend?
Yet Satan knew that he had lost!
Grim-faced, with emnity...
For Jesus Christ had paid sin's cost,
Fulfilling prophecy...

The Scriptures told that Christ would die,
Cut off, from life's great gift,
To bring redemption by and by,
The end the God-Man rift...
The triumph of the Cross of Christ
Forgives humanity,
Because His Blood's so highly prized,
He lives in you and me...

Denis Martindale

Wonder Woman!

Paradise Island far away,
That's where a child was born,
Her destiny, to save the day,
Defeat defiant scorn...
She trained with sisters in the sun,
Learnt martial skills as well,
With oh so many conquests won,
As if beneath her spell...

With beauty that could tame a man,
As if he were her slave,
She rarely schemed or formed a plan,
To make such men behave...
Her magic lasso soothed the soul,
It kept them in their place,
For she, through it, had gained control,
With every single phrase...

Her magic girdle gave her strength,
As if she knew no bounds,
So that she'd go to any length,
As long as she had grounds...
For justice sake, she intervened,
She set the record straight,
As if the very streets she cleaned
Of vermin full of hate...

The criminals would come and go,
Yet few of these returned,
As soon as they were in the know,
Their plans were wisely spurned...
They couldn't beat the Justice League,
Calamity at best,
The Flash was like a lightning streak
That blurred from east to west...
Green Lantern's ring changed everything,
Aquaman turned the tide
And Superman was there to bring
His power and his might...

Yet Wonder Woman, we love you,
For your beguiling smile,
Because your heart is lovely, too,
Beyond your sense of style...
And there are twinkles in your eyes
That grant us hope and peace,
You're loved more than you realise,
With love that cannot cease...

As long as you remain sublime,
Our Princess you will be...
Outside of space, outside of time,
For all eternity...
A thousand years may come and go,
Your beauty stays the same,
As if your legend's meant to grow,
Though not all know your name...

Enough to know, you'll do your best,
Injustice to defeat,
So that good people can be blessed,
Their peaceful lives complete...
Thank God for heroes! Yes, indeed!
For Wonder Woman, too!
A magic lasso you don't need,
For I'm in love with you...

Denis Martindale

The Crimson Christ

Behold the Man, the Son of God,
The Bread of Life and more,
With tortured face now marked with blood
That no man could ignore...
How then could He be called a king
Once Rome had done its worst?
How then could He do anything
When He stood there still cursed?

The crowd cried out to crucify,
No mercy left within,
As if they had no decency
And hearts were stained by sin...
Who was this man who witnessed such?
Jesus of Nazareth...
He lived for those He loved so much,
Prepared to face His death...

The crimson Christ they could not bear,
His miracles seemed gone,
No angels flying anywhere,
No hope to build upon...
No army fighting for His cause,
No-one to die for Him,
No-one to change their breaking laws,
While He stood silent, grim...

The Roman Empire gave no thought
That Israel's God was real,
To them, the Saviour's merely sport,
Fresh blood they could reveal...
So blood outpoured from back and face,
The crimson Christ was scourged,
Rejected by the human race,
God's Son for whom they searched...

Yet even on the Cross of Christ,
He prayed God would forgive...
Blood dripping still, He realised

That soon, He, too, would live...
His resurrection day arrived,
Good News is taught worldwide,
Such that we know that He survived,
Just as He prophesied...

And thus, today, through satellite
And television shows,
The Gospel channels bring God's light
So that the public knows...
In Jesus' Name, come miracles,
Reported day-by-day,
Blessed is the soul that Jesus calls
To live the Saviour's way...

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Denis Martindale

The Vision Of Victory!

Gethsemane, a garden blessed,
Lord Jesus Christ prayed there
And where He proved He was the best
When He, His Cross, would bear...
At first, Christ prayed, for some way out,
If that could serve God's will,
If not, Christ had no final doubt
And must obey God still...

An angel sent to strengthen Him,
Gave comfort at this time,
New hope filled Jesus to the brim,
For Calvary to climb...
With joy now set within His mind
Of future things to be,
His destiny was sure to find
Its path through history...

But what a servant was the Lord,
To suffer, racked with pain,
Condemned, His teachings all ignored,
His temper to restrain...
He chose to be the better man,
Held back God's wrath and hate,
He interceded, so God's plan
Would work, if He would wait...

A thief repented at His side,
'Remember me! ' he said,
Though both of them were crucified,
That man was blessed instead...
By faith, by faith and faith alone,
That man brought hope to Christ,
The Lamb of God would there atone
If fully sacrificed...

And thus, atonement, fully paid,
Has changed 2,000 years,
In Christ, a sure foundation laid,

Until God's house appears...
Upon this rock, this Son of God,
Redemption overflows,
A holy offering of Blood,
This blessing daily grows...

The choice is ours, believe, receive,
Proclaim the Gospel here,
Or stayed defeeted, still to grieve,
Condemned, enslaved by fear...
What victory will God grant you?
What blessing yet stirs praise?
What wondrous thing will Jesus do
So that your spirits raise?

If you but knew... I tell you this,
Your hearts would melt with love...
God's Paradise, a place of bliss
Awaits His saints above...
These troubles now, why frown and fret?
The future is profound,
So why not cast the Gospel net
And spread it all around?

God's victory is born each day,
Authority stands tall,
For righteousness has made the way
To pardon one and all...
By faith, by faith and faith alone
God grants transforming power,
It starts when Jesus Christ is known...
The hero of each hour...

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Denis Martindale

Redeemed By The Redeemer

Be redeemed by the Redeemer,
Be set free by God's Lamb,
Be set free from the Schemer
And every stench-filled scam...
Let Jesus in to cleanse the soul
From every trace of sin,
So that the Lord stays in control
And more lost souls can win...

The Great Commission is Christ's call
To Christians everywhere,
Not just to some, but one and all,
Salvation's gift to share...
Who will you bring to God above?
Will you meet God alone?
What joy to meet the King of Love,
To kneel, not on your own...

Apostles come, apostles go,
Build Churches for a time,
They teach God's people all they know
With truths that are sublime...
And miracles are showered still
Within God's latter rain,
With blessings that are meant to thrill,
With so much yet to gain...

Yet blessings come and blessings fade,
Like snowflakes in the sun...
As if their time on Earth has played
With every story done...
But Earth is not the only place
That Christians are to live,
God's Heaven waits so full of grace,
With mercy to forgive...

Redeemed by Christ, the saints rejoice,
Sings praises to His Name
And with the little girls and boys

God's Gospel can proclaim...
With even more, like prophecy
God whispers on the breeze,
A fitting word for you and me
To strengthen or bring peace...

Redeemed is so much more because
The cost was death to Christ,
Once nailed upon that cruel cross,
Left bleeding, sacrificed...
For you and me the Saviour bled,
His face a battlefield...
Yet He stayed there till He was dead,
He still refused to yield...

No angels called to rescue Him,
No disappearance act,
Just pain and shame that felt so grim,
So face that gruesome fact...
Some say that Hell is fantasy,
A lie and nothing more,
But when I look at Calvary.
Truth shakes me to the core...

To think, God did not spare His child,
The stakes were high, indeed,
Yet our Redeemer reconciled
Lost sinners still in need...
For you and me who dwell on Earth,
What grace if we receive,
If not, to never know Christ's worth,
Eternity to grieve...

Who knows if God is speaking now
Through poems borne of love?
Who knows what God will still allow
From yonder throne above?
But this I know, I am redeemed
And must be highly prized,
Yes, even more than I have dreamed,
For I was saved by Christ...

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Denis Martindale

Man Of Steel

Found in a field, claimed for their own,
The Kents were blessed indeed,
No longer feeling so alone,
Their new lives would proceed...
They called him Clark and raised him well
Till he became a man,
Yet only few on Earth could tell
His destiny, his plan...

No more the farm boy chores to do,
No more the High School days,
The Daily Planet life felt new
In oh so many ways...
With Perry White and Lois Lane
And Jimmy Olsen there,
Clark had the chance to start again
In ways beyond compare...

With super powers, Clark could change
To Superman and more,
Despite the fact he still felt strange,
Fate opened up the door...
The legend born, the Man of Steel,
The red blur cross the sky,
The alien with sex appeal,
The real deal super guy...

Though Krypton was his parents' home,
From there came Kryptonite,
Across the galaxy to roam
And sap him of his might...
If he escaped red rocks and green
His power knew no bounds,
But if these rocks should intervene,
His weakness then astounds...

The Man of Steel was brave and bold,
He tried to do his best,
He rescued both the young and old

So that their lives were blessed...
But criminals he couldn't stand,
For justice must be kept,
If not, then they'd get out of hand,
For evil never slept...

The Justice League inspired all
That sought the common good,
With every hero standing tall
When they did what they could...
Clark Kent continued in disguise,
Just like his super friends,
Till called again and then he flies,
Because good never ends...

As long as heroes stand as one,
Together side-by-side,
Who knows what wonders could be done
Across the whole world wide?
Among the clouds where Clark reflects
Upon this world above,
All cowardice this man rejects
Because he's learnt to love...

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Denis Martindale

From Poet To Page

It matters not if night or day,
A poem must be born
And here's the sign, it's on its way,
So fragile and forlorn...
A single thought within the mind,
A stirring all its own,
Then inspiration I must find
So that it's not alone...

I fan the flames that rise within,
With light and heat released,
A thousand thoughts can now begin
Until my heart feels pleased...
And with a whisper, nothing more,
An eloquence flies out,
Sweet utterings I must explore,
With wonders all about...

PoemHunter.com

And soon I'm counting syllables,
Eight, six, eight, six again,
Thus on the page a new verse falls
As ink flows from my pen...
Calligraphy's a faithful friend,
Italics here and there,
I watch them as they swirl and bend
Like dancers in mid-air...

I've got no clue what words I'll write,
Yet I'll invest my time,
For treasured gold or new insight
Still hidden in the rhyme...
Behold, the challenge has been set!
All skills rise to the top
Until all answers I can get,
I'll strive to write not stop!

May God preserve that hope in Man,
That poets seek to dream,
As if each working out life's plan

Until it proves supreme...
A kindly word writ well can soothe,
A truth revealed excels,
Life's lessons help us all improve,
Just like the Bible tells...

The last verse now and it delays,
It staggers awkwardly...
It totters there as half displays
Before it comes to me...
I sigh, another poem's done,
I feel the Muse move on...
'Goodbye, dear friend, today's been fun! '
Too late, my Muse has gone!

Denis Martindale

The Burden Bearer

There is the Saviour, strong and brave,
The whole world in His hands,
Yes, He is Lord because He gave
His life to serve God's plans...
And in that act of sacrifice,
His Blood still falling down,
He, there and then, once paid sin's price,
Proved worthy of the crown...

Until His life came at an end
The debt could not be paid,
Yet Christ is called the Sinner's Friend,
For, He, atonement made...
Thus God would raise Him from the dead,
Eternal Priest and King,
God took the Blood that Jesus bled,
His holy offering...

The burden bearer that He was,
No small death, Calvary,
There, crucified, stretched on His Cross,
Christ died for you and me...
The Holy Spirit as His guide,
His mentor here on Earth,
So that each sinner could decide,
How much was Jesus worth...

To think, Christ welcomes us draw near,
'Come close, let faith bring peace,
For perfect love can cast out fear
And bring your conscience ease...
Else why believe, if all in vain,
If all your sins persist?
Believe, for there is much to gain,
Let's seal it with a kiss...'

The burden bearer knows us well,
Acquainted with Man's grief,
Lord Jesus, who saves us from Hell,

Can bring us sweet relief...
The choice is yours, receive God's gift,
Or struggle day-by-day...
Your burdens are for Him to lift,
So Christ takes them away...

Why crush your hearts and minds with cares?
Why fret with worries so?
Be comforted with childlike prayers
And bid your troubles go...
Dear children of the Father's heart,
Learn from your share of grace,
Receive all things God would impart
With smiles upon each face...

Denis Martindale

The Wonderful Word Of God!

Let there be light, and there was light,
Let there be time and space
With suns and moons and stars in sight
That spin with wondrous grace...
Let there be systems here and there,
That change as time goes by,
Such that these make the angels stare,
Amazed and asking why...

Let there be Heaven, sky and Earth,
Let there be land and sea
And every creature prove its worth,
Each flower and each tree...
Let Man be formed from newborn dust,
Let woman teach him love,
Such that they learn all truths to trust
That come from God above...

Let children play upon the ground,
Let dance and song arise
And let there be a joyful sound
Instead of mournful cries...
Let legends from Mankind extend,
From shore to shore to shore,
Such that true courage finds a friend
Obedient to God's Law...

Let there be wisdom guiding all,
Let miracles increase,
Let Pharaohs learn the mighty fall
And even kingdoms cease...
Let teachings blossom like the rose,
Let dreams guide in Man's sleep,
Such that the prophecies God knows
Be shared all time to keep...

Let waters cleanse the soul from sin,
Let blood be sacrificed,
Let lost souls turn to God and win

Salvation, born in Christ...
Let bread from Heaven feed God's flock,
Let wine from Heaven bless,
Such that the saints who ask, seek, knock
Will find their happiness...

Let those who doubt receive their share,
Let sunshine guide their path,
Yet greater light beyond compare
Will prove the better half...
Let angels minister to saints,
Let praises daily grow,
Such that Man learns God's wise restraints
Aren't best to overthrow...

Let time and times stretch out their fates,
Let good defeat the bad,
Such that God's child still celebrates
All mercies that made glad...
And let there be a final page
In all Man's history
When Christ brings Earth a golden age
Because of Calvary...

Denis Martindale

The Maestro

The lion learnt a thing or two
For getting his own way,
A timely roar, if overdue,
Reminding to obey...
A sudden frown or drawn out glare
Worked wonders now and then,
As if nobody had a prayer
If he stood up again...

As long as he was resting still
And gently breathing in,
There'd be no sudden blood to spill,
No-one to lose or win...
Just like a maestro in control,
He orchestrated well
And didn't have to hurt a soul,
Turn Heaven into Hell...

But woe to those that courage stirred
To challenge him once more,
For many tried and many erred,
He crushed them to the core...
The maestro's something Nature chose
To make us all think twice!
When we've no need to venture close,
Binoculars suffice...

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Serengeti Siesta

From lion cub to lion king,
He lay there so serene,
As if in charge of everything
And who could intervene?
Though Man encroached his dark domain,
The lion kept his cool,
It was his destiny to reign,
Strength was the golden rule...

Two grim-faced Titans 'neath the sun,
Two lions toe-to-toe,
They fought it out till he had won,
The other forced to go...
Imagine scars that told the tale,
Beyond the hateful scowls,
One to succeed and one to fail,
Triumphant roars and growls...

But when such battles all subside,
The alpha male is known,
Stared at with eyes now open wide,
For he is king alone...
The Serengeti's then serene,
The victor takes his rest,
Because at last the truth is seen...
He proved he is the best...

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

You Still Here?

I stared into my heart of hearts
Amazed to see you there,
Unlike the rest as each departs
And leaves me feeling bare...
I thought you'd left so long ago,
Once loved and then no more,
With all lost dreams that overflow
And steadily outpour...

I watched you tiny as a bird,
When you waved up at me,
Such that old yearnings slowly stirred,
Still striving to be free...
I chilled them all with no remorse,
Recalling sins that stun,
Our tender true love ran its course
And surely we're all done...

But there you linger, waving now,
As if we've got a chance,
As if I'd curtsy, then you'd bow
And we shared one last dance...
But no, it's over, leave my heart,
No need for sweet adieu,
You made me make a brand new start,
No longer loving you...

You thrilled me once, you killed me once,
You chilled my very soul,
I'm worn out by your stupid stunts,
I'm now back in control...
We never married, so be gone,
I'd rather live alone...
We've no more dreams to build upon,
My dreams I choose to own...

That's right, vacate the premises,
Climb out then crawl away,
You've got no clue what true bliss is

Unto this very day...
I wish we'd never met at all,
You broke a solemn trust,
Find someone else's heart to maul,
You see, my heart is bust...

Denis Martindale

The Answer

The Son of God is not just an answer, He is the answer.
For God so loved the world He gave His only Son.
Anyone who believes in Him has life for ever more.
He gave His Blood. He died on the Cross to set us free.
What can part us from the love of God?

His Son rose from the dead.
That is the Good News Mark tells us.
Accepting God's love not working for it,
he knew he was saved and had to write
how the Son could change our lives.
Many thought they knew better
until they knew He died for them.
Think how much God loves us
to let His only Son die.
To set us free from the bad,
to do the good God tells us to.

PoemHunter.com

No wonder the world needs the Good News.
There is hope today.
Draw near to God that He may draw near to you.
Asking for help is the first step.
Why think you are quite good
when His Son had to die for you?
When I was told the Good News,
I had to admit I needed God in my life.
Without God, we are nothing.
We stay empty inside. Something is missing.
With God, all things are made new.
Life begins at the Cross. His Son said,
'No-one comes to the Father but by Me.'

Think. Act. Respond with love.
Make something of your life.
Don't leave it too long, too late. It's too important.
So much offered now and to look forward to.
The Good News isn't called the Good News for nothing.
Many songs and stories are shared about the Son of God.
Why is the Good News told to all we can reach?

GOD TV can answer that question.
The Son of God is not just an answer,
He is the answer for you.

Denis Martindale, copyright, June 2013.

This is based on the challenge to use the top
1,000 words to share something with others.

The website is splasho-dot-com/upgoer5/

and it features a spellcheck of each word in
the top 1,000 words dictionary, so we may see
any word underlined not listed there...
A maximum of 1500 characters with spaces
meant using a word processor wordcount check.

The website was mentioned in the Bible Society's
WORD IN ACTION, for Summer 2013. It helps
remind how translators have to fit one language
into another, even if just at the most basic level.

Learn more here: biblesociety-dot-org-dot-uk

Denis Martindale

Transformed By Translation

God's Scriptures are for one and all,
Transformed by translation,
To every tongue and tribe God's call
Is reaching every nation...
Thus young and old, both rich and poor,
The healthy, sick and lost
Can find God's pardon evermore,
For Christ has paid the cost...

God's Scriptures aren't there just for me,
Let's share them day-by-day,
Let's soak in all their majesty,
Let's quote them when we pray...
Let's comfort those in greatest need,
To fill their hearts with praise,
Reminding them, Christ said, indeed,
'I am with you always...'

God's Scriptures are our shield of faith,
The hope that stills the storm,
For they stand out as strong to save
And thus our lives transform...
They shape and mould us every hour,
They grant us new insight
And even more, they grant us power
And thrill us with delight...

God's Scriptures stand the test of time,
Like beacons on a hill,
Like rainbows glowing, all sublime,
As if they always will...
Thank God translators dedicate
Themselves in one accord,
So that more souls can celebrate
That Jesus is the Lord...

God's Scriptures point to Him alone,
Christ is the Light of Men,
That's why He sits upon His Throne

Till He returns again...
The Father tells us to receive,
Reach out to Jesus Christ,
For blessed are those that will believe
In Him, to be baptised...

God's Scriptures cross both time and space,
They march from shore-to-shore,
From coast-to-coast they preach God's grace,
Each conscience to implore...
From throne-to-throne, the kings have learnt,
Salvation is God's gift,
By grace it comes, it's never earnt,
Christ's Blood has healed the rift...

God's Scriptures prophesied of Him,
From Genesis we find,
When sin was born, the world was grim,
Yet love was underlined...
The King of Love would turn the tide,
The Lamb of God must die,
Yet in His death when crucified
Each sinner would ask, 'Why? '

God's Scriptures tell us Blood was shed,
Yet Jesus gave His soul
And in the moment He was dead,
God gave Him full control...
Translators tell us Jesus lives,
And we must tell folks, too...
Through Christ we know that God forgives,
Yes, even me... and you...

Denis Martindale, copyright, June 2013.

Hear the word of the Lord on Revelation TV,
on Sky, Freeview HD, or the Roku box, or
visit the website here: revelationtv-dot-com
The Bible Society's translators were featured in
the Summer 2013 edition of WORD IN ACTION.
Find out more here: biblesociety-dot-org-dot-uk

Denis Martindale

God's Poet To The End!

Twenty-six letters to be read,
All mixed up on the page,
Each humbly serving, A to Z,
Presented on my stage...
From fancy fonts come fresh insights,
Calligraphy and more,
To bless each poet days and nights,
Their readers to implore...

And so it was, I lived this life,
Carved out my words like meat,
To soften pain and sorrow's strife,
With poems that were sweet...
Like healing potions for Man's cares,
When folks felt out-of-sorts,
I poured on servings all my prayers,
My dreams and themes and thoughts...

The whole world reads my poems now,
They come from near and far,
Because to God I made a vow
And wished upon a star...
I am God's poet to the end,
Despite life's aches and pains,
For God has proved my only friend,
No other soul remains...

Yet while I live and take in breath,
My dreams and visions fly,
To Him, Jesus of Nazareth,
My Saviour in the sky...
And from His Throne where faith outpours,
Like waterfalls of love,
He sets me right upon the course,
With grace that proves enough...

By faith, I write, not knowing yet,
The journey I must take,
With verses borne of sights I get,

That form the words I make...
Thus comes my portion, there, in prose,
Like nectar from the flower,
Like fragrant stirrings from the rose,
That share God's holy power...

Just like the busy, busy bee,
I search God's Word each day,
From Christmas Day to Calvary,
God's Word has much to say...
The prophecies alone will bless,
God's promises explained,
For peace of mind and happiness,
Such wisdom could be gained...

God's Word in action cross the world,
Translators here and there,
Like them, in praise, with arms unfurled,
I wrote, God's Word to share...
The Jesus Gospel's robed with rhymes,
With rhythms all their own,
To criticise these fallen times,
Yet say we're not alone...

A million poets pray for me...
Beyond my neighbourhood,
Because they share my destiny,
Because they've understood...
I hold them up before the Lord,
My brethren here on Earth...
God bless you all, in sweet accord,
You see, I know your worth...

Perhaps, like me, a Christian, still,
On Christ you must depend...
If so, I pray you serve God's will,
God's poet to THE END...

Denis Martindale

Forever Together

While stars still twinkle high above
And planets spin in space,
Forever together in love,
Combined in one embrace,
So shall our two hearts beat as one,
Till God grants bodies new,
Because my heart's been truly won
By my sweetheart, that's you...

While sunshine streaks to planet Earth
To lighten up each day
And waves still rise for those that surf
And splash them all with spray
And rainbows span across the sky
And little robins sing,
So shall my mind not ask God why
To me you're everything...

While snow-capped mountains brace the storms
That Winters still release
And snow melts when the Springtime warms
And waterfalls bring peace
And angels minister to saints
In Churches far and wide,
My love endures and never feints,
For you fill me with pride...

While songs are whistled, hummed or played
Confessing love's so sweet
And lovers smile still unafraid,
Yet both swept off their feet,
While memory serves both young and old,
God's goodness failing never,
With Him, our future's good as gold...
Forever... All together...

Denis Martindale

The Transforming Power Of Christ!

Because Christ is the King of Kings,
The Lord of Lords as well,
His is the power for all things,
In Heaven, Earth and Hell,
Such that the dead are raised above,
Yes, even from Death's door,
For strong is He, the King of Love,
Both now and evermore...

Because Christ is the Lamb of God
Who died on Calvary,
The Father sanctifies His Blood
For all eternity
And in Christ's Name, and His alone,
God pardons sins we've done,
For only Christ can still atone,
Because Christ is God's Son...

Because Christ paid the price for sin,
He tells us, count the cost,
He doesn't tell us lies to win
Each sinner damned and lost...
He humbly died to grant us life,
God raised Him from the dead,
Gone was the torment, pain and strife
And His disciples' dread...

Because Christ blessed His Church on Earth
With miracles of grace,
The Gospel Truth proclaimed His worth
From place to place to place,
Such that the Gospel reached us here,
Two thousand years today,
That's why each Christmas brings such cheer
When Winter comes our way...

Because Christ offers us so much,
The Holy Spirit, too,
God bids us all to stay in touch

With Him in all we do...
For what is Man without the Lord?
What wonders if apart?
In truth, each time that He's ignored,
It breaks the Father's heart...

Because Christ says He will return,
The prophecies amaze
And wise are those who seek to learn
And give the Saviour praise...
Who else could rule this world we share
Without transforming power?
Not one deserves a single prayer,
Not one could last an hour...

Because Christ waits His Father's word,
Each day more souls are saved
And by the Holy Bible stirred,
To be baptised and bathed...
Thus builds Christ's Kingdom Church by Church,
Till Jesus comes again,
That's why God's Scriptures each must search
For power now and then...

Denis Martindale, copyright, June 2013.

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on Sky, Freeview HD, or the Roku box, or
visit the website revelationtv-dot-com

Denis Martindale

Master Peace

From crimson blood Christ's healing flows
With power all its own,
The like of which God only knows
As from His pure white throne...
Because for Him, who rules on high,
His universe sublime,
Our Saviour came to Earth to die
That one and only time...

Golgotha waited for God's Son,
Like others once condemned,
Yet who could know what could be done,
What glory from that stemmed?
No prophet spoke to turn the tide,
No healer healed the Lord
And so God's Son was crucified,
With all His blood outpoured...

From crimson blood the tale was born
And thus God's truth imparts
Forgiveness so we're not forlorn
And sin-stained in our hearts...
When love stretched out His noble hands,
Men nailed them to a tree,
Thus to this day each understands
In one word... Calvary...

Behold the Man! Behold the Lamb!
Behold the King of Kings!
For He destroys the Devil's sham
And all such evil brings!
That's why the Bride of Christ is spared,
Eternal life assured
And miracles are daily shared
By Jesus Christ our Lord...

From crimson blood the Lamb of God
Declared His sacrifice,
In death, His falling head to nod,

Content He'd paid the price...
That's how the restless souls find peace
When pardoned, born again,
Because God's wonders never cease,
Nor shall they ever wane...

Therefore believe and be baptised,
God's Word to study well,
For don't you know you're highly prized,
Redeemed and saved from Hell?
Let others know the Master Peace,
From crimson blood once shed,
There's no-one else who can release
From sin but He who bled...

From crimson blood refined like gold,
Unblemished, spotless, pure,
The greatest story ever told
Is preached forever more...
Across the world the Cross is taught,
God's symbol most divine,
Shared in communion and in thought
In hearts like yours and mine...

Denis Martindale

The Truman Show

See his life in Panavision,
From Kodak to the screen!
His creator's lifelong mission
To track where Truman's been!
Observe the awesome obstacles,
Preventing his escape,
A Matrix world of miracles,
The experts play from tape...

Thus Truman as an unborn child
Gets spied on from the start,
So TV fans can stare beguiled
At his fast beating heart
And ooh and ah at such a sight,
Transfixed for decades hence,
As Truman's born, they squeal delight,
As if they're all his friends!

He goes to school, he learns, he leaves,
He works, then finds a wife,
His long lost father he still grieves,
Yet overcomes each strife...
But then the cracks appear at last,
He knows his world's a scam,
That's why he stares back all aghast,
At every secret cam...

Then he defies the great machine,
The trickster on all sides,
With random acts to intervene
To learn what overrides...
Then Truman hides and panic rules,
The cameras show no trace,
The TV crew then search like fools,
Yes, every single place!

The harbour cameras find their man,
He's headed out to sea,
Despite his fear, he's got a plan,

Still striving to be free!
The storm attacks his sailing boat
And overboard he flies,
Yet he survives, enough to gloat,
Till he sees calm blue skies...

The exit's there, each step he climbs,
To leave must be his choice,
Then his creator picks his times
And Truman hears his voice...
No, you can't leave, the voice declares,
You're way too scared for that!
But Truman answers all man's prayers
And turns the voice down flat!

Goodbye! He said, in his farewell,
With almost veiled contempt
And yet like saying, Go to Hell!
With his bad dream all dreamt...
Though TV fans could cheer him on,
Perhaps true love to find,
Our hero's shining light has shone
And gone, but never mind...

Another victim's on the way,
For viewers to enjoy!
I'm truly glad that I can say,
It's not my little boy...

Denis Martindale

Fairy Dreams

As carefree as the fairy smile,
Upon her sugared lips,
With chocolate hair for her profile
And almond fingertips,
With candy floss to make her dress
And jellied jewels on wings,
The fairy portrays happiness
Each time she hums and sings...

As carefree as her thoughts may be,
She wiles away each day,
Oblivious to destiny,
Whatever comes her way...
Her black-blue eyes gaze down below
Upon the human realm,
Content that God is in the know
And always at the helm...

By faith, she smiles, her heart at peace,
Like saints who pray on Earth,
In hope God's powers to release
That He may prove His worth...
She sits upon her rainbow high,
As if in perfect rest,
She knows the who, the how, the why,
This helps her to stay blessed...

While she's as precious as the sun
And fairy, fairy good,
She cannot kiss us, every one,
But if she could, she would...
While in her carefree state alone
Her fairy dreams exist,
Her beauty's never on its own,
As long as prayers persist...

Denis Martindale

I'M Awake!

The lion cub and lioness
Were nestling side-by-side,
In solitude meant to express
Their hope, their joy, their pride...
The lion cub was quite fatigued,
Despite his sunshine stroll
And that was why they both agreed
The rest would make him whole...

Of course, he slept beneath the sun,
He had no stamina,
He was not yet the mighty one,
Not yet the rising star...
His little legs were tired out,
Recovering quite soon,
With him then running all about,
Till evening brought the moon...

For now, his sleep restored and healed,
As long as she stayed close,
Protecting him as if a shield,
With love that daily grows...
This time for her, was just as good,
It brought a welcome break,
Before he prowls the neighbourhood,
Declaring, 'I'm awake! '

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale, copyright, June 2013.

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'I'm Awake'.

More Stephen Gayford poems here:
denis-martindale-dot-blogspot-dot-com

Denis Martindale

Stripes In The Snow

The tiger and the cub traipsed on,
Stripes in the snow so cold,
They knew it wouldn't soon be gone
And had them in its hold...
For Winter's such a cruel thing,
It lingers for so long,
Till God be praised, it turns to Spring,
Which helps us to be strong...

So tigers have the same hope, too,
Enduring day by day,
Determined, thus, to see it through,
Till Winter's swept away...
The tiger lapped cold water up,
To show what must be done,
To help that freezing tiny cub
Who sensed it wasn't fun...

And right enough, each drink turned out,
My word, their stomachs froze,
So they were glad they turned about
And brought that to a close...
They walked away, quite mortified,
Traipsed on, stripes in the snow,
Not thankful for the drinks supplied,
Still cold from head to toe...

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Sunset Stroll

The leopard family set forth
To stretch their legs again,
Quite randomly, they went off north,
Yet pausing now and then...
Just strolling here and strolling there,
Content with cubs in tow,
As if they'd got an hour spare,
No special place to go...

An appetite's all well and good,
Just walking in the sun,
If parents do the things they should,
For dinner to get done...
The cubs stayed close, because they must,
As parents walked ahead,
All still dependent, full of trust
That soon they'd all get fed...

The cubs were prone at first to yawn,
Not keen to plod around,
For not long since it had been dawn,
Now they were northward bound...
But soon their hunting skills returned
And on each tail they'd bite,
As if now proud of what they'd learned
And hoped they'd got it right...

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Winter Refuge

Snow leopards brave the cold embrace
That Winter longs to share,
Yet this snow leopard needed space
And not the open air...
So all day long he roamed to find
Some shelter and some rest,
So that he'd get some peace of mind,
In order to feel blessed...

His longdrawn efforts brought reward,
A refuge dead ahead,
Where all his troubles were outpoured
To empty him of dread...
Now not so cold he laid down fast,
Some body warmth to use
And thus before the day had past,
He took the time to choose...

Would he defend this refuge now,
Each stranger to reject,
Or to another's pains allow,
Some company accept?
Was this worth fighting for each day
Against both young and old?
He knew he'd fight them all the way,
This place was good as gold...

Denis Martindale, copyright, June 2013.

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Winter Refuge'.

Denis Martindale

Welcome Storm

A welcome storm was on its way,
The zebras sensed this fact,
Because they knew this changed their day,
They started to react...
The young ones, too, looked high and low
With great expectancy,
As if, they, too, were in the know,
Not quite so fancy free...

The dark clouds gathered cross the sky,
United in their cause,
No longer cruising, gliding by,
Determined, there, to pause...
And then rain pours to splash the ground,
Creating muddy tracks,
Of course, rain's falling all around,
As on the zebras' backs...

With such a contrast all about,
The zebras stood amazed,
Despite the Christian folks who'd shout,
Sing songs and thus God praised...
The zebras snorted with disdain,
Somewhat bemused as one...
As if they didn't like the rain,
Now praying for the sun...

Denis Martindale, copyright, June 2013.

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Welcome Storm'.

Denis Martindale

Just Good Friends!

Two bears looked in each other's eyes
And liked what they saw there,
It really caught them by surprise
As they began to care...
But then the gossip that bears start,
With knowing looks and such,
Was quick to say that each sweetheart
Had proved their love so much!

'We're just good friends! ' the two replied,
Frustrated as could be,
Despite their feelings deep inside
Still longing to be free!
'Of course, of course, just buddies now,
Just comrades walking close,
Let's just stay calm, no need to row...
But let's see if love grows! '

'Were just good friends! ' the bears explained,
Yet glad that bears don't blush,
Despite the anger they restrained,
Adrenalin full rush...
'Of course you are, the two of you,
But don't think you're unique!
We know what friendship leads bears to
And can't wait till next week! '

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Magical

There's some mystique about the night
That captures every soul,
With the wild wolf 'neath the moonlight,
As it fulfills its role...
Mid tall trees here, mid tall trees there,
Mid craggy rocks as well,
The wolf stands still, enough to scare,
As if he came from Hell...

Yet on his own, as wild dogs roam,
His eyes alert to all,
He howls sometimes away from home,
The other wolves to call...
Mid darkest night and daylight dawn
He searches high and low,
A ghostlike spectre, so forlorn
And so his legends grow...

Sometimes that grey looks white enough,
To dazzle human eyes,
That still recall the dogs they love
Until they realise...
Though magical the wolf may seem,
Regardless, night or day,
His selfish thoughts are so extreme,
Brave men are known to pray...

Denis Martindale, copyright, June 2013.
The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Magical'.

Denis Martindale

The Boss

White tiger, there, why do you stare
At me so haughty still,
As if you truly just don't care
And never, ever will?
As if you lack the heart, the grace,
Proud of your stubborn streak,
As if you think you own the place
And that you're quite unique?

White tiger, pause, think of your flaws,
Consider rights and wrongs,
Like us, you must obey God's laws,
As each to Him belongs...
You didn't make the sun above,
The planets or the moon
And though today you look quite tough,
We know we all die soon...

White tiger, please, let all pride cease,
Be humble, now and then,
For everyone on Earth agrees,
God goes back, way back when...
We've been around a few short years,
We know that well because
In life, we've shed our share of tears...
So, tell me... Who's The Boss?

Denis Martindale, copyright, June 2013.

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'The Boss'.

Denis Martindale

Always Alert

The telltale sign of tiger trials,
The eyes that stare ahead,
No more each twinkle that beguiles,
Just fearsome cause for dread...
The sense that trouble's close at hand,
Just lurking near with glee,
For some, that's hard to understand,
Perhaps a mystery...

But tigers capture every scent
That wafts downwind each day,
As if to signal foul intent,
Or victims on their way...
Always alert, the tiger roams,
Perchance to gain somehow,
He's not like those who leave their homes,
Exploring to allow...

The telltale sign explains the change,
The stern mood in his mind,
The world to him now seems so strange,
Who knows what he will find?
Though he's the hunter through and through,
He, too, has enemies,
Always alert, he seeks that clue
That's cruising on the breeze...

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The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Always Alert'.

Denis Martindale

Godyssey

Go now, My Son, to doomstruck Earth
On which the lost all die...
Die well for them and prove Your worth,
Yes, go and testify...
Search for the lost, the sick, the sad,
Search for the wayward sheep,
Expressing love they've never had,
Yes, wake them from their sleep...

Go now, My one anointed child,
Out from Your Heaven here,
Defying demons so defiled,
Yes, fill them all with fear!
Search high and low for their domains,
Search everywhere You go,
Expressing freedom so none gains,
Yes, let the Devil know...

Go now, My Shepherd, now's the time!
Of this You can be sure,
Destroy the Devil's paradigm,
Yes, now and evermore...
Search out disciples, teach them well,
Search out the blind, the lame,
Expressing faith that saves from Hell,
Yet only in Christ's Name!

Go now, My love, My dearest love,
Of all the loves I've known,
Defying death, yet raised above,
Yes, even to Your Throne!
Search hearts and minds and hopes and dreams,
Search revelations, too,
Exploring all of Man's extremes,
Yet preaching, 'God loves you...'

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Oh, Come, Now

Oh, come, now, tell me, who are you
To be so beautiful
With blonde hair and those eyes so blue
And so adorable,
With cheeks so red and teeth like pearls
And lips that look divine,
Outshining all the other girls
So I wish you were mine?

Oh, come now, tell me, don't pretend,
You know you're beautiful,
With fashion sense as your best friend,
You look so lovable...
The way you speak, the words you choose,
Your dignity, your poise,
As if I had no other views
With you my only choice...

Oh, come, now, who'd you think you are,
Some great celebrity?
Some celebrated movie star
For all the world to see?
As if nobody else above,
As if my fate to fall,
As if no other girl to love,
As if you beat them all?

Oh, come, now, put my mind at rest,
Are you supreme in truth?
Do you believe that you're the best
Or merely blessed in youth?
For surely, wrinkles will appear
Upon your face so sweet,
To make a road map year-by-year,
Until your life's complete...

Oh, come, now, darling, please don't cry,
For beauty is skin deep,
It ages every time girls lie

To catch some beauty sleep...
It faces Winter's cold embrace
And Summer's heat and light,
To leave behind some lack of grace
Girls hide with all their might...

Oh, come, now, precious, smile for me,
Enjoy life while you may,
Dismiss all thoughts of destiny
Or facing Judgment Day...
Just live for now, put make-up on,
Be grateful, sweetie pie,
Please stay with me, till beauty's gone,
As the apple of my eye...

Denis Martindale

God's Greatest Desire Is You!

God's greatest desire is you,
Transcending time and space,
To love you with a love that's true,
Anointing you with grace...
Like sunshine warms the flowers
That blossom in the glow,
Consider all God's powers,
Forever more to know...

God's greatest desire is you,
Both now and ever more,
Grant credit where credit is due,
With worship to adore...
Like rainbows kissing mountains,
Like eagles circling still,
The Lord above seeks faithful friends
To walk within His will...

God's greatest desire is you,
Throughout the livelong day,
Much more, if you but knew,
Beyond the words you pray...
Like precious psalms that honour Him,
Your heart was born to love,
That's why God fills it to the brim
And yet that's not enough...

God's greatest desire is you,
Freewill is but the start,
It's grace that helps you through,
No longer far apart...
Like silver stars God helps you see,
Cross galaxies on high,
God fills you with His majesty,
He melts you with a sigh...

God's greatest desire is you,
For friendship so sublime,
That's not just for the chosen few

That stand the test of time...
Like faith that builds tomorrow,
From nothing more than trust,
Reflect on joy not sorrow,
From promises discussed...

God's greatest desire is you,
The Saviour paid the price,
The King who died for every Jew
To grant them Paradise...
Like helping Gentiles to be saved,
God's grace is good as gold,
That's why they're baptised, washed and bathed,
Accepted in His fold...

God's greatest desire is you,
Forgiveness here and now,
His Royal Pardon ever new,
Eternal Life His vow...
Like diamonds glistening in the sun
And snowflakes Christmas Day,
God's love for you has just begun
With more along the way...

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The poem is based on the Daystar Gospel channel, as it expresses God's love throughout the centuries from Adam and Eve, to the present day and in His future promises contained in the Bible prophecies.

Denis Martindale

Two's Company

Two meerkats stood on solemn guard,
With four eyes looking round,
No rustling noise could they discard,
No moving shadow found...
Though each seemed smiling, full of glee,
This wasn't really so,
For staring at the scenery
Meant hours passing slow...

Two's company was their response,
For who knows what could strike?
Yet evil wants what evil wants,
You know what evil's like...
Two heroes stood against them all,
No matter, high or low...
For who knows when they come to call,
How long before they go?

Two tiny meerkats, not much more,
But steadfast come what may,
It's courage that we can't ignore,
Right there, that's on display...
It represents what friendship means,
As if from head-to-toe,
As one upon the other leans,
We learn how trust can grow...

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Two's Company II'.

More Stephen Gayford poems here:
denis-martindale-dot-blogspot-dot-com

Denis Martindale

Harmony

Two pumas nestled oh so close,
Togetherness with care,
In harmony, as friends not foes,
At peace, this day to share...
Soft breathing, there, no qualms at all,
Contentment, hearts at rest
And not like cats that scratch and maul,
For these two cats were blessed...

Brother and sister, gently stirred,
Tranquil side-by-side,
Transfixed in thoughts that each preferred,
With wisdom as their guide...
Just think, if two wild cats seek peace,
How much, we, too, need this,
A golden time, the day to seize,
In harmony and bliss...

Sometimes we rush like wild cats do,
We scurry near and far,
We worry, yes, the whole day through,
Serenity to mar...
Yet if we simply made the time,
To settle now and then,
We'd find that harmony sublime
And praise the Lord again...

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

With My Left Hand

With my left hand I write and write
To fashion fairy tales,
To sprinkle magic day and night,
For true love never fails...
My pen looks like a tiny wand
As it streams ink so fine,
Perhaps to share my thoughts so fond,
Of her, my Valentine...

With my left hand I write and write,
Transcending time and space,
Imaginations cause delight
To dance across my face...
Though no-one sees the smiles I smile,
The laughter now and then,
I press on with my wit and style,
Till sleepytime again...

With my left hand I write and write,
Yes, even in my dreams,
Awaking with some new insight
On what the Devil schemes...
Or what the Lord reveals to me,
Meant then for all Mankind,
Expressed within my poetry
Are treasures still to find...

Wih my left hand I write and write,
Devoted to my cause,
Steadfast, as if with all my might,
With God's Truth as my source...
Though life slips slowly till I'm gone,
Like precious grains of sand,
My writing skills I build upon,
Right here, with my left hand...

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Denis Martindale

The Bordy-Bordy Song!

I'm bordy-bordy, bordy-bordy,
Bordy bored again...
I'm bordy-bordy, bordy-bordy,
Bordy bored again...
I'm bordy-bordy, not quite sporty,
Bordy bored again...
I'm bordy-bordy, not quite forty,
Bordy bored again...

I'm bordy-bordy, bordy-bordy,
Bordy bored again...
I'm bordy-bordy, bordy-bordy,
Bordy bored again...
I'm bordy-bordy, never haughty,
Bordy bored again...
I'm bordy-bordy, overwroughty,
Bordy bored again...

I'm bordy-bordy, bordy-bordy,
Bordy bored again...
I'm bordy-bordy, bordy-bordy,
Bordy bored again...
I'm bordy-bordy, somewhat naughty,
Bordy bored again...
I'm bordy-bordy, all self-taughty,
Bordy bored again...

I'm bordy bored AGAIN! !

Denis Martindale, copyright, May 2013.

Denis Martindale

Silent Footsteps

The leopard cub was learning fast,
His silent footsteps proved,
His hunting skills had come at last,
That's why he gently moved...
Slow motion style, soft paws were placed
Upon the ground below,
So that his movements stayed untraced,
Not sensed, so none could know...

No breaking twigs beneath his feet,
No falling leaves, no sounds,
No sudden rush that seemed so sweet,
No false start, foolish pounce...
Just gently, gently, calm, serene,
As patient as could be,
With no mistakes to intervene
His newfound destiny...

No more the little cub who played
So frivolous each dawn,
No more with parents he obeyed
From when he first was born...
When silent footsteps come to call,
They signal something new,
The adult leopard, cunning, cruel,
Who does what he must do...

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Mischievous

Three lion cubs were on the prowl,
Like evil musketeers,
With dark intentions oh so foul,
Despite their youthful years...
So all for one and one for all,
They challenged high and low
And did such things as would appal
If we were in the know...

Like garden cats that hunt their prey
Unknown to those at home,
They stalked new victims day-by-day
Wherever they would roam...
Though these, in fact, did not exist,
The lion cubs played on,
Imaginations still persist
Till every day has gone...

And only then, when playtime ends,
Will lion cubs take rest,
The three of them, determined friends,
Each thinking they were blessed...
Yet who are we to criticise?
Our children play with guns!
It's the good guys hunting bad guys!
Just like we all did once...

Denis Martindale, copyright, May 2013.

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Mischievous'.

More Stephen Gayford poems here:

Denis Martindale

The Poetry Guy

Come forth, you secrets, from within!
Come forth and voice your truth!
Come forth, so that your words begin
With knowledge or reproof...
Release the wisdom locked in time,
The humour held at bay,
Come forth, such that I pen each rhyme,
Your thoughts more blessed to say...

Who knows what prophecies will fall
Upon this precious page?
Declaring future times to all
Before they're centre stage...
Or will love's story pour like gold,
Refined, fit for a king?
The greatest story ever told
That makes the heart to sing...

Awake from slumber! Share yourselves!
This day one shall be born!
And soon in libraries, stacked on shelves,
Esteemed, no more forlorn...
Come forth, you darlings, hid from sight,
I love your poetry!
Your themes, your dreams, they're my delight
For all eternity!

I'm wide awake, I'm in the Zone,
I'm open to your prose,
I'm not distracted, here, alone,
I'm ready now, God knows...
I've heard you poems sometimes tease!
Come forth and don't be shy...
So let's get started, if you please!
'Cos I'm the Poetry Guy!

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

When You Smile

You radiate beauty to me,
Yes, daily, when you smile,
Such that my heart beats joyfully
And faster for a while...
Transfixed I stare, no thought to leave,
No other girl but you
And sometimes it gets hard to breathe,
That's silly, yet it's true...

You radiate beauty to me,
Yes, daily, when you grin,
Just smirking there quite happily,
Some mischief to begin...
To you, life's but a brilliant game
That's full of japes and joys,
That's why my life's no more the same,
That's why I stay by choice...

You radiate beauty to me,
Yes, daily, when you wink,
A secret code I'm meant to see,
To grant me time to think...
Surprises happen now and then
To keep me on my toes,
To make me ask you out again,
Or get me to propose...

You radiate beauty to me,
Yes, daily, ever new,
As if our love's just meant to be,
So what else should we do?
As long as we hold hands, my love,
We'll smile a long, long time
And with God's blessings from above,
Our love will prove sublime...

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Rhyme Doesn't Pay

With scraps of paper I began
The journey of my life,
According to some Master Plan,
That brought both joy and strife...
To be a writer was my quest
From decades long ago,
That drove me on to do my best
To let my poems flow...

And so the blood within my veins,
That poured down from my brain,
Brought forth a thousand fresh refrains,
My stories to explain...
My treasure trove, my poetry,
My gift to young and old,
My agony, my ecstasy,
My tales that must be told...

Thus from the yearnings of my youth
Unto this present day,
This poet strove to tell the truth
In some prosaic way...
Such that some wisdom I could share,
Perchance to lift the heart,
To elevate lost souls to prayer,
My God, how great Thou art...

So let that be my epitaph,
My lifelong summary,
I helped some cry, I helped some laugh,
Despite mortality...
Now at the end of life on Earth,
God knows the good and bad,
I only know that since my birth,
I gave all that I had...

Though I've lost count of all I wrote,
Ten thousand, maybe more,
Plus precious songs I thought of note,

As if to set the score...
Of all I penned across the years,
My faith has served me well,
Despite the lonely cup of tears
That from these eyes once fell...

Rhyme doesn't pay, alack, alas,
Most times it's but a gift,
Like catching insights that amass
On sand dune hills that drift...
My words live on in hearts and minds,
Read from anthologies,
Perchance to bless each soul that finds
My treasures meant to please...

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Denis Martindale

River Crossing

The tired tiger plodded on...
So weary 'neath the sun,
In hopes that soon fatigue was gone,
In truth, it wasn't fun...
The day began quite fancy free,
With sunshine oh so warm,
But then, oh, dear, what misery
It felt upon his form...

His back was sore from head to stern,
His tail was drooping low,
His eyes were frizzled, fit to burn
And yet, not far to go...
The river crossing soothed his soul,
It felt beyond belief,
This was his favourite waterhole
For it brought such relief...

He waded further, deeper now,
Legs dangling here and there,
With much less frowns upon his brow,
He swam without a care...
He breathed in long and deep, content,
His troubles melted fast
And crossing, on his travels went,
No longer quite downcast...

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Anticipation

At first, two meerkats looked intense,
Not gentle in their minds,
Testing things that would help their friends
In sensing what both finds...
Calm down? No, that would bring sleep soon,
In time to risk their all,
Perchance to doze, perchance to swoon
And into dreaming fall...

To many, such as these prove fun,
In oh so many ways,
Outlandish, there beneath the sun,
Not moving as each stays...
And yet, they stand guard, hours on end,
Not tempted from their posts,
Trustworthy still as they defend,
Indifferent to boasts...

Courageous, yes, defiant, true,
In steadfast love they wait,
Perchance to do what they must do
And thus anticipate...
To me, that's noble, without doubt,
If loyalty proves worth,
Of all the creatures spread about
Now living on this Earth...

Denis Martindale, copyright, May 2013.

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Anticipation'.

The first letters of each line spell out the words:
ANTICIPATION... ANTICIPATION...

Denis Martindale

Doctor Who And The Tardis

From Gallifrey, where Time Lords rule,
The Doctor chose to leave,
Despite the danger, played it cool,
Though he could hardly breathe!
The Tardis key was turned around,
The door was opened wide,
Then closed shut with a creaking sound
Once he was safe inside!

The console beckoned to him now,
Controls were blinking still,
He wiped away his sweating brow,
Then felt a sudden chill...
Alarms were sounding, time to go,
The Tardis chose where to,
Amid the ebb, amid the flow,
Time-streaming ever new...

PoemHunter.com

The final lever fully forced,
There was no turning back,
The energy was fully sourced,
From holes in space so black!
Then suddenly, he coasted free,
Past stars and galaxies,
Amid God's vast eternity
Where wonders never cease!

The Tardis twisted like a top,
Beyond the mortal realm,
The Doctor praying it could stop
With him safe at the helm...
Then with a massive jolt time lurched
To normal time again
To offer what the Doctor searched,
On Earth, with human men...

Nine hundred years for him had gone,
Regenerations soon,
So time to spare while sunlight shone

Till night revealed the moon...
Adventure here, adventure there,
Adventure near and far,
The Tardis keeping him aware,
As if his guiding star...

The Time Lords fumed their renegade,
Their outlaw hiding out,
Their fallen friend who thus had strayed
To leave them filled with doubt...
To think, he chose to be a thief,
To meddle recklessly,
It staggered them beyond belief
For he loved Gallifrey...

The Tardis door was beckoning,
The Doctor braved the odds,
He marched as noble as a king
Whose destiny was God's!
Who was this Doctor, friend or foe?
This man who looked so strange?
He was the hero in the know,
A thousand worlds to change!

This man has proved the test of time,
Fought evil day and night,
Defending every paradigm
That he believed was right...
He's sacrificed a billion dreams
That billions more might live,
Yes, through times' portals and times' streams
He gave all he could give...

Yet he was nothing without friends,
Companions on the way,
Until for each, their journey ends,
Not one more day to stay...
Then all alone, the Tardis knows,
His solitude and more,
Until another friendship grows
To even up the score...

Don't take for granted what he's done
Or what's still left to do,
So many wars that must be won
And by a chosen few...
Regenerations in the wings,
New faces yet to be,
God only knows what hopes he brings
Throughout eternity!

Denis Martindale

By The Waterhole

Two lion cubs laid low once more
Just by the waterhole,
Where they explored their sense of awe,
At peace, not on patrol...
For here, beneath that golden sun,
The silver shimmered still,
Upon the water, having fun,
Just randomly at will...

The cubs surveyed their vast domain,
Content to rule it all,
To daily take the mighty strain,
In answer to the call...
The destiny that falls to those
That Nature bids them hear,
Such that their stature slowly grows
Until their future's clear...

For now, their blessing seems so weak,
So gentle on the breeze,
So natural it's not unique
And yet the wise man sees...
One day, like Titans, side-by-side,
Their skills in one accord,
The lion kings no longer hide,
Their legacy assured...

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

The Gospel Of Grace

Through God's riches at Christ's expense
Each sinner will be saved
And once in Christ to find new friends
With all his sins now waived...
To think, that every law God set
Has taught us what was right,
Yet when we've sinned, we've felt regret
That lingers day and night...

Through God's riches at Christ's expense,
A robe of righteousness
And wise is he whose sinning ends,
So God above can bless...
Who knows? Perhaps a healing touch,
Or visions once he's prayed,
Or simply shown God loves so much
With miracles displayed...

Through God's riches at Christ's expense,
God's Revelations came,
To all His Churches He still sends
Us hope in Jesus' Name...
To think, the future there revealed,
Prepares us here and now,
A holy harvest yet to yield
That God will still allow...

Through God's riches at Christ's expense,
Our future King will reign,
The thousand years that God intends
When Jesus comes again...
When Israel calls upon the Lord,
By faith when wisdom dawns,
It's then that Israel stands assured
And thus no longer mourns...

Through God's riches at Christ's expense,
Not by our works at all,
But by God's gift each comprehends

The fruit of Adam's fall...
The choice is Heaven, or it's Hell,
There stands no in-between!
That's why before we say farewell,
God's Son must intervene!

Through God's riches at Christ's expense,
Believe and be baptised!
While Pentecost was quite intense,
Three thousand turned to Christ!
That's how God moved in ancient days,
That's how God's Gospel starts,
That's why our spirits lift up praise
That's borne in joyful hearts...

Denis Martindale

Courage, Jesus, Courage!

When Christ prayed in Gethsemane,
His cup to be removed,
He still prayed with humility,
In hope that God approved...
Yet God saw Christ's disciples,
For whom their Lord must die,
With Christ's Scriptures in the Bibles
On which we all rely...

How could He then release His Son
From suffering and death?
How could He stop what must be done
To halt Christ's final breath?
God sent an angel, one alone,
To strengthen Christ again,
That He, by grace, could thus be known
As Christ, the Light of Men...

And thus, the Saviour's tears were wept,
Unseen by friend or foe,
Until He woke the ones who slept,
Fatigued and slow to go...
But then marched Judas, kissed the Lord,
Betrayed Him in that hour,
Despite the folly of reward
That brought no peace or power...

Thus Jesus judged by mortal souls,
Faced persecution's claws,
Submitting to its cruel controls,
Its twisted thoughts and flaws...
To feel the lash repeatedly
Upon His fragile frame,
Delivered then to Calvary
To bear our sinful shame...

The hours passed and darkness fell,
Men cowered in their fear,
As if the whole world went to Hell

With God's wrath oh so near...
Then death for Jesus came at last,
With victory assured,
While those who loved Him looked aghast
As blood from Him outpoured...

His lifeless body taken down,
His eyes closed in respect,
Then they removed the thorny crown,
The symbol of neglect...
Laid in a tomb as prophesied,
Awaiting Sunday's dawn,
God's precious promise, if Christ died,
Salvation would be born...

Fear not, believers, in the know,
God's promises come true,
Though into Earth each man must go,
God's grace is ever new...
The dead shall rise again one day,
The Rapture makes this known,
Then living saints are snatched away,
No more to stand alone...

That's why disciples preach God's grace,
Forgiveness here and now,
If we but look upon Christ's face,
The crown upon His brow...
His battered back, His hands, His feet,
His bloodstained lips and eyes,
We know God's pardon stands complete
If we would just be wise...

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Denis Martindale

Christianity 101

Blessed is the man who finds the Way
And lives for Christ the Lord,
For he shall see a newborn day
With love as his reward...

Blessed is the man who does what's right
And honours all God's truth,
For he finds wisdom day and night
Instead of God's reproof...

Blessed is the man who learns God's Word
Its treasures to unfold,
For he by revelations stirred
Helps others to be told...

Blessed is the man well versed in prayer
When Scriptures fill his heart,
For he has prophecies to share
By God's grace to impart...

PoemHunter.com

Blessed is the man with self-control,
His every step to choose,
For he shall keep his sacred soul
Fit for the Master's use...

Blessed is the man who tithes with love
God's Kingdom to increase,
For he by faith receives enough
So wonders never cease...

Blessed is the man who comforts those
Whose faith is weak not strong,
For his compassion always shows
And prospers all day long...

Blessed is the man who meets his end
With utmost sanctity,
For he in Heaven meets his friend
Who died on Calvary...

Denis Martindale

Writer's Block 101

Writer's Block is a callous curse
That curbs the flow of valiant verse
And thus opposes worse and worse
Till daylight dawns again...

Writer's Block is a morbid sense
That not one writer comprehends,
Except it's like you lose your friends
Till daylight dawns again...

Writer's Block is a ghost that haunts
And subtle is the way it taunts,
Such that the bravest it still daunts
Till daylight dawns again...

Writer's Block is a hill some climb
And there to spend a lonesome time,
Bereft of love's most radiant rhyme
Till daylight dawns again...

PoemHunter.com

But Writer's Block, begone, I say,
Cast out with each new word I pray,
Such that God's grace must save the day...
When daylight dawns again...

I wasn't born to live and fail,
I'll share God's poems, tell each tale,
As if each were the Holy Grail,
So daylight dawns again...

Denis Martindale, copyright, April 2013.

Denis Martindale

Snow Flakes

The mighty tiger look amazed
As snow flakes touched his nose
And suddenly his whiskers raised
As if to strike a pose...
His eyes then looked above to see
The whole sky dazzling white,
Thus adding to the mystery
Of this new wondrous sight...

Through life he'd seen a waterfall
And trees and streams as well,
Yet now these snow flakes beat them all,
With him caught in their spell...
Now with a twinkle in his eyes,
Revitalised again,
He took the time to realise
To give thanks there and then...

Just like a child, he swiped the air,
Caught snow flakes on his paw
And saw them melt and disappear,
Thus gone forever more...
Alas, no-one to share this now,
No-one to tell this to...
All he could do was wonder how,
Just like us humans do...

Denis Martindale, copyright, April 2013.

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Snow Flakes'.

More Stephen Gayford poems here:

Denis Martindale

Pride Of India

Hello, white tiger, long and sleek,
Enrobed in black and white,
Quite dignified and magnifique,
A truly wondrous sight...
With blue eyes twinkling in the sun,
Mischievious, no doubt,
Yet, oh, white tiger, stay the one
Who daily roams about...

Hello, white tiger, strong and brave,
Enchanting great and small,
Quite nonchalant when you behave,
A credit to us all...
This moment, you stay calm, serene,
No grimaced growls to share,
Yet, oh, white tiger, why be mean?
You look so debonair...

Hello, white tiger, on the move,
Enhancing every spot,
With nothing left you need to prove
Because of all you've got...
Discovered only recently,
You're like a newborn star!
Yes, oh, white tiger, you're to me
The pride of India!

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Trailblazer

Some say the wolf was tamed by Man
And dogs began as such,
According to some Master Plan,
Though wolves aren't loved as much...
Yet wolves continue steadfastly
As long as Man consents,
If not, then it's quite plain to see
That Man could make amends...

When conservation's just a word,
Each species stands alone,
Just like the dead old dodo bird,
So quickly overthrown...
If we love dogs, should we ignore
Each wolf that's fancy free?
If so, we simply close the door
Upon their legacy...

Trailblazers come, trailblazers go,
The dog's called Man's best friend
And yet the wolf's known as Man's foe
Especially at day's end...
Like others, hunting to survive,
The wolf has cause to kill,
Yet conservation keeps alive...
If Man still has the will...

Denis Martindale, copyright, April 2013.

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Trailblazer'.

Denis Martindale

Enchanting

The mother zebra loved her foal,
She memorised each day,
Because her child must learn its role
And thus at first obey...
Come here, go there, do this, do that,
That's just the way it is,
Sometimes they've got no time to chat
Or share their private bliss...

Yet when the pace slows down again...
These two share looks of love,
With mother thinking way back when
She, too, looked up above...
To see her mother at her best,
Yet also as her friend,
To know together they were blessed
Such years on Earth to spend...

If only humans grasped this truth,
Not just for early years,
When they enjoy the fruits of youth,
Before each disappears...
So cherish golden memories,
Each precious sacred smile,
Each sunny day, each gentle breeze,
Enchanted for a while...

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The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Enchanting'.

Denis Martindale

The Easter Story: What Really Happened

From out the darkness of His tomb,
The Son of Man arose,
Departing from the deathly gloom,
Apart from bloodstained clothes...
Then soon to meet His dearest friends,
Though not at first aware,
For who of them were quick to sense,
To overcome despair?

Yet there He was, triumphant now,
Despite the dreadful loss,
Men's spiteful thorns upon His brow,
Their scourging and their Cross...
Despite their horrors, Christ alive,
Still walked upon God's Earth,
Against all evil still to strive
And grant Mankind New Birth...

As angels told His tearful ones
That Christ no more was dead,
It was as though such Good News stuns,
Yet hope and faith were spread...
Disciples ran to learn the truth,
Confirming what they heard,
When they at least had precious proof
To take God at His word...

To think, that doubt can break the heart
And rob the soul of joy,
To think, that Christ knew from the start
Each gruesome pain and ploy...
Yet for the joy that God bestowed,
He suffered and He died,
The greatest story ever told,
Christ lives though crucified...

And from that Sunday mourn no more,
Like angels, praise the Lord
And be like them, forever sure,

With faith as your reward...
To be your portion from henceforth,
God-blessed through Calvary,
From east to west, from south to north,
For all eternity...

Thus time and space held no restraints,
When Christ, at times, appeared,
Amid the presence of His saints
To cast out all they feared...
A multitude of witnesses
Had seen the Son of Man
And through them, we learnt God blesses,
According to His plan...

They were the firstfruits, preachers all,
Some prophets yet to write,
Regardless, whether great or small,
Their Saviour was in sight...
How could their silence now hold sway?
How could their fears remain?
That's why we love them to this day,
They shared so we could gain...

Thus Bible scholars count each verse
As riches highly prized,
With prophecies of what occurs,
Revealed through Jesus Christ...
From Genesis to Malachi,
From Revelations, too,
Forgiveness comes in full supply
For them, for me, for you...

And now the light we share as well,
The holy word lives on,
Embracing Heaven, hating Hell,
Our faith to build upon...
The Easter Story told each year,
What really happened, friends
And why we love the Lord most dear
With love that never ends...

Denis Martindale, Easter Monday,2013.

The poem is based on the GOD TV programme
called The Easter Story: What Really Happened?
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Chuck Missler, explains the events that followed
the Crucifixion as to how the disciples turned
from doubt to faith in the Lord Jesus Christ.
Many Bible prophecies revealed these events in
advance, so that we might believe the Gospel...

Denis Martindale

One Wonders

When Royal babies grace this Earth,
One wonders how they'll fare,
Will they mature and prove their worth
In ways beyond compare?
Or will they disappoint us all,
With scandals here and there,
With bad mistakes both great and small
That catch us unaware?

When Royal babies learn to wave,
One wonders if folks care,
Will folks take photographs to save
Or merely stop and stare?
Or will the tabloids tell tall tales
And all their secrets bare,
Such that all other news then pales
When whistleblowers share?

When Royal babies start their lives,
One wonders, throne or chair?
Until a Rolls-Royce then arrives
With loads of room to spare...
One wonders, does one not, I ask,
How lucky is each heir,
When servants fawn through every task?
'Your Majesty! ' Oh, yeah...

Denis Martindale, copyright, March 2013.

The poem's accepted in the poetry anthology
New Beginnings - A Collection of Poetry to
be printed by Forward Poetry UK publishers.

Denis Martindale

My Born Again Birthday!

When I was but a little lad, I went to Sunday School
And there I learnt not to be bad, obeying every rule.
Alas, I learnt that all had sinned and sinners go to Hell,
But then my teacher gently grinned, with God's Good News to tell.
To think, God sent His only Son to visit Planet Earth,
So that each lost soul could be won who recognised Christ's worth.
For only He could sacrifice His holy life for us,
To help us find God's Paradise, yes, only He, Jesus!
I sat amazed to hear He died upon a cross of wood
And suddenly I realised that only He was good.
No sin had He against His Name, no selfish act as such,
In fact, He only had one aim, to serve and not to judge.
That's why God sent Him to the Cross, for only He could go,
To suffer all, endure the loss, so that all men would know.
Made perfect by His suffering, God raised Him from His tomb,
His precious Priest, His Sovereign King and answer to death's gloom!
And there I was, upon that day, when I was born again,
The moment I began to pray, that second there, right then.
New life was granted unto me, eternity and more,
Such that I have God's clemency, His Pardon, that's for sure.
To each his own, his special time, for his revelation,
When doubts subside, as truths sublime, grant joy and celebration.
A thousand poems have been penned, from that day on till now.
For I have found the Sinner's Friend and all God will allow.
My words have spread across the globe, in books and on TV,
To prophesy how Christ brings hope for sinners just like me.
Whose Spirit fills us to the brim with blessings from above,
If we would boast, let's boast of Him, of Calvary's King of Love.

Denis Martindale, copyright, March 2013.

Denis Martindale

Spring Bling!

When Spring arrives and Nature wakes and birds share harmonies,
Each waterfall from Winter breaks, cascading from the freeze...
And new buds rise from deathly shade so stems stand tall once more,
The daffodils are then displayed for children to adore...
With darkness fading, light holds fast, as warmth replaces chills,
Such that our heating's off at last and we've much lower bills...
And yet, it's here and now, we see, that hope lives in our hearts,
Partaking of God's majesty as Spring's new season starts...
Each garden plant is well aware of seasons in the sun
And promptly shows its flowers there, as if God loved each one...
And gardens blossom with each day, as April comes and goes
To lead us boldly into May, towards the Summer Shows...
So give God thanks and praise His Name, He makes our gardens bloom!
Let's celebrate like life's a game, so smiles may then resume!
Like waterfalls, let hearts rejoice, resplendent, good as gold!
For surely, that's the wisest choice for both the young and old...
How good it is, a welcome rest, this spectacle called Spring,
With roses showing that we're blessed by all of Nature's bling!
Her jewellery, her finery, her living cavalcade,
Her utmost joy, her ecstasy, her own Easter Parade!

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale, copyright, March 2013.

Denis Martindale

The Companions

Two tigers took their ease at last,
Companions to a fault,
Yet now the hunt and feast had past
They called things to a halt...
Breathe in, breathe out and not much more
But flick a tail or two,
The other creatures to ignore,
For what was left to do?

At times like these, the sun beats down,
Life takes a slower turn
And tigers melt away each frown,
No lessons left to learn...
No fights to fight, just faithful friends,
An afternoon's repose,
Yes, this is how each tiger spends
His time apart from foes...

Two tigers taking in the sun
And watching clouds glide by,
Birds flying high till one-by-one
They've flown across the sky...
With trees still standing year-by-year
And hills both left and right,
Two tigers' hearts were filled with cheer,
Their future looking bright...

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale, copyright, March 2013.

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'The Companions II'.

More Stephen Gayford poems here:
denis-martindale-dot-blogspot-dot-com

Denis Martindale

Brethren Wolves

Who was the elder of them both,
These brilliant brethren wolves,
United by a solemn oath
Each family approves?
And who now was more dominant
In stature, strength and guile,
Such things are not proved evident
By just a proud profile...

For both found strength in unison,
As sons of alpha males,
As side-by-side joint battles won
Such that each rarely fails...
Prized predators without a doubt,
Feared by both great and small,
As long as wolves are still allowed
To lord it over all...

The lone wolf isn't quite as brave,
His path more solemn still,
His journey closer to the grave
If injured or if ill...
But brothers aren't just company,
They're soulmates to the end,
Soon alpha males for all to see,
On that you can depend...

Denis Martindale, copyright, March 2013.

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Brethren Wolves'.

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Denis Martindale

Startled

The leopard cub was startled at
Some noise he overheard,
Unnerved yet cautious not to scat,
Alert and yet not stirred...
To stand and fight or turn and flee?
And yet which path to take?
With only instincts as the key,
What errors could he make?

His mind was now a battlefield,
Decisions swhirling round,
Until more details were revealed,
He firmly kept his ground...
Just one more noise to set him straight
Or spook him left or right
And so he waited on his fate,
To stay still or take flight...

The minutes slipped away real slow,
In silent tedium,
Still not aware of friend or foe
Who might be near to him...
Then all at once a bird flew high,
The cause of such mischief,
The cub then kept a watchful eye,
As he sighed with relief...

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The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Startled'.

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Denis Martindale

Young Stalker

Snow leopards stalk, sometimes to win,
Averting hunger pains,
Because it's as those aches begin,
No gentle peace remains...
Snow leopards must endure the cold
That Winter always brings
And each new meal's worth more than gold,
Because starvation stings...

No creature's safe from predators,
No matter if they run,
Eventually they come off worse,
Beneath the moon or sun...
It's true, some scatter high or low,
Escaping now and then,
But scavengers run to and fro
To catch their prey again...

Snow leopards have a stubborn streak
So they can wait all day,
Young stalkers play at hide-and-seek,
Regardless, come what may...
With hunger pains forever near,
Snow leopards must persist,
Thus tiny creatures live in fear
Each second they exist...

Denis Martindale, copyright, March 2013.

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Young Stalker II'.

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Denis Martindale

In The Heat Of The Day

The tiger stood and looked ahead,
So hot and near collapse,
But then all fear had all but fled
And gone for good, perhaps...
The water's edge was cool and clear,
Inviting him to test
The wondrous stream that had no peer,
Because it was the best...

His chin was dripping as he strode,
His front legs hid from sight
And suddenly joy overflowed
As he filled with delight...
The sun, the stream, together brought
Enchantment all around,
The kind that chills the fiercest thought,
The kind meant to astound...

To think, cool water has the power
To soothe hot pains away,
The body blossoms like a flower
That greets a brand new day...
Thus tigers find they've strong defence,
Cool waters help them through,
Because such streams are faithful friends,
As fresh as morning dew...

Denis Martindale, copyright, March 2013.

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'In The Heat Of The Day'.

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Denis Martindale

Lone Wolf

The lone wolf stares with piercing eyes,
Alert to all things close,
His ears aware, so no surprise,
But inner tension grows...
For silence isn't always clear
When predators stalk prey
And snow helps creatures disappear,
No matter, night or day...

The lone wolf paused, as if concerned,
Unable to proceed,
Eyes left, eyes right, till truth was learned
And he felt safe indeed...
Despite his feet both cold and numb,
What facts could he acquire?
His heart was beating like a drum,
Intense as if on fire...

The lone wolf faced such times as these,
As many creatures must,
Who lack the hope and certainties
Communities can trust...
Fathers, mothers, sisters, brothers
And families beyond
With each one who helps the others,
Groups form a lifelong bond...

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The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Lone Wolf'.

More Stephen Gayford poems here:
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Denis Martindale

Hot Lioness

The lioness was mighty hot,
Determined now to rest,
As if quite rooted to the spot
Where she could most be blessed...
Let others roam their vast domain
And pace both left and right,
For her, there wasn't much to gain
With that hot sun so bright...

So there she was, all golden brown,
With no-one to impress,
Just gently lounging, lying down,
Absorbing happiness...
It's wondrous what the sun can do,
If you've got time to spare,
Beneath a sky that's oh so blue,
To cast off every care...

As long as you can bear the heat,
Turn over now and then,
You'll find your life can be so sweet,
Almost beyond your ken...
The lioness gave no regard
When life was such a breeze,
She joined the poet and the bard
Who contemplate at peace...

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The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Hot Lioness'.

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Denis Martindale

Layabout

The tiger tried a morning run
To build an appetite,
Then laid down gently while the sun
Shone down with all its might...
Somehow the tiger changed his mood,
Content to stay unmoved,
With less regard for wholesome food
In favour to be soothed...

The mighty tiger feared by all
Was no more king but slave,
No need to hunt, no need to brawl,
As if all power to save...
As if to pace himself midday,
At peace twixt sun and earth,
As if he'd found a place to stay
And contemplate his worth...

To some, he was a layabout,
An idler, nothing more,
Yet even kings are known to flout
The least and strongest law...
So who are we to judge him now,
Like critics who discuss?
Let's let him soothe his furrowed brow,
He hurts not one of us!

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Almost Extinct

Alone upon a snow-decked hill,
The tiger looked around,
Although the air was not quite still,
He hardly heard a sound...
The scenery was all but white,
Beneath a solemn sky,
His eyes were dazzled by the light
Till night must make it fly...

Alone upon the rockface there,
No tigress at his side,
The loneliness was hard to bear,
Despite his stubborn pride...
The hill was his, that much was sure,
His castle yet his jail,
Where he was rich and yet so poor,
Although the alpha male...

Alone, with no thoughts but his own,
His heart as cold as snow,
So what's the use of crown or throne
Or fame and fortune's glow?
If loneliness is of no worth
And detrimental, too,
I'd search each town upon this Earth,
To hear one, 'I LOVE YOU! '

Denis Martindale, copyright, February 2013.

The poem is based on the magnificent
wildlife painting by Stephen Gayford
called 'King of the Castle'...

Denis Martindale

Elegant Reflections

The tiger's golden stripes stood out
Upon his famous frame,
Mid dazzling colours all about,
Yet none were quite the same...
Yet when upon the waters stirred,
Reflections rose above,
But he cared less at what occurred,
Cool water was enough...

He strode ahead, partaking all
The stream had there to give,
Before a brand new night must fall
On all below that live...
Mid Summer's heat a tiger sighs,
Yet here was cool relief,
With all the joy that God supplies,
As if beyond belief...

To think, that he, was privy to,
A shelter from the heat,
While other creatures had no clue
That this could be so sweet...
He sniggered to himself with glee,
The selfish so-and-so...
And never told a soul that he
Found such a place to go...

Denis Martindale, copyright, February 2013.

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Elegant Reflections'.

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Denis Martindale

Thoughtful

The lion's craggy face was caught,
One camera shot in time,
When there reposed and deep in thought,
Reflecting past his prime...
No longer sleek, no longer swift,
No longer roaring loud
And life seen as a passing gift,
Of which he should be proud...

The alpha male had lived life well,
With many battles won
And brave the tales that he could tell
Before the parting sun...
Yet he was silent as the grave,
Prepared to face his fate,
For there was no-one there to save
From this, the final date...

When mortal creatures sense their end,
How thoughtful they must be,
Yet humans learn God is their friend
For all eternity...
The lion stared up at the sky
And yet without a prayer,
It's only humans who ask, 'Why? '
Eternity to share...

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The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Thoughtful'.

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Denis Martindale

Regal White Tiger

The cute white tiger cub had grown
And gone his separate way,
Perhaps to spend his life alone
Until his dying day...
Unless he found a female friend,
No cubs would bless his heart,
This truth the lonesome comprehend
Before true love can start...

The adult male was in his prime,
With confidence supreme,
The sunny day was quite sublime,
He strolled as in a dream...
A regal poise blessed every thought,
As if the world were his
And life seemed like a noble sport,
With mornings just like this...

Thus Nature had him well prepared,
For her, his special one,
With whom each future year was shared
As they strolled in the sun...
If only humans weren't involved
With mortgages and such,
Perhaps romance could be resolved
With just the tender touch...

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The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Regal II'.

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Denis Martindale

Fleeting Sun

The wolf was prone to roam the land,
Regardless, rain or shine,
Because he knew that life was planned,
Except for when he'd dine...
He hunted here, he hunted there,
As sunshine led the way,
Till moonshine offered light to spare
At every end of day...

So he preferred to take things slow,
Till his next meal was seen,
Then with a spurt, be on the go,
When things can turn quite mean...
The fleeting sun could grant success
Or fast escape for some,
The fleeting sun could curse or bless,
For now, the wolf looked glum...

'How long? ' he asked, yet he endured,
Starvation growing still,
No longer feeling self-assured,
With nothing near to kill...
Nobody there to sympathise,
Or care about his pain...
The fleeting sun lights up the skies,
Regardless who will gain...

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The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Fleeting Sun'.

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Denis Martindale

Wash Time

The lion cub remained at rest
With Mother there close by,
Beside the stream where God had blessed
Each with a wistful sigh...
A bonny breeze was on its way,
The sun was warm not hot,
There really wasn't much to say,
As they cared not one jot...

When gentle thoughts still please the mind,
What lion wants to move?
When life is being so darned kind,
What actions could improve?
So lazy lions loiter still,
Content to bide their time...
As if their lifestyle fit the bill,
As if all felt sublime...

If only we could follow suit
Beneath God's golden sun,
Rest without care, not give a hoot,
That's half the battle done...
Some wash time here, some soothing hour,
Some friendly company,
Life wouldn't seem so sad, so sour,
Just sweet serenity...

Denis Martindale, copyright, January 2013.

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Wash Time'.

More Stephen Gayford poems here:
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Denis Martindale

Mr And Mrs

The lion and his lioness
Were standing face-to-face,
As if the two should there address
Each reason to embrace...
For from such friendship offspring came
With legacies galore
And life could never be the same,
Yet they knew that for sure...

Responsibilities, you see,
Were there for years ahead,
Because such things were meant to be
And each cub must be fed...
Both young and old must co-exist,
There was no other way
And blessed are those that still persist,
Surviving night and day...

The lion and the lioness,
United in one cause,
Together more, apart much less,
According to God's laws...
Thus life continues age-to-age
Beneath the sun and sky,
With lions pausing at each stage,
Determined still to try...

Denis Martindale, copyright, January 2013.

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Mr And Mrs'.

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Denis Martindale

Safe Refuge

The leopard and the cub look fine,
At rest, laid low, relaxed,
For there are times to draw the line,
Take ease, no longer taxed...
No human clock to set the pace,
No wristwatch ticking slow,
Nobody near with glaring face
To say they had to go...

As long as hunger's not so tense
And thirst's lost all its powers,
With nothing there to cause offence,
They could stay there for hours!
Just lounging, nothing there to do,
Just laying side-by-side,
Just staying there the whole day through,
With sunshine God supplied...

I'm jealous, here, in January!
It's bitter out again!
There's snow outside upon each tree
And on each window pane!
With central heating costs so high
And Spring so far away,
Those leopards really make me sigh...
I'm freezing here today!

Denis Martindale, copyright, January 2013.

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Safe Refuge'.

More Stephen Gayford poems here:
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Denis Martindale

I Was Born For This

Behold the times, the passing years,
The essence of excess,
While some excel in crying tears
Of awesome loneliness...
And children fare the childish times,
Oblivious to life,
As every adult slowly climbs
Man's mountain known as strife...

The years fade soon as memories,
Some chosen, some maintained,
Some simply kept that they may please
With thoughts of what was gained...
The terms at school, the tests trained for,
The pass or fail in each,
Perhaps the times when sweet amore
Came close enough to teach...

Yet school is where the poets learn
The crafts of masters gone,
Perchance that soon they, too, may earn
The light that brightly shone...
Thus dreamers dream with visions, too,
Then prophecies ascend,
Such that the truth is shared with you,
As if you were a friend...

Behold the essence, words revealed,
God's secrets for each age,
No more kept back, no more concealed,
Writ fresh upon the page...
Then published 'cross the world itself,
In stores and libraries,
Enough to nestle on each shelf
Awaiting new release...

The challenge set, the quest achieved,
The wisdom thus outpoured,
Allowing doubters who've believed

To love our precious Lord...
God's Son now shining in men's hearts,
Resplendent in their souls,
As each upon God's journey starts,
Relinquishing controls...

Let God mark well His chosen ones,
Adopted in His fold,
Delivered daughters, sacred sons,
Triumphant, good as gold...
Yet know this, too, this poet blessed,
Has shared his Christian bliss...
My poet's destiny's the test...
Yes, I was born for this!

Denis Martindale, copyright, January 2013.

The poem is based upon the GOD TV show,
Growing In The Supernatural, as it reminds
us of our God-given salvation and destiny and
that we can humbly say, 'I was born for this! '

Whether we become scribes, poets or prophets,
there's that inner conviction of God's direction,
regardless of the tragic times we live in and the
circumstances beyond our control, it is by faith
we endure and achieve all that is required of us...

Denis Martindale

Cold Stare

Snow leopards shiver just like us
When snow falls from the skies,
But they aren't prone to make a fuss,
Like we do, full of sighs...
They sadly sit and simply stare,
Sourpusses to the end!
As if too late to show they care
Or somehow to defend...

They don't build snowmen, like we do,
With Christmas in our thoughts,
Each Winter, they must battle through,
As they feel out of sorts...
They don't wear booties crushing snow,
They don't wear scarves and smile...
They don't wear gloves when on the go,
They simply use their guile...

Preventing times when they feel weak,
Perchance more life to give,
The family is all they seek,
To help each other live...
Cold stares are all they share today,
With feet that feel so numb
And knowing more snow's on its way
Means there's much worse to come...

Denis Martindale, copyright, January 2013.

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Cold Stare'.

More Stephen Gayford poems here:
denis-martindale-dot-blogspot-dot-com

Denis Martindale

Secret Observers

Two cheetahs waited, laying low,
With mischief on their minds,
Surveying wildlife on the go
And hoping for the signs...
When hunger grumbles deep within,
It's then the hunt begins,
Each hunter knows and won't give in,
That's why each hunter wins...

Success awaits the best of breed,
The luckiest as well,
The fastest cheetahs get to feed
With each a tale to tell...
Each cheetah has to live this day
To meet tomorrow's dawn
And this depends upon his prey,
If fallen and forlorn...

Two cheetahs bide their time and stare,
Both gazing left and right,
For now, they look a precious pair,
But there awaits the fight...
When Nature plays its final game,
Survival, win or lose...
So who are we to judge or blame,
When cheetahs cannot choose?

Denis Martindale, copyright, January 2013.

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Secret Observers'.

More Stephen Gayford poems here:
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Denis Martindale

I'M Tired...

When tigers run and run and run
Beneath that sun on high,
They soon lose all their sense of fun
And simply want to lie...
They settle down upon the ground,
Admitting their defeat
To anyone who's there around
Who still can stand the heat...

When tigers swish their tails no more,
They're almost fast asleep,
Enough to yawn and then to snore
While breathing in so deep...
The wise man isn't prone to stay
And walk up closer still,
By now he's running fast away
Beyond that yonder hill...

When tigers lie, closed eyes, at rest,
It's best to leave them be,
If woken, they won't be impressed,
You won't have time to flee!
Let tigers lounge and be advised,
Don't laugh, don't cry, don't cough!
'Cos if you do, you'll be surprised!
They'll bite your head clean off!

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale, copyright, January 2013.

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'I'm Tired'.

More Stephen Gayford poems here:
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Denis Martindale

Fresh Snow

The wolf woke up, chilled by the snow
That nestled on his nose,
He knew that snow was slow to go,
Thus faced the Winter woes...
The wolf was quite aware of these,
He'd faced them all before
And thus he yearned Spring's sweet release
When even snow must thaw...

Till then, he knew that meals were rare,
So he must scavenge now
And eat his fill to fight despair,
Some future to allow...
His eyes and ears and nose took in
The clues that helped him live,
For these would help the wolf to win,
Another year to give...

Survival proves the golden rule,
The hardest game there is
And for each one that plays the fool,
Life bids a farewell kiss...
The wily wolf must do his best
To greet the Spring next year
And while fresh snow is such a pest,
Its warning's crystal clear...

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The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Fresh Snow'.

More Stephen Gayford poems here:
denis-martindale-dot-blogspot-dot-com

Denis Martindale

In The Shade

The tiger wearied by the heat
Felt strength was waning fast
And hardly fit as to compete
Until the heat had past...
He sought the comfort of the shade
Between the trees nearby,
Where he believed the heat would fade
So no more would he sigh...

How right he was, the shade was fine,
The breeze no more a pain
And pretty soon he would recline
And simply rest again...
His eyes no longer strained to see,
His ears no longer burned,
Yes, this was now the place to be,
Till evening had returned...

The sun, why was it so darned hot?
Each tiger thought the same!
Each sensed somehow it was a plot,
Revenge on those to blame...
While tigers hunt their prey for food
And have to eat what's caught,
Not one's safe in Man's neighbourhood
While Man hunts game for sport...

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The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'In The Shade'.

More Stephen Gayford poems here:
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Denis Martindale

I Hear The Song Of Your Sadness

I hear the song of your sadness,
I see the tears from your soul,
I feel the anguish and madness
As you seek self-control...
I damn all the demons within you,
Yet God's love will cast them out
And heal your body, through and through,
When true faith conquers doubt...

I hear the song of your sadness,
I see the firm tightened jaw,
I feel the battle and badness
As you to God implore...
I pity the past life so wasted,
Yet God's love still understands
And He loves you and erased it
With even greater plans...

I hear the song of your sadness,
I see the pain in your eyes,
I feel the absence of gladness
More than you realise...
Yet praise God, the season is ending,
Yes, God's love has granted reprieve
And He, like a shepherd, is tending
Each lost sheep who's learnt to believe...

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Denis Martindale

Keep Up!

'Keep up! ' the lioness declared
To lion cubs behind,
Because, in truth, she really cared,
With dangers on her mind...
For even lions aren't immune
From predators around,
No matter, midnight or high noon,
To such, all lives are bound...

'Keep up! ' she told them, based on fears
That neither cub yet knew,
For she had learnt from all her years
What other creatures do...
Though she could run at speed and flee,
They weren't as yet that strong,
That's why she warned, 'Stay close to me
And don't just tag along! '

'Keep up! ' she growled with her stern voice,
Alerting them to harm,
Despite the peace, they had no choice
And thus ignored the calm...
One cub looked back, his eyes alert,
That was his day of days,
Aware of dangers that occurred,
He learnt to change his ways...

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The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Keep Up'.

More Stephen Gayford poems here:
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Denis Martindale

Forest Waterhole

White tiger, wading slowly in,
Contented as can be,
Away from all your kith and kin,
You find tranquillity...
The fluid motions nestle close,
To greet your every stride,
To welcome you in your repose,
As from the heat you hide...

The gentle touch caresses you,
No judgment for your sins,
All washed away like morning dew,
You're treated like a prince...
The sunbeams settle on your back,
Defiant to the end,
Upon your stripes both white and black,
That form a perfect blend...

White tiger, won't you spend a while?
Please stay! The sun's so hot!
Forget your subtlety and guile,
For they won't help a lot...
The forest waterhole is cool,
Your friend in times of need...
And though it's merely just a pool,
It's wonderful, indeed!

Denis Martindale, copyright, December 2012.

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Forest Waterhole'.

More Stephen Gayford poems here:
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Denis Martindale

Mother Of Pearls

My camera clicked and caught the scene,
Three polar bears in view,
I didn't mean to intervene,
Yet this was somewhat new...
The young ones walking, Mum close by,
All staring to my right,
While I looked through the camera's eye
Just taking in the sight...

This time I knew three's not a crowd,
The trio looked content,
The Mum seemed smiling, somewhat proud,
As if each were her friend...
To think, that Nature grants us love
In such a wondrous way,
That's why I humbly looked above
And thanked God for this day...

Three polar bears, what could they know?
This world is filled with life!
And everywhere that Man can go,
He's seen what can survive...
For Man's explored and learnt this truth,
That love stands ever near,
Today, these polar bears are proof,
They've made it crystal clear...

Denis Martindale, copyright, December 2012.

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Mother Of Pearls'.

More Stephen Gayford poems here:
denis-martindale-dot-blogspot-dot-com

Denis Martindale

Polariced

When polar bears go walking round
With Mother at their side,
They lumber on, yet pound-for-pound,
Each has a sense of pride...
To be at one, united there,
Surviving day-by-day,
Just taking in the midday air,
As they go on their way...

To you, that isn't great as such,
To you, that's not so hot...
Perhaps that's why it means so much,
To them, it's all they've got!
You ever had to walk alone,
No-one to share your smiles?
It soon gets stale when on your own,
When you walk miles and miles...

So spare a thought for polar bears!
No mansions and no cars...
No Internet yet no-one cares!
No restaurants or bars!
No TV and no radio,
No chance of magazines...
When all you've got are ice and snow,
You'll know how much each means!

Denis Martindale, copyright, December 2012.

Denis Martindale

Lionhearted

The alpha male was at his peak,
Triumphant, in his prime,
His muscles showing his physique
Confirming him sublime...
Let other lions cower near,
Let other lions flee,
The alpha male had none to fear,
Behold his majesty!

His outward form matched inner strength
Revealed within his eyes,
That firm resolve at any length
Meant there'd be no surprise...
One look would send your blood to chill,
You'd pray like any saint!
Perhaps you'd make it to the hill...
One roar, perhaps you'd faint!

The world was his, that's how he felt,
A sovereign king, no less,
With smouldering looks to make you melt,
That's how his sort impress...
If I were you, I'd stand well back,
I don't care if you've prayed!
He's not the kind I'd like to track,
It's no good tempting fate!

Denis Martindale, copyright, December 2012.

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Lionhearted'.

More Stephen Gayford poems here:
denis-martindale-dot-blogspot-dot-com

Denis Martindale

White Wonder

The white wolf takes like others do,
He doesn't seek advice
And so, why should he care for you,
If you don't think he's nice?
Yet there's a beauty white wolves own,
That beckons us draw near,
Until our hearts turn cold as stone
And wisdom grants us fear...

Yet there he is, the predator,
The hunter, night and day,
But to him, what would it matter,
What other creatures say?
He either starves or kills and feasts,
There's nowhere in-between,
He knows the cost like other beasts
And that's why he's so mean...

The white wolf glowed, his coat ablaze,
A wonder to behold
And many legends form his praise
With each new story told...
Condemning every trace of guile,
Each striking pose and pounce,
Yet complimenting every smile,
As if the King of Hounds...

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The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'White Wonder'.

More Stephen Gayford poems here:
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Denis Martindale

Moon Dance

The wild wolf howls at yonder moon,
No sign of happiness,
For twilight comes by, oh so soon,
The daylight to suppress...
The wild wolf knows the moon dance well,
Its gliding left to right,
As if the passing time to tell
To those that have insight...

So no surprises dusk till dawn,
No shifting from its course,
No signs in Heaven meant to warn
The breakers of God's Laws...
The wild wolf howls as if to say,
'I'm not afraid of you!
In fact, you often lead the way,
So credit where it's due...'

The wolf knows not how moons are made,
No telescope has he,
His eyes see only what's displayed
For night-time eyes to see...
While wolves can howl the whole night long,
The moon's in outer space,
To dance along without a song,
In pure majestic grace...

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The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Moon Dance'.

More Stephen Gayford poems here:
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Denis Martindale

Taking It Easy

The cheetah simply had enough!
He slowed down to a crawl...
As if he'd lost all power and puff
And humbly had to stall...
So there he was, with tail drooped down,
His jaw now opened wide,
With facial markings like a frown,
As if to say, 'I tried...'

He slumped upon the ground to rest,
Right there, at first quite cross,
For even though he'd run his best,
To had to face the loss...
To think, that he, famed for his speed,
Must now admit defeat,
To think, he thought that he'd succeed
With victory tasting sweet...

And yet, that said, he rested now,
The gentle breeze passed by,
Such that it calmed his furrowed brow
And brought a wistful sigh...
Taking it easy soothed his soul
So much it felt sublime
And when he'd gained his self-control,
He vowed, 'Next time! Next time! '

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The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Taking It Easy'.

More Stephen Gayford poems here:
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Denis Martindale

White On White

The white wolf went about his day
With one thing on his mind,
It was his nature to obey
For some new food to find...
The solemn truth, survival first,
The rest was just a blur,
This day was either blessed or cursed,
Who knows what would occur?

In life, death is the guarantee,
The last resort, no more,
That's why there was no mystery
When hunger was so sure...
The white wolf crushed white snow beneath
As he ran to and fro,
Pressed lips still hid his pure white teeth
While he felt hunger grow...

The carnivore searched his domain,
Found food and thus survived,
Some thing would lose while he would gain
From all he had derived...
I watched him from my hiding place,
His daily battle known
The second that he'd won the chase
And thought he ate alone...

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

The Stare

My camera aimed upon his face,
To catch those tiger eyes,
Such that a magic spell took place
And caught me by surprise...
The stare that tiger sent to me
Had mesmerised my soul
And filled me with such mystery
That I lost all control...

I stared at him as he stood still,
So statuesque and proud,
As if we two should share the thrill
And all that it endowed...
Two souls united by his pose,
His poise, his style, his charm,
As if this moment had arose
Yet none should raise alarm...

My camera clicked, the tiger moved,
Then he went on ahead,
How could his picture be improved?
As if to say, 'Nuff said! '
That's why this picture's called 'The Stare'
With looks meant to enthrall,
Because that tiger's soul's right there
And simply says it all...

Denis Martindale, copyright, December 2012.

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'The Stare'.

More Stephen Gayford poems here:
denis-martindale-dot-blogspot-dot-com

Denis Martindale

Mary Of Nazareth

As Mary lay upon her bed,
She waited, deep in thought,
With many questions left unsaid
And truth the last resort...
For she was pregnant without sin,
Unwed yet God-blessed still,
According to His plans to win
Lost souls on Calvary's hill...

It came to pass that Joseph's love
Was tested by such news,
Yet came a dream from God above
That Mary he should choose...
And so it was the two were spared,
United in their faith,
Because they knew the Father cared
And meant to keep them safe...

Thus Mary came to Bethlehem
With Joseph at her side
And shepherds ran to visit them
And at Christ's manger cried,
Because they knew the Lamb of God
Would be God's sacrifice,
One day to offer up His Blood,
One day to pay the price...

A prophet knows the future well,
Thus Mary was foretold,
Her son would have a tale to tell,
The greatest story told...
She must be strong for what must be,
God's prophecies are true
And when Christ died for all to see,
Know this, Christ died for you...

Yet Mary is remembered now
By Christians on this Earth
Because to God's will she would bow,

In reverence to Christ's birth...
Each Christmas and each Easter time,
Her witness still lives on,
With faith and grace hearts find sublime
When saved by Christ, God's Son...

Denis Martindale, copyright,19th December 2012.

The Gospel poem is based on the film,
Mary Of Nazareth, shown on TBN Europe.

Website: tbneurope-dot-org

Denis Martindale

Soul Mates

Soul mates they seemed, soul mates they stayed,
Lion and lioness,
Thus side-by-side and unafraid,
Portraying happiness...
No growls, no scowls, no random roars,
No bared teeth warnings shared,
No staring eyes, no clutching claws,
Just peace because they cared...

Soul mates they seemed, soul mates they stayed,
United in their quest,
Together in the sun or shade,
Yet mostly when at rest...
Life's trials were tackled day-by-day
And also night-by-night,
For lions seldom run away
When each one has to fight...

Soul mates they seemed, soul mates they stayed,
This was their destiny,
Such that from this not one had strayed,
For this was meant to be...
No wonder, then, that peace remained,
Each knew their place, no doubt
And from such wisdom much is gained...
And that's what life's about...

Denis Martindale, copyright, December 2012.

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Soul Mates'.

More Stephen Gayford poems here:
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Denis Martindale

Homeward Bound

The elephants were homeward bound
And walked as in a dream,
As if their peace were newly-found,
Content to be a team...
Left-right, left-right, they marched as one,
Slow motion, gently paced,
Beneath God's precious golden sun
They travelled without haste...

No point in charging dead ahead,
When patience was the key...
For that would merely lead to dread,
With great uncertainty...
The little ones among the herd,
Must be protected still,
Such that no troubles had occurred,
Here's hoping that none will...

Just look at how they live so long,
Till pensioners at best
And think of how they look so strong
And then you'll be impressed...
Thus homeward bound, the herd moves on,
From day to day to day...
Until, at last, the last mile's gone
And home's the place they'll stay...

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The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Homeward Bound'.

More Stephen Gayford poems here:
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Denis Martindale

Thirsty Travellers

When zebras migrate plain to plain
They brave the hunters, too,
These travellers have much to gain
As each one sees it through...
Consider running to and fro,
Attacked on either side,
Then panicked, wondering where to go,
When there's no place to hide...

Such are the burdens each must face
The whole day long, no doubt,
In seeking some great resting place,
Like that's what life's about...
Survivors left to tell the tales
Of how, somehow, they lived,
Despite the fact another fails
And loses life's sweet gift...

Thirsty travellers find the shore,
To line up cautiously,
To face the crocodiles and more
Takes utmost bravery...
Each baptised zebra takes his chance,
With courage rarely known...
In hopes, somehow, the odds enhance
When none there swims alone...

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The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Thirsty Travellers'.

More Stephen Gayford poems here:
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Denis Martindale

Ambusher

There's always one! Yes, that's so true!
That tiger cub's at fault...
There's always one that must outdo
And won't come to a halt!
The ambusher must bide his time,
Just out of sight in wait...
As if to say he's in his prime,
His ambush to create!

The feisty fiend's on tenterhooks,
He's trembling there with glee,
Convinced like other callous crooks,
'There's no-one who sees me! '
For shame, you naughty so and so!
You scamp, you swallywag!
You rotten rogue, you friendless foe,
No longer playing tag...

You're up to no good, that's the truth,
Obsessed in doing harm,
Your staring eyes serve as the proof,
They've lost all sense of calm...
You ambusher! When will you learn
It's best to be a friend?
But friendship's something that you spurn...
Today and till life's end...

Denis Martindale, copyright, December 2012.

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Ambusher'.

Denis Martindale

Guardians Of The Den

Behold the untamed meerkats there
Now side-by-side on guard,
As if the whole wide world to dare,
As if all else were barred...
Each stare's just meant to make it clear,
'Clear off, the lot of you!
There's no-one here who wants you here!
So you know what to do! '

Bravado's such a wondrous thing
In ones as small as these,
As if to leave us wondering,
Can they do as they please?
For each one's a tiny meerkat
And not that tall in height!
So who are they, to make us scat,
To scarper left and right?

To you and I, they're not that strong,
Courageous, yes, but weak,
To fight with them would just seem wrong,
Their faces look so meek...
Let's let them be all they can be,
Just visit now and then,
So we can come back soon to see
The guardians of the den...

PoemHunter.com

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The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Guardians Of The Den'.

More Stephen Gayford poems here:
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Denis Martindale

Sweet Dreams

It doesn't matter what you are,
Lion, tiger or bear,
Or small child wishing on a star,
While at the moon you stare...
If you can't sleep, you'll toss and turn,
You'll hate those sad extremes
And how you'll sigh and fondly yearn
The comfort of your dreams...

Your eyes may droop and eyelids, too,
While your nose breathes in deep,
Yet everything you try to do
Proves not enough for sleep...
Insomnia is what it's called
And it gets on our nerves,
When precious resting time gets stalled,
Is that what each deserves?

Sweet dreams, we say to every child,
Sweet dreams and God bless you!
May all your hopes be reconciled
And not just one or two...
Sweet dreams until the morning's here,
Sweet dreams, no more, no less...
Such that you lose all troubles, dear,
And find true happiness!

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The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Sweet Dreams'.

More Stephen Gayford poems here:
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Denis Martindale

Free2rhyme

How blessed are those that choose to write,
Expressing thoughts sublime,
As if to seek the greatest height,
Perchance then free2rhyme...
For they shall find God's thoughts revealed,
From age to age to age,
With precious truths that always yield
Sweet poems page by page...

Thus through the day and through the night,
God's thoughts are shared on Earth,
Such that our weary hearts take flight
Remembering God's worth...
To think, that He should be so kind,
With prophecies and such,
Allowing us to keep in mind
God loves us very much...

I know that there are sad times, too,
Yet faith still proves the key
That's always there for me and you,
For all eternity...
Yes, blessed are those that choose to write,
For they shall learn God's love,
And free2rhyme will gain insight
Till called to Him above...

Just think of all the great rewards
That people could yet gain,
If serving Christ, the Lord of Lords,
God's Gospel to explain...
God's pardon isn't once a year,
It's every day we live,
It's every time that we draw near
And ask Him to forgive...

No wonder, then, God's poets share
Amazing grace and more,
They hear Good News, then kneel in prayer,

Then preach from shore to shore...
If free2rhyme, what strides we'd make,
Improving as we go,
Lost souls to Heaven we could take,
More wonders there to know...

Denis Martindale, copyright, November 2012.

We can hear the word of the Lord on
Revelation TV on UK Sky Digital 581
as well as the WATCH NOW link on
the revelationtv-dot-com website...
Live broadcasts are also on some UK
Freeview HD and Roku set top boxes.

Denis Martindale

Cool Dreams

A slippery seal laid on the ice,
Not far from dreams, it's true,
He twitched his whiskers once or twice,
There's not much else to do...
For when sleep comes and yawns begin
And drooping eyelids fall,
It's then you know you just can't win,
You've got no chance at all...

Your neck slumps down, your muscles flop,
Your breathing changes speed,
Until your mind knows it must stop,
For sleep is what you need...
So off you go, you sleepyhead,
You silly so and so...
There's nothing more that should be said,
Sweet dreams as you breathe slow...

You take your time, flat out, like that,
You know you've done your best,
Keep smiling like the Cheshire cat,
You're bound to wake refreshed!
Beneath the sun, beneath the moon,
Beneath the stars that shine,
Because we know we need sleep soon,
God bless your dreams... and mine...

Denis Martindale, copyright, November 2012.

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Cool Dreams'.

More Stephen Gayford poems here:
denis-martindale-dot-blogspot-dot-com

Denis Martindale

Stand By Your Man!

Across the world, this golden rule
Has paved the way for peace,
It's warmed up hearts that once were cool,
For wonders never cease...
Though times may change from good to bad
And even bad to worse,
This golden rule can make hearts glad,
Bring blessing and not curse...

Across the world, this truth holds fast,
Forgive, forgive, forgive,
Forgiveness heals, until at last,
We love the one we're with...
Life isn't easy, all the time,
Decisions right not wrong,
Sometimes life isn't worth a dime,
It's then, we must be strong...

Across the world, this hope persists,
That love will conquer all,
That's why the world's evangelists
Preach to the great and small...
It doesn't matter who you are,
You must do what you can!
It doesn't matter, near or far,
You must stand by your man!

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Staying Cool

'O.K., that's it! ' the tiger said!
He'd simply had enough!
And in a rage, he shook his head,
Yes, things were looking rough!
He'd searched the jungle for that stream
Because he'd lost his way,
So hot, he wandered in a dream
And thus was bound to stray!

Yet suddenly... he smelt wet leaves,
Their scent upon the air
And thus a long, long sigh he heaves,
'At last, I'm almost there! '
Since staying cool was his concern,
That water saved his skin!
The path that led here he must learn,
So he could get back in!

And all at once, he waded past
The leaves that helped him find
This precious Shangri-La at last
That offered peace of mind...
Tense muscles slumped! His body swayed...
The heat was quickly gone...
And motionless, he thus delayed,
Beneath the sun that shone...

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The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Staying Cool'.

More Stephen Gayford poems here:
denis-martindale-dot-blogspot-dot-com

Denis Martindale

Play Fighting

Two tiger cubs fought tooth and nail
Regardless of the cost,
Each chewing on the other's tail
Such that both tigers lost!
With claws extended to the max,
Ferocious growls to boot,
Then climbing on each other's back
While striving to look cute!

Their little ears were throbbing pain
From scratches and from bites,
The cubs retreated, rushed again,
Determined in their fights...
The other cubs looked on with glee,
Far off and out of range,
As if they'd lost the novelty,
While these two wouldn't change!

Two tiger cubs now nose to nose,
Up close and personal,
Content that they fought blows for blows,
Until one had to fall...
Yet these two cubs would find respect
Within each other's eyes,
Though others thought them incorrect!
Surprise, surprise, surprise!

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Fondness

Two penguins stood in one embrace,
United side-by-side,
Despite the coldness of the place,
They shared a sense of pride...
An inner warmth then grew within,
Like humans often feel,
As fondness grows and dreams begin
When something seems so real...

The ice stayed cold beneath their feet,
The sky stayed blue above,
Yet God knew how they looked so sweet,
As warmth turned into love...
From that day on, these two stayed close,
Contented lives to live,
For each goes where the other goes,
Companionship to give...

That's why they never felt alone,
Each sheltered from remorse,
While others nurtured hearts of stone,
As if the only course...
I envy all that fondness shared,
No matter, day or night,
Alas, for me, nobody cared...
And folks, that just ain't right...

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The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Fondness'.

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Denis Martindale

Son And Heir

A cute-faced cheetah cub rests there,
Oblivious and frail,
He's now a precious son and heir,
A firstborn fragile male...
Just skin and bones and not much more,
Yet as each year goes by,
He'll run so fast upon each paw
You'll think that he can fly!

He'll pick his moments just like those
That race across this land
And sometimes rest as if to pose,
As if to make a stand...
As if to say, he's learnt enough,
He needs no teacher now,
For he's been taught by hate and love
And all the fates allow...

So watch out, world! He bides his time,
One day, he'll rule supreme,
One day, the tallest trees he'll climb,
Though now that's just a dream...
This son and heir will do his best
And not just to survive,
He'll do it just because he's blessed,
To prosper and to thrive...

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The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Son And Heir'.

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Denis Martindale

How To Stay Positive!

Just how can we stay positive
In this old world of ours?
At times, the only hope is IF,
Yet IF is full of powers!
For IF has changed the world before
And it will do again,
Regardless of old Murphy's Law,
When God is guiding men...

IF God above looks down below
And sees what Mankind does,
You can't tell me He doesn't know
When we get in a fuss!
When things go wrong, turn upside down,
Turn inside out as well,
The Lord sees every single frown,
Such things we need not tell...

Yet IF we pray and ask His aid,
Repentant of our sins,
Forgiving when we've grown dismayed,
We'll sense God's love begins...
IF from then on, we read God's Word
And heed the Lord's advice,
His proverbs will be overheard
Such that we'll all think twice...

While all the storms of life persist
And doubts grow strength to strength,
IF holds the power, while in the midst,
To overcome at length...
IF we forsake the awesome grace,
We may deserve our fate,
Yet IF we gaze upon Christ's face,
We'll see He's truly great!

IF He's still on our side, dear friends,
Hold fast sister, brother!
For on the Lord each soul depends...

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Comfort one another!
IF this old world still spins in space
According to God's Word,
Then pray you, too, will grow in grace,
IF grace is still preferred...

For worthy is the Lamb once slain!
What angel died for me?
Christ died my sin-stained soul to gain
And conquered Calvary!
IF God has proved Christ is His Son,
IF God in Him takes pride,
Stay positive in what He's done
As Christ was crucified!

The demons raged, yet each had lost,
Their fate awaits them all,
IF sinners know Christ paid the cost,
Let each one hear His call...
IF not, what hope? IF not, what love?
IF not, then sin has won...
Yet every time I look above,
I'm closer to God's Son...

And even IF I close my eyes,
He lives within my heart,
Christ's presence makes me realise
That living is an art...
IF we hold back, IF we give in,
IF we still lose our way,
The Lord remains our kith and kin,
No matter, come what may!

Just how can we stay positive
In this old world of ours?
At times, the only hope is IF,
Yet IF is full of powers!
For IF has changed the world before
And it will do again,
Regardless of old Murphy's Law,
When God is guiding men...

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Based on Andrew Wommack's Ministries
November 2012 Gospel Truth newsletter:
Staying Positive In A Negative World...

Christian Ministry website: awme-dot-net

Denis Martindale

Comrades

What can be said of wolves as friends,
As comrades, chums or mates,
As each one on his pal depends
And with him celebrates?
Like criminals in cold cahoots,
As callous as they come,
We'll always know them by their fruits,
Yes, all of them, not some...

Yet there they stand, no shame in sight,
No guilt for evil deeds,
Just grins that signal their delight
When either wolf succeeds...
Their partnership was borne of guile,
Now they walk toe-to-toe,
Together for a long, long while,
No matter where they go...

Beware of such as these, beware,
Their hearts are black as coal,
Such that they hunt and fail to care
For any life or soul...
Though they appear like dogs so tame,
They wouldn't hurt a fly,
If you meet them, then you're to blame
If you stand idly by...

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The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Comrades'.

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Denis Martindale

A Regal Pose

One lioness stood out a mile
And thus in stature grows,
As though she had a sense of style,
Possessed a regal pose...
Had she observed some ancient rules
To win such fervent stares?
Did she have eyes like limpid pools
To catch some in her snares?

One lioness transcended all
And others knew their place,
She held the lions in her thrall
Through dignity and grace...
Her hunting skills unbeaten here,
She shifted moods to suit
And chief of all, she knew no fear,
Not foolish, just astute...

One lioness still in her prime,
A prize if courted well,
A noble queen, if given time,
Yet who there could foretell?
A regal pose if seen by Man
Could target her one day,
To steal from her that noble plan
To live her life her way...

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The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'A Regal Pose'.

Denis Martindale

Intrepid

Intrepid tiger, there you are,
Exploring yonder stream,
Each day you've wandered oh so far,
As if life were a dream...
Yet now a cool reality
Surrounds your mortal frame,
Seducing you with ecstasy,
That chills eternal flame...

Your nature isn't quite as strong
Within the water's hold,
As if to say, you don't belong,
With fur so hot, not cold...
Yet there you are, intrepid still,
To claim this next domain,
As if it were an act of will
And just for you to gain...

What creature dares to challenge now?
What creature risks his all?
Before your presence they should bow
And at your feet should fall...
Men cower when they know you're near!
Men gulp and dare not move!
Intrepid one, no need to fear...
You've nothing left to prove!

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The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Intrepid'.

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Denis Martindale

Jungle Pool

White tiger, while you roam your realm,
Your body heat must rise,
Until it's bound to overwhelm
And you resort to sighs...
It's then that jungle pool seems good
Enough to melt each frown,
Such that you cross the neighbourhood
Till you can settle down...

And there it is! Your sighs are done!
You tread soft mud once more
And squish this like you're having fun,
As if that's what it's for...
At first, a shiver runs your spine,
Your ribs then feel the thrill,
But soon, my word, you're feeling fine
As splashes rise and spill...

A soothing swim, a gentle glide,
Your whiskers part the waves,
Such that your dark soul's satisfied,
For such as this it craves...
A precious peace, mid Paradise,
'Twixt Heaven and God's Earth,
The jungle pool is oh so nice,
Much more than you deserve!

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The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Jungle Pool'.

More Stephen Gayford poems here:
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Denis Martindale

Locked On Target

He's locked on target, fully primed,
A tiger through and through,
With all his instincts honed and timed,
So credit where it's due...
His enemy is death itself,
Survival proves the key,
It isn't simply food and health,
He has his destiny...

Long life for him's no easy task,
No easy ride each day,
For who of us is he to ask
Some help along the way?
Thus life goes on, his prey ahead,
The ambush has been set,
Despite the cost, the awful dread,
His victim's last regret...

He's locked on target, neck laid low,
Dismissed all thoughts of love,
As if a halo once aglow
Fell down to form a ruff...
A fancy scarf around his throat,
Against the stripes so black,
That match his heart, for soon he'll gloat,
If he can stay on track...

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The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Locked On Target'.

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Denis Martindale

Penguin Conference

Three prying penguins clustered close,
Their gossip to relay
And almost standing nose-to-nose,
So secrets couldn't stray!
And so began their chinwag there,
Their raucous rendezvous,
With all the latest they could share,
Like naughty penguins do!

Nobody's safe from prying eyes
And there's the living proof!
Three spying penguins seem so wise
Just 'cos they know the truth!
Nobody trusts a single one!
Nobody calls them friends!
You see the gossips have their fun
At everyone's expense!

The pensive penguins pay no heed,
Addicted as they are,
To others and their every deed,
No matter, near or far!
Their conference is all they've got,
For friends they've found and lost...
And though their gossip's sometimes hot,
They, too, must pay the cost...

More Stephen Gayford poems here:
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Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

When The Loneliness Starts

Loneliness starts, I think of her,
Yes, her, just her alone
And inner heartaches then occur,
Because she'll never phone...
Her emails frequent, then so rare,
Then no word came at all...
That was so hard for me to bear,
Morale began to fall...

One day, I woke and realised,
My love for her had died
And no more was she highly prized,
My heart was crucified...
That's no mere rhyme upon the page,
That's meant for poetry,
For that was when I'd reached the stage
Of death on Calvary...

When true love dies and pines no more,
The numbed heart feels no loss,
You see, at last, it knows the score,
Once having known the Cross...
And now my resurrection nears,
New life and love to share...
And that means past love disappears
With my heart's final prayer...

Be gone, old love, that thrilled me so,
Be gone, the lesson's learnt!
Eternal flame of love, please go...
My very soul was burnt!
Perhaps one day I'll smile again,
New love could catch me out...
Just like it's caught out other men
Who see some cute girl pout...

Love's old time-tested tricks deployed,
Flirtatious every one,
Beguiling so we're overjoyed,

Kiss-kiss, let's have some fun...
I'd rather live my life alone,
Than risk my heart and soul...
I'd rather live this life I've known,
At peace, with self-control...

Find someone else! Some innocent,
Some lonely heart that pines,
The sort who thinks love's Heaven sent,
Meant for Saint Valentines...
The sort who strives like I once strove
To prove my love was real...
Love, keep your precious treasure trove,
I need my heart to heal...

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Denis Martindale

Lazyboy Syndrome!

His limbs are numb,
In bottom gear...
He's snoring some,
But he can't hear...
He's found new joy
From Alpha waves...
Poor Lazyboy,
Now sleep he craves...

He needs coffee!
Caffeine's not there...
In Dreamland, see
And gorn all care...
The future's bleak
And black as well,
Yet Lazyboy,
He just can't tell...

As he wakes up,
Sore neck and back,
Maybe leg cramp
Fresh from the sack...
Lazyboy stirs!
Beware! Take care!
It's then he'll curse
His comfy chair!

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Bonkers For Conkers!

A tiny chestnut tree grew tall
To span the decades well
And in the Autumn or the Fall,
Its spiky conkers fell...
The green leaves lost their chlorophyll,
Became like gold leaf's glow
And children gathered with the thrill,
Grabbed conkers then would go...

A piece of string, a three inch nail
And soon it's testing time,
For some succeed while others fail,
No reason and no rhyme...
Some are champions, born to win,
Despite a crack or two,
As if so brave they won't give in,
They're forced to see things through...

The chestnut tree stayed where it was,
Of fights it wasn't told,
But if it knew, it would be cross,
Because that's kind of cold...
Its children smashed to smithereens,
Defenceless every one,
By human children, even teens,
As if such games were fun...

Tremendous trees deserve much more,
Their grandeur warms the heart...
Alas, Man has no Conkers Law,
So no-one makes a start...
Thus conkers end up fighting fights,
While children laugh with glee,
For all of these lack wise insights,
Hence inhumanity...

Now you may giggle, laugh and snort!
Why should you care at all?
I bet you never gave a thought,

Why should you? You've left school...
Should conker contests carry on?
Or should we get them banned?
If all the chestnut trees were gone,
Perhaps you'd understand...

Denis Martindale

The Power Of The Word

Faith is following where Heaven leads,
Even if told to be tranquil,
Held safe within its stillness and peace.

Alone in my room,
The vision unfolded,
A landscape, a green field.

Falling from the sky,
Church walls tumbling,
Stone floor appearing.

Bright sky disappearing,
Church roof landing,
Stained glass windows shining.

Pews out of thin air,
To the left and right,
The scent of roses forming...

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Words flying all about me,
Holy hymns of years gone by,
Sounds of laughter and tears...

Children giggling at humour,
Then flying smiles above me,
Twirling in small circles...

Words drawing closer to me,
Nestling upon my heart,
Sinking into me, warming me...

Such were and are God's gifts,
For my season of life,
For this portion and beyond...

For others shall feast with me,
Upon the written themes,
The visions and the dreams...

Look, a child approaches,
Knows my name, shakes my hand,
Calls me brother, calls me friend...

Speaking words without sounds,
Words cascading from his mouth,
Telepathic transmissions...

Yet who am I to be so blessed?
What did I do to deserve my calling?
I am only a child myself...

A child of God, adopted,
Grafted into the form of Israel,
The olive tree of faith...

I am moved... tears flow...
Words elude me, what can I say?
Then the words come...

THANK YOU, LORD, THANK YOU!

Denis Martindale, copyright, October 2012.

We can hear the word of the Lord on
Revelation TV on UK Sky Digital 581
as well as the WATCH NOW link on
the revelationtv-dot-com website...

Denis Martindale

Eaten In Eden

Eve, the Mother of Mothers,
Woken from her first sleep,
Thoughts coursing through her brain,
Accepting every sight and sound,
Sensing the presence of her humanity...

This form was all she was,
It ended there beyond herself,
Yet there before her some likeness,
Some extra humanity...

Words within her telling her things,
Recognising colours and forms,
Seeing flying birds and crawling creatures,
Seeing eyes looking back at her...

Ears, what were these hidden in her hair?
Detectors of left and right events,
Alert to buzzing of bees, eagles landing,
Her own movements across the grass...

And hands and feet, shaped alike,
Fit for purpose, yet what purpose?
Then there were bones within warm skin,
Yet even more, blue lines above bones.

Strange endings, nails, hard skins,
Fingers and toes curling, gripping,
Chest curves hiding the human heart,
More bones front and back,
Being able to twist left and right...

Hair, strange, without senses, dead,
Like twigs on trees, hanging down,
Then an awareness of something,
There between two eyes, a shape,
A mere blur when the eyes are open,
One eye closed and it appears...

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And what is that drawing in and forcing out?
The chest filling and emptying,
Yet again, for what purpose?
Oh, my, the amazing concept of the head,
A heavy rock to carry, perhaps for balance?

And a falling gap for thoughts to share,
Leaving her head to venture forth,
And thus she talks and walks to Adam,
To be touched and embraced, softly,
To feel the warmth of his skin...

Is that how she looks with hair and form,
With arms and legs, fingers and toes,
A few differences, yet much the same?
If so, then why, for what purpose?
Strange thoughts tumbling within,
Puzzled frowns upon her brow...

What am I? What are you? What are we?
And slowly the answers unfolding before her,
As if she were a child beside him,
Needing to be taught afresh, listening,
Yet feeling inferior for lack of knowledge,
Surely knowledge is power, to be desired?

And what now? Rules? Told what to do?
This, yes, that, no? For what purpose?
Confusion as to Creation, her creation,
All these creatures, lovely, ugly, why?

Birds flying, yet she had no wings, why?
Forced to walk, forced to run, but why?
Flying is easier, faster, more beautiful...
Adam, fellow humanity, fellow thinker,
Does he know all the answers?
No, he only knows a few answers...

Feeling weakness, inferiority, not being wise,
So many secrets, things unexplained,
Curious, needing answers, feeling left out,
Burdened with strange doubts, as if unloved,

As if not counted trustworthy to know...

But even now, more strangeness,
A creature that talks as well,
A fellow thinker, with questions, too,
A serpent, nothing more,
A fragile thing easily crushed underfoot,
Another reason to tread carefully...

What's that? Eat of the forbidden fruit?
Creator keeping secrets from us?
Holding back both wisdom and power?
But why? For what purpose?
Too many questions. Something's wrong here.
Heart aching for answers, yet no-one in sight...

Just one bite, that can't hurt, can it?
Something eaten in Eden...
And so the fruit is swallowed and death was born.
Something new under the sun, manmade...
Something that changed everything...

Denis Martindale

Trixie The Pixie!

Trixie the Pixie was crying,
She'd simply had enough!
As her tiny heart was dying
Each time she fell in love!

She picked the wrong dude every time,
She hadn't got a clue!
There was no reason and no rhyme
For stupid things dudes do!

She swore she'd never fall again!
She hated dudes to bits!
She hated Bill! She hated Ben!
In fact, she called them TWITS!

But then she found her Romeo
Who swept her off her feet!
She followed him each place he'd go,
Then casually meet!

PoemHunter.com

Yes, to her, this dude was better
Than all she'd known before...
So she sent this dude a letter,
So that he'd know the score...

She wrote he was the one for her,
She had no doubts in mind,
She hoped for something to occur,
If he could be so kind...

He held her letter in his hand,
Then held it to his heart...
Although this wasn't what he'd planned,
He'd loved her from the start!

He knew she'd got a heart of gold,
A treasure beyond worth,
Girl Pixie hearts are warm not cold,
The kindest on this Earth...

In Pixie Town, he bought a ring!
He practiced on one knee...
Proposed that night, felt like a king
And married sweet Trixie!

Twelve years have flown, yet love remains!
They've got ten Pixie boys!
When Christmas comes, not one complains!
Man, you should see their toys!

So don't give up, love's worth the wait,
Be patient for a while...
I know it's something that we hate,
But when love comes, you'll smile!

Don't be like Bill! Don't be like Ben!
Don't cause dudettes distress!
Let girls be girls, let men be men...
Let each share happiness!

Denis Martindale

My Favourite Poem!

On the first reading, I realised
I wasn't actually, truthfully
Savouring the phrases.

I tried a second time,
Reciting it at half speed,
Emphasising each word.

I paused here and there,
Letting each thought glide...
The poetry becoming precious.

I printed the verses one-by-one,
Choosing a fabulous font,
Calligraphy enhancing them well.

I went out shopping for a frame,
This poem deserved something noble,
Outstanding and ornate...

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Oh, what pains I took at home,
Fitting that poem in that frame...
There, it's done, hung upon the wall.

Above the fireplace, for all to see...
To change everyone who reads it,
Simply because it's that good...

Denis Martindale

Stand Up To Cancer

The human body's all we are
Till we explore this life,
It doesn't matter, near or far,
We find both joy and strife,
Such that we learn from history
How life was lived before
And from statistics, we can see
Something we can't ignore...

The world gets changed each time we smile
And also, when we cry,
But no-one wants to face the trial
When Cancer comes close by...
Though Doctors treat and Nurses soothe
And families make a fuss,
The whole world needs to know the truth...
The future's up to us...

How precious life has always been,
Donations prove that's true,
Research helps Man to intervene,
So credit where it's due...
Prevention stays the target still,
Till then, one thing's unsure,
When Cancer comes to make us ill,
Are we part of the cure?

What if we give before instead?
What if we donate now?
What if we give in time ahead
By simply asking how?
What if together money's raised
So Cancer's on the run?
Perhaps that's how we'll be amazed,
The day we think as one...

That's why support for charities
Is thought to be sublime,
Such that we share some hope, some peace,

Perhaps some extra time...
Since Cancer harms both young and old,
Beyond each smoker's brand,
It's up to us, be brave, be bold
And thus to take a stand...

Denis Martindale

Please, God! Choose Someone Else!

The bestest writer in the werld!
Terror tales sending footsies curled!
Or soppy stuff thats full of love,
Romantic dreams that proved enough...

Yeah, Id write stuff to make folks laugh,
A few tears for an epitaph
And sci-fi, too, for Star Truck fans,
Falls well with in my future plans!

Yeah, cloke and dagger stuffs OK,
With Bond, James Bond, to save the day!
The hero chases for a mile,
The villain giggles with a smile!

Wots that, Lord? Me, write poetry?
Forgive me, Lord, but thats potty!
No fame or fortune writing rimes
When heres a hero fighting crimes!

Oh, God! Please, God! Choose someone else!
My wallets sounding warning bells!
Im skint already, its not fair!
I want to be a millunaire!

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Camelot

In ancient times, young Arthur stood,
Above the stubborn stone
That held a destiny so good,
For one and one alone...
Who held the sword within its power
Would rule the kingdom well
And suddenly, within the hour,
That secret it must tell...

When Arthur pulled and pushed the sword,
He learnt the lesson there,
That strength alone is self-assured,
A King must show a care...
As force is just the start, not all,
It's wisdom that each needs
And blessed are those who hear its call,
Without it, none succeeds...

When Merlin played his magic arts
With potions and dark spells,
His incantations fooled men's hearts
With showmanship that sells,
The kind that seems salvation's friend,
Yet pagan were his ways,
Perhaps until his very end
When he, the Lord, obeys...

Meantime, King Arthur had a dream,
A city built with love,
Where men were noble not extreme,
Still courteous though tough...
If peace could blossom like the rose,
Men had no cause to fight,
No need for men to come to blows,
To prove the best or right...

Thus Arthur chose his noblemen,
His knights who'd won their spurs,
With them, he strove for peace to gain,

No matter what occurs...
While wisdom led him by the hand,
His heart and head were one,
Such that his fame had crossed the land
From dawn to setting sun...

But Fate was working in the courts
Where justice was dispensed,
Such that King Arthur heard reports
And he became incensed...
A rage then festered in his soul
Through infidelity
And of his wife he lost control,
Despaired eternally...

Such is the bond 'twixt man and wife,
Let no man come between,
Else fear to lose his very life,
If he should intervene...
When Merlin heard the sorry state,
He mourned for Arthur's loss,
He wept at this, the twist of Fate,
As callous as Christ's cross...

The Queen discovered lust cares not
For commoner or King,
Not even there in Camelot,
Could she escape its sting...
For like a scorpion's deadly kiss,
Was lust the final flaw,
That killed a kingdom's wondrous bliss
And shook it to the core...

Think not, that Camelot was spared
The rumours and the sighs,
Though many noblemen still cared
Despite those that despise...
With heads held low, for shame, for grief,
Their legend tainted thus,
One knight fought on in his belief
The Holy Grail heals us...

And so he journeyed far and wide,
Christ's cup to heal the hurt,
Yet who knows if it was supplied?
Because the legend's blurred...
Some say it was, by grace, in time
And Arthur was restored
And Camelot endured sublime,
Blessed by our Sovereign Lord...

Yet others tell of Arthur's death,
Excalibur returned
And with the parting of his breath,
Was Arthur's dream now spurned...
But this I know, of all Man's dreams,
God's roses truly grow
Within the hearts that spurn extremes
And yearn for Christ to know...

It's not the chalice that can heal,
Forgive or mend the mind,
It's just God's grace that grants appeal,
Atonement, pure and kind...
A godly knight can journey lands,
His quest may guide him well,
Yet only Jesus understands
How Heaven saves from Hell...

Did Merlin find God's grace at last?
Did Lancelot find peace?
Did Arthur overcome the past?
The legends never cease...
Such legends now are all we've got,
That's why they're highly prized...
Yet Christians wait God's Camelot,
The Golden Age of Christ!

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Denis Martindale

A Mother's Protection

The zebra foal's Mother was wise,
She kept the foal at bay,
So that no other zebra tries
To coax her foal away...
And so they bond the first few days,
Beneath the searing sun
And thus the foal with Mother stays...
Its life has just begun.

Together now and side-by-side,
The two unite with love,
A sight that fills the Lord with pride
As He looks from above...
For love is all that has true worth,
To stand the test of time...
Ask anyone upon this Earth,
They'll tell you it's sublime...

The foal is destined to survive,
If given proper care
And left to live will surely thrive
With Mother standing there...
As decades come, as decades go,
Each zebra roams the land,
Content to see the whole herd grow
The way that God has planned...

Denis Martindale, copyright, October 2012.

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'A Mother's Protection'.

Denis Martindale

Lookout Rock

The Timber Wolf's a wary beast,
As cautious as can be
And this young wolf was mighty pleased
At all that he could see...
His lookout rock gave him full view
Of front, back, left and right,
Conserving strength helped him get through,
That suited him just right...

Not many humans could survive
The coldness in the air,
Fur coats are fine, but who can thrive
With coldness everywhere?
Sometimes the days are twilight times,
The sun's a distant friend,
It's then each wolf more wisely climbs,
Its safety to defend...

The Timber Wolf endures it all,
It lives from day-to-day
And few ignore its mountain call,
Although most stay away...
But those who see it roaming wild,
Stand still and stare direct,
As if by beauty they're beguiled
And show it some respect...

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The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Lookout Rock'.

More Stephen Gayford poems here:
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Denis Martindale

Curiosity

The dolphin's such a gracious gift,
With wisdom all its own,
With love that grants a precious lift,
In groups or all alone...
As if this world with wonders strewn,
Was meant to be explored,
Beneath the sun, beneath the moon,
Defiant, self-assured!

The dolphin scans its world ahead
As well as all around,
For by its sensors, it's been led,
With echoes that rebound...
And, oh, what splendours each will find,
What colours yet to see,
Some still unknown by humankind,
But savoured privately!

Stay curious, my dolphin friend!
Explore for all you're worth!
And may your daydreams never end,
As you, with us, share Earth...
Stay curious, by day, by night,
Indeed, your whole life through!
To me, you're such a wondrous sight,
That's why I'll pray for you!

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The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Curiosity'.

More Stephen Gayford poems here:
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Denis Martindale

Snow Tigers

The tigers nestled in the snow,
Oblivious to cold,
Content within the twilight glow,
So wondrous to behold...
With light enough to take their ease,
Before the night set in
And grant the cubs a sense of peace
Among their kith and kin...

United in their Shangri-La,
The royal family
Reflected how they'd come so far,
This very night to see...
The stars a distant twisting scroll,
The moon a crescent curl,
A single cloud out on patrol,
A pale white circling pearl...

With tigers' eyes as witnesses
As if to testify,
There was joy in all God blesses
On Earth and in the sky...
Snow tigers felt this joy inside
With every heartbeat made.
If they could roam the whole world wide,
Their joy would never fade...

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The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Snow Tigers'.

More Stephen Gayford poems here:
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Denis Martindale

The Peculiar Poetry Competition

The £10,000 prize attracted numerous contributions,
Some national and some as distant as Australia.
All poetry submitted by email for a specific purpose,
So that the emails could be filtered upon their arrival...

Folders had been created and incoming filters, too,
With keywords like God, Jesus or the Holy Spirit.
Other folders received names or places or events.
Other folders received specific topics or famous causes.
Other folders received swear words or hate words...

Then there were extra folders for specific spelling errors,
Punctuation queries or historical interpretations...
Finally, the hundreds left in the Inbox were considered...
One human judge had been selected to read these.
Usually, with his or her decision being final...

As a published poet, he was truly determined to do well.
This was his golden opportunity to find something precious.
Using his own poetry-reading filters as to what pleased him,
Vibrant themes, exquisite rhymes, rhythms and romance...

Dividing the surviving poets into men, women, boys and girls,
He searched for something profound beyond the norm...
Something that didn't involve the mere commonplace,
Something that didn't rewrite poems already done.

Twenty poems remained from the hundreds he'd read.
Each impossibly wonderful, yet there they were...
All by the same poet, with each meriting special regard.
The judge cautiously informed the competition organisers,
Who, at first, were amazed, for they couldn't believe it.

The winning poet lived in the same street as he did...
She had known the poetry judge for several years.
She was well aware of all his poetry preferences...
She'd written each rhyming poem as if for him alone,
Using time-tested sage advice to write-what-you-know.

He had no inkling of these actions behind the scenes,
He just knew her poetry was truly magical, wonderful...
The organisers heard him read these powerful poems out,
Nodding their immediate winsome approval at each one.
Without a single doubt, her poems were awesome, lovely.

But for the life of them, nobody could select a winner.
The poems were so special they enhanced each other.
They had to be joint winners, no other choice possible,
Each worthy, receiving its rightful share of the prize.

Brenda Burton received her well-deserved winnings.
She donated it all to the Oxfam charity to help save lives.
Along with her gift aid entitlement, the blessing increased.
Her photo was in the papers, pictured next to the judge.
Yes, many thought there was a secret romance behind it all,
Yet the only romance was in the poetry itself... honest.

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Denis Martindale

Knight In Shining Armour

The valiant hero stood his ground,
Defiant in the sun,
His shining armour shone around
On almost everyone!
The crowd assembled, like they do,
As if to cheer him on,
The villain of the piece to boo,
As if he'd soon be gone...

The villain slapped his gauntlet there,
Right on the hero's cheek!
The hero trembled with a glare
That some thought quite unique...
'How darest thou, thou craven knave!
Now suffer for that slight! '
Back to their horses they marched brave,
The knave against the knight!

The horses tensed their muscles hard
To bear the extra weight,
The two men posed and then 'En guard! '
Their faces full of hate...
A preacher begged them to repent,
Make peace, but would they hell...
'Oh, dear...' said he, then off he went,
Looked back and bade farewell...

The fight began, as most fights do,
Courageous to a fault,
They beat each other black and blue
And then they called a halt...
Time-out for nose bleeds to calm down
And nervous knees to rest...
Before they sought the victor's crown
And comely maiden's chest...

The villain twirled his moustache back,
That drove the hero wild!
He gave the villain's rump a whack

And that sure got him riled!
'How darest thou! ' was his retort
And soon revenge was his!
The hero's rump got what it ought,
The villain couldn't miss!

The crowd was in hysterics now,
Guffaws were everywhere...
The hero wiped his sweaty brow
And thought, 'The cads don't care! '
With that, he turned and rode away,
To head for yonder hill...
His rump was sore, his heart was gay,
His armour shining still...

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Denis Martindale

Bridget And The Bridge

Young Bridget was a cautious soul,
Not one to risk her all,
She'd rather have her self-control
Than jump up high then fall...
That's why she froze one Summer's day,
When at the bridge she stood...
She didn't trust the stones or clay,
She didn't trust the wood!

While others crossed the bridge ahead,
She watched through gritted teeth,
With one almighty sense of dread
That strengthened disbelief...
Yet there she stood while buses drove,
Full up for all to see,
Her mind, though numbed, for courage strove,
Yet brave she wouldn't be...

So Bridget made her way back home,
As if she had no choice,
As if no more from home to roam,
While she regained her poise...
Though fifty years have come and gone,
The bridge remains quite strong...
While Bridget lived her life alone,
Still asking, 'Was I wrong? '

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Denis Martindale

The Invaders!

I heard a kind of whirring noise
Outside the house today!
A spaceship landed! Oh, what joys!
I said, 'Oi, go away!
You can't park there, it's private land!
We've paid the mortgage, too...
And that's where our extension's planned,
So clear off, why don't you! ? '

The Captain marched straight up to me
And grabbed me by the throat!
The cheeky swine! No courtesy!
He even tore my coat...
He pulled the sleeves off one-by-one!
Then threw them on the ground!
His crewmates laughed and thought it fun,
As I stood still and frowned!

'How dare you, sir! ' I told him straight!
But he gave no regard...
In fact, he stared at me with hate,
Right there in our backyard!
He zapped our rooftop aerial
And laughed right in my face!
'You've gone too far, you stupid fool...
Go on, go back to space! '

He tweeked my nose! He kissed my lips!
He even messed my hair!
And then he poked me in the ribs!
That's something I can't bear!
'Just you wait here! You alien! '
And then I went inside...
My Mother-In-Law came out and then
They shrieked and ran to hide!

She chased them here, she chased them there!
Two frying pans went BLAM!
The spaceship soon flew in the air

When she told them to scram!
She sewed my sleeves back on once more,
So my coat looked brand new!
Guys, without my Mother-In-Law,
I don't know what I'd do...

Denis Martindale, copyright, October 2012.

Denis Martindale

The Journey Home

The elephant was on her way,
Her calf was close nearby,
You should've seen their bodies sway,
Both marching, heads held high!
'Keep up with me! Left, right! Left, right! '
The calf was telling Mum,
The two of them were quite a sight,
Since so far had they come...

For many miles, the calf endured,
Without a thought to stop,
But Mum, of course, was quite assured,
His legs would flip and flop...
His trunk would droop and trail the ground,
His pace no longer fast,
With barely strength to make a sound,
As even more miles past...

And sure enough, she heard those words,
That parents often get...
The journey home, it's for the birds!
'Hey, Mum, are we there yet! ? '
'A few miles more! ' she told him straight...
He moaned and groaned, of course...
It's just right then, though life was great,
He'd rather be a horse!

Denis Martindale, copyright, October 2012.

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'The Journey Home'.

More Stephen Gayford poems here:
denis-martindale-dot-blogspot-dot-com

Denis Martindale

Indian Reflections

The tiger waded further on,
He had some place to go,
Somewhere to be, where sunlight shone,
So bright as if aglow!
Not here, while waters gently stream,
Reflections here and there,
Confusing him, as in some dream,
That caught him unaware...

The river's mud stirred up and swirled,
Reflections came and went,
Such that he strode a worried world,
His time there almost spent...
While bubbles surfaced now and then
To pop and disappear!
Such wonders were beyond his ken,
The kind he needn't fear...

The tiger looked back one last time,
Content that he must leave,
Although at first it felt sublime,
He saw no cause to grieve...
The river would be here next week,
Upon his glad return!
For now, his feet dry land would seek...
His legend he must earn!

Denis Martindale, copyright, October 2012.

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Indian Reflections'.

More Stephen Gayford poems here:
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Denis Martindale

Phantom Of The North!

Behold the Phantom of the North,
The wild, white wolf of old!
His legends nightly going forth
And in hushed tones are told...
Of how he glides across the snow,
Or leaps to touch the sky!
A ghostly figure none should know
And no need asking why...

Behold the Phantom 'twixt the trees,
One second here, then gone!
Of all the forest's fantasies,
There's much to ponder on...
For like a spectre seen at night,
That chills you to the bone,
Be thankful yet, despite the fright,
That he walks on his own!

Behold the Phantom face-to-face!
Stand fast if courage lets,
Or flee far from that awesome place,
As if without regrets...
The Phantom fears no coward soul,
He's seen them run before!
As long as each one knows his role,
He'll howl forevermore!

Denis Martindale, copyright, October 2012.

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Phantom Of The North'.

More Stephen Gayford poems here:
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Denis Martindale

Octobrrr!

Dear friends, it's been getting colder,
We're further from the Sun...
I feel pain that's in each shoulder,
We all know that's no fun!
We're reaching for more clothes to wear
With thermal thickness, too,
So that we've got a chance to bear
The winds that go right through...

The weather changes day-by-day,
But darkness creeps each night,
We'll change the clocks along the way,
As if that makes things right...
With scarves and gloves, we'll battle on!
Face coughs and sneezes yet
They take so long before they're gone
And fill us with regret...

While some enthuse that Autumn's here,
Most dread how seasons change,
For many hold the Summer dear
And think that Autumn's strange...
But Winter's coming, ice and snow,
With Christmas once again...
Thus hope still lives, for this we know,
Each year since way back when...

Drive carefully and stay alert,
Look out for one and all,
Yes, do your best so none gets hurt,
No matter, great or small...
Octobrrr's just the solemn start,
First steps till each year ends,
So now's the time, be bold, take heart,
Fight on with faith, dear friends...

Denis Martindale, copyright, Octobrrr 2012.

Denis Martindale

When I'M Ready!

The tiger climbed his favourite hill
To find his favourite spot,
Somehow that tiger got a thrill,
Up there, though feeling hot...
It wasn't in the shade, that's true,
But, oh, what scenery!
So when, for him, not much to do,
Friends knew where he would be...

'He's off again! ' they'd all observe,
The young 'uns saw him leave,
Some tigers thought, 'He's got a nerve,
We've hardly time to breathe! '
He gave no thought to what they thought,
He wouldn't change his mind!
He was aloof, somewhat self-taught,
In fact, the lonesome kind...

So he stretched out on granite rock,
Content to see the sights...
Why not? He'd never seen a clock,
Especially at these heights...
The hours passed, he stayed flat out,
'Come down, you so-and-so! '
'When I'm ready! ' they heard him shout,
'Till then, I'll stay not go! '

Denis Martindale, copyright, October 2012.

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'When I'm Ready'.

More Stephen Gayford poems here:
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Denis Martindale

Savannah Slumber

Sometimes a lioness must sleep
Despite her cubs in-tow,
Into the Land of Nod to creep,
With eyelids hanging low...
And long deep breaths soon come around
To signal her retreat,
Until she hears a purring sound
From one cub small and sweet...

She almost made it! Both eyes closed!
'What now! ? ' she thinks once more,
Yet her young scamp has just imposed,
So how can she ignore?
Can't someone else please help her out?
They look the other way...
Alas, there's not one friend about!
How typical today!

She still pretends she's fast asleep!
But he's a pesky pest!
Despite the fact she's like a heap,
I don't think he's impressed!
So up she gets, left paw, right paw,
Then back legs follow suit...
Now's not the time to sleep and snore!
'Hey, Mum, don't I look cute! ? '

Denis Martindale, copyright, October 2012.

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Savannah Slumber'.

More Stephen Gayford poems here:
denis-martindale-dot-blogspot-dot-com

Denis Martindale

Arctic Icons

When Polar Bears walk on the ice,
Their tootsies somewhat cold,
It isn't much like Paradise,
If I may be so bold...
You wouldn't catch me visiting,
With smiles upon my face,
I'd only stand there wondering
About some warmer place!

Though nothing new beneath the sun
And lack of scenery,
The Mummy Bear and little one,
Seemed happy, I'll agree.
Perhaps their coats were just enough
To help those two survive,
Yet both of them seemed warmed by love,
In fact, it made them thrive!

Though humans pose for photographs,
Say 'Cheese! ' to form a smile,
These Polar Bears were sharing laughs
That lingered for a while...
As humans, we've got memories,
A treasure trove within...
So like these Polar Bears, find peace...
Press on and don't give in!

Denis Martindale, copyright, October 2012.

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Arctic Icons'.

Denis Martindale

The Poet And The Angel

The poet woke up in his bed, he dressed and faced the day,
Not knowing what lay just ahead, he paused as if to pray.
Then suddenly, the angel came, right there within his room,
So how could things then stay the same? For that none could assume.

'Write down the words that I impart! ' the angel told him straight
And thus the poet made a start, in fact, he couldn't wait!
'Repent and mend your ways on Earth! Repent and start again!
Repent for every soul has worth. Repent for God not men! '

The poet nodded his consent, the words now on the page,
For this was always God's intent, as seen from age-to-age.
'The choice is yours and yours alone! The same for every man!
And Jesus waits the ones who've shown they wish to serve God's plan! '

How true, the poet sagely thought, there's no excuse at all.
We ought to do the things we're taught, or else we're bound to fall.
'You still have time to do what's right! Repent and serve the Lord!
Arise, stand fast, walk in the light, or else lose your reward! '

Of course, the poet's heart agreed, for that made perfect sense
To each lost soul that saw the need and each one that repents.
He asked the angel, 'Who's this for, lost Gentile or lost Jew? '
The angel shook him to the core, 'These words are just for you...'

Denis Martindale

The Fairy Of Light

Some say that fairies don't exist!
Yet children know they do!
That's why their legends still persist,
Perhaps you've heard them, too!

If not, then listen to the tale,
Of one sweet fairy girl
With hair of gold yet skin so pale
Her face looked like a pearl...

Near to the Palace, there she danced
And then her wings took flight...
A Prince who saw her watched entranced,
'Well done, Fairy of Light! '

And though quite shy, she had to smile,
For compliments were rare
And when she landed in a while,
She waited for him there...

PoemHunter.com

And pretty soon love cast its spell,
Romance was utter bliss,
Such that before they said farewell
They shared a tender kiss!

Her wings fell off, her magic gone!
For she was mortal now,
Yet still they kissed and carried on,
Oblivious somehow...

The Prince felt sorry, held her hand
And then caressed her cheek
And tried to make her understand
That she was still unique...

And so they wed and danced each night,
In love for all to see,
The Prince and the Fairy of Light,
In perfect harmony...

Denis Martindale, copyright, October 2012.

The poem is based on the Breast Cancer Campaign figurine, The Fairy of Light sold on the Shopping TV channels, bid-tv, price-drop-tv and speedauction-tv.

Denis Martindale

The Loneliest Man In The World

Almost sixty, just weeks to go,
Yes, less than twenty days
And only God above to know
Of how the future plays...
As time flies by, the hours fade
Like sunshine clear and bright,
Surrendering, yet unafraid,
Like all to sacred night...

The year has almost run its course,
October greets me now
And with its coldness I close doors,
Conserving heat somehow...
It seems my heart is double-glazed
Just like the window panes,
Such that for grace the Lord is praised,
For benefits and gains...

Almost sixty, just weeks then done,
Outliving Mum and Dad
And even then, their younger son,
The brother I once had...
At home, alone for every day,
No other voice is heard,
At home, alone yet here I pray,
Despite what has occurred...

How long I'll live, the Lord must choose
For He holds centre stage,
Till then I'll preach my points of views
As if within this cage...
This house called home where no wife smiles,
This place where no child laughs,
Is where my heart still reconciles
My choices and my paths...

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Denis Martindale

Risk-It-All-Ogy

And what is risk-it-all-ogy?
What does that mean to us?
Response to eschatology,
End times that cause a fuss!
From folks who store up extra food
That's meant to last them years,
To folks that get a solemn mood
That fills them with new fears!

Who knows how many lives will change
Through ancient prophecies,
From cultures that we think as strange
That tell us Man will cease?
Or maybe this old world takes on
Some greater consciousness
That means Man's sinful thoughts are gone,
Replaced by happiness.

Some think of Christ and Antichrist
From Scriptures old and new...
And many saints will be baptised
And pray, 'What must we do? '
While others merely laugh and scoff
At thoughts of World War Three,
That Christ the Lord will rapture off
The likes of you and me...

Will chaos rule December time?
Will Christmas come at all?
Will folks rejoice with joy sublime
Like it's a miracle?
'Thank God we didn't die! ' they'll say,
'The turkey's almost done! '
Will Christians watch their children play
And praise God for His Son?

While folks get fattened by their feasts,
With further meals to carve,
Not all can eat these slaughtered beasts...

How many others starve?
How many victims get ignored
Despite Man's prophecies,
While folks buy food and hoard and hoard
And think the Lord they please?

Denis Martindale, copyright, October 2012.

We can hear the word of the Lord on
Revelation TV on UK Sky Digital 581
as well as the WATCH NOW link on
the revelationtv-dot-com website...

Denis Martindale

Happy Birthday, Bid Tv!

God bless you on your birthday!
Thank you for Megadeals!
When prices plummet all the way
That's something that appeals!

It's then that we are most inclined,
To switch our TVs on...
So many bargains we can find...
Act fast before they're gone!

First come, first served! Get on that phone!
Sometimes to multibuy!
So many Christmas gifts to own,
Oh, my, oh, my, oh, my!

Of course, it helps to save a pound,
Yet there's much more to tell...
To think,12 years you've been around,
With penny deals as well...

PoemHunter.com

Framed Stephen Gayfords now and then,
Fantastic fashions, too...
And with gifts for home and garden,
Let's thank God for Freeview!

You're my favourite of all stations...
You share such happiness!
So enjoy your celebrations!
12 years of sweet success...

Denis Martindale, copyright, October 2012.

Bid TV is on UK's Sky and Virgin Media
as well as Freesat and Freeview and
there's a live broadcast on its website.

Denis Martindale

Hexperience

The wizard was quite new to it,
He tried to pick his words,
For magic didn't care one bit
If wizards thought like nerds...
If wizards conjured up a spell
And language wasn't learned,
Then they could simply go to Hell
If wisdom wasn't earned...

A wonky wand was no excuse,
The girls were not impressed,
It wasn't something folks would choose
If folks would do their best...
And floppy hats get equal stick,
For leaning left or right,
Or front or back, well take your pick,
Each looks a sad old sight...

And as for brooms, what can we say?
Loose bristles falling out
And pretty soon they roll away,
Here, there and all about...
Watch out for splinters, if you're wise,
As they'll sneak up on you
And quickly bring tears to your eyes
When you don't want them to!

The wizard phoned his friend at work!
'What does HIMTARKO mean? '
The friend told him he was a berk,
'Look down, your legs are green! '
Ten wizards tried to cheer him up...
There, as sick as a dog...
'Come on, now, drink! Yes, drain the cup! '
He turned into a frog!

He croaked complaints as they checked books!
They cast spells day and night!
He gave them all such dirty looks,

For none could solve his plight!
Their magic wasn't worth a dime!
Now magic's not his scene...
Frog potions wear off after time,
Alas, his legs stayed green...

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Denis Martindale

Undiscovered Poetry!

Stored in the future, not yet born,
Are poems still to write,
To grant hope to the hearts forlorn
That seek some new insight.
And none can force themes to exist
Until Fate takes a hand,
Be patient, yes, but still persist
For time to understand...

That mind of yours is something else,
Computing all the while,
So listen out for warning bells,
Then start your stanza style.
Some phrase will trigger in your mind!
You must know what I mean!
A phrase that makes you so inclined
That now you're really keen...

That pen and paper idling there,
Have purpose just like you!
For suddenly you're made aware
Exactly what to do!
The undiscovered poetry
Has chosen you once more,
With either joy or urgency
It hopes you won't ignore!

The revelation reaches out!
It wraps around your brain!
It cuddles close so there's no doubt!
Who knows what you will gain?
It could be solemn, mystical,
Prophetic or profound...
It could be quite adorable,
In fact, it might astound!

The rhymes may bounce across the page
Like drunken kangeroos!
Or settle down at centre stage

With formal points of views!
Who knows? You could get published soon
In some anthology!
If so, I guess it's time to swoon,
You've better luck than me!

Denis Martindale

A Tribute To Blake

When I behold the works of Blake, his visions to unfold,
I see the journey I must take to sift out all that gold.
I see the sun, the moon and stars, the tiger and the lamb,
I see Man's sin that often bars from God, the great I AM.
I look at Adam and at Eve, once holy in God's sight,
Until the day they had to leave God's Garden of Delight.
When Satan's subtle serpent's hiss shared whispers soft and low.
Such that nigh Eve, truths went amiss and sins they, too, would know.

When Adam found poor Abel dead, what thoughts ran through his mind?
For Cain, his angry thoughts had fed and rocks weren't hard to find.
And while times past, not even kings were free from sin's embrace,
And were not slaves their underlings, to favour or erase?
To think, that Blake could weave his spell, depict the good and bad
And with his visions, tales to tell, the wondrous and the sad.
And even now, his art survives the centuries untamed,
With verses scrawled, till truth arrives, anointed and enflamed!

What righteous thoughts the prophet shared, recalling Bethlehem,
A thousand angels Heaven spared near to Jerusalem.
The poet knows their harmonies, the artist knows their joys,
No wonder, then, Blake pictured peace with Scriptures as his choice.
Such precious prose writ for that time, produced a millionfold,
Such that his legacy's sublime, distinctive, faithful, bold.
Could you devote your life to art? Could you excel like Blake?
If so, God bless your noble heart, as you, your journey take!

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Denis Martindale

Gethsemane Miracle!

Alone He walked for private prayer, disciples holding fast,
Christ's countenance that of despair, His hour had come at last.
Gethsemane was quiet now, as twilight there encroached,
As Christ's head bore a bloodied brow, temptation thus approached.
And there were whispers in His mind that matched His fearful heart,
Perhaps the Cross of Christ to find, perhaps chance to depart.
Was there still hope? Or some way out? Was there escape for Him?
Or was there now no single doubt, God's cup filled to the brim?

Lord Jesus prayed as trembling hands conveyed His weakened state,
Obedience to God's commands or some new twist of fate?
Three times to pray the cup might pass, in case God chose this path,
Three times and each with mercy scarce, one choice, Christ's epitaph.
And then an angel there appeared to strengthen Christ with faith,
Convincing Him that though death neared, Christ only Man could save.
For that one angel, give God praise, he helped the Lord stay true,
For blessed is He who still obeys and sees salvation through.

Who knows what words were said that night as Jesus stood His ground?
For courage came instead of fright, with God's grace all around.
And though disciples slept nearby, fatigued by all they'd done,
The Saviour's faith was flying high, like eagles 'neath the sun.
He groaned that they no angel saw, that blessing they had missed!
Then came the traitor to the fore and he, Christ's cheek had kissed.
The hour here, the Lord stood still, no coward soul was He,
Because He climbed up Calvary's hill, the rest is history.

The time will come, when each is called to give the Lord account,
Of each word spoken, typed or scrawled, of great and small amount.
Yet if we saw an angel here, like Jesus did that time,
Perhaps we'd find bold faith not fear and lives would be sublime.
Behind the scenes, a war is waged, as good and evil fight,
If evil makes you so enraged, then fight with all your might.
To think, that angels visit Earth, to think that one helped Christ.
And though unnamed, each one has worth, more than we've realised...

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Denis Martindale

The Poet Laureate

One day Ill hold that title yes
One day just wait for me
Cos Ill give up all happiness
Too earn that legacy..
Ill write a thousand verses down
As every month goes bye
Sharing poems across the town
Till Im a famous guy!

Dont count me out Ive studied hard
Its not that easy friend
Cos not all poets act the bard
On that you can deep end..
Ill get up early greet the dawn
Give thanks too God then try
It doesnt matter if I yawn
Cos coffee makes me high..

Ill read the papers for the news
So Ill keep upto date
And then some topics hope too use
And edit till their great..
Ive done OK so far at least
So Ill keep pressing on
Till the Poet Laureates ceased
Because his tern as gone..

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Denis Martindale

The Butterfly Believer

The first of two white butterflies
Left Noah on the ark
And flew upon the fresh-aired skies
To join the crow and lark...
The butterfly looked at the grass
That shone its gracious green
And at each tree that he could pass,
Majestic and serene...

The lake he crossed reflected blue
And sometimes clouds of grey
And ripples caused a silver hue,
Like dew at break of day...
Then suddenly a rainbow formed,
The first Mankind had known,
That followed all that rain that stormed
When judgement had been shown...

That butterfly was thus amazed,
'Why can't we be like this?
With colours that are highly praised,
Resplendent, sharing bliss? '
The Lord reflected for a while,
On that white butterfly,
Then with a word and with a smile
God gave a swift reply!

The butterfly was flying still,
Across a meadow's spread
And as he looked upon the hill,
He saw something ahead...
He saw the other butterfly,
With colours left and right...
Her wings ablaze against the sky!
Her splendour brought delight!

He chased her and she saw him, too!
They shared their miracle!
For he was also sparkling new,

Just as adorable!
And so they danced there side-by-side,
Rejoicing in their style...
And God looked down with newborn pride
And with a joyful smile...

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Denis Martindale

Full Of Faith!

And it came to pass that a certain man
Read the Word of God and then full of faith
Created something new...
He created something brand new...
He created a new universe...

Out of nothing but faith, there it was before him,
Just a bubble before his face...
He let it grow larger and larger.
It almost filled his room...
Come with me, he told it.
He led it outside into the garden.
Grow bigger, he said... and it grew bigger...
Let no other human see it, he said.
It became invisible to humans.

Let there be me within it, he said.
With all the physical needs supplied, he said.
Oxygen, food, drink to drink and so on... he said...
Then he disappeared into the new universe...
Let there be spirits, living spirits, he said.
Let them appear as with human form, he said.
Let them fall in love with each other, he said
And from their love create newborn baby spirits, he said
And such commands came to pass...

The spirits were immortal, undying, yet creating
And centuries passed by, for him, for them...
Still protected by his faith, thinking all things possible,
He determined that he would become a spirit, too.
Let me become... he said...
Yet he was stopped from speaking the rest...

He heard a powerful voice... Who are you? he asked...

I am the God of all creation, the Lord said.

Wow! said the mortal man, immediately humbled.
Your Word helped me create this place! he said.

Look at my spirit beings in love with life! he said.

Yes, I know each and every one of them, said the Lord.

Why do you reveal yourself now? asked the man.

You cannot become a spirit... warned the Lord.
You are a mortal, soon to die, said the Lord.
I want you to give all this up, said the Lord...
Return home, where I can save you, said the Lord.
For as a mortal, you have sinned, warned the Lord.
You need to be forgiven, explained the Lord.
Then I can grant you eternal life in Jesus, said the Lord.

Wow! I understand, replied the repentant man.
You let me see all this according to my faith, he said.
Did I really need to create all this? he asked.

Yes, you did, for your faith is so powerful, said the Lord.
It is because I told you it was so, the Lord explained.
You trusted my Word, therefore trust Me now, He said...
Once forgiven, you can be baptised, said God,
Baptised into eternal life as I promised...

Can these spirit beings continue unharmed? the man asked.

Yes, for they know not sin, they never will, God said.

Oh, that's wonderful... the man replied...
Take me home, he asked of the Lord...
And God took him home, so he could believe the Gospel.

As it is written, what shall it profit a man
To gain the whole world and yet lose his own soul?

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Denis Martindale

The Alpha Course!

Of course, the Alpha Course began
With holy fervent prayer
That God might yet fulfil His plan
With everybody there!
With Bibles ready in our hands
And hymnbooks on our laps,
We heard about the Lord's commands
With no-one taking naps!

It was then God's Holy Spirit
Was ready to reveal,
For everyone who would commit,
The Lord Himself would heal,
From memories to things not done,
Mistakes and sins as well,
Yet even more, through Christ, God's Son,
Lost souls now saved from Hell!

The Introduction shared The Way,
The Way was Jesus Christ...
The Christian faith that helps us pray,
Believe and be baptised...
We learnt from chapter and from verse
The promises God made
That brought God's blessing not God's curse
To anyone who'd strayed.

At first, it seemed too wonderful,
Just too good to be true,
Yet still the Lord was there to call
The likes of me and you...
I trembled as I felt Him near,
I gulped back all my tears,
As if there was something to fear,
As in love, Jesus nears...

Then all at once, I felt His touch...
And love was everywhere...
How could I know He loved so much?

Yet now I was aware...
Amazing grace, that's how it's known...
Amazing and profound!
I looked and knew, I'm not alone,
For tears flowed all around...

So many found the Lord that night!
So many hearts were blessed!
It was as if God shared delight
And sweet eternal rest!
It was as if joy had no end,
No limits set in time,
I tell you this, the Sinner's Friend,
Is Christ... and He's sublime!

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the revelationtv-dot-com website...

Denis Martindale

Writer's Block!

Yes, these two words came into mind...
Wordpad opened again,
New Rich True Format Document,
Followed by Arial ten...

No text displayed as I perused,
The cursor blinking still...
In readiness for brand new words
My thoughts were yet to spill...

I typed the title, first thing done,
Two line gaps then the verse...
With not a word to lead the way,
It couldn't get much worse...

But then I thought, I'll add my name
And copyright as well,
Then type the date, as if to claim
There's nothing left to tell...

PoemHunter.com

The poem stands, no words at all,
To summarise the theme,
As if the empty heart and mind
Had nothing there to dream...

But then I thought, that's such a waste!
I'll let the reader know,
That even nothing has its place
Before the words can flow...

And so, from nothing came these rhymes,
These thoughts upon a page,
Or PC screen each time I type
To reach another stage...

Who knows? The poem I write next
Could be a great success,
That may grant tremendous insight,
Some cherished happiness...

So Writer's Block, I've beaten you!
I've conquered every doubt!
God gave me something that's brand new
And now I've typed it out!

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Denis Martindale

God's Precious Paradise

My death was sudden, dark then light,
A stairway led above...
God's precious Paradise in sight,
God's Heaven filled with love...
And so I climbed a thousandfold,
Each step my strength to wane,
Not called by silver or by gold,
Nor driven to remain...

The world for me was long since gone,
No looking back for me,
Ahead of me the light that shone
For all eternity...
And so I climbed that thousandfold,
Each step to leave behind,
The greatest story ever told
Recalled within my mind...

As yet another hundred climbed,
Some songbirds gathered near
Like tambourines their voices chimed,
Like tinkling waters clear...
Then angels sang sweet harmonies,
The like I've never known,
Assuring me the Prince of Peace
Was waiting by God's Throne...

And with Good News that warmed my heart,
My legs began to run,
A hundred steps would soon depart
As I ran to God's Son,
The Holy One who paid the price,
Ran down to meet me, too!
Christ flew me up to Paradise,
Then told me, 'I love you! '

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Denis Martindale

If I Was Rich

If only I was really rich,
My pockets full of cash,
Then I would have a spending itch,
The kind you could call rash...

How many watches would I own?
How many diamond rings?
How many jets would I have flown
With princes and with kings?

How many mansions would I buy?
How many limousines?
How many film scripts would I try
Before I played my scenes?

How many autographs would do
To satisfy my fans?
How many standing in a queue
To learn about my plans?

PoemHunter.com

How many girlfriends would I date?
How many would I love?
How many would I learn to hate
Before they got the shove?

Oh, dear, right now, I am not sure
I want to be that guy...
But tell me, Lord, must I be poor?
If so, please tell me why?

Denis Martindale

My Blue Teddy Bear

The blue teddy bear smiled at me
The first time that we met!
It's a fact, he's always happy,
Not one sign of regret!
When I hold him, he holds me, too,
He's mine and mine alone...
So don't hurt him, I'm warning you!
Fair dos, go get your own!

My teddy sits upon my lap,
I read him fairy tales,
I hold his hands to help him clap,
Sometimes I trim his nails...
I let him ride upon my back
As I walk up to bed...
Then just us two will hit the sack
And no more words are said...

My teddy doesn't snore at all,
My teddy's too polite!
Some toys will drive me up the wall,
Yet teddy hates to fight!
He's full of love like no-one else,
He's truly my best friend,
So you play with your tinkerbells,
They drive me round the bend!

I'd rather play with teddy here
Than go and meet the Queen!
I'd rather hold my teddy near
And wash and keep him clean!
I put his waistcoat on again
And straighten up his tie
And compliment him there and then
And hold his head up high!

Oh, teddy, you're adorable,
You're handsome every day...
In fact, I think you're wonderful

Each time you kneel and pray!
How many teddies pray like that?
You're special, yes, you are!
And so much better than our cat,
'Cos, teddy, you're a star!

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Denis Martindale

The Most Powerful Poem Of Them All!

There's a poem stored in Heaven
Lord Jesus wrote one day,
For each child of God forgiven,
Lost lambs who went astray...
That poem borne of knowledge
And God-blessed prophecy
Would later grant Him courage
When He faced Calvary...
The words still echoed in His mind
Each time that He was whipped,
Reminding Him God loved Mankind
As even more flesh ripped...
The verses helped Him hold back tears
That lesser men would weep,
Enduring pain and mortal fears,
His sacrifice to keep...
The final verse kept faith alive
Because it was sublime,
It promised God would soon revive
The Lamb of God in time...
Lord Jesus took Man's sins on Him,
Upon the Cross of Christ...
What's the title of His poem?
Believe and be baptised!

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

The Master's Hand

The painter was a genius,
His pupil knew this well,
For in the times that they discuss
They bond as in a spell...
They think such thoughts that change their art,
Their purpose and their style,
Such that new wisdom can impart
Its reasons for a smile...

The pupil spent a whole weekend
Within the studio,
Together with his brand new friend,
Who seemed all things to know...
The painting pupil's Easter scene
Was called The Cross of Christ.
Behold the Man... The Nazarene...
God's Lamb here sacrificed...

The pupil thought his painting done
When Sunday night came round,
He smiled as if a war was won,
As if a treasure found...
The master painter let him leave
So he could travel home
And yet Christ's painting made him grieve
The cruelty of Rome...

And in the night, he painted on,
Transforming here and there,
A stream of light to shine upon
The Saviour's bleeding hair...
With Pilate's words now coloured gold,
For all the world to see
The greatest story ever told...
Christ died for you and me...

When morning came, he painted still,
The gamblers at Christ's feet,
The thieves who died there on that hill,

The sort you'd hate to meet...
The scoffers in the crowd below
And Mary full of tears...
The crown of thorns, Christ's blood in flow,
While Satan stares and cheers...

Then something new the painter felt
That he should add that day...
A weeping angel humbly knelt
At Christ's feet there to pray...
He was Death's angel sent ahead
To see Christ crucified
And then to wait till Christ was dead
Before His blood had dried...

Then all was done... the painter wept...
The masterpiece complete...
He went to sleep and gently slept
And felt a peace so sweet...
That night, the pupil had returned,
He saw the work of art
And thus a new respect was earned
That stayed within his heart...

The exhibition hall was filled
The day it was on show
And everybody there was thrilled
With faces all aglow...
The Cross of Christ is famous now,
With posters sold worldwide,
For God was in that work somehow,
Just like when Jesus died...

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Denis Martindale

Siesta Time

The lioness was much more wise
Than two cubs in her charge,
For one of them had droopy eyes
As sleep was looming large...
His little head was heading south
And Mum was smirking now,
A crooked smile across her mouth,
A frown upon her brow...

The other cub was somewhat still,
Propped up with sturdy limbs,
But pretty soon he'd lose the will
Just as the sunshine dims...
But sleepy head was sinking fast,
His jaw upon the rocks,
His eyelids heavy at half mast,
Like gormless Goldilocks!

Mum shook her head yet didn't growl,
He had to learn one day,
He had no need to fight just scowl
To scare something away...
Just bare the teeth, just stare them out,
Make sure they know he's cross!
No need to chase them all about!
Just let them know who's boss!

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The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Siesta Time'.

More Stephen Gayford poems here:
denis-martindale-dot-blogspot-dot-com

Denis Martindale

Married Blitz

Once they were devoted
And then they were divorced,
Then came separation
That had to be enforced....

She played the fool, while he was cruel,
He beat her till she cried
And every single horrid day,
Some more inside her died...

Once these two were smitten,
True love was in the air,
But hatred loomed at home,
Thus ending their affair...

She did her best, he did his worst,
The two at loggerheads
And every single wartorn night
They slept in single beds...

PoemHunter.com

Once forms were duly signed,
He still looked in his prime,
Her bruises left her face,
Yes, pretty soon in time...

She lost his hand, she found his fist,
She bade him glad farewell,
When she died, she went to Heaven,
He died and went to Hell...

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Denis Martindale

Eight Syllables

God's here! It's time! He's back again!
The poem's on its way!
When writing time calls for my pen
As I begin to pray!
'I'm ready, Lord! Inspire me,
Let wisdom lead me now! '
And thus God grants new poetry,
To melt my furrowed brow...

Eight syllables were in my mind!
Then six to follow on...
A leap of faith would help unwind
The twirling lights that shone...
Within those lights were mysteries
And prophecies galore,
In hopes to melt the miseries
That life still holds in store...

The first line penned, the second, too,
The phrases set in time,
Now all I needed was a clue
To match the words in rhyme...
The mind-set locked on only this
And left and right ignored,
To concentrate, not stray amiss,
To wait upon the Lord...

And there it is, the daydream clue,
Eyes open with insight,
Beholding like a TV view
The things I had to write,
The path set out, a forest trail,
To track where it might lead,
As God revealed a brand new tale
To help me to succeed...

Yes, that works well, the verse takes shape,
Another scene appears
And it thrills me in my dreamscape,

With laughter and with tears...
God has a sense of humour, folks!
He's witty and He's wise!
He shares a modern twist on jokes
That takes me by surprise!

The storyline so quickly forms,
From sudden thoughts within,
It's like the heart inside me warms,
My head's still in a spin!
Yes, I've got it! There's the punchline!
My poem's almost done!
Well, praise the Lord! It's worked out fine!
My word, Lord! That was fun!

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Denis Martindale

Photogenic

I have a fantastic photo
Of one once loved,
Cherished, revered, highly esteemed,
Thought of as wondrous,
As if a work of art.
Now all I have left is a work of art...

Once she was considered precious,
Sensational and sweet,
So courteous, considerate,
So fabulous a find...
Once she was courted daily,
Prayed about, regarded as special,
Seen as a reason to praise the Lord,
As if true love were assured...
Once she was all to be desired,
All to be longed for in this life,
As if her love was all there was,
Her kiss the ultimate bliss...
Once she was responsive,
Called me her friend,
Told me her secret thoughts,
Confided, opened up to me,
Let me in on her dreams...
Once and twice and thrice,
I dreamed of her, such dreams,
Such honourable dreams,
All seemed well in my dreams,
But they were just... dreams...
Once she let me know,
Friendship was all said and done,
Gone like yesterday's sunshine,
Well, that was it, then...
All over but the memories...

I have a fantastic photo
Of one once loved,
Cherished, revered, highly esteemed,
Thought of as wondrous,

As if a work of art.
Now all I have left is a work of art...

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Denis Martindale

Remember The Revelation!

There are times when my soul feels weak
As if a heartache permeates it,
Engulfs it and takes it over
And darkness that was not there,
Comes to visit me as if I were its new home...

The sadness that accompanies it feels heavy,
Wearisome and tedious, for that is its nature,
But I do not welcome such darknesses or sadnesses,
I am like Saint Paul, shaking off their effects,
Cutting them down to size with the sword of the Spirit.

I was not born to be consumed by the negatives of this world,
To have them fastened to my flesh like leeches,
I was not meant to sail this world with barnacles,
I make the sailing boat clean so it glides through the seas.

And when the darknesses and the sadnesses visit me,
I test them to see if they speak truths or lies,
What mixture of each applies, for such deceptions are shared,
And is not the past forgiven me, and is not hope within me,
And is not light stronger than darkness?

I reflect upon my visitation, the time of revelation,
When sleeping one night, the dream began for me,
For there I was and made aware physically of my dream,
Standing, upon the slope of a hill, one leg higher than the other,
Balanced there, by my own decision, becoming more aware...

Beyond my hill was another hill, yet upon it a silhouette,
That of a man hoisted high upon a cross, crucified,
And I will not deny what I saw before any man,
For it was Christ crucified, revealed to me at that time,
For there He was, squirming in agony upon that cross...

At first, I made out His form and the cross clearly seen,
Then I saw Him in agony, though distanced from me,
With no sounds of His screams made for my ears to hear,
But then something else happened that was unexpected,

Something I have never experienced happening before...

Above the cross was a focus beam of light from Heaven,
Straight down upon that cross it fell, quite suddenly,
No prior warning given, but that this light was like flames,
I stood still, quite baffled and amazed, yet not scared at first,
Thinking this was merely a beam of light and nothing more...

But then the light hit the cross and was redirected at me,
I saw it cross the hill and the space between Him and me,
Then I was engulfed in the blood red fire light in seconds,
I felt a fire flood within me, warming me, quickening my soul,
But instead of judgment and death as I first expected,
All I felt was love...

A sudden realisation that it was because of Jesus I was spared,
Yet not just spared and left to fend for myself as if unloved,
No, everything had changed because of what Jesus did for me,
So I stood there, still balanced, one leg raised higher,
Yet now completely bathed in fire, light and love...

And while the dream stopped there, as if all was said and done,
Every now and then, God reminds me of the revelation,
That I am not alone, that I am fully known, fully loved,
That I am not a child of darkness but a child of light,
My life no longer devoid of hope as for those who are lost...

This memory is my shield of faith against the darknesses,
This memory is my helmet of salvation against the sadnesses,
This memory is my armour against all the fears and the doubts,
For my soul is eternal and preserved beyond both time and space,
No longer can I say I am not loved or that I stand alone...
Though I stood alone upon my hill, yet the Lord was with me...

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Denis Martindale

Windows Of The Soul

They are the windows of the soul,
With roller blinds above,
Eyes opened up, grant new insights,
Still tantalised by love,
Such that they dilate at the glimpse
Of new flesh to devour,
While watching bodies to and fro,
As they pass by each hour...

They are the windows of the soul,
They help us choose our food,
With instinctive fresh decisions
Until they change their mood...
One day you're in, one day you're out,
One day you're in-between...
But pretty soon, beyond a doubt,
Watch out when they turn mean!

PoemHunter.com

They are the windows of the soul,
The poet's faithful friends,
For such as these still dream at night,
Despite each day that ends...
And in those dreams, the truth's revealed,
The secrets there unfold,
With nothing sacred still concealed,
Beware what you behold!

They are the windows of the soul,
Imagination's spurs,
With recollections in the brain
Reflecting what occurs...
Twinkling with each new happiness,
Alerting us of fears,
The 20-20 blessings stare,
Outpouring all our tears...

They are the windows of the soul,
That's why they mean so much,
To complete our bodies' senses,

Emotions they can touch...
They see our friends and families,
They see our lives so far...
Right up to here, right up to now,
So we know who we are...

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Denis Martindale

The Ever So Tall Giant!

The farmer was busy ploughing,
With three fields left to do,
When a figure overpowering
Came suddenly in view...
The giant stepped across the gap
In seconds so it seemed,
The farmer thought he'd had a nap
And this whole thing was dreamed...

The farmer blinked yet stood his ground,
The giant's shadow loomed,
The giant's voice a booming sound...
The farmer thought, 'I'm doomed! '
'Don't be afraid, it's only me! '
The giant said amazed,
The farmer gulped quite suddenly,
For he was feeling dazed...

The giant smiled a lovely smile,
No bad thoughts on his mind,
The farmer stared up for a while,
His neck somewhat inclined...
'I'm from another planet, friend!
Just visiting, that's all...'
'Good God, will wonders never end?
How did you get so tall? '

'I'm only tall on planet Earth!
At home, I'm normal size!
I exercise for all I'm worth
And study so I'm wise...'
The farmer groaned, he'd hurt his neck!
'Your poor neck must feel numb!
I know I'm tall, but what the heck!
Wait till you meet my Mum! '

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Denis Martindale

Something Undeniable

As the Gospel Crusade was advertised far and wide,
A great number was expected to hear this fiery preacher,
The tent was erected and the lights were installed,
Then the seats were set up row upon row...

The choir rehearsed for half-an-hour
And a few Church stewards arrived
And a few local ministers followed suit,
Soon a prayer meeting began with many requests,
Healings, prophecies, words of knowledge,
A sincere hope the offering would cover the costs...

A guest pianist arrived, complaining about the weather,
A few going outside to see the thunder streaks above,
Some fretting about low attendance and the lost souls,
Others fretting about the offering even now...

Suddenly, the fiery preacher arrived and spirits rallied,
He moved among them like a politician full of smiles,
He shook hands here, there and everywhere,
Recognising ministers, calling them near to him,
Huddling together like generals going into battle...

Laughing away like schoolboys, chuckling at anecdotes,
Spellbound by reports of new miracles God had given,
Praising the Lord this and praising the Lord that,
With hands held high proclaiming God's glory...

Then the guest came over and it was his turn to join in,
With stories of his own miracles to bless them with,
Oh, they were thrilled, like it was their birthdays,
All clustered side-by-side, trying to take it all in,
Hoping to share the tales when returning home...

The sweet hymns played soothingly in the background,
Yet not one singer dared to interrupt them,
But then the visitors were seen gathering outside,
Too timid to enter the Gospel Crusade tent...

Quick as a flash, the fiery preacher was there,
Gently inviting each one inside where it was warm and dry,
Within seconds, a few rows at the front were filled,
A quick nod to the choir and they lit up like sunshine,
Faces aglow, hymnbooks held high, voices of angels,
Yes, it was truly beautiful to see and to hear them,
With white robes as wondrous witnesses to the Lord...

More visitors had arrived, this time, a coach load full,
Some visitors just standing in awe, taking it all in,
While some noticed a few tables laid out with books,
And wondrous books they were, pure gold, to be sure...

Really, Holy Bibles for just a few pounds, amazing!
Yet there they were, a special purchase for this evening,
Some illustrated children's Bibles, too, for those at home
And surprisingly, some Gospel films, DVDs and videos,
Truly a feast of faithful things for later study...

All too soon, the fiery preacher stood up and prayed,
The tent completely full, as if predestined to occur,
The lightning replaced by the preacher's sermon,
Then he began reading a poem he had written that day...

It was so moving to him that he struggled to read it,
All about Jesus, dying on the Cross, as if just for him...
And not even half-way through, his tears began...
Nobody had ever seen him like this before, this was new,
This was real, so real, that the front rows began to weep,
So real that the next few rows began to weep, too...

Handkerchieves came out of gentlemen's top pockets,
Ladies found tissues from their Sunday-best handbags,
Reporters took camera shots of the teary-eyed preacher,
Then the crowd, then the stewards and local ministers,
Then the reporters began to weep, heads bowed...

The fiery preacher sat down and his friend read the poem,
All the while, the preacher nodding his head in agreement
And at the finish of his poem, he stood up and prayed...
He prayed a prayer that would make a cynic repent...
Then he asked people if they loved Jesus as he did...

Did they? Oh, yes, for such was the revelation that night,
Not just words on a page, or the teardrops falling there,
Not just the sermon that sacred night just for them,
But something else, something truly of the Spirit,
Something undeniable that no-one would ever forget...

Denis Martindale

The President's Prayer

This was the day he was going to write
The best poem of his lifetime,
With incredible content and sentiment,
With such panache and style,
With a prophecy thrown in for good measure...

This was the day that started badly,
Quite sadly, yet life goes on,
So he endured the sorrow and tried again,
Not knowing how life would bless him,
So quickly after such a stream of tears...

This was the day he lost a faithful friend,
The loss being intolerable at first,
Leaving him numbed within, yet thinking,
Wondering of scriptures old and new,
Such that hope returned once more...

This was the day of the engulfing burden,
Yet he challenged it head on, not giving in,
Cursing it, conquering it, overcoming it,
Defying each and every lie, he smiled,
His tenacious spirit undefeated...

This was the day of his revelation,
Of secrets hidden, unfolding in his sight,
Bringing back the dynamic daylight,
Causing doubts to flee like spectres,
Now aflame, his soul reached out...

This was the day of his salvation,
The day of knowing past tomorrow,
Life continuing beyond this mortal realm,
The spirit rising above its mortal shell,
The time of enlightenment...

This was the day he wrote the poem,
The famous verses recited with love,
The time spent in meditation,

The outpouring, the sanctified blessing,
The anointing of words he penned...

This was the day he finished the great work,
The statement of faith for all,
The quintessential truths explained,
The energy, the momentum, the turning point,
Life everlasting, holy communion...

This was the day he shared the poem,
With family, friends and neighbours,
Magazines and newspapers,
Politicians, TV and radio stations,
New hope scattered far and wide...

This was the day he changed the world,
In no small way, no easy way,
But change it he did this day,
Yes, this was the day, the day he lost a friend,
Yet gained a precious poem with blessings,
God-blessed blessings that never end...

Denis Martindale

This Was The Day

This was the day he was going to write
The best poem of his lifetime,
With incredible content and sentiment,
With such panache and style,
With a prophecy thrown in for good measure...

This was the day that started badly,
Quite sadly, yet life goes on,
So he endured the sorrow and tried again,
Not knowing how life would bless him,
So quickly after such a stream of tears...

This was the day he lost a faithful friend,
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the revelationtv-dot-com website...

Denis Martindale

Night Watchman

The leopard's eyes scanned left and right,
As sunshine faded fast,
For soon would come the moon and night,
When one more day had past
And eyes must now be on alert
With instincts borne to bear,
In case there was a need to spurt,
Escaping fast elsewhere...

The leopard's eyes were cooling down
As twilight gathered close,
As clear blue skies turn somewhat brown
And brilliant sunshine goes...
The air has felt a sudden chill
That creatures know full well...
The moon ascends on yonder hill
And casts its silver spell...

The leopard's eyes observe the scene,
The scene he's seen before,
The coming of the in-between,
The timing ever sure...
Night watchman, waiting, instincts taut,
Aware of everything,
Avoiding dangers as he ought,
That's how he's stayed the king...

PoemHunter.com

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The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Night Watchman II'.

More Stephen Gayford poems here:
denis-martindale-dot-blogspot-dot-com

Denis Martindale

Buffy The Vampire Slayer!

At dead of night, out on patrol,
She went to cemeteries!
She hoped to meet no living soul,
Just vampires there to seize!
She took them on as if her fate,
In alley ways as well...
And while she thought karate's great,
She sent vampires to Hell!

Those bloody vampires think they're smart,
But she thought they were dumb!
The cross she wore upon her heart
Was prone to turn them numb!
With wooden crosses here and there,
Plus wooden stakes for luck,
She chased those lost boys everywhere
Until their hearts were struck!

Along the way, she fell in love
With Angel and with Spike,
But pretty soon, she'd had enough!
'Go on, get on yer bike! '
She kicked them both right to the curb,
She cried, 'Just go away! '
She couldn't let lost boys disturb
Her duty day-by-day!

At times, she fancied human boys...
She had a fling or two,
Or three or four, like they were toys,
Like some cheerleaders do!
She kicked her legs up like the rest,
Did cartwheels now and then,
But when night came, she tried her best,
Out on patrol again!

One time beneath that golden moon,
That glowed up in the sky,
She almost fainted with a swoon

That made her wonder why!
At home, her mirror view revealed,
Two tooth marks on her neck!
She screamed and screeched and loudly squealed,
Yelled words like, 'What the heck! ? '

The next few nights left her aghast!
Her dreams were up the creek!
Her night patrols now in the past,
Meant things were looking bleak...
She used to kick lost boys KERPOW,
While thinking she was cool!
She's just another lost girl now!
She shoulda stayed in School!

Denis Martindale

The Beauty Of Calligraphy

Calligraphy grants ecstasy,
Art fashioned on a scroll,
Embellishing my poetry
That came forth from my soul,
Such that the precious words transform
Through elegance and style,
To leave this poet's heart still warm,
Such that I start to smile...

Calligraphy grants fantasy,
Fonts fashioned and then shared,
Developing expressively
Each brand new phrase prepared...
With finite details, loops and curls,
With silver and with gold,
With extra swirls for each unfurls,
New blessings to behold...

Calligraphy grants heraldry
Its tales in time to tell,
In drawing out the mystery
And history as well...
Likewise, awards are often framed,
To hang upon the wall,
Portraying honour for those named,
Admired by us all...

Calligraphy grants joy to me,
My troubles disappear...
I concentrate on what must be,
Intentions crystal clear...
When all is done, no more to do,
Sometimes a tear is shed...
I sacrifice this gift to you,
Each time my rhymes are read...

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Ellie The Elephant

A local circus elephant
Was advertised for sale!
A Google search proved relevant
And showed I couldn't fail!
I drove round to the circus tent
And haggled there and then!
Not much was spent, down prices went,
Less a hundred and ten!

My trailer loaded, I drove home,
With business schemes in mind,
As long as we could weekly roam,
Some profits we would find...
The library books had much advice
On what I'd need to do
And thinking that I now was wise,
Forgot about the poo...

I wrapped a towel about my face
And shovelled poo all day!
That elephant's a real disgrace!
How much does this stuff weigh?
I bought the food in wholesale stores,
To save some pounds each week!
Back then, I wished I'd bought a horse,
To get a winning streak!

But Ellie was a cheerful soul,
As gentle as could be
And when she saw my self-control,
I think she warmed to me...
I washed her down and kept her clean,
Behind her ears as well...
I brushed her teeth and in-between,
But wondered, should I sell?

Yet Ellie's so affectionate!
With twinkles in her eyes!
She's happy here, how can I hurt

This elephant so nice?
We've been together through the years,
Two friends for all to see!
For every child that strokes her ears,
The second ride is free!

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Denis Martindale

The Tall Story

There was a knock on my front door, an angel stood outside!
I looked in shock, dropped to the floor, the door still opened wide.
The angel sighed and then flew in and put the kettle on,
Aware our talk would soon begin when fainting spells had gone.
The tea was ready there for me, he pointed to the cup.
So I drank my hot tea slowly, until that time was up.
He pointed to the living room, where both of us sat down,
My mind still felt a sense of doom and gloom sure makes you frown.
The angel told me, 'Get a pen and get some paper, too! '
So I stood up, right there and then, this very thing to do.
'Write down the words that I recite, when done, I'll have to leave.'
When I began, my face was white and I could hardly breathe.
He took his time and so did I, for twenty pages long,
When done, I heaved a quiet sigh... Were my words right or wrong?
He read it all and was impressed, 'Well done, I'll leave it here.
Please get it published. Do your best. The meaning's crystal clear.'
Then he stood up, walked to the door and so I let him go.
He said, 'God bless! ' and then no more, what more was there to know?
He flew away, past roofs and trees and reached the nearby hill
And soared up higher with such ease, yes, higher, higher still.
When my scanner scanned the pages, it left me quite perplexed,
As it must have taken ages to recognise the text.
I emailed every single word, my publisher replied,
He said he'd never been so stirred, I must've been inspired.
Of course, I couldn't tell him then! He'd get me locked away!
'I met this angel, ten foot ten, at home, this very day! '
So I kept quiet, private like... The published work sold well.
I bought a laptop and a bike, but one day, off I fell.
No guardian angel raised alarm that ice was on the road,
When I fell off, I broke my arm and said, 'Well, I'll be blowed.'
When I got home, I made the tea, got fish and chips that night
And got in bed quite carefully, then prayed with all my might!
The angel knocked upon my door, I sighed then let him in.
This time, because I knew the score, I chose not to begin.
'I'll use the laptop, type it out, then save the text that way.'
The angel looked at me so proud, God's wisdom to relay.
'Well done, please get it published soon! ' I walked him to the door,
He healed my arm, flew past the moon, I waved to him with awe.
That angel's words were good as gold, he certainly had skill.

It's only now my story's told... Make of it what you will...

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Denis Martindale

The Covenant Of Christ

How holy is the Covenant,
The Covenant of Christ!
God's Scriptures bearing testament
More than first realised...
From age-to-age and place-to-place,
For Gentile and for Jew,
The Holy Spirit granting grace
Despite the sins we do!

Consider Christ, none else has lived
A holy life like His...
And none else coming with God's gift
That leads to perfect bliss!
And none else prophesied as much,
That we might understand
The future years still out of touch
That God above has planned...

If not for Blood, if not for love,
Then sinners can't be saved!
His sacrifice has proved enough
For Man's sins to be waived...
Christ's crown of thorns upon His brow
Meant souls He could reclaim!
God's pardon's promised here and now...
Rejoice in Jesus' Name!

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the revelationtv-dot-com website...

Denis Martindale

The Perfect Purpose Of Poetry

Within the human hearts that beat, God's rhythm sets the tone,
Such that each soul feels incomplete each time that it's alone...
Yet poetry has filled the need to cure that loneliness
And grant the ones who hear or read a share of happiness!

When thinking of the positives surrounding us each day,
It's poetry that often lifts with gifts that help portray...
A gentle verse or precious prose or something fanciful,
Can offer us some sweet repose that's like a miracle!

From sacred psalms that David wrote, to holy hymns in schools,
It's poetry that gets my vote, its passion never cools...
There's someone out there even now who's deep in thought again,
With furrowed lines upon his brow as lines flow from his pen...

He's not a shepherd or a king, he's just at home, sat down
And his brilliant brain seeks something to help to ease your frown...
Our words can change the world we see, turn hatred into love...
The perfect purpose of poetry? It's pleasing God above!

PoemHunter.com

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Denis Martindale

Potty About Pot Noodles!

He bought the 12-pack, took it home,
No patience, straight away...
Chicken and mushroom, added foam,
With sweetcorn, too, hooray...
Yet its taste required something,
The tongue to dazzle more...
With an oxo's beefy stuffing,
It thrilled him to the core!

He salivated there, of course,
For what else could he do?
The noodles topped with soya sauce,
Were spicy through and through!
He swirled and swirled the mixture round,
Aromas everywhere...
One slurp and he was Heaven-bound!
A feast beyond compare!

He leaned against the worktop's side,
Stood up and yet laid back,
With sniffing sounds he couldn't hide,
Then he took off his mac...
He shovelled noodles past his lips,
They slithered down his throat...
While spilling drips on fingertips,
Whatever floats your boat...

His guilty pleasure thus went on,
His belly boiling hot,
Till finally, all noodles gone,
He raised and drained the pot...
He licked the giant spoon as well,
Then thanked the Lord above...
You see, pot noodles cast a spell!
One pot and you're in love!

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Denis Martindale

Supergirl, Remember Me?

The first time we met, she stood before me,
She spoke just as I was looking,
Not knowing her before that time.
She was suddenly so close to me,
There and merely a few feet from me,
Her face deserving more fascination,
As my mind took in her every word.
I hadn't heard the first words at all,
My eyes taking in her super beauty...
The twisting curling waterfalls,
Her precious cascading golden hair...
Her blue eyes looking straight at me,
As if I held some importance to her...
Her sweet lips moved quite quickly,
Her words bombarded my ears,
Suddenly my mind understood...
And I asked her, 'Please start over...'

She looked confused at that request,
But I explained how she affected me,
She smiled at my honest compliment,
Yet she needed some information...
How strange that my answer was so easy,
I could have told her in seconds,
But then she'd say farewell and be gone,
Thus not fitting love's purpose...
I asked if I told her, would I see her again?
Would she soon return to talk once more?
Or would she never return, leaving me,
Forever like this, being affected by her...
'Tell me what I need to know...' she said,
'I will return to you soon, right here...
We can talk! ' she promised, with a smile,
A smile that took my breath away...
In seconds, being told, she left me, lonely...

I waited there as the hours passed...
Returning each day with a rose bouquet
Of red, yellow and blue roses for her.

Days passed, then I saw her flying overhead.
'Supergirl, remember me? ' I shouted to her...
In a heartbeat, she stood beside me...
She kissed my lips, said, 'TOMORROW! '
Then she and the roses were gone...
Today has come... her promise kept...
She kissed me again, lifting me high...
Then clear across the pure blue sky...
Landing together, some private place...
Walking hand-in-hand upon that beach,
With me thinking it but a dream,
Yet too beautiful for a dream to be,
Because that's how it felt to me...

Love all consuming, engulfing,
Surrounding, swirling, revolving,
Involving every heightened sense,
Controlling every heartfelt hope...
I wondered if she felt that way
Upon this brilliant sunshine day,
That Supergirl could like me, too,
Maybe someday say, 'I love you! '
Undeserving of this Supergirl,
Yet somehow love returned...
What luck is this in all the world,
This joy I haven't earned?
She speaks of Krypton far away,
A distant world so grand...
Yet there she stands upon my left,
As we walk hand-in-hand...

Denis Martindale

Infant Of The Snows

Snow leopard cub, just lying there,
At present, all alone,
With no-one else nearby to care
Your bed is made of stone...
With snow a-falling close to you,
How long will you stay warm?
And what on Earth can small cubs do,
If there should be a storm?

Snow leopard cub, just lying still,
Your small white nose so cold,
Do you possess an iron will,
The patience to grow old?
Have you the courage to endure,
The true grit and reserve?
If yes, then may God grant you more,
If you can hold your nerve...

Snow leopard cub, should I draw near?
Have you the will to live?
Is your young heart now filled with fear?
New hope I hope to give...
To wait a while, would that be wrong?
I have some food to share,
Yes, here it is... Eat up, be strong...
Take heart, do not despair...

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

The Drifter

The wolf was not too keen to mix,
A drifter, nothing more...
And his own company he picks,
As if he knows the score...
Responsibilities dismissed,
Discarded out-of-hand,
They could not help him to exist
In water or on land...

He checks the water carefully,
Avoiding pain and strife,
As if he wanted certainty
Through each day of his life...
On his own a hundred rainbows,
On Earth, beneath the sky,
The drifter chose this path he goes,
No family nearby...

He drifts just like the sun by day
And like the moon at night,
Alone, yet choosing come what may,
No conscience as a guide...
To him, life is no funfair ride,
No easy path to stroll...
The drifter has no sense of pride...
The drifter has no soul...

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Snuggle Up

The Panda Mum was holding tight,
The cub squashed like a grape
And while she smiled with pure delight,
The cub could not escape!
His lips askew, all Elvis like,
His eyes looked near to pop!
He had no strength to counterstrike
And hoped that she would stop!

Her hugs went on from left-to-right,
His whiskers followed suit,
His mouth closed shut, no space to bite,
Yet that was not astute...
His Mum was acting like a lout...
In shock, the small cub froze...
How long could he just wait it out?
His nostrils way too close!

But patience is a wondrous thing...
It helped to see him through!
She walked off with him wondering
What next his Mum would do!
But when he saw his Mum depart,
Something inside him yearned...
For he loved her with all his heart...
Until his Mum returned!

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

The Dragon Deficit

When George the Dragon Slayer slept,
Reliving how he fought,
He often woke and often wept,
As if it all meant nought...
For gone the chance for future fame,
With no more dragons left
And part of him thought that a shame,
In fact, he felt bereft!

When he arose to greet the day,
He wondered what to do...
No beasties round to block his way
Or beat him black and blue!
No bravery to call upon,
No maidens in distress,
The sun above so bright it shone,
No storm, just happiness...

The children played in safety still,
The tweety birds still sang,
His stomach now no longer ill,
In fear of dragon's fang!
His sword he dragged, upon the ground,
It carved his tale of woe...
Monotony was all around!
What next? He didn't know...

The villagers paid him no heed,
His champion day had past,
His body healed, no more to bleed,
As if the die were cast!
'Is this how I must spend my days? '
He ask the Lord above...
'No dragons left for me to face?
No maidens left to love? '

Thus George left every so-called friend,
To travel distant lands,
His search for dragons didn't end...

PoemHunter.com

He didn't stand a chance!
They're gorn! Extinct! They're trophies now...
Teeth scattered here and there,
To which damned sorcerors still bow
And witches grind and share!

Old George, his sword, laid down one night,
The last night of his life...
In his last dream, two dragons fight,
Yet win despite the strife!
Then God reached down to lift George high,
For Jesus to embrace...
With George no longer asking, 'Why? '
As they stood face-to-face...

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This is what happened after the Saint George poem.

Website: tinyurl-dot-com/saint-george-poem

Denis Martindale

Saint George

The dragon, taller than a tree,
Looked down on George's head,
While he looked up uncertainly
And fighting first his dread...

He stood his ground, not one step back,
As faith within him grew,
For while he knew that things looked black,
He had to see this through...

The dragon stood his ground as well,
Though George held high his sword...
The dragon, thought to come from Hell,
Perhaps with fire stored...

The dragon had no flames and yet
He knew George planned his death,
Yet thought he had no need to fret,
If George no more had breath...

PoemHunter.com

The dragon swished his giant tail,
But George was wise to that
And proved himself an agile male
Instead of falling flat...

The tail passed by, his sword went in,
The dragon roared in pain
And when George saw his chance to win,
He pierced the tail again...

If dragons cursed and dragons swore,
That must have happened next,
As blood then spurted out for sure,
With that big dragon vexed...

He dragged his dragon's tail away
As fast as he then could
And then decided, come what may,
To kill small George real good...

But George was quick to cut things short,
He climbed the dragon's tail
And valiantly he fought and fought
The dragon tooth and nail...

Across the back, just like a hill,
He clambered to the hilt,
Upto the neck where he stayed still,
In hopes the beast was killed...

The dragon twisted left and right,
But George drew back his sword
And then he thrust with all his might,
So death would be assured...

The dragon gulped with bloodied mouth,
A glaze then filled his eyes,
Then suddenly his frame fell South,
With him cut down to size...

The dragon laid upon the ground,
While George climbed down nearby,
The dragon made a gurgling sound,
As if to ask him why...

The dragon hadn't sought this duel,
Yet George had blocked his path,
The dragon thought he was a fool
Who'd signed his epitaph...

The dragon's teeth were then removed
When he no longer breathed
And while folks cheered with courage proved,
George stood there quite relieved...

The villagers were quite impressed,
That brave George didn't faint...
The Church declared his noble quest
As worthy of a saint...

A patron saint, of course, is rare,

Yet England still recalls
His courage thought beyond compare
That it's still taught in schools...

Denis Martindale, copyright, September 2012.

Denis Martindale

Tigernation

Within the land where tigers roam,
Some people spot their stripes
And on their PCs while at home
Perhaps they share their Skypes,
Perhaps they upload photographs,
Or videos they've made,
Beyond their times when they've had laughs
From some new escapade...

Some share their tiger images
Online for all to see!
For zoos and schools and colleges,
For fans like you and me...
And software then comes into play,
Identifying cats,
As they go prowling day-by-day...
Like they're aristocrats!

Thus tigernation's website grows
With images galore,
So many that one hardly knows
How many tigers roar!
The tigerfacts and articles
Are there, so please peruse,
Just pause a while as each enthralls
And share your points of views...

When you find each tiger's profile,
Will you check stripes and stare?
Will tigernation make you smile
At creatures oh so rare?
Will you support the work they do?
Will you support the team?
Will you help tigers, now so few,
Not simply think and dream?

If tigernation stirs your soul
And somehow warms your heart,
Perhaps it's time to take control

And try to do your part...
If tigernation helps you learn,
Please visit now and then...
Such is the tale of their concern,
They'll welcome you again!

Denis Martindale, copyright, September 2012.

Website:

tigernation-dot-org for news and views,
what you do then, is yours to choose...

Denis Martindale

Time For Revelation

Now's the time for revelation!
Now's the time for truth!
Now's the time for inspiration
Regardless of one's youth!
For time and times as yet to be,
For guidance day-by-day...
Yes, now's the time for sights to see
And what's still on its way!

As I knelt down beside my bed
In prayer, yet close to sleep,
A vision came to me instead,
A message I must keep...
A message that was so profound,
I trembled there and then,
I saw God's angels all around,
Fly down and capture men...

'What means this, Lord? ' I asked of Him,
'Are these the damned, the lost? '
For I saw smiling seraphim
Who knew Christ paid the cost...
The Lord explained His rescue plan,
To snatch saved souls from Earth...
The Rapture of each Christian man,
Who by faith proved his worth...

Then women, too, were lifted high,
With children of the Lord,
A saw a million flying high
For grace was their reward...
Then darkness fell, the Earth went black,
The moon went red as blood,
Then demons swooped down to attack
In one foul-stenching flood...

The Earth let out a gruesome groan,
Its like none heard before,
Volcanoes spewed, their vomit thrown,

Cast down from shore-to-shore...
Tornadoes raged from West-to-East,
As if they knew the worst!
Then I beheld the blackbeard Beast,
The Man of Sin God cursed...

My eyes wept sore at cruelties
And blasphemies revealed,
The horrors and the bare-faced lies
And nothing was concealed...
Then Armageddon, plain as day,
With sunshine overhead,
Then suddenly, like Judgment Day,
The rank and file were dead...

And thousands by the thousands there...
Yet not one breath at all..
One second they were so aware,
Yet then I saw them fall...
As dead as dead as dead could be,
Warm blood was now so cold,
Affecting every enemy
Who thought himself as bold...

The vision ended silent, still,
My mind in turmoil now
And I remained there feeling ill,
With sweat upon my brow...
My trembling flesh was quivering,
So many men were slain...
With God above delivering
His chosen once again...

I stayed awake the whole night long,
My mouth still opened wide,
No longer feeling quite as strong,
Still churning here inside...
Not fit to stand or walk around,
Not fit to pray a word,
Recalling sights that still astound
And screams still overheard...

God spoke again, 'Be brave, My child...
Arise to greet the dawn...
You can't help them, they were defiled...
No reason, then, to mourn...'
So I arose and life went on,
My eyes no longer blind...
Because I knew I'd soon be gone
And not be left behind...

Denis Martindale, copyright, September 2012.

We can hear the word of the Lord on
Revelation TV on UK Sky Digital 581
as well as the WATCH NOW link on
the revelationtv-dot-com website...

Denis Martindale

Cool Water

As if cool water called his name,
The tiger had obeyed,
Remaining calm as his first aim,
Thus by cool water laid...
Upon the rocks he flicked his tail
A little less and less,
For beauty spots like this can't fail
To spread some happiness...

The tiger spread his weight around
With tooties to one side,
As if his Shangri-La had found
And here he would abide...
No other creatures dared approach
The growling so-and-so,
Now settled like a real slow coach
Who didn't want to go...

Cool water soothes the savage beast,
That's just the way it is,
Now from the greatest to the least,
Seduced by utter bliss...
Well, good for him! I'll give him time
Before I take my bath...
With patience, it could be sublime
And not my epitaph...

Denis Martindale, copyright, September 2012.

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Cool Water'.

More Stephen Gayford poems here:
denis-martindale-dot-blogspot-dot-com

Denis Martindale

Poems What I Wrote

Invited by a local School
To read my poems out,
The children giggled at the fool
And thus caused me to doubt,
But I pressed on, towards the end
Of each one that I did,
I then looked up to find one friend,
Yet not one single kid...

But I pressed on, not giving in,
Concisely as before...
And thinking somehow I would win,
Each snore I could ignore...
I must admit I sighed a bit,
You know what children are...
Yet I continued with true grit,
My last one wasn't far...

So I pressed on and read it proud,
Each word defiantly!
Yes, I stood tall and I spoke loud
With my best poetry...
The silence then was deafening!
In fact, I almost snapped!
Then the children stood up cheering
And clapped and clapped and clapped...

Denis Martindale, copyright, September 2012.

The poem was written in regard to a TV series
on Sky Digital's Disney Junior and Disney Junior+
entitled A Poem Is... It was described in this way:

A series of classic poetry shorts read by iconic
British celebrities combined with powerful
animation moments from Disney's magical legacy...

But what if the poet were to go to a School and
had to read his poems out in front of the children?

As they say, 'Good luck with that...'

Denis Martindale

Death Of The Trees

My town is a place where
The rich tourists come,
With mountains and rivers
That glint in the sun!
Luxuriant beaches
Of ivory sand,
But all the jade forests
Now no longer stand!

There once were lush jungles
That grew dense and tall,
But woodcutters came when
The town was still small...
They hacked all the trees down
And shipped them away,
In huge merchant vessels
That sailed to the bay!

PoemHunter.com

They went back to Europe
With precious hard woods,
Sold it as furniture
And other fine goods...
I wish I could travel
In time to the day
Before people cleared all
The forests away!

I wish I had seen them
Before settlers came,
The mountains and rivers
May still be the same...
Iron, Yellow, Black Wood
And most of all trees,
Don't sway any more in
The fresh coastal breeze...

This poetry is an adapted poem for

Lisa La Grange, her copyright,2012.

Denis Martindale

The People's Publisher

Over a million poems shared
By Forward Poetry!
The People's Publisher that cared
Has thus made history!
Just think of poets nationwide
Partaking in that feat,
Perhaps there's one who smiles with pride
Who lives within your street!

Perhaps that neighbour no-one knows
Is busy day-by-day!
Perhaps his prose just overflows
'Cos he's got lots to say!
Perhaps he emails now and then
To share his latest one,
Yet soon he's writing once again,
Till that new poem's done!

Perhaps ten thousand poets wrote
The poems now in books
And hoped they'd be an antidote
For every one who looks!
Well-wishers with their hearts of gold
With verses to express
The greatest stories to be told
God meant for happiness!

The People's Publisher agreed
And Editors took part,
So as a team, we all succeed
To triumph in our art...
It's poetry by the people
And for the people, too...
So please remember to keep all
Our poems penned for you!

Denis Martindale, copyright, September 2012.

Website: www-dot-forwardpoetry-dot-co-dot-uk

Denis Martindale

Who's Gonna Save The World?

While Man, this Earth's still prone to rape,
There's no great love, no great escape...
While Man on Earth's still prone to pride,
It's this, God's world, that's crucified...
Behold the devastation made
Upon the forest and the glade,
Upon the oceans and the shores...
Yes, Man's condemned by many flaws!

Consider creatures now extinct,
No longer to sweet life now linked,
From minute moths and butterflies,
To giant cats of greater size...
The list goes on and on and on,
This passing year, more species gone
And we'll not see their likes again,
Despite some souls who still campaign...

No wonder, Judgment Day draws near!
No wonder, Man's got cause to fear!
For God so loved the world He gave
His one and only Son to save...
Though He was yet our Sovereign Lord,
The Cross of Christ was His reward!
Yet has Man changed his ways today?
We all like sheep have gone astray...

Consider now with World War Three,
For who can say when that will be?
When bombs descend to maintain peace,
Such that some children that day cease
To breathe the air they've breathed for years,
To die so fast, no time for tears...
The unborn, too, shall not come forth,
No matter, east, west, south or north...

If not, germ warfare, here and there,
That poisons waters and the air,
Such that taxpayers funding these

Will someday die by such disease...
Yes, Man's thought great! He's also dumb,
That's why this poet's heart turned numb
At thoughts of what remains to be
And Armageddon's destiny...

If not for faith, my heart would fail
Regarding this poor world's travail
Which slaughters senses one-by-one...
There's nothing new beneath the sun...
Unless God heals this sacred Earth,
Not one will still esteem its worth...
But pray with me, while there's still time,
That God will do something sublime...

Denis Martindale, copyright, September 2012.

We can hear the word of the Lord on
Revelation TV on UK Sky Digital 581
as well as the WATCH NOW link on
the revelationtv-dot-com website...

Also tune in to GOD TV on Sky Digital 580,
or visit god-dot-tv or try the Internet
streaming access with ROKU set top boxes.

Poem accepted by UK publisher Forward Poetry for
their End Of Days poetry anthology, April 2013.

Denis Martindale

A Poem Is...

A poem is a set of thoughts some writer may express,
Such that with these as his cohorts, who knows if he will bless?
Yet if he does, then shake his hand and pat him on the back!
If not, then banish from this land, or else give him the sack!

A poem is a set insight some writer may relay,
That helps to pass some stormy night or some cold rainy day...
If not, a night without a storm, a day with sunshine filled,
It matters not if hot, cold, warm, as long as we are thrilled...

A poem is a set of themes some writer thinks as wise,
Enough to share with us his dreams with reams before our eyes...
As if to serve some higher will, or merely help his tribe,
Ten years may pass, yet he writes still, as if some royal scribe...

A poem is a precious gift, some writer's masterpiece,
Through which the reader has to sift, its nuggets to release...
Or else it's just some words that rhyme, or unrhymed phrases penned,
In either case, was it sublime, as if a brand new friend?

A poem is a talent shared, fresh-written or in books
And thus with others is compared as each new reader looks...
Anthologies are all the rage! That's where my poems are!
You see, in time, I reached the stage when I became a star!

So read my poems here and there! Reflect on old and new,
If you like them, then say a prayer, because I've prayed for you...
That you may find my treasure trove, my love-filled legacy,
My talent meant to bless us both... for all eternity...

Denis Martindale, copyright, September 2012.

The poem was written in regard to a TV series
on Sky Digital's Disney Junior and Disney Junior+
entitled A Poem Is... It was described in this way:
A series of classic poetry shorts read by iconic
British celebrities combined with powerful

animation moments from Disney's magical legacy...

Denis Martindale

Mariya And Son

Mariya the preacher went shopping!
Her son was at her side...
And their Christian tracts were dropping
In places far and wide!
From restaurants to ATMs,
From meters to phone booths!
These tracts like royal diadems
Were sparkling with God's truths!

The sun was shining up above,
The world was bright and new,
Almost as if God spoke with love,
'My Son, I give to YOU! '
Mariya smiling all the time,
Her son as good as gold,
Both walking in God's light sublime,
With winsome faith so bold...

A little child can share God's Word,
With tracts laid here and there,
Yet supervised, as is preferred
And covered with a prayer...
Mariya knows her way around,
She's found the Lord, that's why...
She walks as if she's Heaven-bound,
With twinkles in each eye!

In Heaven, tracts are never seen,
For who would need to know?
But here on Earth, let's intervene!
A-tract souls as we go!
A-tract lost souls! Each day! Be brave!
Mariya knows the score!
What wonders wait the souls we save!
There's joy forevermore!

Denis Martindale, copyright, August 2012.

The Gospel poem is about a short video showing
Mariya giving out Christian tracts to passersby,
in the hope of preaching the Gospel to them.
The Gospel website is dikayo-dot-com and
God bless Mariya who emailed me the video link.

Video shortcut: bit.ly/2MinTip

It links to parts 1 and 2 and also the
dikayo username playlist for lots more!

We can hear the word of the Lord on
Revelation TV on UK Sky Digital 581
as well as the WATCH NOW link on
the revelationtv-dot-com website...

Denis Martindale

An Epistle From One Who Loved You

Greetings, my brethren,
May God bless you in His Holy Name.
I was once among you long ago.
Remember the gifts we shared?
Remember the stories we told each other,
Our encounters with the Lord?
Surely I remember those hours,
Time flickering by, like the flames of our fire.
How the years have melted away since then,
As each Winter yields to Spring...

I laugh at the smiles upon our faces,
I marvel at the answered prayers
And so many healings along our path.
How many sandals did we wear away?
Our journeys from town-to-town,
Singing newborn hymns fresh-written,
With psalms poured out like wine,
Anointing our hearts afresh...
I forget the words, yet not our joy,
Such was our heady portion in the Lord.

Were there not prophecies, too?
And revelations new every morning?
As if awoken from sleep, still grasped.
Such lessons to learn and such lovely words.
Disciples side-by-side, arm-in-arm, like cedar trees,
Interlocked, standing firm, upright in the noonday sun,
Smiles for everyone along the dusty roads...
Yes, I remember, with a glad heart within me,
We chosen few, adopted sons of the Most High,
Spirit-filled and Spirit-blessed...

Yet time took your souls, yes, one-by-one,
While I must kneel in prayer alone,
Youth departed, now as old as time,
No mountains dare this body climb...
I miss you all, my brethren,
Now absent from this Earthly life,

Your faith, your strength, your courage,
Your wondrous outstanding love...
I would join you yonder, where angels fly above,
Yet every day I ponder. Lord, is my faith enough?

And then Christ came, He spoke to me...
New prophecies revealed for future years,
Time and times again, unfolding scrolls,
Beneath the sun, the moon and stars,
Engulfed within their circuits, waiting...
Their canvas like a sparkling backdrop,
A spreading curtain framing all below.
Once written, I shall join you, brothers.
Receive me then, with that steadfast love,
That treasure trove, our treasure trove on Earth...

Denis Martindale, copyright, August 2012.

Dedicated to John, upon the Isle of Patmos.

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the revelationtv-dot-com website...

Denis Martindale

Give God A Go!

The world would be a better place, if people were polite...
There'd be a smile on every face and that helps make things right...

There'd be a song in every heart, sweet thoughts in every mind,
Such that all sadness would depart, if only folks were kind...

Is that too much for me to ask? Too high for us to aim?
Is doing good so hard a task? If so, that's such a shame!

But even if we fail today, tomorrow still awaits,
Of course, it helps for folks to pray, just as the Bible states!

On different levels we may be, yet each can do their best,
But then we'll have to wait and see who wins this valiant quest!

Where will we be a year from now? How many good works done?
What will the Lord above allow when that full year has run?

Without His help, we won't get far! Without Him, we'd be lost!
He made each sun, each moon, each star! And how much would they cost?

Let's have a think! What could we do, if we gave God a go?
I know I've tried and yet have YOU? You little so-and-so?

That way, you'll help the world advance... If I can, then YOU can...
Give God a go! Give God a chance! Then help your fellow man...

Denis Martindale, copyright, August 2012.

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Denis Martindale

Mariya The Preacher!

Mariya is a wondrous name!
Her face is sweet and kind...
Her heart, of course, is just the same!
Her mind is quite refined...
She preaches here, she preaches there,
Lost souls still need the Lord...
And when the Lord hears her in prayer,
He grants a new reward...

She proclaims a new beginning,
She sets her sights again
And her faith helps in the winning
Of lost souls now and then...
Compassion is the means by which
Evangelists reach out,
As if to help lost souls to switch,
The day they lose their doubt...

How wonderful it is to see
Mariya day-by-day,
For when she speaks of Calvary,
What more is there to say?
And yet our Lord has conquered death,
He lives in Christians now...
He is Jesus of Nazareth,
To whom all Christians bow...

Mariya has the Lord to praise
For blessings great and small
And yet for His amazing grace,
We ought to give our all...
So preach the Word and reach the lost!
Mariya hopes you will...
Because Lord Jesus paid the cost,
Mariya preaches still...

Denis Martindale, copyright, August 2012.

The Gospel poem is about a short video showing
Mariya giving out Christian tracts to passersby,
in the hope of preaching the Gospel to them.
The Gospel website is dikayo-dot-com and
God bless Mariya who emailed me the video link.

Video shortcut: bit.ly/2MinTip

It links to parts 1 and 2 and also the
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the revelationtv-dot-com website...

Denis Martindale

The God Of Victory!

With a broken heart still beating,
While brothers bled and died,
A young boy prayed unceasing
With tears no more he cried...
With parents gone, alone, he knelt,
In hiding, no-one near
And yet with all the faith he felt,
In hopes that God would hear...

The shadow of the sun moved long
As dawn and noon passed by,
His body weak, yet faith grew strong,
As if it couldn't die...
Then, suddenly, he heard God's voice,
'Your prayer is heard, My son...
And answered if you make the choice
For what must yet be done...'

The boy replied, 'Explain it, Lord,
Reveal the future years! '
God said, 'Think not of years yet stored,
But every day that nears...
I am the God of Victory,
The King of Conquests, too,
The Author of Man's History,
Creating all things new...'

The boy's heart warmed with flames of fire,
His face like burning gold,
The emblems of the Lord's desire,
His message to be told...
Thus all who saw the boy asked why
And he revealed God's Word...
And faithful souls let out a sigh
As prophecies were heard...

The boy preached here, the boy preached there,
The Bible in his hand,
With parables beyond compare

Across the blood-stained land...
And thoughts of vengeance faded fast
And prayers outpoured like wine...
And gently peace was spread at last,
Anointed and divine...

His generation knew such peace,
The land was richly blessed,
They say God's wonders never cease,
Forgiveness proves the test...
Will we forgive? Will we share love?
Or will we cling to hate?
The God of Victory knows above...
I ask, 'Is it too late? '

Denis Martindale, copyright, August 2012.

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the revelationtv-dot-com website...

Denis Martindale

Given Hearts That We Might Love

Given hearts that we might love,
Until they're called above,
With those we leave behind...
Who keep our love in mind...
In time, when tears have passed,
We'll meet again, at last...
Our lives on Earth are short
And thus our thinking's caught,
Yet God reveals His Word
And faith inside is stirred,
Such that new hope is born,
No more to feel forlorn...

That's why faith lights our path
And teaches us to laugh
And with each prayer we pray,
Reach higher day-by-day...
Eternal life awaits
As we pass through God's Gates...
Think not it's meant for all,
For each must hear God's call
And in a moment rise,
To see through brand new eyes,
Then on God's promise stand,
As each one holds His hand...

The ones who've gone before,
Must surely know the score,
For in Heaven they abide,
With smiles so broad and wide,
Content to wait for those
Whose love still grows and grows...
Be patient, then, my friends,
For true love never ends,
It blossoms like it must
In those whose hearts still trust...
There's nothing more sublime,
Except we'll meet in time...

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale

If You Knew How Much I Love You

If you knew how much I love you,
Emotions would run dry,
For although I dwell above you,
I love you here on high...
A billion stars could come and go
Before this love could fade,
For you, My love, are all I know,
From everything I made...

You are the apple of My eye,
The smile that lives within,
The laughter and the longing sigh,
The hearts I seek to win...
You are the blessing I preserve
As centuries proclaim,
The treasure troves of all the Earth
Who call upon My Name...

You are the Child of Prophecy,
You are the Child of State,
You are the Child of Calvary,
You are the Child of Fate,
You are the Child of Government,
You are the Child of Grace,
You are the Child for whom Christ went,
So He could take your place...

Behold the time and times to run,
The seasons dead ahead,
For I shall send to you My Son,
The Pierced One, who once bled...
And He shall govern lands and seas
And hearts and souls of men
And when you see the Prince of Peace,
You'll see My love again...

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Distributing Invaluable Knowledge As You Observe

To think, a Christian Gospel tract
Can help to save a soul...
And yet, in truth, it's proved a fact,
For God's love makes us whole...
Anointed by our Saviour's prayers,
The Holy Bible stands
A witness just how much God cares,
Wherever Scripture lands!

She chose her spot where most folks were
And gave out tracts that day...
A miracle just might occur,
As she went on her way...
She prayed that God would open eyes,
As well as hearts and minds,
So that lost souls would realise
God's wonders and God's signs!

The tracts were just like promises
God had prepared before...
All His people know what bliss is,
At times, thrilled to the core!
The day when Bible verses rule
And Satan's lies all lose!
The day that he can't cheat or fool!
The day that sinners choose...

Disciples spread God's Holy Word,
His Good News far and wide...
Our eyes observe, no longer blurred,
Our hearts are warmed inside!
For God so loved the World He gave
His one and only Son
And in Christ's death, God wants to save
From all the sins we've done...

To think, a Christian Gospel tract
Can help to save a soul...
And yet, in truth, it's proved a fact,

For God's love makes us whole...
Anointed by our Saviour's prayers,
The Holy Bible stands
A witness just how much God cares,
Wherever Scripture lands!

Denis Martindale, copyright, August 2012.

Shortcut info: tinyurl-dot-com/dikayo-poem

The Gospel poem title's based on the initials
spelling out dikayo since the dikayo-dot-com
website was featured in a short video showing
Mariya giving out Christian tracts to passersby,
in the hope of preaching the Gospel to them.

God bless Mariya who emailed me the video link.

Video shortcut: bit.ly/2MinTip

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the revelationtv-dot-com website...

Denis Martindale

Highways Of The Mind!

When God made Man and Woman, too,
Freewill gave them their start,
But would they love God's point of view
Or from God's wisdom part?
We know they strayed and sin was born
The day they sinned inside,
Such that they left Him so forlorn,
Without one shred of pride...

But now in Christ, our hearts and minds
Are humbled by God's love
And healing Scriptures that each finds
Still prove God's grace enough...
Thus problems come and problems go
When faith directs our prayers,
For who is there more in the know
Than God who truly cares?

The highways of the mind await,
Constructed by the Lord,
We turn to love, we turn from hate,
We share each new reward...
How Great Thou Art was just a song
Till Jesus held our hands...
God's highways help us to stand strong
As each mind understands...

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the revelationtv-dot-com website...

Denis Martindale

The Day The Devil Lost

The Devil tried his level best
The day that Jesus died,
But even he was so hard pressed,
Temptations every side...
The multitude had swayed like corn
From love to fear then hate,
To see Lord Jesus so forlorn,
As if no longer great...

The evidence against Him stood,
Yet witnesses were mixed,
But finally they did no good,
As if their words were fixed...
When Pilate met the beaten Lord
He saw no victory,
Nor was the crowd as overawed...
Barabbas was set free...

The Devil then had no way out
Unless Christ wavered now,
Yet Jesus walked beyond their doubt,
His crown upon His brow...
The Cross was now His sacrifice,
Would Jesus die or not?
Would Jesus falter and think twice
Or just submit to God?

The hours left yet Jesus stayed,
No angels to appear,
No rescue bid as Christ obeyed
Till death was oh so near...
His Blood fell down upon the Earth
As Jesus paid sins' cost,
The day the Saviour proved His worth...
The day the Devil lost...

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Denis Martindale

Revelation Tv

God gave a Christian a mission,
A sacred destiny!
When greeted with derision,
He offered clemency!
He reached out with his loving hands
Extending Heaven's grace,
Yet people laughed at God's commands
And laughed in this man's face...

But he continued in God's love,
Such that the years rolled by,
Such that God proved His grace enough
And held his head up high...
But one day came when things went wrong,
Such that the poor man wept,
No longer with a faith so strong,
In fact, he hardly slept...

He thought God's ministry was done,
Support had waned away,
That's when he knelt before God's Son
And prayed both night and day...
God heard his prayer and He wept, too,
Then stirred the hearts of men!
Revelation TV helps you!
Will you help them again?

Denis Martindale

Adoration, Too

When two white tigers felt such peace
In their own company,
Tranquillity had brought them ease,
So pleasing now to see...
No fighting here, no growls, no scowls,
No sneers that chill the heart,
No argument that quickly fouls,
No hate to keep apart...

For now, as true friends, side-by-side,
There's harmony and more,
Serenity and smiles so wide
That each one knows the score...
A gentleness has come to stay,
Refreshing and sublime,
They seem almost to be at play,
Like children lost in time...

When humans learn to live as one,
Their hearts entwined with love,
What wondrous things will then be done,
As God's grace proves enough...
If two white tigers can enlist
True love beyond compare,
Such adoration must exist
For folks like us to share...

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The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Adoration II'.

Denis Martindale

The Bible Blueprint

Is there a best time
To do what we can?
That question's sublime,
As God's got a plan...
I'll give you a hint,
Start saying your prayers...
God's Book's our blueprint,
Let's heed what it says...

Where is the hero,
If not held within?
Courage makes fear go,
Love turns us from sin...
Boldness beats coldness
And brightness beats night
And goodness can sure bless
When folks do what's right...

Hold on to the good,
Let the bad depart,
Till you've understood
What honours the heart...
Love is the portion
Of all that remains,
Freeing the spirit from
Shackles and chains...

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Denis Martindale

Youth Got Mail

Her email was a bitter pill,
She was no more my friend,
I sat there mid a sudden chill
I thought would never end...
Her callous words ripped through my soul,
Like lightning bolts of death,
As if she'd lost all self-control
And so I held my breath...

I waited for a change of mind...
Was that her final dart?
Was there a second chance to find?
Perhaps a change of heart?
Then solemn days turned into weeks
And weeks turned into years,
Such that my heart no longer seeks
A sad return to tears...

So, I moved on, alone, of course,
Regrets to bear like scars
And though true love I'd once endorse,
Remorse makes that a farce...
The other day, I heard God's voice...
He whispered soft and low...
He said, 'My child, she made her choice...
It's time to let her go...'

Of course, I laughed at such advice,
The idea quite absurd,
But God gives time so we think twice
And then obey His word...
'O.K., ' I said, 'I set her free...
I pray You'll bless her still...'
That's when I felt the Lord touch me
To take away that chill...

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Denis Martindale

The Dark Knight Rises

When Gotham needs its hero back,
He's waiting in the wings,
The Dark Knight rises dressed in black
To bring all that he brings...

Back in the game, opponents fall,
He conquers one-by-one,
Such that for Gotham he gives all,
Until the battle's done...

The Batman's played the game before,
Surviving day-by-day,
To scale the heights, even the score,
His martial arts display...

He bides his time, then strikes so fast,
Somehow to turn the tide,
Such that for Gotham danger's past
And peace can then abide...

PoemHunter.com

He sacrifices life and limb,
In fact, his very soul,
In hopes that though the future's grim,
He strives yet gains control...

Beware if in his way you stand,
He knows what he must do,
Such that for Gotham things are planned
So Batman captures you!

One man can make a difference, friends,
One hero standing tall,
One champion who comprehends,
Defending great and small...

When Batman's legend comes to mind,
He holds his head up high,
Such that new courage he will find
Before his last goodbye...

Denis Martindale

Ripples

With his turned up nose and whiskers
At all that life could bring,
The tiger known as Sour Puss,
Would growl at anything!
He loathed the sun, he loathed the rain,
He loathed the clouds above,
In fact, he was a royal pain,
With nothing much to love...

But when he found the silver stream
Where ripples were at play,
He changed, as if now in a dream,
They really made his day...
His whiskers arched in great surprise
And then he tip-toed in...
Forced to agree that it felt nice
Upon his tiger skin...

'Oh, yes! ' he said, 'This sure feels good! '
He grinned from ear-to-ear!
As if confirming that he would
Be soon returning here...
He watched the ripples mesmerised,
As they danced to-and-fro...
Their spectacle so highly prized,
He didn't want to go...

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Golden

'That's it! I'm pooped! ' the lion said,
'I'm just a cub, that's all! '
And so he laid his heavy head
With no more strength to crawl...
'I've done the lot! ' he said with pride,
'I've jumped, I've pounced, I've chewed! '
And having yawned, now bleary-eyed,
He sighed, a worn-out dude...

'I know it's only half-past-three!
But I'm plum-tuckered now!
Did you see my sister chase me?
All I can say is wow!
She's run me ragged all day long,
As if she had it planned!
She bit my tail, that's simply wrong!
She's getting out of hand! '

The lion cub complained again,
'She's safe for now, I know,
But I'll get back at her and then,
I'll teach that so-and-so! '
Then all at once his eyes shut tight,
All golden rules to flout,
In dreams he schemed with all his might,
'I'll sort that missy out! '

PoemHunter.com

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The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Golden'.

More Stephen Gayford poems here:
denis-martindale-dot-blogspot-dot-com

Denis Martindale

Contented Mother

Behold the truth in black and white,
Two Pandas truly blessed,
Together, what a wondrous sight,
No wonder we're impressed!
There's the mother, so contented,
As proud as proud can be...
There's the baby there, presented,
For all the world to see!

To think, the mother's lived so long,
Endangered though she is,
Yet now her hopes are oh so strong,
Her heart's now filled with bliss...
Her baby's barely got a clue,
Yet peace seems everywhere,
A tender touch says, 'I love you! '
For true love's in the air!

Yet each father, mother, baby
Needs something to be done!
Each Panda has a destiny,
If Man protects each one...
Consider wildlife charities,
Can you provide support?
The chiefest of all remedies
Is that we spare a thought...

PoemHunter.com

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The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Contented Mother'.

More Stephen Gayford poems here:
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Denis Martindale

Dancing On Ice

The compere and his co-host,
Resplendent, caused a stir!
Watched on TV from coast-to-coast
With all male eyes on HER!
She outshone all the stars above,
Gold sequins here and there
And suddenly I fell in love,
All I could do was stare...

I thought that I'd gone deaf a while,
Each time she said a word,
For all she had to do was smile
And nothing then was heard!
I turned the volume up a bit,
To hear her once again,
Returning to my chair to sit
And ogle like most men...

PoemHunter.com

And all at once I heard a sigh
That started from my heart
And watched her till she said goodbye
And sadly saw her part...
Since I'd recorded everything,
I watched her smile once more...
And simply with the joys of Spring,
I heard myself say, 'PHWOAR! '

I've not said that a long, long time!
Yet now it was deserved!
You see, to me, she was sublime
And oh, so sweetly curved!
Of course, I'll tune in next week, too,
I like 'Dancing On Ice'!
Now I'm in love I've got to view
That girl who looks so nice!

Denis Martindale

My Funny Sunny Holiday!

At first, my trip to sunny France
Was simply for some wild romance,
Away from folks at home I'd miss
While some French girl I'd soon kiss-kiss!

So off I flew upon the plane
Till almost reaching Sunny Spain,
But landing still on France's soil,
With temperatures still set to boil!

At dead of night, we all arrived,
Just thanking God, we'd all survived
And from the journey in the coach
Our half-built hotel to approach!

Our rooms sufficed to suit our needs
And I slept well from all these deeds...
When I awoke, the beach called me!
So off I went to sun and sea...

PoemHunter.com

French girls' bikinis here and there
Had made my English eyes to stare!
So many Baywatch fantasies
While I rubbed oil on my knees...

No tan had I on that first day,
That's why nobody came my way!
But that all changed within that week,
My skin all tanned on my physique...

French girls surrounded me in time,
Amazed that I looked so sublime!
I lied about my age and smiled,
Just mesmerised and quite beguiled!

To think, French ladies I'd entrance!
They made my holiday in France!
And yet no matter where I roam,
It's always nice when I get home!

Denis Martindale

Scanning The Skies

The mighty meerkat, to his friends,
Was humbly standing guard!
With vigilance that never ends,
For each must play his part!
Don't think that staring up above
Is easy all day long...
Yet his sore neck will prove his love,
If he has patience strong...

The mighty meerkat, to his mates,
Alerts when danger's near,
Then, oh, what panic he creates!
They scarper off in fear!
But until then, the meerkats roam,
Contented as can be...
Until it's time to hide at home
And snigger helplessly!

The mighty meerkat, to his pals,
Protects from predators,
The hero of the meerkat gals,
Whatever fate occurs...
They look at him, so noble there,
Defiant, proud and wise!
Yet all he does is stand and stare,
Merely scanning the skies!

PoemHunter.com

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The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Scanning The Skies'.

More Stephen Gayford poems here:
denis-martindale-dot-blogspot-dot-com

Denis Martindale

Politics Or Politricks?

Forgive me if I've lost the point,
What use is politics?
Each party seems to wreck the joint,
With madcap politricks...
Based on lies as manifestos...
What are we voting for?
Are politicians friends or foes?
'Cos they don't know the score!

I'll never vote for you-know-who!
He'll never vote for me!
I won't vote red, I won't vote blue,
They've got no clue, you see!
The same mistakes they've made last time!
And brand new ones as well...
I thought Great Britain was sublime,
But now it's more like Hell...

I used to be a trusting soul,
Believing everything!
But now it's got beyond control,
We're all left wondering!
A right old mess, without a doubt,
We're all in debt today!
I think it's time God helps us out!
I think it's time to pray...

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Supergirl

As Krypton died, her spaceship rose,
To transport her away
And so to planet Earth it goes,
With nowhere safe to stay...
Across the void, she travels fast,
Her life still in Fate's hands,
Until there comes our Earth at last
And, thus, her spaceship lands...

She stands upon her feet again,
To breathe Earth's precious air,
Its miracle beyond her ken,
As it moves through her hair...
She eats the apples on the trees,
Drinks water from the brook...
It's her reflection that she sees!
She takes a long, long look...

PoemHunter.com

You see, it's oh so beautiful,
So wondrous to behold!
Her blonde hair looks adorable,
Like wheat or shining gold...
And all at once she's floating high,
With her face full of smiles,
She's happy now, for she can fly
For miles and miles and miles!

She tests her speed, amazed to be
Much faster than a plane,
Yet Superman's the first to see
She needs his help to train...
With supervision, she does well,
My word, what she can do!
If I met her, this truth I'd tell...
Supergirl... I LOVE YOU!

Denis Martindale

This Precious Sacred Love

To think, that we, God's people here,
Are blessed beyond compare,
Because God truly loves us dear
And harkens to each prayer...
To think, that He, the King of Kings
And holy Lord of Lords,
Is He alone who truly brings
Eternity's rewards...

To think, that we, of all the Earth,
Are saved in Jesus Christ
And born again to live with worth,
When in His Name baptised...
To think, that He, gives gifts to all
And ministries in time,
No wonder at His feet we fall
In worship that's sublime...

To think, that we, can preach His Word,
To any soul that's lost,
Such that the Gospel Truth is heard,
That Jesus paid the cost...
To think, that He, once died for you,
To think, He died for me...
This precious sacred love stays new
Because of Calvary...

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

The Master

The lion stands his ground again,
Reflecting on his fate,
Remembering his youth and when
Nobody thought him great...
He proved them wrong, defiantly,
Determined, come what may,
As if it all were meant to be,
His destiny, his way...

Contenders sought to take him on,
To test his strength and guile,
His legend, thus, was built upon
His power, speed and style...
He made them wince, he made them groan,
He made them turn and run,
Until as King, he took the throne,
His battles truly done...

Behold the lion, standing there...
Take note with true regard,
He may look noble, debonair,
But sentiment discard...
If you've got doubts, stop wondering...
He'll make you understand...
For he's the Master, Lord and King,
The Ruler of this land...

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The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'The Master'.

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Denis Martindale

Evening Drinks

The elephants had made their way
To where the water was,
The mother and her calf to stay
Until their time to cross...
And only then, when all seemed well,
Some evening drinks to share,
God's miracle was there to tell
That He had heard their prayer...

Another feast of simple things
That made their lives worthwhile,
Before the evening dark night brings
God's moon above in style...
Mid fading light and softening heat,
The calf felt precious peace,
The kind that comes when life's complete
And wonders never cease...

The mother's heart was filled with joy,
A tear came to her eye...
And love like that none should destroy,
No need to question why...
Just evening drinks, tranquillity,
Unspoken heart-filled awe,
Good company and harmony...
Now who could ask for more?

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The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Evening Drinks'.

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Denis Martindale

The Sublime

The leopard left his sleep behind,
Arose and walked around
And with that walk his waking mind
Was glad at what he found...
The sun was shining in the sky,
A wondrous breeze drew near
And yet not once did he ask why
Such blessings should appear...

And yet this world is so sublime,
In every single part
And blessed are they that spend their time
In painting perfect art...
Think of all creatures... great and small...
That artists sit and paint,
Yet Stephen Gayford, he stands tall,
To some, he is a saint...

He captures insights when on tour,
He gets each detail done
And then he thrills us to the core
And shares his sense of fun...
From meerkats to the giant cats,
Fantastic dolphins, too!
He paints them like aristocrats...
Sublime... each time... for you...

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The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'The Sublime'.

More Stephen Gayford poems here:
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Denis Martindale

Curious Presence

There was a presence, close to me,
With soft-like sounds no more,
At first, a solemn mystery
Until I could be sure...
And then a lone wolf dead ahead,
From nowhere, now in sight,
Such that there was a sense of dread,
A chill that led to fright...

And yet I sensed the danger passed,
As if there were no harm,
Its curious presence there at last,
No mutual alarm...
No fear from me, no fear from him,
Just co-existence now,
Living souls, with each a pilgrim,
With peace our silent vow...

He looked at me, his coat aglow,
His eyes like dogs I owned,
Perhaps that's why I let him go,
His future life condoned...
With ears on high, transfixed above,
Alert to all around...
Though times were hard and life was tough,
A vision to astound...

Denis Martindale, copyright, August 2012.

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Curious Presence'.

More Stephen Gayford poems here:
denis-martindale-dot-blogspot-dot-com

Denis Martindale

Mirror, Mirror...

That man in the mirror told me, with memories galore
And as if to warn and scold me, he pointed out each flaw...

He said, 'You ain't a millionaire, celeb or movie star!
In fact, you've nothing but a prayer, just look at what you are...'

They say that sleeping cures all ills, so I dozed off to sleep...
As each new dream the old void fills, perhaps some skills to keep...

Then I saw her! The one I chose from every girl I've known,
My dreamgirl dressed in fancy clothes... I pine for her alone...

Her boyfriend there, as plain as day! The guy who wasn't me,
The guy who stole my girl away and caused my Calvary...

When I woke up, the mirror man reflected on my loss,
He wondered if it was God's plan to put me on my cross...

But with new faith that grew within, just like a mustard seed,
I said to him, 'I'll not give in... This lesson I must heed...'

'Yes, heed this well! ' he then replied, 'You ain't as girls prefer!
In fact, you'll never get a bride whatever hopes occur...'

He said, 'Don't fall in love again! You know it hurts you so! '
I've not much time for mirror men, in fact, he'll have to go!

From this day on, I'll search and search, in hopes I soon propose,
To wed my bride inside a Church where true love overflows...

I'll prove him wrong, no matter what! She's out there even now...
And I'll give everything I've got to marry her... somehow...

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Denis Martindale

Donkeys Driven To Despair!

Have you seen those donkey adverts?
Mistreated one-by-one
And every burden hurts and hurts
While suffering the sun...
The cruelty goes on for miles,
With hardly time to rest,
Yet on they walk through all such trials,
As if to do their best...

Have you seen those donkey adverts?
The look that's in their eyes?
But does your conscience sound alerts
So that you realise?
Or do you wait a minute till
Such horrors leave the screen?
Or does your heart stop with a chill
That humankind's so mean?

Have you seen those donkey adverts?
How much should donkeys lift?
Should we respond, roll up our shirts
And each donate a gift?
There are so many charities,
But love still stirs my heart...
Somebody help these donkeys, please...
Let each one do his part...

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Charity site: www-dot-thebrooke-dot-org

TV advert: www-dot-thebrooke-dot-tv

Denis Martindale

Psalm Enchanted Evening

As Summer's twilight fast descends
Upon the far-off fields
And faithful prayers are said for friends,
Held high like shining shields,
As creatures bid the day farewell,
Adventures lost in time,
I stand here gazing at God's spell,
At starlights so sublime...

Behold the Cosmic carousel,
The twinkling, twirling dance,
The moon above we know so well,
Its phases in advance,
Its lonely vigil prophesied,
God's circle circling still,
Enough so God is glorified,
According to His will...

The owl reveals himself at night,
As he stirs from his dream
And silently propels in flight,
Below the clouds that gleam...
For life continues till the dawn,
Majestic as the day,
That's greeted by a newborn fawn
Just learning how to play...

And here am I, a child of God,
A pilgrim saved by grace,
Who's said his prayers and now must nod,
Agreeing to God's face,
That He is holy, noble, good,
Deserving of my love...
As I survey my neighbourhood
And smile at stars above...

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Denis Martindale

Romeo's Road To Romance

You gently bid me take your hand, as we walk side-by-side,
As if to walk Love's Wonderland, with all God's grace supplied...
Such that by day, such that by night, God's Word will guide us true,
Such that each heart may take delight in words like, 'I love you...'

You sweetly swing your arms in time, as God permits this hour,
He knows how much this feels sublime, as two hearts feel His power...
If I am yours and you are mine, God's blessings still in store,
Then I will prove your Valentine, both now and evermore...

You have the right to test this man and conscience serves us well,
Enough to fit within God's plan, as best as we can tell...
But know this now... as we hold hands... no diamond rings as yet...
If we must part, God understands, but you I won't forget...

You smile and sunshine fills my soul, you laugh and make me sigh,
You make me doubt all self-control, you make me ask God, 'Why? '
You must know how I seek your kiss, you must know how I feel,
You must know how I see all this, it's bliss... because it's real...

So hold my hand and hold the dream and hold fast, come what may,
As if this time were so supreme, we dare not let it stray...
And let no other come between, no other tear apart...
To prove my love that God has seen, I offer you... my heart...

Denis Martindale, copyright, July 2012.

Denis Martindale

Surfs You Right!

When Colin bought a computer, he didn't know a thing!
So in fact, without a tutor, he spent a lot, ker-ching!

So he plugged it in and waited... The PC screen stayed black!
For a while he hesitated and thought he'd take it back!

What's that? The on switch! There it was! The little so-and-so!
How foolish that he'd been so cross, yet now, all systems go!

An hour later, it calmed down! The Internet could start...
So Colin's forehead lost its frown, now he would soon take part.

The home page loaded, so he stared at small text on the screen,
The poor chap squinting unprepared, no longer quite as keen...

He clicked a link, saw colours change and near collapsed in shock!
'Good God! That site was really strange! ' That's one he had to block!

Another link he chose to try... This time some music played!
The volume had been set too high! He set it down to fade...

'Thank God for that! ' poor Colin said, 'At least I'm on my own! '
His cheeks by now were blushing red, as he let out a groan...

'OK! That's it! I'll beat this thing! ' He vowed with all his might!
Then he checked Google, Yahoo, Bing, still surfing through the night!

He fell asleep at half-past-five... He slept there like a slob!
Woke up, then off to work to drive, before he lost his job!

'That PC's going back next week! ' He told himself that day!
Alas, the poor guy's now a geek... His PC's here to stay!

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Denis Martindale

World In Focus

When we see Earth from outer space,
Our hearts are warmed within,
Revealed in splendour, Godly grace,
Life's journey to begin...
Devoted to His masterpiece,
In every age we see,
New miracles, they never cease,
Formed here so perfectly...
Our lives are in God's hands, we know,
Christ prophesied so much,
Upon His Cross He had to go,
Salvation there to clutch...

When we see Christ upon His Cross,
Our hearts are cold within,
Redemption purchased by His loss,
Love sacrificed for sin...
Disciples trust in Him alone,
Indeed each is baptised,
Now prayers can reach God's Holy Throne,
Faith grows, revitalised...
Obedience is everything...
Come, Jesus Christ, again!
Use Christians here, for You're our King!
Set free! Praise God! Amen!

PoemHunter.com

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WORLD IN FOCUS is spelt out here as the
first letters of the lines for the verses.

WORLD IN FOCUS is a new Gospel programme
to view on Revelation TV, Sky Digital 581 and
the WATCH NOW link on revelationtv-dot-com

Denis Martindale

Inner Beauty Is Real Deep

Does a smile begin from nowhere,
A tear from outer space?
Or do they come from hearts that care
To settle on each face?
They say that beauty is skin deep,
Not so when one gets sad,
Or longfelt grudges one would keep
With evil thoughts so bad...

Does a laugh begin from nowhere,
A sigh from outer space?
Or do they come from dreams we share
Or feelings we embrace?
And what of songs and poetry
And hymns that mean so much
And all God called humanity
That brings each gentle touch?

Does a prayer begin from nowhere,
A frown from outer space?
Does true love melt the heart's despair
To wipe out every trace?
Does time go faster when in love,
Is love all that there is?
If so, then thank the Lord above,
Look up... and blow a kiss...

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Denis Martindale

Jerusalem, Jerusalem!

From generation to generation
Jerusalem is blessed,
So behold the revelation,
For it is manifest!
While sun and moon and stars still shine,
While sons of men exist,
God says, 'Jerusalem is Mine!
Let nobody resist! '

The capital of Israel stands
Before God's Throne on high!
Receiver of the Lord's commands,
The apple of His eye,
Christ's future Throne, awaits Him still,
This lesson Man must learn,
Since Jesus Christ on Zion's Hill
Has promised to return...

Freewill is wise, yet limits fall,
Both on the rich and poor,
Christ's prophecies apply to all,
Of that you can be sure...
The wise, of course, remember Him,
Christ died to save each Jew...
Jerusalem, Jerusalem,
Great things are said of you!

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Good God, I'M Soaking Wet!

The day arrived and I felt glad,
I was to be baptised...
To follow through on all I had,
Transformed by Jesus Christ!
With Bible verses in my mind
And also in my heart,
I left the house my fate to find,
'My God, how great Thou art...'

As the Baptist Church was waiting,
I travelled on my way,
With no trace of hesitating
Or reason to delay...
When I arrived, I was on time
As I walked down the aisle,
The flowers simply looked sublime
And people made me smile...

And once prepared, I waded in,
And stood there soaking wet,
To end one life... new life begin...
Immersed from toe to head!
When raised up to the air again,
New oxygen to breathe,
I stood tall with all my brethren...
My word, what a relief!

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as well as the WATCH NOW link on
the revelationtv-dot-com website...

Denis Martindale

Unclear Family

Where's the nuclear family?
Do you know where it's gone?
Today it's somewhat hard to see,
Our hopes to pin upon...
With children known as 2 point 4
And Mum and Dad as well,
I know it's not a written law,
But now it's hard to tell...

Divorce increases year by year,
The parents split apart,
Each child's then left to shed a tear
That tugs at every heart...
A second marriage may begin,
More children to be born,
Then only God knows who will win
And who remains forlorn...

A certain friction fills the air,
A numbness chills each soul...
The likes of these who could compare?
Folks keeping self-control...
Such that true peace nobody seeks,
With grudges close at hand,
Then silences, nobody speaks,
As if true love were banned...

No wonder God has warned us all
Before the Wedding Day,
God only knows what will befall
When adults go astray...
They may start well and life's just great,
But sin's still here on Earth
And truly this must be Man's Fate
That each must prove their worth...

It's such a shame when things go wrong!
Such sorrows here and there!
No wonder God tells us, 'Be strong!

Be warned! You must take care! '
If only true love were the norm,
Divorces not exist...
There'd only be sweethearts kept warm
And sweet lips ever kissed!

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Poem accepted for Forward Poetry anthology:

Cherished Moments - A Collection Of Poetry.

Denis Martindale

Keep Calm Jesus Loves You

I read the poster dead ahead
Which God told me to view,
A simple truth right there was spread,
'KEEP CALM JESUS LOVES YOU'
And though, at first, it seemed benign,
I asked, 'Was it sincere? '
If so, then everything was fine,
From then on, crystal clear...

There was no image of God's Son,
Good Shepherd, Lamb of God,
In fact, it was so simply done,
At first, it seemed quite odd...
Like slogans snatched from World War Two,
Revisited again,
The kind that told folks what to do,
'BE BRAVE AND ACT AS MEN'...

There was no cross of Jesus Christ,
With I.N.R.I. up above,
No mention He was sacrificed
As God's great King of Love...
Just five words there in capitals,
As if God had them planned
In answer to the Prayer of Paul's,
Five words we'd understand...

The message was for hearts to know,
A gesture of goodwill,
My heart felt blessed it was on show,
In fact, I felt a thrill...
It struck a chord, it made me smile,
It simply made my day,
It helped me walk the second mile,
As I went on my way...

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Denis Martindale

The Backslider

When I was young and God was close
And lived inside my heart,
The promises inside me rose
As I made my new start...
I gave my very life and soul
And put them in His hands,
I vowed to grant Him all control,
To old and new commands...

The years rolled by and Church felt fine
With studies, hymns and such
And most of me still towed the line
Until we two lost touch...
Of course, God hadn't moved away...
He never left my side,
But when temptations came to stay,
I lost God as my guide...

My conscience wasn't crystal clear,
There seemed no black and white,
Just twilight, grey and sometimes fear
That followed day and night...
I was a liar through and through,
My vows strewn here and there
And hard to tell God, 'I love You! '
The times I knelt in prayer...

No time machine can take me back,
I can't undo my sins,
Good conscience now, of course, I lack,
As each new day begins...
But while there's faith and joy and love
On offer every day...
Confessing sins, I look above,
With hope I will obey...

Denis Martindale, copyright, July 2012.

Denis Martindale

The Really Impatient Poem

Some poems are impatient things!
Yes, they pace up and down!
And while they're waiting in the wings
They're prone to wear a frown...
One poem woke me up one night
And dragged me out of bed!
I trembled on the floor with fright,
Enraged and seeing red...

The poem stood there, pen in hand,
With paper I could use,
Determined I should understand
That I must not refuse...
'I've waited long enough! ' he said,
'Get started straight away! '
I started crawling back to bed,
But he forced me to stay!

He held my feet and wouldn't quit!
'O.K.! ' I told him straight,
He spoke the title bit by bit...
I said, 'That's great... just great! '
He babbled on and line by line,
I wrote it word for word,
Of course I know it wasn't mine,
For that would be absurd...

'Thank God, it's done! ' the poem smiled,
'At last it's time to rest...'
He dropped my feet, no longer wild,
As if he had been blessed...
'One day the world will read this verse!
My thoughts in every home! '
Forgive me if I'm feeling terse,
He was one nutty poem!

Denis Martindale, copyright, July 2012.

Denis Martindale

Me And My Guardian Angel

I don't know where he's flown off to,
Moonlighting I suspect,
My part-time hero simply flew
And left me to reflect...
So here I stand complaining
And moaning to myself,
While he's off, I'm remaining...
He's left me on the shelf!

He likes to stay anonymous,
I've never learnt his name,
'Cos if I knew I'd cause a fuss
And firmly point the blame!
I've got my list of accidents
That he seemed to ignore,
No wonder that I take offence
At every single flaw!

I thought that he was on my side,
'Cos sometimes he came through,
But now my eyes are open wide,
He hasn't got a clue!
It's hit-and-miss from first-to-last,
My records act as proof!
He'll have to go! I'm quite aghast!
And that's the honest truth!

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Extreme Dream Team

Though we pen poems by the ream,
As if to praise God's perfect theme,
When tired out, we sleep and dream
And sometimes to a mad extreme...

Maybe our hearts are prone to scheme,
Or in our eyes there's fixed a beam,
Where evils pour down like a stream
And cling and stink like clotted cream...

Maybe our lives aren't what they seem,
Just commonplace and not supreme,
We're not the leader of the team,
Or smile as with a God-blessed gleam...

Though evil spirits may blaspheme,
God's still the Holy Elohim
With seraphim and cherubim!
That's why I pray... before I dream...

PoemHunter.com

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Denis Martindale

I Press On To Win The Prize!

Yes, I press on to win the prize!
I've got no other aims...
With no distractions for my eyes,
For I'm not playing games...
This is the day of destiny!
One hour so sublime,
As if the Lord prepared for me
A treasure trove in time...

And for this day I've been prepared,
Like gold that's been refined,
No longer doubtful, timid, scared,
One purpose fills my mind...
I'm not alone for others seek
The prize that's meant for one,
Yet destiny makes me unique,
The battle's good as done!

So watch me win! Yes, cheer me on!
Rejoice and shake my hand!
The podium I'll stand upon,
As if God had it planned...
For He was there, my journey through,
Alongside all the way...
By faith, I tell Him, 'I love You! '
For Him, I'll win today!

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale, copyright, July 2012.

The Olympic Gospel poem was mentioned on the Revelation TV's R-Mornings show, discussing the Olympics news on the 7th of August,2012 and it was read out to the viewers on the 9th of August.

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Denis Martindale

From Emptiness To Holiness

With humbled hearts and empty hands some kneel before the Lord,
So poor they have no homes or lands or things that they could hoard.
They have no extra food to share, no water near to drink,
Yet they approach our God in prayer and they should make us think...

With broken lives and worried minds some groan before the Lord,
So hurt as if the devil blinds and binds them with strong cord.
They have no other force for good than Jesus, strong to save
And so they ask Him if He would release them to be brave...

With foolish dreams and vanities some ache before the Lord,
So lost they know they cannot please, yet faith makes them assured.
Because they know that Jesus lives! He's called them one-by-one!
He promises that God forgives! So what more could be done?

With everything that we may own, let's come before the Lord,
So that our prayer requests are known and subject to reward.
For He alone can light our path, grant joy instead of pain,
To cast out tears and makes us laugh, so that we trust again...

With such a love that God extends in Heaven and on Earth,
Let us approach our God as friends, because He knows our worth.
How blessed are those He's freeing and each who understands.
It's in Him, we have our being, our lives are in God's hands...

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Denis Martindale

Lord Jesus Is The Answer!

Across this world God's angels fly
As servants of the Lord
And yet not one for us could die,
God's grace to be outpoured...
That's why God sent His precious Son,
To suffer shame and loss,
So all our hopes are pinned upon
Lord Jesus on the Cross...

Across this world God's word is shared
Like sunshine and like rain,
For God so loved the world He cared
And hopes our love to gain...
That's why the Saviour's Blood was shed,
That's why that day He died,
That's why God raised Him from the dead...
Now Christ is glorified!

Across this world the Saviour smiles
At all the saints He's saved,
For He's the King who reconciles
The ones baptised and bathed...
The Alpha Course explains so much!
God's wondrous truths revealed!
Let Jesus Christ reach down and touch
Your soul so you are healed...

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Denis Martindale

The Voice And The Vision

'Behold the sun, the moon, the stars! '
I heard the Saviour say!
'Beyond all these, one day you'll pass,
To meet Me here one day...'
And while I knelt in tearful prayer,
A vision was outpoured...
And these two eyes began to stare
At Jesus Christ our Lord!
For there He was and in plain sight,
A vision to behold,
Outshining stars that shone at night,
His glory good as gold!

And when Christ spoke, what words He said,
Foretelling what must be,
Our sacred Saviour, who was dead,
Now sharing prophecy...
Mistakes forgiven, sins as well,
Wrong roads I proudly took,
The day that I was saved from Hell,
Blessed by God's holy book...
And all my troubles were explained,
Lost battles I had fought,
Each victory that I had gained,
Lost souls that I had caught...

'The prophecy must bide its time,
Till Israel owns the land,
Then every truth would be sublime,
For men would understand...
So recall the voice and vision
And preach the prophecy...
Take time to make your decision,
If you will live for Me...'
Lord Jesus blessed me, said, 'Good-bye...'
Ascended to God's Throne...
For now He knew how hard I'd try
To make the Gospel known!

PoemHunter.com

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Denis Martindale

The More Excellent Way!

Saint Paul has taught us of God's laws,
Commandments one-by-one,
Explaining such that none ignores,
If saved by Christ, God's Son...

He wrote his thoughts to edify,
To comfort and make strong,
Such that we'd praise the Lord most high,
To whom the Saints belong...

Accepted through God's awesome grace,
Each born again child sings,
There's not one man who can replace
Lord Jesus, King of Kings...

That's why the Holy Spirit came,
The One who's everywhere!
Sent by our God in Jesus' Name,
In answer to Christ's prayer...

More excellent, God's way is He,
Our Holy Spirit guide,
Who says, 'The best is yet to be! '
As long as He's inside...

With signs and wonders, miracles,
Baptisms every day,
It's by faith, we soar like eagles,
By doing things God's way...

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Silent Vigil

White tigers are conspicuous,
They stand out from the crowd!
So not to be ridiculous,
They're silent and not loud...
That's why they stare and sit and stare
Or lay and stare awhile...
So other beasties aren't aware
Of such a high profile...

White tigers can get bleary-eyed
If they lounge there too long
And yet take such things in their stride,
Although they know it's wrong...
To compensate, they walk about,
To stretch their legs and such,
Then they lie down, with paws stretched out,
But then, they don't do much...

White tigers have been known to roar,
Then watch the others run!
White tigers snigger, laugh, guffaw,
When things like that are done!
Their silent vigils that were here
Soon disappear, God knows...
It makes their day to instil fear,
The naughty so-and-sos!

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Pray From The Heart

Pray from the heart and God will hear,
He's listening on His Throne,
He harkens to the falling tear,
The sigh, the moan, the groan...
We know He made the Universe
And every living thing,
We know that God can bless or curse,
Yet He's our Lord and King...

Pray from the heart your honest thoughts,
Not fancy words you learned,
But enter in His holy courts
With wisdom that's discerned...
God isn't deaf to our requests
If humbled we would be,
For then He treats us all as guests,
With grace through Calvary...

Pray from the heart for others, too,
Their needs regarded more,
For God already knows of you,
Of that you can be sure...
Is there someone you should forgive?
Some debt you should repay?
Some kindness so that others live?
Someone you turned away?

Pray from the heart, lean on the Lord,
Take heart from all He is,
For then your prayers won't be ignored
Or ever go amiss...
Our faithful Father knows us well,
Praise God, how great Thou art...
Let's rejoice and read the Bible
And then pray from the heart...

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Colin Urquhart appeared on the Q and A show
on the 19th of July 2012 and had prepared
his colinurquhart-dot-com article about
prayer to give us Christ's point of view:

Visit tinyurl-dot-com/pray-from-the-heart

Denis Martindale

Miracles Take Time!

The Holy Spirit has been sent
To glorify Christ's name,
Such that this world knows what He meant
By what He would proclaim...
God's miracles are all sublime,
Triumphant, holy, blessed,
Yet miracles of course take time,
Yet not as some have guessed...

You see, the time's already done,
Completed, fully sealed,
In that God didn't spare His Son,
For by His stripes we're healed...
Already done! The time's long past
And God's word's guaranteed,
For miracles from first-to-last,
According to each need...

Thus faithful prayers ascend each day
And even through the night
And even children can obey
When God grants them insight...
That's why the Gospel spans the globe,
With Bibles everywhere...
To bless with love and joy and hope
Each whisper raised in prayer...

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The Jesus Gospel poem was read out on the
Revelation TV Church Without Walls show
Voice In The Wilderness,21st July 2012.

The show shares faithful Bible Scriptures
and presenters and viewers pray for us.

Denis Martindale

Great And Unsearchable Things

How great is He, the Lord of Lords
And Cosmic King of Kings,
His treasure trove filled with rewards,
Great unsearchable things!
With wonders and with prophecies
And miracles sublime...
How great is He, the One who sees
How each child spends their time...

How great is He, the Holy One,
Creator of us all,
Who sacrificed His only Son,
To save us, great or small...
With grace bestowed right here on Earth
We must be born again...
No more to boast of our own worth
When Christ died there and then...

How great is He, our God divine,
In granting Paradise,
A home that could be yours and mine
If we would just be wise...
That's why the Bible tells us straight
The wonders yet to be
Will be so perfect and so great
They'll last eternity!

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Denis Martindale

Partners

The lion and the lioness,
Together, side-by-side,
Like a Duke next to his Duchess,
Surveying all with pride...
To them, this land was all they had
Beneath the stars above,
Except for all the joys they had,
Like others who'd found love...

As partners now, the world was theirs,
As long as each would live,
As long as they preserved their shares
And had so much to give...
No longer living selfishly,
As each one played their part
Towards their greater destiny
That beats in each rare heart...

They stood as one, they thought as one,
With wisdom now defined,
For this is how it must be done,
United, heart and mind...
The lion and the lioness,
Together, as a team
And so majestic, I confess,
Together, they're supreme...

Denis Martindale, copyright, July 2012.

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Partners'.

More Stephen Gayford poems here:
denis-martindale-dot-blogspot-dot-com

Denis Martindale

The Art Of Conversation

Through the art of conversation
Lord Jesus spread the word
And He thus caused consternation
In everyone who heard!
He told them straight much of the time
Or else in parables,
Which told of stories so sublime
That they blessed many souls...

Through the art of conversation
Lord Jesus spread God's love
And He thus brought celebration
And praise to God above...
So many sinners Christ could save
From lives that led to Hell,
With simple words how God forgave
And healed the sick as well...

Through the art of conversation
We can talk face-to-face,
Yet avoiding condemnation
By preaching of God's grace...
Lord Jesus helps us every day
With revelations, too...
Because of Jesus each can pray
And tell God, 'I LOVE YOU! '

PoemHunter.com

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The poem was emailed to Revelation TV
and it was read out by Lesley Conder on
the R-Mornings show,19th of July 2012.

Denis Martindale

Naughty, Naughty

The dreams of you, they were my own
And comfort me when I'm alone,
The good I would I cannot do,
Because I'm naughty through and through!
The poets often write of love
As if itself could be enough,
But I'm convinced it will not do
Each time I dream of me... and you!

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

To The Point

When God created everything,
His wisdom was displayed
And that is why the angels sing
Of all the Lord has made...
Their praises stand the test of time,
From that first day till now,
Declaring all His works sublime,
As they before Him bow...

Yet Man is slow to offer praise
And rarely kneels to pray
And that is why Man often strays
And seeks to disobey...
And even science leads to doubt
In those who disbelieve,
Until God helps them turn about,
Some wisdom to receive...

When God created life on Earth,
Man did not give advice,
For God already proved His worth
Creating Paradise...
Yet Adam had no-one to love
Till Eve brought happiness,
But Satan asked, 'Is that enough? '
As if to second guess...

From that day on, the world has wept,
For sin has made us slaves,
Yet Jesus Christ God's Laws has kept,
Thus only Jesus saves...
The risen Lord has conquered death,
To Him, our lives are joined...
Trust Him, Jesus of Nazareth...
If not, then what's the point?

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To The Point is presented by Dr Richard Kent on Revelation TV. It's about the wonders of God's amazing designs in creation and the incredible miracles including us!

Denis Martindale

Hear My Call

The Spirit of the Lord is here
With power all His own,
Such that God's people need not fear,
We do not stand alone!
The righteousness of Jesus Christ
Outshines the brightest star!
The ones He loves are highly prized,
No matter who we are...

The grace from Calvary's enough
For all eternity!
Once born again, transformed by love...
Forgiven, friends, set free!
The Holy Bible testifies
The future times ahead,
For every prophet prophesies
As he himself was led!

The Spirit of the Lord is here
With Revelation now...
With signs and wonders that appear,
God's blessings to allow...
Let every Christian count the cost...
Christ died to save us all...
Through us God preaches to the lost
And tells them, 'HEAR MY CALL...'

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Denis Martindale

Out Of Reach!

The playful tiger watched the leaves
That fell from yonder tree
And while that nothing yet achieves,
His eyes lit up with glee...
So on his belly he crept close,
For just one leaf to catch,
With whiskers trembling by his nose
At plans he hoped to hatch...

Advancing forward yard-by-yard,
Eyes tilted skyward now,
He squinted, focussing quite hard,
With furrows on his brow...
Though in his mind he saw a bird
For every leaf that fell,
His error hadn't yet occurred,
He simply couldn't tell...

Then suddenly he leapt quite high!
Though somewhat overweight!
Yet out of reach! Oh, my, oh, my!
'That's great! ' he said, 'Just great! '
Opticians can't help tigers, friend!
Just folks like me and you...
They're there to help us comprehend
Our changing point of view...

Denis Martindale, copyright, July 2012.

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Out Of Reach'.

More Stephen Gayford poems here:
denis-martindale-dot-blogspot-dot-com

Denis Martindale

The Legacy Of Love

Before the day my parents met
And love was found within
And their romance was firmly set
So they would not give in,
The Lord knew I was soon to be,
His heritage of love,
The firstborn of the ones born free,
Each granted grace enough...

Before the day I went to school,
Eleven years to learn,
I knew that life was kind and cruel,
Their lessons to discern...
I faced exams like others did,
With mixed results I passed...
So what? For I was just a kid,
Till I left school at last...

Before the day I went to work,
To earn a daily crust,
Here was the chance I could not shirk,
The chance to prove their trust...
So years passed by, with small reward,
A pittance, nothing more,
Until the day I found the Lord
Who showed what life was for...

Before my life had run its course,
I preached the Word for years,
About God's Prophets and God's Laws
To open hearts and ears...
But nothing moves me quite as much
As this one certainty,
God grants to me His loving touch
When people pray for me...

Before I leave this world behind,
Its destiny to face,
I thank those people who were kind

My problems to embrace...
They gave me strength to help me cope,
They prayed by day and night...
To these I leave the words of hope
I write and write and write...

Denis Martindale

In Jesus Name

In Jesus Name a mighty love
Was sent upon the Earth,
The Holy Spirit from above
Is meant to prove His worth
For Jesus Christ, God's Holy Son,
Was whipped and crucified
So that a perfect work was done
In which we can take pride.

In Christ we boast the whole day long,
Our Saviour and our Lord,
For in His faith each soul is strong,
Triumphant and assured.
Restored beyond our wildest dreams
And all our precious prayers,
We know life isn't what it seems
And that our Father cares...

Lord Jesus tells us, 'I LOVE YOU! '
That's such a wondrous phrase...
He bids us pray for others, too,
For purity and grace...
God bless our lives! God bless our lands!
God heal us day-by-day!
In Jesus Name we raise our hands
And pray and pray and pray...

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Born Leader

Amid the pack, a cub was born
And each wolf watched him grow,
From fragile creature so forlorn
Beneath the moonlight glow...
Yet in the dark nights, courage burned,
White hot to overflow...
Such that their doubts he overturned,
Their scorn to overthrow...

Be wary of this wolf, they thought,
For he's like none before,
In every single battle fought,
He proved he knew the score...
With dominant tenacity,
Cold Winters to endure,
He stood supreme, with dignity,
With strength none could ignore...

To him, survival was the key,
Refusing to be bossed,
With no way out and no mercy,
As if his soul were lost...
Behold his features so distinct,
A wolf not to be crossed,
For destiny and he were linked,
No matter what the cost...

Denis Martindale, copyright, July 2012.

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Born Leader'.

More Stephen Gayford poems here:
denis-martindale-dot-blogspot-dot-com

Denis Martindale

Flat Out

The sun was mighty warm today!
The lioness concurred...
She found a pleasant rock to lay,
A spot that she preferred...
And then she sort of melted there...
And with that rock was one,
Such that she simply didn't care
About that sizzling sun...

Her heavy eyelids flickered still,
Some consciousness to keep,
As if a final act of will
Before she slipped to sleep...
Her breathing in and breathing out
Were simply not the same
And should there be a single doubt,
She'd swear, the sun's to blame!

Flat out, she was, her tail as well,
Like one long stretch of string...
As if the victim of a spell,
She couldn't do a thing!
The mighty huntress met her match!
Flat out, for all to see...
And there she stayed, some sleep to snatch,
From noon till half-past-three...

Denis Martindale, copyright, July 2012.

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Flat Out'.

More Stephen Gayford poems here:
denis-martindale-dot-blogspot-dot-com

Denis Martindale

Back 2 Back

Two meerkats stared, one left, one right,
On guard, my friends, on guard!
With whiskers twitching, what a sight!
Eyes scanning yard by yard...
Thus back to back, coats intertwined,
Two heroes braved their foes
And while they posed there so inclined,
They knew they mustn't doze...

But it was warm and things were calm
And heads were heavy, too,
Yet they must stand and raise alarm
So nothing could get through...
But eyelids weren't as fast to raise
As at the start of day,
Then staring eyeballs start to glaze
And wobbly legs give way!

Two meerkats almost dozing till
One heard the other snore!
'That wasn't me! ' said he, quite still,
The other to implore!
The dozy meerkat stood up straight,
His weakness to discard!
They also serve who stand and wait!
On guard, my friends, on guard!

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

The Amazing Spider-Man

Spider-Man has got a secret
That changed his life for good,
For he could spin a spider's net
No other human could...
Web shooting from his outstretched wrists
With bonds that stick and seal,
Such that he swoops and flies and twists
And captures those that steal!

Against the law of gravity
He quickly zooms ahead,
His costume's such a sight to see,
A dazzling flaming red!
Beneath the sun, the moon and stars,
He's there, the streets to scan!
Above the trees, above the cars,
He's helping where he can!

To some, he's just an enemy,
To some, he's just a friend,
A masked man who's a mystery
So hard to comprehend...
Great photographs will prove his worth
To anyone who cares,
For every legend has its birth,
Its pleasures and despairs...

Off duty, he's a normal guy,
Invisible to most,
But Spider-Man keeps soaring high
Without the need to boast...
His super strength and spider-sense
Will help him save the day,
Perhaps to gain him extra friends
Before he flies away!

So watch out, all you criminals!
Our hero's on patrol!
Behave or you'll end up as fools,

No matter what you stole!
He's out to get you, yes, indeed!
He's there to thwart your plan!
So who's the guy you've got to beat?
Amazing Spider-Man!

Denis Martindale, copyright, July 2012.

A poem celebrating the latest superhero film,
The Amazing Spider-Man in cinemas, July 2012.

Websites:

theamazingspiderman-dot-com and theamazingspiderman-dot-net

Denis Martindale

Mountain Sentinel

Upon a cold and humdrum day,
Snow leopards sit alone,
As if to pause, to rest, to stay
Upon their mountain throne...
And so this creature let life pass
Upon his craggy rock,
Where cold snow covered blades of grass,
Their present growth to block...

Time passed so slowly like a dream
As if no place to go,
Mid temperatures now quite extreme
As it began to snow...
The creature sighed and tapped his paw
And flicked his tail again,
But it kept snowing more and more
As he sat there and then...

It was his lot in life, you see,
His portion if you will...
Lord of the mountain, let's agree!
Oh, my, ain't that a thrill?
I'd rather stay as warm as toast,
Cold mountain sentinel...
I'd rather stay at home than boast,
'Behold, I'm Lord of all! '

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale, copyright, July 2012.

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Mountain Sentinel'.

More Stephen Gayford poems here:
denis-martindale-dot-blogspot-dot-com

Denis Martindale

Close Comfort

Two cheetah cubs stood unafraid
Together side-by-side,
Thus harmony was well portrayed
And thus personified,
Love's treasure trove, tranquillity,
Too precious to neglect,
Made manifest for all to see,
With mutual respect...

We savour peace while it remains,
Like sunshine from above
That gently warms the dusty plains
As if God smiles with love...
The cheetah cubs breathe in, breathe out
And not much more gets done,
What need have they to run about
Beneath that sizzling sun?

Their hearts beat gently, life goes on,
Contentment overflows...
Their sibling rivalry has gone,
But how long for, who knows?
Yet while peace nestles in each heart
And love indwells each mind,
Tranquillity can thus impart
Good reasons to be kind...

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale, copyright, July 2012.

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Close Comfort'.

More Stephen Gayford poems here:
denis-martindale-dot-blogspot-dot-com

Denis Martindale

Jesus The Postman

Jesus is our Deliverer
With Good News in each hand,
Who seeks to make good things occur
In every single land...
From North to South and East to West
The Easter Story's told,
Such that we learn Christ did His best,
His faith as good as gold...

To rise again from such a death
Is truly no small feat
And yet Jesus of Nazareth
Stands tall, His work complete...
We can't add more to what He's done,
Perfection stands alone,
God's Royal Pardon through His Son,
Delivered from His Throne!

He often pauses on His way,
Explaining as He goes
And those who hear His words then pray
And thus love overflows...
Through tears of laughter, tears of guilt,
This world discovers Christ
And learns the reason He was killed
When He was sacrificed...

So let us pray and stamp out sin
As He would have us do,
Perhaps some burdened souls to win
So they can join us, too...
The streets await, they stand their ground,
Yet people live then die
And all the while that Christ's around,
There's time to ask Him, 'Why? '

Jesus the Postman, here on Earth,
God's righteous Royal male...
The Lord will let us find new worth

With love beyond the scale...
Time's running out! Look at the clock!
It's up to you to choose...
How many times must Jesus knock
Before He shares Good News?

Denis Martindale, copyright, June 2012.

We can hear the word of the Lord on
Revelation TV on UK Sky Digital 581
as well as the WATCH NOW link on
the revelationtv-dot-com website...

Denis Martindale

We Will Pray For You!

Sometimes the soul is weak not strong
And prayer is hard to do...
God's saints still pray the whole day long
And we will pray for you...

Sometimes the body needs relief
From aches and pains that grew...
God's saints still pray with firm belief
And we will pray for you...

Sometimes the mind is full of woe
As if it had no clue...
God's saints the demons overthrow
And we will pray for you...

Sometimes Man's riches melt away,
So how can folks get through?
God's saints trust God, yes, come what may
And we will pray for you...

Sometimes true love's a distant thing
And blessings seem so few...
God's saints love Jesus Christ the King
And we will pray for you...

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale, copyright, June 2012.

We can hear the word of the Lord on
Revelation TV on UK Sky Digital 581
as well as the WATCH NOW link on
the revelationtv-dot-com website...

The poem was read out on the
Voice In The Wilderness show,
Revelation TV,29th of June,2012.

Denis Martindale

The Jesus Journey!

Behold the precious birth of faith that stands the test of time,
Such that the Lord can truly save and prove Himself sublime!
With signs and wonders, answered prayers, with prophecies galore,
To testify how much God cares for people, rich and poor.

With words of knowledge now and then, the Prophets shared His will,
Yet only one bled for all men and died on Calvary's Hill.
To think that He alone can bless through all He sacrificed,
The Lamb of God grants happiness because He is the Christ.

Eternal Priest, Eternal King, Eternal Lord and Friend,
He means so much, yes, everything, the day we comprehend.
No other Name commands respect, for even angels kneel,
Because they know this is correct, beyond the love they feel.

No wonder, then, that even now, though centuries have passed,
Someday, each soul will have to bow, confessing Him at last.
And yet this day and every day, believers praise the Lord,
Disciples calling Him the Way, the Journey, that's assured.

The Jesus Journey! Heavenbound and Holy Spirit led,
Anointing every sight and sound, and through the Bible fed.
Good Shepherd, help us join your fold, set free, no longer chained.
The challenge stands! For young and old! Each sinner and each saint!

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We can hear the word of the Lord on
Revelation TV on UK Sky Digital 581
as well as the WATCH NOW link on
the revelationtv-dot-com website...

Denis Martindale

Golden Silhouette

The tiger met my stare that day,
Two hunters full of life,
Two species searching for their prey,
Each seeking to survive...
And as I stared into his eyes
While he was on patrol,
I slowly came to realise
That he stared at my soul...

He knew we shared a common bond,
With courage day and night,
That fought each battle and beyond
Against all foes in sight...
Yet he and I weren't enemies,
Although we weren't close friends,
Somehow we sensed a solemn peace,
The kind that rarely ends...

While co-existence yet remains,
We knew each had a share
And to this day, he roams the plains,
As if without a care...
Each has his purpose on this Earth
And how could I forget
His strength, his grace, his noble worth,
His golden silhouette?

Denis Martindale, copyright, June 2012.

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Golden Silhouette'.

More Stephen Gayford poems here:
denis-martindale-dot-blogspot-dot-com

Denis Martindale

The Rapture Of The Righteous

My day began like any day without a single care,
Yet in my thoughts I had to pray, for I became aware...
My life had changed, this much I knew, for something made me shake
And this effect just grew and grew until a great earthquake!
Where was my wife? Where was my son? The streets had split in two!
I knew right then I had to run! Where to? I had no clue.
The chaos led to screams and screams as buildings crumbled down
And in the midst of these extremes, a voice I couldn't drown...

'You had been warned a long, long time and it has happened now.'
My life no longer worth a dime because of it somehow...
Then I saw people vapourise, completely disappear!
So many gone before my eyes that I was filled with fear...
The voice declared, 'The ones you love have both been caught away,
The Lord has called them up above, today, this very day! '
The unsaved sought the Christians left, to hold on tight then flee,
They stayed on Earth and felt bereft when God did not agree!

The unsaved wept, right where they were, as if they had no worth,
While Christians left behind a blur as witness to the Earth...
But then the voice called out my name, my body thus obeyed,
I left then saw a holy flame, such that I was afraid...
But wait, it was the Saviour's face! The King of Calvary!
The Lord who died to grant me grace reached out His hand to me...
Lost in that moment for a while, all I could do was kneel...
As I looked up, I saw Christ smile and knew these things were real.

Although I wept for lost Mankind, I knew my sins were waived...
I left the sinful Earth behind, for faith meant I was saved!
I prayed they'd read the Gospel text for Gentile and for Jew...
Christ told me what would happen next, but what more could I do?
Christ led me gently by the hand, explaining verse by verse,
Foretelling what the Lord had planned, before the world got worse!
My family were spared today, my wife, my son and I...
God's Revelations paved the way, in the twinkling of an eye!

Denis Martindale, copyright, June 2012.

This poem is based on the dream of
Leslie Asaiah-Asher as explained here:

tinyurl-dot-com/rapture-dream

We can hear the word of the Lord on
Revelation TV on UK Sky Digital 581
as well as the WATCH NOW link on
the revelationtv-dot-com website...

Denis Martindale

Day's End

As cotton clouds still crossed the sky
As if they'd just been spun,
Lionesses watched the day pass by,
Relaxing in the sun...
Contentment conquered all their qualms,
They saw no need to move,
No sudden panics or alarms
And nothing left to prove...

For them, it was a normal day,
With sunshine everywhere,
A gentle breeze seemed here to stay,
As if without a care...
A mellow mood from first to last,
Perfection, so to speak
And yet day's end was coming fast
To end another week...

And so they lingered side-by-side,
Just blinking now and then,
With sunshine as their only guide
Till moonlight shone again...
The heat would fade, as light must, too...
The lionesses sighed...
A shame they can't give thanks like you
For all that God's supplied...

Denis Martindale, copyright, June 2012.

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Day's End'.

More Stephen Gayford poems here:
denis-martindale-dot-blogspot-dot-com

Denis Martindale

Winter Finery

The lone wolf stared upon the hill,
Upbeat, for all to see,
As if to watch him was a thrill
In Winter finery,
With coat so thick, it kept him warm,
Against the Winter wind,
So he survived the swirling storm
And simply howled and grinned...

The other creatures weren't so blessed,
With gritted teeth, no smiles
And jealous that he was well dressed
With strength to run for miles...
Life isn't fair to one and all
And yet who could they blame?
They merely stared and watched snow fall...
So random without aim...

The wolf would last the Winter through,
Just one day at a time,
By doing what he had to do,
Though some think that's a crime...
Survival tactics, hunting skills,
Tenfold tenacity,
No conscience anytime he kills...
There, my friends, the pity...

Denis Martindale, copyright, June 2012.

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Winter Finery'.

More Stephen Gayford poems here:
denis-martindale-dot-blogspot-dot-com

Denis Martindale

The Rose Fairy

When God created the very first rose,
All the forest fairies were thrilled!
They formed a queue to line up for a smell,
Each swooning at its delightful fragrance.
The king of the fairies called them to his throne,
Reminding them that each flower is blessed,
With each one appointed its own fairy...
But who could they choose for the rose! ?

All the fairies not yet appointed flew near,
Each pointing to herself as the right choice!
Then the queen of the fairies calmed them down,
'Settle down, impetuous ones! ' she said...
So all the female fairies flapped their wings no more,
Settling once again upon the ground...
'Come, come! ' she scolded! 'None of you will do! '
The fairies' faces went blood red with shame!

The king looked at them in turn, loving them all.
Such enthusiasm, such devotion, but who would do?
The queen pointed directly to the king himself!
'You, Your Majesty, you must be the rose fairy! '
'What! ? ' remarked the king! 'That's unheard of! '
She held his hand with love and told him,
'There's no-one greater than you for this rose! '

The fairies leapt with joy! Flying here and there!
Doing athletics flips and backward somersaults!
When the king saw the joy of all the fairies, he smiled.
He was humbled by this wondrous spectacle
And he stood up, wiped away a tiny tear and told them,
'Never has a king been so blessed as I feel today! '

And so it was that the rose fairy was announced.
And God looked down upon the fairies in the forest
And smiled... and smiled... and smiled...

Denis Martindale, copyright, June 2012.

Denis Martindale

Boast About Your Bargains!

Price-drop-tv is where it's at,
If money you would save,
That's where they like to trim the fat
Off items that we crave!
From gadgets through to jewellery,
The list goes on and on,
The prices plummet till they see
Their present stock's all gone!

Some shopping channels stare amazed
When viewers pay much less,
That's why the channel's highly praised
Based on our happiness!
Consider what you'd pay elsewhere!
It's frightening when you think!
Price-drop-tv, just doesn't care,
They let the prices sink!

Yes, my home's now full of bargains,
They're there in every room...
The money saved just simply stuns,
Much more than you'd assume!
So, take advantage, just like me...
Remember to be kind!
Each time you watch price-drop-tv,
Keep other folks in mind!

I've saved a fortune every year,
My receipts are the proof!
The facts are there, quite crystal clear,
I'm telling you the truth!
I've bought things for a penny!
I've bought things for a pound!
Yes, in fact, I've bought so many,
I boast bargains that astound!

Denis Martindale, copyright, June 2012.

A poem celebrating price-drop-tv's 9th birthday
here in the UK, where the shopping channel is
on Sky, Virgin Media, Freesat and Freeview.

Visit Facebook: facebook-dot-com/pricedrop

Denis Martindale

The Tears Of The Poor Man

The tears of the poor are
The drinks of the rich,
Yet the shedding of blood
Is the rich man's headache...
And what of the poor man's justice?
In truth, water is too cool
To bring forth your anguish!
Fire is the only solution!
Drink fire to end your injustice.
Silence is each lover's desire,
Yet the poor man's unbearable pain.
Making a din is the only right choice
To put forth your final demand.
Dew is but the conspiracy
Hatched between the rich and their kings,
While morning is but the first step
Of each poor man's sufferings...

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

The Streets Of Broken Dreams

This life is more than dreams, I know,
Yet this dream came to me,
For down the streets my feet walked slow
While no-one else could see...
For in my spirit walk I went
And gently told to pray
For those to whom I had been sent
As I walked past their way...

So many broken hearts and dreams,
So many broken lives
And broken promises it seems
For husbands and their wives...
And little children roam those streets
Like lions, tigers, bears...
And hardly one the Saviour meets
Except in solemn prayers...

Relationships are all we are,
If sweethearts now and then,
Not everyone's a superstar
Who gets ten out of ten...
For some, it's failures all the time,
A humdrum life, no more,
Yet with the Lord, life's so sublime,
A gift worth praying for...

So as I walked past humdrum homes,
I prayed to God with love,
Who sees the bees in honeycombs,
Upon His Throne above...
For He alone can heal Mankind,
Restore lost souls to Him
And break their burdens that now bind,
Then fill them to the brim...

As I looked back, I saw things change,
Like darkness turned to light,
As God began to rearrange

And fight to make things right...
And only then did my dream fade
And melt away from view...
Then God declared, 'The changes made
Were simply thanks to you...'

Denis Martindale, copyright, June 2012.

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Revelation TV on UK Sky Digital 581
as well as the WATCH NOW link on
the revelationtv-dot-com website...

Denis Martindale

Wild At Heart

The lion listened as the breeze
Passed gently on each side
And on the ground he took his ease,
Enjoying all supplied,
As if this hour was a gift,
A time-out if he stayed,
As if to give his heart a lift
As long as he delayed...

Though wild at heart and strong and brave
And fast upon his feet,
He took the gift that God then gave
For peace like this seemed sweet...
A shift from darkness to the light,
Contentment deep within,
Such that for now this time felt right,
Enough to make him grin...

The lion listened, heartbeat slow,
His muscles not so tense,
Beneath the sunshine's gentle glow
With all its dividends...
Then suddenly, he roared aloud,
Reminding us at length,
That he, of course, was mighty proud
And still quite full of strength!

Denis Martindale, copyright, June 2012.

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Wild At Heart'.

More Stephen Gayford poems here:
denis-martindale-dot-blogspot-dot-com

Denis Martindale

Tentative

True beauty seems, of course, quite rare,
Somehow that's meant to be,
The tentative white tiger there,
He's untamed, fancy free...
To me, that tiger's all alone,
His wits his own defence,
To most, a giant now full grown,
No others as his friends...

The world he walks, that's all he knows,
His land both night and day
And every single place he goes
Is merely on his way...
Yet now, beside the water's edge,
A new world gets revealed,
He's tentative without knowledge,
Yet seeks what lies concealed...

In time, this world will be his, too,
His second home, to speak,
His special place, forever new,
Each visit quite unique...
To him, the water's wonderful,
True beauty all the time,
Sensational and sensual,
So fluid and sublime...

Denis Martindale, copyright, June 2012.

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Tentative'.

More Stephen Gayford poems here:
denis-martindale-dot-blogspot-dot-com

Denis Martindale

Sentry Duty

The mighty meerkat made his stand,
No matter, come what may,
As if to say, 'Talk to the hand!
You'd best be on your way! '
With no regard for his own life,
He boldly stood his ground,
Against each foe who would arrive
He gives his warning sound!

On sentry duty, so to speak,
His eyes looked everywhere,
His ears alert to every creak
That crossed the very air...
His whiskers twitching now and then,
His every nerve on edge...
His instincts tuned beyond our ken
As he stood on that ledge...

The mighty meerkat! What a guy!
One of the chosen few!
Both feeling good and feeling spry!
A hero through and through!
Content to do his very best!
Content to bide his time...
He's there to see his friends stay blessed...
He's utterly sublime...

Denis Martindale, copyright, June 2012.

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Sentry Duty'.

More Stephen Gayford poems here:
denis-martindale-dot-blogspot-dot-com

Denis Martindale

Noble Profile

Showing off his noble profile
So everyone could tell,
The wily wild wolf paused to smile
For life was going well...
As if he seemed quite handsome there,
Not one hair out of place,
With winsome grin that showed no care,
Just look upon that face!

Although his coat looks mighty warm
And glistening in the sun,
This is the calm before the storm,
The time no harm is done...
The time when life is innocent
And simply guilty-free,
The time when he is not Hell-bent
On chasing you or me!

As long as he stays over there
And we're all over here,
That wolf looks somewhat debonair
And we've nothing to fear...
Let's watch him rest, as is his due,
But wisdom is a must...
So if he runs, then I'll run, too,

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Happy Birthday, June 2012

I can't believe another year
Has come and gone again!
Price-drop-TV has brought us cheer
And gets ten out of ten!
Just think of all the money shaved
Off prices every day!
Just think of all the money saved
And shout hip, hip, hooray!

I can't believe the one pound deals
Or those one penny shocks!
I stare amazed and my head reels
'Cos price-drop-TV rocks!
I've bought my prezzies by the score
And Stephen Gayfords, too!
If I were rich, I'd buy some more,
Just like collectors do!

Praise God for precious gifts we've seen,
Like diamonds, rubies, pearls
And tanzanite fit for the Queen,
Princesses, ladies, girls...
Yes, happy birthday! Where's the cake?
What's that, they haven't any?
My word, come on, for goodness sake!
They sold it for a penny!

Denis Martindale, copyright, June 2012.

A poem celebrating price-drop-tv's 9th birthday
here in the UK, where the shopping channel is
on Sky, Virgin Media, Freesat and Freeview.

Visit the username (pricedrop) on facebook!

Denis Martindale

I Survived... Beyond And Back

When my death came, I mourned my loss... and yet what could be done?
But suddenly I saw The Cross and Jesus Christ, God's Son...
I stared at Him a long, long while, above the ground below,
Where Jesus walked the second mile with warm blood still in flow...

Lord Jesus bled from hair and head, from back and hands and feet,
Till suddenly God's Son was dead, His sacrifice complete...
And in that second, I screamed out, enraged despite my grief
And in the crowd I ran about in utter disbelief...

They let Him die, they saw it all, they made me mad as Hell!
As if He were their spectacle and they were in a spell...
A sword appeared in my left hand, a voice said, 'Kill, kill, kill! '
Yet God made me to understand that Christ obeyed His will...

The sword fell down upon the ground as I gasped in surprise,
To see my King with thorns now crowned above His blood-stained eyes.
I trembled as my rage still burned, then fell down to my knees...
Here was the Saviour they had spurned despite His Mother's pleas...

I heard God's voice bid me depart and I went back to Earth
And there I wept with broken heart as if Man had no worth...
As if we all should go to Hell, no mercy to us shown,
As if we all should say farewell to all the joys we've known...

Somehow I slept, no more to weep, right there upon the floor,
Yet God gave me a dream to keep, to share for evermore...
I saw lost souls, so dark, depraved, a billion spared by Christ,
For by His blood their souls were saved when life was sacrificed...

And only then did my rage leave, as precious peace took hold,
With no more reason left to grieve through what I saw unfold...
God's mysteries remain as His, they last eternally,
As long as we know who Christ is... The King of Calvary...

Denis Martindale, copyright, June 2012.

The poem is based on the Biography Channel
which has shared the life stories of some who
died yet came back with accounts of Heaven
and some of Hell. In this poem, I'm exploring
how someone responds to the death of Jesus.
Initial rage is based upon human understanding.
God's Word reveals His eternal plan of salvation.
Whether we will accept near death experiences,
dreams, visions, prophecy or poetry, we are
meant to accept God's Word, the Holy Bible.

We can hear the word of the Lord on
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Denis Martindale

The Source Of All Grief

When folks are selfish to the core, the world is not enough,
The hunger grows for more, more, more without God's joy or love...
And at home, or school or college, or work, or rest or play,
If without God's love and knowledge, the soul will soon decay...
Then each sin will bear its harvest, its poison in our lives,
So souls get cursed instead of blessed and from then on each strives!
A war in Heaven and in Hell is fought for souls on Earth,
Until we bid this world farewell, our souls are all we're worth!

That's why God speaks to rich and poor, dismissing not a one,
Forgiveness offered for each flaw through Jesus Christ, His Son...
The Saviour taught us how to pray, the Father's face to seek,
That's why God's children night and day preserve this link unique...
The selfish soul is purged within, washed clean by Blood divine,
Such that it flees from every sin for which it used to pine...
Reborn with love from Heaven's Throne, God's Spirit then comes near!
To prove to us we're not alone, to make things crystal clear...

Eternity is thus revealed in Scriptures old and new,
The world is like a harvest field for Christian and for Jew...
Evangelists both pray and fast, determined still to save,
Before each life must breathe its last and bid that final wave...
The Holy Bible's maps unfold to guide how Man must walk,
To turn from silver and from gold needs more than words we talk...
Self-discipline and self-control and not self-centeredness
Will heal the damaged selfish soul for which we pray, 'God bless! '

Denis Martindale, copyright, June 2012.

The poem is based on the title of a booklet
by evangelist Andrew Wommack called
Self-Centeredness: The Source Of All Grief.

His website is awme-dot-net with more
Gospel teaching on the GOD TV channel
on 580 on Sky Digital, here in the UK...

Denis Martindale

Nottingham By Night

My dream began that midnight hour, my spirit soared on high
And midst such wonder and such power I flew across the sky...
As if an angel, blessed with wings, with supernatural eyes,
I paused to ponder precious things with wisdom oh so wise...

For there upon the Earth below, a hundred thousand souls
Were shining brightly, all aglow, with love that overflows...
That pours out sweetly, just like wine, with kindness everywhere,
Inspired by God's love divine, each showed by what they share...

As I flew over, street-by-street, the hopes inside me grew,
For I saw people gently meet with words like, 'I love you! '
'But, Lord! ' I prayed, 'This prophecy as yet is unfulfilled...
Until You show them Calvary, no faith has been instilled...'

I heard the Lord reply in kind, as clear, as clear as day!
With holy scriptures to remind that Jesus is The Way...
'It's up to them! Each has a choice! As adults, they seek love,
Yet even little girls and boys can pray to God above...'

'What can I do to spread the Word? ' I asked the Lord again,
For by this dream my heart was stirred, so God gave me a pen...
'Write down the tenderness you've seen! The love that all could own!
The good, the bad and all between, such that these truths are known! '

That's why I share my dream today, with readers here and there
And why I'm much more prone to pray now I've been made aware...
Some souls are lost! Some souls are found! Dreams give us new insight.
A hundred thousand souls surround this poet day and night...

Denis Martindale, copyright, June 2012.

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Revelation TV on UK Sky Digital 581
as well as the WATCH NOW link on
the revelationtv-dot-com website...

Denis Martindale

The Little Mermaid

The sun shone brightly in the sky,
Crowned with a rainbow there,
While seagulls boldly chose to fly,
As if without a care...
As clouds rolled by ablaze with light,
A ship sailed to the shore,
Above the waves both blue and white
That danced forever more...

Below the waves where dolphins leapt,
Triumphant full of glee,
The little mermaid's dreams were kept
And nestled tenderly...
Her Father's Kingdom full of grace
And wonders rarely known
Were not enough to take the place
Of dreams she called her own...

The little mermaid made her way,
From water to the land,
Where one man took her breath away
The day he held her hand...
Two beating hearts were now as one,
With joy more than enough,
Beneath God's brilliant golden sun,
Where lovers fall in love...

The young man smiled, for he had found,
A treasure trove divine,
More beautiful than all around,
In her, his Valentine...
The little mermaid's dreams came true,
He kissed her once, then twice,
The day he told her, 'I love you! '
Was simply Paradise...

Denis Martindale, copyright, May 2012.

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Thomas Kinkade called 'The Little Mermaid'.

The Disney art paintings are on the website:

thomaskinkade-dot-com

The painting below is one that used my mermaid poem.

Denis Martindale

Always Awake

Three meerkats perched on yonder rock,
Their transfixed eyes steadfast,
Their predators, of course, to block,
No chance that they'd get past...
Alert, on guard, thoughts kept in check,
Three meerkats stood their ground,
Perchance to see a distant speck
Or hear a far-off sound...

No uniform could represent
The valour in plain sight,
For family and sentiment,
Right there in broad daylight...
Defiant to the uttermost,
Resilient through and through,
As if some great eternal boast,
'We'll stay on guard for you! '

Three meerkats, simple souls, no more,
Yet bold as brass each day,
That's something we'd best not ignore -
Courageous, come what may!
Stand tall, like meerkats throughout time,
Like heroes, know your place!
That way, you'll always be sublime...
No matter what you face!

Denis Martindale, copyright, May 2012.

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Always Awake'.

Denis Martindale

The Shadow

At the dawn of Man's becoming, spun a web of dark deceit,
So to seize his soul forever, clothed in envy sugar sweet.

In the darkness moves the shadow... like a veil of ebony,
Clouding all the sleeping senses, tracing out each destiny!

Deep into his core it burrows, till he bleeds a stream of tears...
Thus stealing his tranquillity... sowing there his hidden fears!

As a cloud of starlings flying, cross the sky to shroud the sun,
So the mind's eclipsed by sorrow - Man's destruction has begun!

In the darkness moves the shadow... there with heart as black as coal!
Night obscures the fading dawn with dereliction of the soul...

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

One For The Road

The tiger's throat was mighty dry
As he walked to the stream,
With water there in sweet supply,
The answer to his dream...
His thirst would soon be at an end,
This time he would survive,
With water as his lifelong friend
To help him stay alive...

The tiger stooped to take a sip,
The water tasted good
Upon the tongue, upon the lip,
Just like he knew it would...
And all the once, the tiger smiled,
For life was going well
And thus enchanted and beguiled,
He chose to stay a spell...

He waded further on then swam,
With water on all sides,
As if he were a playful lamb,
Supported as he glides...
Such wistful times offset the worst,
A lifetime of regrets...
Beyond his great initial thirst
The tiger soon forgets...

Denis Martindale, copyright, May 2012.

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'One For The Road'.

More Stephen Gayford poems here:
denis-martindale-dot-blogspot-dot-com

Denis Martindale

With Intent

The lonely leopard forced to find
His next meal now and then,
Walked with intent, with single mind,
With one thought yet again...
To hunt alone, with none to blame
If something should go wrong,
Just basic skills that stayed the same,
That's why he must stay strong...

He passed the time reserving power,
Till his next meal arrived,
Perhaps within this coming hour,
Based on the plans contrived...
His eyes looked left, his eyes looked right,
Surveying all there was,
Perhaps to see something take flight
Then chase or suffer loss...

The lonely leopard sleek and fast
And ruthless, come what may,
Reflected on his solemn past,
The trail of fallen prey...
He lived the life that Nature gave,
To kill yet not repent...
Like predators who daily crave,
He now walked with intent...

Denis Martindale, copyright, May 2012.

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'With Intent'.

More Stephen Gayford poems here:
denis-martindale-dot-blogspot-dot-com

Denis Martindale

Sunlit

The sunlit white wolf paused a while
As part-time predator,
When he looked back, with pale profile,
His coat caused quite a stir...
Inscrutable, unmerciful,
Distinctive, clear as day...
No chance to pounce on great or small,
For nearby came no prey...

But he knew that the night came soon,
With chances to survive,
Beneath his friend, the silver moon,
When twilight must arrive...
For others, too, must hunt at night,
Their lives to risk as well
And surely flee with all their might,
Hearts pounding for a spell...

Who knew if other wolves were close,
In ambush all around?
That's why our tension grows and grows,
For their speed's quite renowned...
Beware the white wolf, he's no friend,
Although he looks so cool...
It isn't hard to comprehend,
Stay clear, don't be a fool...

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Golden Glow

Amid the golden glow he gazed,
His golden mane aflame,
A mighty lion, highly praised,
Deserving of his fame,
Triumphant in his claims to power,
Majestic to a fault
And when I saw him in that hour,
My search came to a halt...

My camera caught his royal stare,
His glory at that time,
His dignity beyond compare,
So handsome, so sublime...
As conqueror by tooth and claw,
I thought, how could he fail?
Perhaps he'd live ten years or more,
This wondrous alpha male...

To think, he stood there all at ease,
As if there were no harm,
As if he earned some right to peace,
To breathe without a qualm...
Yet he must fight to stay the king,
Each challenge overthrow,
That's why I stood there wondering...
Amid the golden glow...

Denis Martindale, copyright, May 2012.

The poem is based on the magnificent painting by
Stephen Gayford called 'Golden Glow'.

More Stephen Gayford poems here:
denis-martindale-dot-blogspot-dot-com

Denis Martindale

In The Footsteps Of Giants

The tiny distant dustcloud loomed
As I surveyed the scene,
Turned out much more than first assumed
And nothing like serene...
The elephants were running fast
As I stared in surprise,
Quite terrified and then aghast,
Like giants to my eyes...

Amid the whirling storm they charged,
Head on, not left or right,
The wildlife fleeing as they barged,
Like victims taking flight...
For who would stand against the herd?
Or try to block their way?
The thought of it was quite absurd!
We'd all be squashed like clay!

I took some photos just in time,
Then I was out of there!
Thank God! My pictures were sublime!
The answer to my prayer!
To think, I lived to tell the tale,
With proof that serves enough...
Although my face turned deadly pale,
Those elephants I love!

Denis Martindale, copyright, May 2012.

The poem is based on the magnificent painting by
Stephen Gayford called 'In The Footsteps Of Giants'.

More Stephen Gayford poems here:
denis-martindale-dot-blogspot-dot-com

Denis Martindale

T.E.A.M.

It's through time, effort and money
That teamwork meets success
And by faith God makes things sunny,
So Christ shares happiness...
Though without Him we are nothing,
The harvest calls us near,
Such that we listen to our King
As long as we are here...

The Gospel does not preach itself,
Like writing on the wall,
Yet read that Bible on that shelf
For that's God's miracle...
The world may change, yet truth remains
As constant as the Lord
Who breaks our bonds, who breaks our chains
So that we stand assured...

It's through time, effort and money,
God's Kingdom grows and grows,
Yet it's not all milk and honey
Or like some thornless rose...
It's total love and sacrifice,
It's faith that won't give in,
It's patience before Paradise,
Seeking lost souls to win...

Can you give time and effort, too,
And money as God guides?
Can you ask God, 'What must I do? '
So wisdom coincides?
If not, then simply let time fly
All effort to dismiss,
For all your money could not buy
My Saviour's precious kiss...

Denis Martindale, copyright, May 2012

The poem is based upon Revelation TV's
appeal called Building The Foundation.
T.E.A.M. signifies Time, Effort And Money.
Ask yourself now: Are you on God's Team?

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as well as the WATCH NOW link on
the revelationtv-dot-com website...

Denis Martindale

Thought-Provoking Questions

Across the TV screen they scrolled,
The questions to the show...
While just one answer could be told,
Still questions were in flow...
The compere and the guest still spoke,
With comments to explain...
Yet were the questions there a joke,
Eye-candy or eye-strain?

I tuned out what was being said,
To view the scrolling text...
Because I chose to read instead,
So not to be perplexed...
Those questions were both great and small,
Yet by them I felt blessed,
Then suddenly there was a call
To compere and to guest...

I thus ignored the text below
And listened once again...
Perhaps for something new to know,
Perhaps beyond my ken...
But, oh, what wisdom saints would share,
Life stories so profound...
And oh, such tender-hearted prayer,
To turn our lives around...

What was Good Friday all about?
And so the guest replied...
It was because God's Laws we flout
That Christ was crucified...
The guest was almost near to tears,
As he explained the cost...
To think, Christ overcame His fears
And died to save the lost...

Another caller praised the Lord,
She spoke of many things...
Then told us straight to rest assured,

Trust Christ, the King of Kings!
Forgiveness is the Father's Plan,
The Bible is the key...
And suddenly, my tears began...
I knew Christ died for me...

Denis Martindale, copyright, May 2012.

Howard Conder's Question And Answer show is on Revelation TV. He said he would like to see viewers' email questions scrolling across the TV screen while the guest and he were discussing one question at a time.

He wondered if viewers would still find some extra blessing if thought-provoking questions were seen on screen.

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Denis Martindale

The Plundered Planet Earth

The plundered planet Earth still spins
Around the sun each year,
Both witnesses of all Man's sins,
They know the costs are dear...
The nights can't hide the constant shame,
Of what Mankind has done,
That's why Mankind must bear the blame,
For evils, one-by-one...

The stars still twinkle in the sky
Beyond our silver moon,
Made by the God that men defy,
Across the heavens strewn...
If they could speak, what tales they'd tell,
They'd scream and shout, 'Repent! '
They'd preach of Heaven and of Hell
And Christ whom God has sent...

The plundered planet Earth spins on,
This world on which Christ walked,
This world on which God's light has shone,
This world on which Christ talked...
When Christ returns, what will He say
Of how this world has fared?
If not for faith and hope to pray,
His soul would have despaired...

Yet Jesus knew the path ahead,
The savage rule of Man,
The selfish fool so vainly led
By Lucifer's old plan...
The world itself is more than soil,
Much more than land and sea,
Its battlegrounds are in turmoil
Drenched by Man's cruelty...

The forests dwindle day-by-day,
The wildlife numbers fall,
The poachers steal their lives away,

In time to take them all...
The businessmen still plan their schemes,
The bankers grasp their share...
The Earth still spins despite their dreams,
Distraught, yet still in prayer...

Denis Martindale, copyright, April 2012.

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the revelationtv-dot-com website...

Denis Martindale

The Last Generation

In ancient times, Christ prophesied,
Of wars that must yet be
And two world wars each served as guide
Of inhumanity...
Be not surprised as armies grow
Before your very eyes,
Armed to the teeth so blood can flow
From midnight to sunrise...

Across the world that spins in space,
The giddy godless stand,
Heads filled with thoughts that they embrace,
Marked with the Devil's brand.
Thus war begins to fool the foul,
The bombs commence to fall...
The ground itself begins to growl,
Condemning great and small...

The heavens twist, the heavens turn,
Alignments set the scene
And hidden secrets Man will learn
Of Christ the Nazarene...
As Israel wrestles with his doubts,
Surrounded on all sides,
It's 'Peace and safety! ' soon she shouts,
And thus from truth he hides...

The plagues arrive as judgments join
The battle that must be
And faith will be the sovereign coin,
The choice, Man's destiny...
What will be said of this great age,
This last generation,
The time before Christ storms the stage,
King of Kings on Zion?

Denis Martindale, copyright, April 2012.

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Denis Martindale

Yes, Heaven Is For Real

Yes, Heaven is for real, my friend!
The Bible makes that clear,
This life we live is not the end,
Despite each mournful tear...
The Lord has set the record straight
With Holy Spirit power,
So we may know our God is great
For every passing hour!

There is a crowd of witnesses
Alive on Earth today,
Who testify what bliss it is
When they are called away
To where God's angels praise His Name
And glorify God's Son
And holiness shines like a flame
In front of everyone...

The sights and sounds can melt our hearts
For Heaven far exceeds
Expressions of our earthly arts
And all our noblest deeds...
God's universe cannot compare
With glories shared above,
Where visitors are made aware
Forgiveness comes by love...

If not for love, God could not send
His only Son to die...
To die for me and you, my friend,
So that we might ask why...
Then learn as children do in time,
That God's Word tells the truth.
Yes, Heaven is for real, sublime...
Lord Jesus is our proof...

While visitors return with tales
To bless us now and then,
The Lord Himself removes the scales

Upon the eyes of men,
So that they see and understand
And live their lives anew...
If we could hold the Saviour's hand,
Let's pray we would change, too...

Denis Martindale, copyright, April 2012.

The poem is based on the book, Heaven Is For Real,
and is available from websites like amazon-dot-com
with more info online using a Google search for:

+'Dr Richard Kent' +'Heaven Is For Real'

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Denis Martindale

Sunset Stalker

The leopard moved with stealth and guile
As sunset loomed above,
Each step was taking such a while
And waiting was so tough...
The stalking made his hunger grow,
Yet failure was much worse,
That's why he walked there, to and fro,
With no time to rehearse...

A gentle breeze was gliding by,
Thus everything seemed calm,
But soon at speed something would die,
Be killed without a qualm...
The leopard knew the sacrifice,
Not volunteered at all,
Survival always had its price,
Something to take the fall...

The sun above had no concerns,
The clouds could not care less,
Another life to dust returns
Some predator to bless...
The leopard chased his victim hard,
Success was his reward
And though some have a low regard,
His future was assured...

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Lord And Lady

The lion and his lioness
Surveyed their great domain,
For such was theirs by great prowess,
Come sunshine or come rain...
As long as they fought as a team,
Their conquests seemed assured,
It was as if they lived their dream,
This lady and her lord...

Togetherness can change each life,
With trust the golden key,
Surpassing joy, surviving strife,
Surprising you and me...
Without this trust no teamwork wins,
It's crucial day-by-day,
It's how each hour on Earth begins,
If wisdom's meant to stay...

The lord and lady know their place,
Like royalty they rule,
They walk with dignity and grace,
They can be kind or cruel...
They raise their young so life goes on,
Replacing them in time...
But while they're here, until they're gone,
They simply look sublime...

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale, copyright, April 2012.

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Lord And Lady'.

More Stephen Gayford poems here:
denis-martindale-dot-blogspot-dot-com

Denis Martindale

Eyes Of Warning

The tiger stared with full intent,
With focus, dead ahead,
With firm resolve not to repent,
Despite the sense of dread...
For in the battle he must fight,
Just one would walk away,
So he must move with all his might
Upon this fateful day...

The challenger was also strong,
His courage matched his own
And if they fought the whole day long,
By this, each would be known...
One victor only thus declared,
One victim of his wrath,
To die or live if he were spared,
Perchance to walk it off...

The tiger stared, with warning eyes,
Gave one last chance to run...
Before the wounds, the scars, the sighs,
Before this day was done...
The challenger dismissed the threat,
Two Titans fought head on...
And at the end, while both had bled,
The challenger had gone...

Denis Martindale, copyright, April 2012.

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Eyes Of Warning'.

More Stephen Gayford poems here:
denis-martindale-dot-blogspot-dot-com

Denis Martindale

Watching From Cover

The wily wolf was all alone,
Content to be that way
And like a statue made of stone,
He waited for his prey...
Watching from cover, laid on snow,
His soul was stained by crime,
Upon the path he chose to go,
As snowflakes marked the time...

Though silence was his only friend,
He knew it wouldn't last,
For soon it would be at an end
As his next meal walked past...
Till then he waited patiently,
No energy was lost...
Until fate chose his destiny,
No matter what the cost...

He strained to keep his head held high,
His eyes and ears so cold,
As lonesome hours waved goodbye
With nothing to be told...
But suddenly, he heard snow crunch,
His prey was in his sights,
Suffice to say he'd found his lunch,
Despite the wrongs or rights...

Denis Martindale, copyright, April 2012.

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Watching From Cover'.

More Stephen Gayford poems here:
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Denis Martindale

Purposeful

The tiger firmly marched his way
Across the swirling stream,
His tail was swishing near the spray
As he looked in a dream...
As if he had one thought in mind,
As hunger stirred his soul,
For any prey that he could find
As he searched on patrol...

If any creatures saw him there,
No doubt that they stood still,
In hopes that he stayed unaware
And blood he wouldn't spill...
Ignore his fur like honeycomb
As sweet as sweet could be,
He marched as if he had no home,
Just one priority...

How purposeful his life has turned
As hunger growls within...
No measely meal could now be spurned,
If he, this war must win...
For him, the struggle to survive
Is something that annoys,
But all must eat to stay alive,
The tiger has no choice...

Denis Martindale, copyright, April 2012.

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Purposeful'.

More Stephen Gayford poems here:
denis-martindale-dot-blogspot-dot-com

Denis Martindale

Attentive

When meerkats stand and stare and stare,
Attentive they must be,
As if to prove how much they care
For friends and family...
No wonder, then, they gain respect,
From humans far and wide,
As from such duties none neglect
As they stand side-by-side...

Their little eyes are on alert,
Their little minds on guard,
In hopes that none of them get hurt,
For tragedies hit hard...
While other meerkats scampered near
As if life seemed a ball,
Two meerkats stood, no sign of fear,
Merely surveying all...

In time, some others would replace
And give these guys a rest,
For now, they stood there, poker face,
Content to do their best...
Two heroes there, one young, one old,
Four eyes as black as soot
And theirs the story to be told
Because their hearts were good...

Denis Martindale, copyright, April 2012.

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Attentive'.

More Stephen Gayford poems here:
denis-martindale-dot-blogspot-dot-com

Denis Martindale

Cherish The Child

Cherish the child within your care
While childhood yet remains,
Anoint your love with precious prayer
Regardless of life's pains...
For sorrow comes to one and all,
No matter who you are,
Yet we must rise each time we fall,
No matter, near or far...

Cherish the child within your reach
While childhood yet exists,
For close-at-hand there's time to teach,
If patience still persists...
Rewards await the heart that shows
A constant love each day,
A love that gently glows and glows,
No matter, come what may...

Cherish the child within your life
While childhood runs its course,
Against this world so full of strife,
Its follies to enforce...
Protect each fragile fragrant flower
So that the child may bloom...
With love the everlasting power
That brightens up each room...

Cherish the child, that little one,
That sacred soul God gave
From when its life has just begun
Until your final wave...
God's promises can be believed,
Your hopes and dreams are known...
Our Father blesses prayers received
From those He calls His own...

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

The Sinner's Prayer

The old man died, his spirit rose
And left the Earth behind...
Towards a place God only shows
To those He chose to find...
And this old man began to think
Of sins that he had done
Such that his faith began to sink
And hopes died one-by-one...

Along the Path of Righteousness
The old man had to stroll...
With thoughts his life was one long mess
For he lacked self-control,
Why God would love a man like him,
He could not comprehend
And with these doubts filled to the brim,
How could his spirit mend?

As he walked on, the Pearly Gate
Came suddenly in view...
As he prepared to face his fate,
God whispered, 'I love you! '
And all at once the man wept sore,
Because of all his sin
And God saw all his tears outpour
And rushed to let him in...

The man looked at the angels there,
Their wings were tipped with gold,
He saw such sights beyond compare,
So glorious to behold...
The angels sung such harmonies
The man wept sore and then
He humbly fell upon his knees...
'Let me go back again! '

God asked him why he sought to leave
And so the man explained,
'I cannot stay for I would grieve

With so much to be gained...
For back on Earth, where sin is rife,
Lost sinners go astray...
I need to preach eternal life
And warn of Judgment Day! '

God held him close and He wept, too,
'Return with all My love! '
That's how so many millions knew
What that man found above...
And millions wept the whole world wide
To think of what it cost,
For sinners, Christ was crucified...
That He might save the lost...

Denis Martindale, copyright, April 2012.

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Denis Martindale

Crystal Charisma

As clear as crystal necklaces
Worn by celebrities
And snowflakes as each passes
Upon a wistful breeze,
Or spiders' webs with morning dew,
So gossamer, so fine,
Transparent is my love for you,
My sweetheart Valentine...

As clear as crystal solitaires
That grace 9-carat rings
And icicles mid Winter's airs
As each new Christmas brings,
Or skating rinks spread out for all
To while away an hour,
Your eyes to me send out their call
With such hypnotic power...

As clear as crystal stars at night
That twinkle 'gainst the sky,
As if to shine with all their might
Intent to mystify...
I look at you and feel the thrill
Of love reborn, 'Hooray! '
Yet wonder if I ever will
Declare that love someday...

As clear as crystal would life be
If you said, 'I love you! '
Then all my doubts would surely flee,
For what else could they do?
As clear as crystal is my love,
Alas, I'm oh so shy...
Till God grants courage from above,
All I can do is... sigh...

Denis Martindale, copyright, April 2012.

Denis Martindale

The Rapturous Power Of Love

I first beheld my sweetheart's face
And yet knew not her name,
But still I felt a state of grace,
The warmth of love's pure flame...
A sudden rush, intake of breath,
Because I realised,
That loneliness had died a death,
As I stood there surprised...

For there she was, with golden hair,
With smiling eyes so blue,
To me, the finest of the fair
And perfect through and through...
As if God-fashioned just for me,
A gift supreme, sublime,
My partner for eternity,
Beyond this life and time...

How could I make her comprehend
This miracle within,
This newfound love for this new friend,
If I, her heart, could win?
No precious pearls could quite express
The feelings that I felt,
Nor diamond ring show happiness
As this young heart would melt...

To hold her hand, her fingertips,
To gaze into her eyes,
To press my lips against her lips,
To share my heartfelt sighs,
To watch love blossom like the rose,
To see that love mature,
Such miracles God only knows...
Both now and evermore...

Denis Martindale, copyright, Easter Monday,2012.

Denis Martindale

Rose Bouquet

Behold the precious rose bouquet,
A circle formed by love
And placed with pride and on display
That mere words aren't enough,
To share the thrill, the joy within,
The spectacle in sight,
That surely makes us smile and grin
With unrestrained delight!

Oh, lucky soul that loves the rose,
Its fragrance quite divine,
Such that the poets turn to prose
With compliments each line...
And praise the details one-by-one,
The curling petals spread,
The blossoms reaching for the sun
As to God's light they're led...

Behold the fragile nature here,
A gentle passing thing
And yet this truth stays crystal clear
And leaves us wondering...
Let roses blossom far and wide,
As many as are given,
For all good things are God-supplied
Both here on Earth and Heaven...

The rose was fashioned long ago
With colours old and new
And gardeners truly loved it so,
They did all they could do...
To think, such beauty transcends time,
In gardens young and old...
Each rose bouquet is quite sublime...
Resplendent to behold...

Denis Martindale, copyright, Easter Sunday,2012.

The poem is based on the ceramic sculpture artwork by Suzy Cooper called Rose Bouquet, shown on bid.tv this evening here in the UK. The Shopping Channel brings us many examples of fine art and these add to the beauty of our homes as the years go by.

(Brompton and Cooper Musical Teacup)

Denis Martindale

Pilgrim's Perseverance

I blamed my God, my folks, myself,
For life felt at its worst,
Such that I seemed left on the shelf,
As if my soul were cursed...
You cannot know the depths I've trawled,
The pits of deep despair,
Until the Saviour's Name I called,
As I knelt there in prayer...

There were no shining lights on high,
No angels singing near,
But then again, no need to cry,
As my soul drained of fear...
I simply stood with newborn faith,
As if a child again,
The slate wiped clean, as if to bathe
All my sins there and then...

PoemHunter.com

The miracle renewed my mind,
The darkness fled away,
A destiny was there to find
Beginning now, today...
My tragedies were thus dismissed,
God's wisdom took my hand,
As if my very heart were kissed
To help me understand.

I stood up straight, made my way out,
Past demons left and right,
Past accusations, fear and doubt,
To step into the light...
Of course, my eyes could hardly see,
The contrast made me wince,
Yet thoughts of Christ and Calvary
Had freed me from my sins...

I bought a Bible, learned of Paul,
Then read the words he wrote,
I couldn't comprehend it all,

But saw he didn't gloat...
Though Holy Spirit led and blessed
With miracles galore,
He persevered to help the rest
And longed to love Christ more...

I'd wasted years, so many years,
God gave a second chance,
To let me shed some honest tears,
Before He could enhance...
The Lord rebuilt this rebel heart,
No more as cold as stone,
No more ashamed, no more apart,
No more to feel alone...

That's why I fight, armed to the teeth,
By faith in Christ, God's Son,
To end this mad world's disbelief
In all that God has done...
God's grace suffices, this I've learned,
With Churches everywhere,
I simply take from what I've earned
To give my Lord a share...

That way, His Kingdom will expand
With every passing hour
As if the fiery flames were fanned
That demonstrate His power...
God grant me strength to persevere,
To bravely battle on,
Till Christ makes all things crystal clear
When this saint's soul has gone...

Denis Martindale, copyright, March 2012.

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Revelation TV on UK Sky Digital 581
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the revelationtv-dot-com website...

Denis Martindale

* Beauty Is Upon You

Beauty is upon you like the rose without a thorn.
Beauty is upon you like the dew on grass each morn.
Beauty is upon you like the sapphire shining sea.
Beauty is upon you like the apple on the tree.

Beauty is upon you like the sunshine on the Earth.
Beauty is upon you like the day God granted birth.
Beauty is upon you like the wings on butterflies.
Beauty is upon you like the grace that God supplies.

Beauty is upon you like the diamond wedding ring.
Beauty is upon you like the season known as Spring.
Beauty is upon you like the little lambs that play.
Beauty is upon you like the snow on Christmas Day.

Beauty is upon you like the rainbows up above.
Beauty is upon you like the sentimental dove.
Beauty is upon you like the young bird new to flight.
Beauty is upon you like the shooting stars each night.

Beauty is upon you like the dolphins as they leap.
Beauty is upon you like the peace that comes with sleep.
Beauty is upon you like ten thousand whispering sighs.
Beauty is upon you like true love that never dies...

Beauty is upon you like true love that never dies...
Beauty is upon you like true love that never dies...

Denis Martindale, copyright, August 2001.

Denis Martindale

The Power Of Positive Thinking!

The power of positive thinking,
The impetus within,
The commencing of an inkling,
The joys that make us grin...
The quintessential quickening,
The springboard to success,
The calculator figuring
The odds of happiness...

The hearts that pine for miracles,
The prayers that rise each day,
The hopes and dreams and spectacles,
The visions on the way...
The obstacles to work around,
The setbacks dead ahead,
The courage there, meant to be found,
The answer to our dread...

The burdens carried, problems shared,
The bold tenacity,
The dedication still prepared,
The dazzling energy...
The effervescent faith that flows,
The insights God outpours,
The friendship love that grows and grows,
The Saviour as the source...

The mystical, the spirit realm,
The angels hid from view,
The King of Kings now at the helm,
The grace that guides us through...
The promises the Prophets told,
The truths that they revealed,
The mercy that's as good as gold,
The passing time that's healed...

The future that awaits us all,
The days, weeks, months and years,
The words of brothers like Saint Paul,

The conquering of tears...
The blessings that can make us sing,
The true tranquillity,
The power of positive thinking
God gives to you and me!

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Denis Martindale

For God So Loved The World

For God so loved the world He gave
His one and only Son,
His Holy Child who was so brave
He did what must be done...
He gave His life, His final breath
That He might be our King...
Behold Jesus of Nazareth,
To us, He's everything!
The God who made the Universe
Can hear us, none ignored
And spare us from Man's sinful curse
By Jesus Christ, the Lord...
For who else died to rescue us,
So many years ago?
He blesses us and lives though us,
If we let His love flow...

God calls us from the Devil's rule,
So we are born again,
To cast away the inner fool
That taunts us now and then...
Forsaking feelings, Christians live,
Past doubts of every kind,
Deciding we can not forgive,
But God helps change our mind...
God's plans for us are Heaven-bound,
Not finished here on Earth,
Where every demon thought is found
And proved to hold no worth...
Did Jesus brave the Cross of Christ,
So we could all be rich?
The Lamb of God was sacrificed,
To grant Mankind God's bridge!

Saint Paul believed God had a plan,
He preached from house-to-house,
In service to his fellow man,
His children and his spouse...
When whipped like Jesus Christ before,

PoemHunter.com

Saint Paul still carried on.
Awaiting miracles in store,
Until his life was gone...
The Church continues to this day,
Blessed by the words Paul wrote,
Because in faith, with much to say,
He shared God's antidote...
The poor, the weak, the frail, the sad,
The lost and lonely, too,
Have found by faith they can be glad
And so, dear friend, can you.

But gladness comes as but a gift,
Something we have not earned,
So as it comes, look up and lift
Your arms with hopes still yearned,
Then pray for others, if you would,
To grant them God's relief,
So that they, too, learn God is good
And turn from disbelief...
For God so loved the world He gave
His one and only Son,
His Holy Child who was so brave
He did what must be done...
He gave His life, His final breath
That He might be our King...
Behold Jesus of Nazareth,
To us, He's everything!

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Denis Martindale

More Precious Than Rubies

To those who know a Mother's worth,
What words are left to say,
About the one who gave us birth
And loved us day-by-day?
Though rich or poor, she did her best
With what she had at hand,
To nurture those she wanted blessed
For all that God had planned...

Correcting wrongs, maintaining rights,
A sweetheart known to all,
A constant source of true delights,
A comfort should we fall...
Someone who prayed for patience, too,
When faith was all there was...
Beyond the sorrows she went through
When children made her cross...

Must it take years for us to learn
How much each Mum can love,
Before we, too, that love return?
But then, is this enough?
If only we could love Mums more,
What miracles we'd see...
With happy homes, my friend, for sure,
With God-blessed harmony...

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Denis Martindale, copyright, Mother's Day 2012.

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Denis Martindale

Silver Tears Yet Golden Years

Our babies' tears are commonplace,
They cry at anything...
Yet when I looked at Christ's sad face,
Those tears were from a king...
Not just a king, not just a lord,
But total royalty...
And from His death, I stood assured,
Because He died for me...

Disciples know sins have a price,
An innocent must die...
With Christ, a willing sacrifice,
The cost to Him was high...
With no way out, He shed His Blood,
To mingle with His tears...
Forgiveness through the Son of God
That trickles through the years...

A billion prayers are prayed each day
By saints across the world,
Declaring Jesus is The Way,
Triumphant, arms unfurled...
With miracles for young and old,
With prophecies so true,
To be fulfilled as good as gold
And visions meant for you...

Behold, the challenge! Save the lost!
Declare Good News to all,
Lord Jesus Christ has paid the cost!
Explained by Brother Paul...
Like John and James and Peter taught,
In Bible books preserved,
Our precious souls by Christ were bought,
By God's grace, through His Word...

No man can boast he saved his soul
With sins against his name,
For sins when he lost self-control

That cause his conscience shame,
Yet Jesus takes those sins away!
As far from East to West,
His Royal Pardon saves the day!
Through Him, this world is blessed...

But who believes God's great Good News?
Salvation! Saved by faith!
Made plain to Gentiles and to Jews,
So that they might be brave...
Enough to kneel, to pray, to yield,
To trust in Christ the King...
Obedient to God's grace revealed...
To me, that's everything!

When Christ returns, who will He find
Who's faithful to the end?
Who wants to leave this world behind
And join Him as their friend,
To leave their house, their street, their town,
The planet Earth below...
Past silver tears still falling down
For golden years to know?

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Denis Martindale

Learning Life's Lessons

God grants us the language of love,
As every baby knows...
A Mother's smile is quite enough
As her joy overflows...
She need not speak a single word
From her own Mother tongue,
Such that her baby's heart is stirred
Before a song is sung...

She merely looks into those eyes,
Her baby on her breast,
For that new child to realise
The one who loves it best...
In time, the Father's eyes are known
And they, too, bring delight,
The baby learns it's not alone,
No matter, day or night...

The baby grows and starts to walk,
Legs strengthen with each day...
And suddenly, it's learnt to talk
And pretty soon, to pray...
When School begins, new friends are found,
Each one proves quite unique
And guardians are all around,
Protecting week-by-week...

The years fly by, exams commence,
Each child's results are shared...
Success on such as this depends,
It's wise to be prepared...
Where would we be without the facts,
The theorems and the rules?
Their wisdom guides our daily acts,
To spare us being fools...

The adult mind invents new things,
Adapting Nature's gifts,
That's why we fly in planes with wings

As fast speed gently lifts...
And why Man walked upon the Moon
And why Man walked in space...
Such lessons learnt have proved a boon
To us, the Human Race...

Denis Martindale, copyright, March 2012.

Denis Martindale

The Tale Of Two Poets

Though dreams may come and dreams may go,
One dream stays in my mind...
It was of Christ, that much I know,
Yet modern day to find...
He preached to poets in a crowd,
To all men everywhere,
If of the Gospel they are proud
And still intent on prayer.

Christ told the tale of modern men,
Two poets side-by-side,
Who chose computers, not the pen,
Their poems to provide...
Each seated there before the screen,
Content to type away...
Until God chose to intervene...
One solemn fateful day...

Computer hard drives don't last long,
Two poets soon observed...
Technology is not that strong...
The poets were unnerved!
The first decided he'd update
And buy a new PC...
The second chose to hesitate
And chose to disagree...

His first intent was to replace
And yet he had his doubts!
Another PC to embrace?
With all its perks and pouts?
With all its programs to download?
With all its joy and pain...
Oh, no! he sighed. Forget that road!
I'll not go there again!

Instead, he gave up poetry!
He sold the things he could
And gave the cash to charity,

Perchance to do some good!
When God looked down, He loved each one,
For each heart had its worth...
And blessed them both for what they'd done,
Since each one blessed the Earth...

The crowd agreed, if God was pleased
And every poet prayed
And thus, by faith, from great to least,
Continued unafraid...
Their poetry spread far and wide,
To north, south, east and west...
Revitalised by Christ inside
Who helped them write their best!

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Denis Martindale

* Poemhunter Poem List Part 2

Once you have logged into your poemhunter account...

For page 2 of your poemhunter poems to be displayed,
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and once it has loaded, scroll down to see the list
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Manually edit the last part of the webpage URL for
page number 3 or higher to view its page list instead.

If viewing the print-friendly webpage and the text
is too small, use your web browser's zoom in feature
or change View Menu's Text Size to larger or largest.

: : :

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Christ: The Light Of The World

A nightly vision came to me, as in the dream I slept,
Pertaining to humanity and every tear once wept...
But God refused to let it lie, without a hope or prayer
And on the future, let me spy, my broken heart to spare.

I saw the Earth amid the stars... and sun and moon above,
It teemed with life, as if not sparce, yet here, more than enough.
And this new Earth was beaming light, just like the sun and moon,
It truly was a wondrous sight and to my eyes, a boon!

It simply took my breath away! I asked God to explain...
He said the vision won't delay, the Earth will smile again...
With humans by the billions now, awaiting Christ's return,
Beyond the times God must allow and lessons still to learn...

The Earth was filled with melodies, from both the young and old,
The creatures forming harmonies of greater worth than gold...
Men prayed, Lord, heal the planet, too, let planet Earth be blessed!
Yes, this was what my eyes could view, a new Earth at its best...

Then darkness melted in my mind, to steal the dream within,
As if my very soul was blind, by doubts and pain and sin.
When I awoke upon my bed, the blankets I unfurled
And at God's painting smiled instead: Christ: the Light of the World!

Denis Martindale, copyright, March 2012.

The poem is based on the famous painting of
Jesus Christ that's known across the world.
William Holman Hunt's picture can be found
on the Internet eg Google images search and
with cross references for St Paul's Cathedral.

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Denis Martindale

Poetry Computer

A dozen universities united in one cause,
To make a program for PCs, a total tour de force.
Composing awesome poetry, that stirs the hearts of men,
Towards some global harmony, for now, beyond our ken.

At first, with basic rhymes to use, the program had no clue,
Until they gave it more to choose, to see what it could do.
And hooked up to the Internet, that program poured out stuff,
Though some of it they would regret, there were some things to love.

Their website asked for feedback, so, the visitors replied,
To criticise its form and flow and how they felt inside.
And while most praised it to the hilt, some hated what it wrote,
Poets are born, then taught not built, so they refused to vote.

A little child, aged ten, no more, condemned it from the start,
To state the program broke God's Law, because it lacked a heart.
It had no spirit, had no soul... and no morality...
And thus it lacked all self-control, indeed, true poetry.

PoemHunter.com

The universities agreed, the program was erased...
They chose to help the ones in need, instead of words well phrased.
Their charity got worldwide fame, thanks to their devotion.
That ten-year-old gave them its name: Poetry In Motion...

Denis Martindale, copyright, March 2012.

Denis Martindale

Pussycat Perfect

Utterly feline first of all,
With all that this entails,
As if one merely had to call,
As if that never fails...
Companionship came at a price
This heart was urged to pay,
Not willing for the sacrifice,
I had to bid good-day...

So off she went to seek fresh meat,
Like candy on a stick,
Pussycat perfect, looking sweet,
She simply took her pick...
I sighed to think I played the pawn,
As if she were my queen,
But then there came the light of dawn,
The brightest light I've seen...

Of course, I've met her kind before,
The sort that's up for fun,
Yet how could I this truth ignore?
Gold-diggers every one...
They seek the house before the home,
They seek the car as well.
While they've sweet lips like honeycomb,
These hide the fangs of Hell...

Pussycat perfect stole my heart,
With pursed lips and a purr...
I think I'd rather live apart,
Than trust the likes of her...
Yet my heart's healed a hundred times,
Perhaps no more again,
Because I've seen such cats have crimes
They hide their best from men...

Both young and old are merely prey,
Perchance to feed upon,
Till all their purchases would pay

Gold-diggers till they're gone...
Purloined by stealth and flattery,
They persevere with spite...
Pernicious pets aren't meant to be
The ones to kiss good-night...

Denis Martindale, copyright, March 2012.

Denis Martindale

A Poem For Denis

Last night, I dreamt and what a dream, in Heaven, there I stood
And walked beside a silver stream that blessed the neighbourhood.
Ten angels flew above my head and pointed where to go.
I changed direction there instead, towards the holy glow.

Lord Jesus welcomed me within and then gave me a crown.
To Him, I was both kith and kin, as He bid me sit down.
A scroll appeared to float mid air and Jesus read it out.
He said to listen close then share with those still prone to doubt.

The poem spoke of many things and prophecies as well
And warned that even mighty kings might even go to Hell.
I trembled as the Lord relayed the future fearful years,
Declaring even those that prayed would bear their share of tears...

The noble soul would cling to Christ by faith and faith alone,
Recalling what He sacrificed in order to atone...
Yet scoffers had no hope at all, for nothing could be done
For those who wouldn't heed God's call and trust His only Son.

That's why the judgments must be sent, each sinner to be judged,
Such times come not by accident, else innocence is touched.
So mark it well and watch the stars, as secrets are revealed
Beyond the realm of calendars, come stars as yet concealed.

The sun and moon must spin in space as God commands them to,
Till Christians meet Christ face-to-face and bid this world, 'Adieu! '
The poem ended suddenly and I woke up dismayed
And as such times seemed close to me, I prayed and prayed and prayed.

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Denis Martindale

I'D Rather Write

I'd rather write a poem, Lord,
Than mow the lawn today,
As mowing grass I'd soon be bored
And choose to walk away...
That wall needs painting, yes, I know,
Another month won't hurt,
I'd rather write and watch words flow
Than paint and hide the dirt...

I'd rather write a poem, Lord,
Than tidy up that room,
A tidy room's a poor reward
Compared with words that bloom...
That pile of clothes I'll get round to,
No pressure, they can wait,
I'd rather write my point of view,
As my views are first rate...

I'd rather write a poem, Lord,
Than wash the car outside,
It's not a Rolls, it's just a Ford,
With scratches dust can hide...
That stack of dishes, won't complain,
No rush to stand, wipe, stir,
I'd rather write my thoughts again
Before they melt and blur...

I'd rather write a poem, Lord,
Than shop for milk and bread,
Black coffee's okay, rest assured,
I'll give up toast instead...
I'll see my girlfriend, next week, soon,
Tomorrow or tonight...
I'd rather write this afternoon,
Please, Lord, if that's all right...

Denis Martindale, copyright, March 2012.

Denis Martindale

The Revelation Of The Rapture

It seemed like any other day... No different than before,
Both good and bad and come what may, so who could ask for more?
Yet God knew better than the rest, the Rapture was in store,
Despite the fact nobody guessed, regardless, rich or poor.

Lord Jesus stood and left His Throne and every angel stared,
As He left God to rule alone, for this time now prepared
And every eye watched Jesus leave, as He God's children spared,
It was as if no angel breathed, so fearful that none dared.

Now at the Pearly Gates Christ stood, as they were opened wide,
About to leave God's neighbourhood to prove He never lied.
The Holy Church on Earth has sensed the Groom comes for His Bride,
The world went on with its events, no Scriptures for a guide.

And then the twinkling of an eye! Saints snatched from east to west!
With panicked sinners asking why, as most of them weren't blessed!
With billions on the Internet, search engines there to test,
Mid falling tears of their regret, from fears they each expressed.

Somewhere, somehow, the saints had left, with Earth to pay the price,
As looters laughed at every theft in Satan's paradise...
The Antichrist was then revealed and worshipped as most wise,
Till new believers wouldn't yield, nor offer sacrifice.

But that is then and this is now! There's time to trust the Lord!
Still time to kneel and humbly bow! No sin to be ignored...
Still time to find the Cross of Christ! To pray for grace outpoured.
Still time! No need to be surprised! Just saved, your soul restored!

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Denis Martindale

The Closely-Guarded Secret!

It's in invisible ink!

I think!

Denis Martindale.

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

In Life, In Death

The decades come, the decades go,
Events like blurs fly by
And tracking us, each day we know,
Death makes us hear him sigh...
He won't give up while we still breathe,
He hates the good we do,
Yet loves it when we're forced to grieve,
Though we may battle through...

By faith, yes, faith and faith alone,
This pilgrim soul endures,
Though now it lives here on its own,
This saved soul still adores...
Despite the pain and suffering
That old age brings in spades,
This sacred soul's recovering,
For God's love never fades...

In life, in death, this soul persists,
Rejecting doubts and fears,
Selecting truths, faith still exists,
Despite the lonely years...
How could you know the things I've seen,
The things these ears have heard,
The good and bad and in-between,
The kind and callous word?

But know this now, while Death still haunts,
Eternal life is mine...
Regardless of the way Death taunts,
Its powers I decline...
I'll live this life, God's gracious gift,
Defiant to the end!
Till God gives my saved soul a lift
To meet the Sinners' Friend...

Denis Martindale, copyright, March 2012.

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Denis Martindale

God's Precshush Sound Of Love

Shush.... Can you hear God's sound of love?
As soft as April rain
And carried on a gentle breeze...
Ah, such a sweet refrain!

Shush... Listen for His tender voice...
He's whisp'ring soft and warm,
As in a Mother's lullaby,
Sung to her child newborn...

And you'll hear Him in the raindrops,
Each tumbling to the earth...
Close-up kissing field and pasture,
Propagating brand new birth...

Then hear Him in the falling snow,
That's floating to the ground
And in the rustling of the trees...
Ah, yes, the sweetest sound...

PoemHunter.com

Shush... Hear Him in a violin,
So smooth and finely strung...
Then listen to a blessed songbird
That's tending to her young...

And hear Him in a symphony,
In music so sublime,
It lifts you to the highest peaks
Of ecstasy divine!

Shush... Then hear Him... in the silence...
Between the tender sighs
Of the two whose hearts are woven...
(You'll see it in their eyes!)

Shush... Listen in the darkest hour,
Before God's dawn breaks through!
This is when you'll hear Him clearly...
He's whisp'ring, 'I love you! '

Denis Martindale, adaptation, March 2012.

This is a Gospel tribute poem, adapted from poemhunter-dot-com poet, Valerie Dohren's winsome poem called The Sound Of Love.
Copyright applies to Valerie Dohren.

Denis Martindale

Banana Nirvana

The small banana grew and grew
And curved as if it should,
In time to be given to you
Because you thought them good.
You peeled the outer casing back
And chomped the chunks with glee,
As if there were no style, no knack,
No need for artistry...

Just chomp, chomp, chomp! Without restraint,
With no words to be said,
As if there were not one complaint
To make you pause instead...
Within a minute, all had gone...
The rest then thrown away...
Like chompanzees you carried on,
Back to your games to play...

Then I chomped my banana, too,
With gusto like you did,
To ape the silly things you do,
Because you're just a kid...
I must admit, I had some fun,
Remembering my youth,
Yet I'm your Dad and you're my son...
Bananas are the proof...

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Denis Martindale

Something Wonderful And Beautiful

:
:
A poem about the wildlife artist, Stephen Gayford

The artist stood with brush in hand
And prayed God would be kind
Enough to help him understand
The secrets he could find...
Then he began to paint away,
Each layer gently laid,
All expertise, all skills in play,
So he could pass the grade...

To pass the grade and then excel,
Until no more to do
And only then, bid it farewell,
When it was sold to you...
You thought it something wonderful
And beautiful to buy,
Majestic and adorable
And pleasing to the eye...

The artist smiled with heartfelt joy
While holding back his tears,
His expertise you could employ,
Financing all his years...
Success began with you, my friend,
We each owe you a debt,
Because you helped to start a trend
That no-one could forget...

From that day on, the artist stood
With paintings left and right,
To be the best, not just the good,
To reach the highest height...
Perfecting here, perfecting there,
Enhancing light and shade,
So paintings looked beyond compare

Thanks to the prayers he prayed...

Denis Martindale, copyright, March 2012.

The poem is based on the magnificent website
gayfordgallery-dot-com where we can visit and
enjoy wonderful artwork meant for one and all.

More Stephen Gayford poems here:

denis-martindale-dot-blogspot-dot-com

Denis Martindale

God's Precious Perfect Plan

Before my soul was granted here
Within my Mother's womb,
Until my birth when she was near
In my delivery room,
God held my soul within His hand,
Then bid me live my way,
Until the time I'd understand,
As I began to pray...

From that day forth, my fate was sealed,
Both good and bad to know,
Sometimes the road ahead concealed,
Then blindly I would go...
Amid the fog and snow and storm,
Amid the darkest night,
To question if God's love was warm
When there was no insight...

But dark days strengthen hearts of gold,
Though painful they may be
And yet what lessons we behold
From Christ and Calvary...
My youth was but a blur in time,
A streaming streak, no more,
But then I met the Lord sublime
And felt His love outpour...

This dream I dreamt changed everything,
I stood there on a hill
And in the distance, Christ the King,
Was on His Cross, not still,
For He was writhing there in pain,
A twisting silhouette,
To die for me, to clear sin's stain,
To pay off every debt...

Then suddenly, a beam of light
From Heaven shone straight down
Upon Christ's Cross with all God's might

And on Christ's briar crown...
Then light reflecting came my way,
Engulfing me with heat,
A golden glow as if to say,
Today in love we meet...

God's precious perfect plan was known,
Through Christ and Calvary...
God's love for me was clearly shown
For all eternity...
No more could I regard my dreams
As mine when Christ had died,
To concentrate upon my schemes,
Once He was crucified...

Though billions go to sleep each night,
Will they dream dreams like mine,
To stand within God's golden light
And shine and shine and shine?
Or will the darkness from closed eyes,
From closed thoughts and closed minds,
Cause them to never realise
God's prophecies and signs?

So I'm praying every hour
That mortal life extends,
For the Lord's love and His power,
On which each friend depends...
What is His plan? What must I do?
How best to save the lost?
Now saved, I must save others, too,
And not just count the cost...

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Denis Martindale

The Great Genius

The great genius closed his eyes
And his mind poured out of his body
And he was one with the sun,
The moon and the stars...

Across the void his mind explored
And suddenly he heard a voice...
'Who are you?
I know you are out there.
Tell me about yourself...'

The great genius introduced himself,
Told of his achievements, his inventions,
Told of the awards that he'd won
And that he now sought a better home,
Saying Earth no longer needed him...

The voice explained, that he must stay,
That he must help others to improve,
For all life dies and needs nurturing
Before the end comes to one and all...

The great genius explained Mankind,
Saying it was slow and obstinate,
Both good and bad, wise and foolish
And he longed for separation...
Perhaps to a higher plane of existence.

'Please stay where you are, dear friend...'
Replied the voice. 'Please persevere...
The wise do not forsake the foolish,
They beseech the Creator to help,
For what is life without love for others? '

Then the great genius sighed and agreed.
He bid the voice farewell and returned...
Way back across the darkness of the void,
Way back to the sun, the moon and the stars,
Back to the home world and to his own home.

And the voice was asked by his companions,
Of what had just happened a little while ago
And the voice chuckled to himself and said,
'It's OK, I've stopped another one...'

Denis Martindale

More Poems Still To Do

It happened as I climbed the stairs, time frozen, in a spell,
So suddenly, no time for prayers, twixt Heaven, Earth and Hell.
Amid these great realities, stood my immortal soul,
Yet there I sensed a heartfelt peace, though I had no control.
I heard the voice of Jesus Christ, who told me who He was,
That for my sins, life sacrificed, as He bled on the Cross...
He bid me follow, I obeyed, then Heaven was revealed,
With Earth and Hell to fade and fade, as they were both concealed.
The entrance to God's wondrous place was slowly opened wide,
To bring a smile upon my face as I then walked inside.
I trembled as the Lord appeared and worshipped on my knees,
To stand again as Jesus neared... Behold, the Prince of Peace!

Yet why was I alone this way, was this my interview?
What were the words that I should say, except for 'I love You! '?
And so it was, I simply sighed... He smiled as we walked on,
Upto my home God's Son supplied, then quickly, He was gone!
A loneliness then filled my heart, my spirit drained as dead,
As if my world was torn apart, with nothing in its stead.
Without the Lord, what was it worth? No angel died for me.
Is this the fate that I deserve, for all eternity?
As I explored God's Paradise, with beauty left and right,
Its precious glory filled my eyes and yet gave no insight.
But then a pilgrim called my name, he ran and shook my hand!
As if I had my share of fame within this holy land...

'I've read your poems, friend, well done! ' I nodded in reply,
Then asked if he had seen God's Son, who never said, 'Goodbye! '
'Yes, that's to make you love Him more! To miss Him for a while!
Then once alone, to go, explore... It's not meant as a trial...'
Then other pilgrims gathered round, sweet words now reciting...
Quoting some hymns and poems found from my Christian writing.
I felt I was an honoured guest from all the things I learned.
When I was moved and truly blessed, it's then the Lord returned!
Lord Jesus told me I must leave! More poems still to do!
I gasped as I could barely breathe, amazed, with just one clue.
Then suddenly, I stood again, upon the stairs... on Earth...
A mortal, just as other men... yet with a sense of worth...

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Denis Martindale

The Belief Of A Thief

Behold the cruel cross of Christ!
Two lost souls balanced there!
But only one thief realised
Christ was beyond compare!
Consider three men hoisted high,
Secured, nowhere to go...
Yet Jesus knew why He must die
And why He suffered so...

Behold the Man, the Son of God,
Whom Judas had betrayed,
The Saviour, Jesus, shedding blood
For sinners who had strayed...
Good Shepherd dying for His sheep,
Indeed, the Sinners' Friend,
While John and Mary vigil keep,
Until the very end!

Behold the crowd at safety's length,
Accepting what was done
And witness to the fading strength
Of victims one-by-one...
Yet suddenly, one thief had faith,
Beyond this deadly hour,
When He asked Jesus Christ to save,
Acknowledging His power!

'Remember me, when You receive
Your Kingdom when You die! '
Lord Jesus said, 'This day we leave...
To Paradise, we fly! '
Like them, we know that death is near,
Yet Heaven waits above!
The Gospel Truth is crystal clear...
In Christ, the King of Love!

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Denis Martindale

Gayford Gallery

A poem about the wildlife artist, Stephen Gayford

Imagine God gave you a gift with which to bless us all
And simply let your life to drift so that you might stand tall...
And in the years that followed on, your blessings blossomed well,
Such that your doubts were truly gone, what stories you could tell...

Just think of those who stand and paint, made famous over time,
Such that their art is not just quaint, but thought of as sublime...
With auctions here and auctions there and exhibitions, too...
And compliments beyond compare because of what they do...

Each dedicated artist knows the sacrifices made
And though each legend grows and grows, it's just that each obeyed...
Their destiny is in their hands, their paintings on our walls,
Their galleries across the lands wherever greatness calls...

Perhaps a hundred hours done for each and every week,
Preserving still a sense of fun in artwork that's unique...
With family values well expressed in lions, tigers, bears,
Our Stephen Gayford does his best, remembered in our prayers...

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The poem is based on the magnificent website
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More Stephen Gayford poems here:
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Denis Martindale

Hallmarks Of The Hero

From ancient times, each hero stood
Against each evil foe
And for the good did what he should,
Heroic deeds to show...
The humble hero knew his place,
To sacrifice his all,
Perhaps to save the human race
Or teach God's truth like Paul...

From time-to-time, their tales are told,
Like stories, nothing more,
Like parables, though good as gold,
We might choose to ignore...
We were not there, not witness to
Their strength and bravery,
Yet credit where credit is due,
Meant for posterity...

Initiative is borne of faith,
Directing every thought,
Is there someone I'm meant to save?
Some battle to be fought?
Is there a maiden in distress?
Some Princess I'm to love?
Some King that I must yet impress?
Or challenge rise above?

Perseverance has helped them, too,
How else could they endure?
To keep in mind that point of view
That helps them suffer more...
For sacrifice is everywhere,
As every parent learns...
But what are heroes without prayer,
If God above each spurns?

Thus heroes have a right to choose,
Freewill determines fate,
Another fight to win or lose,

The victor thought as great...
Consider every hero known
And all they sacrificed...
Of all of these, one stands alone...
Our Saviour, Jesus Christ...

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Denis Martindale

The Sacred Sacrifice

Jerusalem, what could you see
When Jesus met His end?
For things were borne of secrecy
On that we can depend...
Tortured teacher, ripped Rabboni,
Lamentful Lamb of God,
God's Son who died for you, for me,
Who shed His own life's blood...

Love beaten, scourged and crucified,
Submitting to control,
The Sinner's Friend was He who died
To save each tainted soul...
No easy task, one heart to bear,
Yet Jesus paid the price,
Upon the Cross of Christ in prayer,
His sacred sacrifice...

And not enough till all was done,
Each prophecy fulfilled,
Such that we know Christ was God's son
When all had been revealed...
Thus Mary wept amid the crowd
When Christ was taken down,
Her righteous tears fell on His shroud
Still blood-stained from His crown...

His body lifted, borne away,
Amid the gruesome gloom,
Light of the world at end of day
Lay resting in His tomb...
No more the touring teacher known
To travel to and fro,
He humbly lay there all alone,
Apart from friend or foe...

But we know now, Lord Jesus lives,
To fight the good fight still
And that through Him our God forgives,

If we but do His will...
And this is why forgiveness spreads
Across both time and space,
For every time we bow our heads,
God sees our Saviour's face...

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Denis Martindale

People Are Like Pearls

It's true that people are like pearls
Each shining in the sun,
To God, they're just like boys and girls
All busy having fun...
And while there's irritation known
To visit every soul,
Through prayer each needn't feel alone,
Outside of God's control...

As time goes by, like pearls we sleep,
Amid a darkened room,
Just gliding in a midnight deep,
To wake, we would assume...
Cocooned a while, yet growing still
Through weeks and months and years,
Not one of us possessing skill
As all of this appears...

We merely grow, from tiny things,
Within the space God gives,
Not knowing what the future brings,
Yet that's how each one lives...
We shield ourselves from harm and pain,
We nestle where we are
And if we think there's much to gain,
We'll wish upon a star...

Together, pearls make jewellery,
United in one cause
And we could share such harmony
If we obeyed God's laws...
Each tiny pearl transforms with growth,
For beauty waits in store
And beauty is God's treasure trove,
Of that, you can be sure...

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Denis Martindale

The Missing Poem

When life was done, my soul left Earth,
Thus I was Heaven bound,
Perhaps to prove my works had worth
Based on the faith I found...
So I flew high above the sky,
Past sun, moon, stars and more
And only when I'd left them by,
Could I see Heaven's door...

As I approached, it opened wide,
I landed gently down...
On holy ground I stood inside,
An angel held my crown...
I put it on, he held my hand
And led me to and fro,
Across this precious wondrous land
God only could bestow...

Within the Palace of the King
The angel bid me walk,
Then he flew off, more saints to bring,
While Christ and I would talk...
The Saviour smiled, explaining all,
My good works known full well,
As were the times He saw me fall,
Sad times I went through Hell...

My book of poems then appeared,
He said, 'One's missing, friend...'
And while the Saviour stroked His beard,
I failed to comprehend...
An angel with a scroll came close,
The poem to recite
And I recalled the lines of prose
Which I refused to write...

'You were a prophet till that day!
But suddenly you spurned
The Gospel Truth that showed the way

So others could have learned! '
The Lord let out a weary sigh...
'A thousand souls were lost!
Without that poem each would die,
Unsaved to pay the cost! '

'Then send me back! I'll make amends!
I'll share it everywhere!
Translate it for God's foreign friends,
Close to the Sinner's Prayer!
I'll sell the house, the car, the yacht,
I'll preach for all I'm worth!
I'll give it everything I've got!
Please send me back to Earth! '

Christ shook my hand, bid me depart,
A second chance to save,
Then laid His hand upon my heart
And told me to be brave...
A second later, life began
And with it, clemency...
And since then I've revealed God's plan,
Christ's love and Calvary!

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the revelationtv-dot-com website...
Near Death Experiences are shared on
various shows such as Testimony Time.

Denis Martindale

The Angel Told Me

Our little girl walked in the house,
I knew something was wrong...
And that is why I told my spouse,
In case we must be strong...
Our daughter was a gentle child,
Not given to pretence,
Completely calm, not acting wild,
A credit to her friends...

That day was different, we could tell,
No smile upon her face,
As if amazed, she sat a spell,
Recalling what took place...
'I've seen an angel! ' she explained,
'His wings were ten feet wide! '
And when she spoke, her voice was strained,
As if choked up inside...

The Doctor came and heard her tale
When we had left the room,
When he returned, he looked so pale,
His face so full of gloom...
'She told me things nobody knew
Except myself alone!
Nobody else would have a clue,
There's no way she'd have known! '

We asked him what had happened next,
He gulped and cleared his throat...
As if his very soul was vexed
And with no antidote!
'She prophesied as she was told...
The angel that she met,
Has silver hair and wings of gold,
That's why she can't forget...'

'Has she gone mad! ? ' we asked him straight.
'My friends, no need to fear...
This is God's will, her chosen fate,

Of that be crystal clear! '
So we calmed down and went to her
And kissed her just the same,
She prophesied what would occur...
We praised our Saviour's name...

In time, the prophecies came true,
Just as the angel said...
We prayed, 'Lord tell us what to do,
So that we might be led...'
The Saviour's voice spoke soft and low
And we thanked God because,
Christ said, 'Tell everyone you know
Why I died on the Cross...'

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Denis Martindale

Near Death Experience

Old age can dim Man's weary eyes
And slow the legs of youth
And when we stand, we're mouthing sighs,
Acknowledging the truth...

And so it was, while in my chair,
I slipped off into sleep,
Yet at that moment not aware
That Death, close by, would creep...

Then suddenly, Death grabbed my hand
And stole my soul away...
At first, I couldn't understand,
Yet I was quick to pray!

'Save me, oh, Lord, if not my time!
Deliver me from Death!
I know that I'm not in my prime,
But I deserve each breath! '

PoemHunter.com

The Lord appeared and Death stood still,
To learn what must be done,
What must occur to serve God's will
He'd learn from Christ, God's Son!

'We'll is he mine or not this day?
Has God bestowed His grace?
Is he to leave? Is he to stay?
Tell me what's taking place...'

Christ looked at Death, said not one word,
But Death soon understood...
Though not the choice that he preferred,
He left me as he should...

With open arms, Christ stood and smiled,
'I'll grant you one more year! '
Then all at once, now reconciled,
I saw Him disappear...

Thus I returned to mortal frame,
To kneel beside the chair...
To call upon the Saviour's Name
In earnest, fervent prayer!

The Holy Spirit blessed my soul
With all Christ's truths to preach,
As long as I gave Him control
And humbly chose to teach...

My story's shared on TV shows,
On Radio as well...
In just six months, my life will close,
It's Heaven, then, not Hell...

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Denis Martindale

You Cannot Hate Hate Until You Love Love

If Man would think decisions through,
The world would change each day,
With simple words like 'I love you! '
Based on Christ's words to pray...
For Man can choose the higher path,
God's more excellent way,
Despite the fact that scoffers laugh,
Refusing to obey...

If Man would seek the Lord each time
A brand new day begins,
The world would see less pain, less crime,
Less horrors and less sins...
For Man is more than just one life,
Ask Christ, God's precious Prince,
He conquered death, its sting, its strife,
In Him, each Christian wins...

If Man would set aside his hate,
Forgiveness as the norm,
Then love would be the finest state
To which he could conform...
For Man can cool his heels with prayers,
Beyond the present storm,
To recognise that God still cares,
With steadfast love so warm...

If Man could learn the Gospels well,
What miracles we'd see,
With prophecies that would foretell,
God's greatest mystery...
For Man forgiven, humbled, learns
From Christ and Calvary...
Awaiting Christ, when He returns
To rule with majesty!

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Denis Martindale

Soulful Meditation

Be still and calm the hurried soul,
Take charge of it and seize control,
Such that the fleeting thoughts are calmed,
That you're defended and forearmed...
And in that spasm of reflection,
Grasp the power of direction,
Such that holy thoughts inspire
Like gold within refining fire,
That's skimmed off for a higher use,
That God Himself prefers to choose...
And as that moment stretches forth,
Beyond the west, east, south and north,
Transcending what we thought was real,
It's then that God can truly heal,
For damaged hearts and souls and minds
Need all the truths the seeker finds,
Who humbles self mid life and death
To pause with meditation breath,
To span the ever-present now,
To cross the bridge to there somehow,
Where only love explains it all
Mid silent prayer to hear God's call...
For who are we, advising Him,
When He would fill us to the brim
With prophecy and course to take
Away from every sad mistake?
Behold the glory beyond time,
Take comfort in the Lord sublime,
To draw back to this broken Earth,
To tell the others of His worth
And in that telling be amazed,
For God is worthy to be praised...

PoemHunter.com

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Notes:

The poem was written after the reading of the
positive poem by Valerie Dohren: Meditation:

poemhunter-dot-com/poem/meditation-59/

It leads to all poems: valerie-dohren/poems/

Her poem made me consider the positives
that meditation may bring, yet surely the
greatest soulful meditation is of Jesus,
the Lord of Lords and the King of Kings.
This was what Saint Paul regarded as being
of the greatest importance ie knowing Him.

Denis Martindale

The Poem Pals

When I woke up, I looked outside and what a sight I saw
There was no place for them to hide near to my neighbour's door.
The Poem Pals were back again! With poems in their hands
That God has sent out to all men and women in His lands...

When they saw me, they waved hello! I waved back and made tea.
I asked them in to get to know what was the mystery...
They told me straight, 'He's busy now, his T.V.'s on the blink!
And so us guys he won't allow, he's hardly time to think...'

So off I went and they went, too, 'Good luck! ' they said and smiled.
The problem sorted, he said, 'Phew! ' and calmed down, now quite mild.
I told him of the Poem Pals, 'They visit me as well,
They're full of wonders, full of tales, what stories they could tell! '

'You see them, too? ' He was amazed! 'Oh, yes, they're all my friends! '
'Thank God for that! ' he quickly praised, with no need for pretence!
They stood in line, the first one in, his poem now to share,
So that my neighbour could begin to make the world aware...

The poem penned, we watched him leave with smiles upon his face!
Another poem to receive from God above by grace.
The second guy came with his verse, as proud as proud could be,
With extra time he could rehearse, reciting perfectly...

The third guy ran inside at last, determined to be heard,
I'd never seen him run so fast, now he could read each word!
The fourth guy walked in, bid good day explaining what to write
And then when done, he walked away, his face a pure delight!

The fifth guy was hilarious, his poem made us laugh!
Not one of us stayed serious as he walked down the path.
The sixth guy walked in bold as brass, saluted us in turn,
As if he thought we were first class, with nothing left to learn...

The last guy heaved a long, long sigh... for sad his poem was.
It told why Jesus had to die upon the cruel cross...
His poem was the best of all, of that there was no doubt.
It shared the Gospel by Saint Paul, who loved the Lord throughout.

So finally, we said goodbye, the Poem Pals all gone...
My neighbour's spirit soaring high, because God's light had shone.
The Poem Pals would call again, so poets could be blessed,
In time, to be Fishers of Men, who seek to do their best...

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This is a follow-up poem to The Impatient Poem:

tinyurl-dot-com/the-impatient-poem

Denis Martindale

Just Half The Man I Used To Be

Just half the man I used to be,
Though now I'm twice as old,
With almost all life's history,
A fragment left untold...
And on reflection, lots undone,
Mistakes, mistakes galore,
Yet I'll give credit to God's Son,
He's closer than before...

Just half the man I used to be,
My youth has come and gone
And with old age, infirmity,
Weak legs to walk upon...
With walking sticks as faithful friends,
We now stand side-by-side
And as this chapter gently ends,
By faith, I know I tried...

Just half the man I used to be,
A fraction still remains,
God's hourglass is all I see,
As time steals tiny grains...
What should I do beyond my prayers,
To make these days worthwhile?
Such that God's pleased with my affairs
And they bring Him a smile?

Just half the man I used to be,
What great thing can I do?
Then suddenly, this truth hit me,
I know... I'll pray for you!
Be twice the man that you could be!
Or person that you are!
That way, you won't turn out like me...
Who knows? You could go far!

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Denis Martindale

The Second Journey

Each generation knows the pain,
As loved ones leave us with the strain
Of mourning when another dies
And hot tears flow from teary eyes...
But life's a journey meant for love,
Before we fly to God above
And all the good works that we do
Are merely saying, 'I love you! '

We copy those who've gone before,
So that love lives from shore-to-shore,
Throughout the centuries we've known,
This precious faithful love is shown...
Father-to-son and passed on down
The Christian faith that bears the crown,
That foretaste granted here on Earth
To those who know the Saviour's worth...

Death merely parts us for a while,
Despite its sting, despite its guile,
Eternal life, God's gift to Man,
Extends beyond this mortal span...
That's why there's hope as tears subside,
We look to Christ, arms open wide...
For God the Father, God the Son
Will reunite us one-by-one!

And when we meet, for meet we will,
No longer old, no longer ill,
No longer pining day-by-day...
As Jesus bids us all to stay...
We'll bid farewell to all our tears,
To all our foolish doubts and fears,
As Jesus welcomes us, we'll sing
Our sweet Hosannas to our King!

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Denis Martindale

Arctic Apparition

The white wolf waited wilfully
With what would pass for guile,
So long it seemed eternity
I looked at his profile...
Yet in my quest to photograph
This untamed creature there,
He hardly moved along the path
And seemed content to stare...

Until his prey was seen or heard,
He breathed in and breathed out,
As if a statue, never stirred,
To leave me full of doubt...
But finally, he heard a sound
And like a ghost he flew,
As up he sprang, one single bound,
The hunter through and through...

My camera clicked as he streaked by,
Like lightning left-to-right,
An apparition leaping high
And such an awesome sight...
I have his pictures to this day,
Still mounted on the wall...
'The white wolf hunting for his prey! '
What memories I recall...

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The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Arctic Apparition'.

Denis Martindale

Arrogance

The lion king posed quietly
Without a single roar,
As if the whole wide world to see,
So they could shout encore!
With arrogance and more to spare,
The lion drew a crowd,
His golden mane a halo there,
No touching was allowed...

Just like the Sphinx, he looked sublime,
A hero through and through,
Yet haughtiness is such a crime,
Yet this was all he knew...
His challengers were forced to run
To save them from their fears,
So many battles had been won,
He left a trail of tears...

No challenge left, he merely posed,
For now he lacked all friends,
His solemn stare as if to boast,
This legend never ends...
But old age came and slowed him down,
His eyes now weak and frail..
And suddenly he lost his crown...
No more the Alpha Male...

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The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Arrogance'.

More Stephen Gayford poems here:
denis-martindale-dot-blogspot-dot-com

Denis Martindale

Waiting For Mother

Two tiger cubs with swishing tails
With so much still to learn,
As is the case, with all young males,
Awaited Mum's return...
At first, quite calm, no cause to fret,
No cause to sigh for now,
But soon spurred on by their regret,
Each wore a furrowed brow...

'She won't be long! ' they both agreed,
'No, no, not long at all...'
Could soothing comfort words succeed
When neither heard her call?
Impatiently they tapped their feet
And swished their tails again...
With nothing near or far to greet,
What use to count to ten?

'Oh, come on, Mum! ' they growled aloud!
No longer quite serene,
No longer brave, no longer proud,
Just acting being mean!
'This just won't do! ' But suddenly,
She stood there in plain sight!
'Oh, Mum, we missed you! What's for tea? '
How tactful... How polite!

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The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Waiting For Mother'.

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Denis Martindale

Where's Mo?

Three meerkats stood on tippy-toes,
Eeeney, Meeney, Miney...
And yet, where's Mo? Nobody knows!
Where could that rascal be?
They thought that he was hiding near,
That's why they stretched so high,
In hopes the scamp would soon appear,
So they could ask him why...

But Mo was chewing chocolate fast
And wouldn't share one bite!
At such a thought, he felt aghast,
He chewed with all his might!
They'll all want some, there's not much left!
And so he chewed and chewed...
When it was gone, he felt bereft,
It was his favourite food!

His whiskers had to be licked clean
To hide the damning truth,
The awful fact that he was mean,
With chocolate as the proof!
When he returned, he burped aloud!
The meerkats gathered round...
But Mo was silent with head bowed...
And while he smiled, they frowned!

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Where's Mo? '.

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Forest Tracker

White tigers track the forest floor,
Like this one did one day,
Steadfast and with his tightened jaw,
He went along his way...
Sometimes to pause and listen well,
Then one step at a time,
To catch a glimpse, some sign to tell,
To perpetrate his crime...

The villain of the piece was he,
Of that there was no doubt,
Though just a stroll it seemed to be,
Watch out! Watch out! Watch out!
I wouldn't snap a twig or two,
If I were walking near,
In fact, I think I'd be like you,
Just paralysed with fear!

I'd watch that tiger walking past,
While I stood still unseen...
If he saw me, then I'd run fast,
'Cos tigers can get mean!
For now, he's like some cuddly cat,
Ol' Blue Eyes, all alone...
And yet, please don't be fooled by that,
You see, he's fully grown!

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The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Forest Tracker'.

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Denis Martindale

Roy The Christian

At first, poor Roy could not enjoy
The Bible in his hand,
For phrases there would oft annoy,
Quite hard to understand...
Yet with concordance, Roy began
His private Holy Grail,
It was his quest to test God's plan,
Forgiveness to avail...

So Roy took notes from day-to-day
And also night-to-night
And sometimes Roy would kneel and pray,
For such was his delight...
To think, God's treasure chest was here,
With prophecies galore
And thus, in time, faith conquered fear...
Roy wanted more, more, more!

God's Holy Spirit blessed his heart,
To heal his empty soul,
With wondrous truths God would impart
To saints that He makes whole...
No wonder, Roy began to preach
And write new poetry,
As if the whole wide world to teach
Of Christ and Calvary!

The decades past and verses penned
Would help lost souls find Christ,
Such that they would call Roy their friend,
A brother highly prized...
Lord Jesus promised him a crown
To wear most joyfully...
In truth, one day to wear a gown,
For Roy was royalty...

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Denis Martindale

It Is Finished!

Resounding through the Universe,
Transcending time and space,
The greatest shout of victory
Heard by the human race!
For from the lips of Jesus Christ
Came His tremendous cry,
When 'It is finished! ' was His shout,
He laid down life to die...

All holy scriptures were fulfilled,
Each prophecy complete,
God's Son of whom the Prophets wrote
Held Satan in defeat!
The battle has been won by Christ,
Immortal God who died,
His sacred blood has flowed for sin...
God's Laws were satisfied!

How vast the ransom Jesus paid,
With no work left undone,
The gate to Heaven opened wide
By God's begotten Son!
Mankind's great debts have been redeemed,
Sin's full price has been paid!
Christ's shame and suffering overcome,
Atonement has been made...

My Lord and my Love crucified,
Each sinner's faithful friend,
Behold Alpha and Omega,
Beginning, middle, end!
Christ's perfect life was sacrificed,
God's dreadful price for sins...
God's Age of Law nailed to the Cross,
God's Age of Grace begins...

God's grievous battle has to close
With Man's redemption won,
No need for types and pale shadows,

The will of God's been done!
Since Satan's been defeated by
The Saviour crucified,
We see Death's sting has been vanquished,
Once Christ's Tomb opened wide!

: : : : :

Adapted from Roy Allen's poemhunter poetry,
it-is-finished-13 and my revised version can
be sung to a common metre hymn eg 8,6,8,6.

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Roy Allen's original poetry,2012...

Denis Martindale

God's Handy Hourglass

God waits in glory on His Throne,
The sands of time His slaves,
His Son the One who can atone
For each who misbehaves...
Though gradually the sand grains fall
Within God's hourglass,
His prophecies affect us all,
As each one comes to pass!

His special schedule offers grace
To those who would believe,
For holy healing can take place
In those who would receive...
And so He waits for Man to choose,
Eternal Life and more,
For both the Gentiles and the Jews,
Christ's Gospel can't ignore!

Each Christmas comes, each Christmas goes,
The grains of sand to change,
To snowflakes, thus each overflows,
To melt and rearrange...
The weeks and months and years roll by,
Then prophecies increase,
Upon the Earth, the sun, moon, sky,
Will wonders never cease?

Then suddenly the sands stay still,
While angels rally round,
As Christ now stands to serve God's will,
They hear the trumpet sound!
Then Heaven fills with saints galore,
When raptured in Christ's Name!
Then God's sands fall for evermore...
Man's destiny to claim...

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Denis Martindale

Black Satin

There, in the distance, oh so far,
We saw a big black cat,
I said it was a jaguar,
Some disagreed with that...
No, that's a leopard, there's no doubt!
No, it's a panther, mate!
And while we tried to sort it out,
We all agreed, it's great...

The cat moved closer, closer still...
We got a better look...
My word, it was a wondrous thrill,
As each checked his own book...
Comparing photos for a while,
We all became engrossed...
Contrasting size, head, profile,
I pipped them at the post...

The jaguar was yards away
And we, our cameras clicked,
Then suddenly, we'd cause to pray,
As his black lips he licked!
Our cameras flew up in the air!
Who knows if each survives?
You see, we left them, lying there,
As we ran for our lives!

PoemHunter.com

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The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Black Satin'
which is on http: //www.gayfordgallery.com/

More Stephen Gayford poems here:
denis-martindale-dot-blogspot-dot-com

Denis Martindale

The Penitent's Pen

I knew that it was but a dream, yet what a dream I had,
For in the cosmic sleeping stream I sensed that I was sad.
There was this gnawing emptiness, this missing peace within,
A constant need that I confess all kinds of mortal sin...
My eyes upto the Heavens strayed, as if to seek God's word,
As in the dream I knelt and prayed, a miracle occurred.
Upon the sky one word appeared, red letters large and bold,
God's revelation, clouds had cleared, His message to behold.

That word was EASTER, nothing more, the Gospel to reveal,
To share God's royal pardon for a second chance to heal.
Thus Jesus filled my heart anew with love I'd never known
And then I asked what must I do that others could be shown...
A pen was placed into my hand, yet no-one stood nearby,
Then paper laid upon the land with ink in full supply
And so, with pen and paper there, I asked what should I write,
Then Jesus knelt with me in prayer to plead for new insight...

Christ told me secrets hid from Man that God declared to me,
That's how I wrote God had a plan, explained in prophecy.
On waking up, I searched to find the same pen I'd dreamt of
And bought an identical kind, this precious pen I love...
It didn't cost the Earth, my friend and yet it means so much,
What inspiration God can send to those that stay in touch.
God blesses me each time I write completely overawed...
That's why I hold this pen so tight, my lifeline to the Lord!

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Denis Martindale

White Treasures

White tigers like their privacy,
It keeps their young cubs calm,
There's nothing like tranquillity
To ease off thoughts of harm...
Their blood flows at a gentle pace
In neighbourhoods serene
And pretty soon they like the place,
As if they've always been...

It's no surprise that parents feel
The need for some reprieve,
Some solitude, some time to heal,
Yes, even if it's brief...
Some call these golden moments yet
They're worth much more than that!
It's very hard to purr and fret,
It's true, ask any cat...

White tigers should be left alone,
To wind down, tails at rest,
To find a peace that's rarely known
Is how best to be blessed...
Don't say a word or point your hand,
Just crouch down and observe...
But if they chase us, quickly stand...
And run for all you're worth!

PoemHunter.com

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The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'White Treasures'
which is found on gayfordgallery-dot-com

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Denis Martindale

The Might Of The Messiah!

From Heaven's glory Jesus went
To save the world below
And fulfilling each commandment
Meant holy blood must flow...
As Jesus prayed that He be spared,
God's angel strengthened Him,
Such that He stood, no longer scared,
With faith filled to the brim!

The greatest story ever told
Was of the King of Kings,
As Jesus shed His blood like gold,
Behold how His back stings...
While still alive, His body torn,
A crown of thorns above,
They mocked the Saviour so forlorn,
With scorn instead of love...

Behold the Man! The crowd was cruel,
His kingship tattered now,
Such that their wisdom thought Him fool,
Not worthy of a bow...
Yet Jesus knew what lay ahead
And prophesied as much,
To say that He, when He was dead,
Would rise... and stay in touch...

The soldiers guarded in the gloom,
Where Jesus' shroud was laid,
They slept as God moved rock from tomb...
The news made folks afraid!
Disciples met the Saviour soon,
Thus Thomas praised the Lord,
When forced to sing another tune
That must not be ignored...

The might of the Messiah lives!
The Holy Spirit's gift
Is granted as the Lord forgives,

When true faith heals the rift...
That's why the Holy Bible's read
By billions here on Earth,
For what's in store and dead ahead
As Israel proves his worth...

The time shall come when Christ returns,
The whole wide world to own
And that's what every student learns
Who seeks what God has shown...
The world made new, no idle boast,
Yet Jesus, make things right!
Return with God's angelic host
With power and with might!

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Denis Martindale

Love And Peace For Always!

While there are stars that shine on high
At night when day is done,
Remember God who made that sky
And named stars one-by-one...
While there are worlds beyond this Earth,
With new worlds being born,
Remember God still knows your worth,
So please don't feel forlorn...

While there are rainbows now and then
That span from left-to-right,
Remember God gave sight to men
That we might know delight...
While there are eagles gliding past
And doves that bill and coo,
Remember God whose love is vast,
For He says, 'I love you! '

While you aren't perfect, know this truth,
Forgiveness can be yours,
Remember God provides the proof
With Heaven's open doors...
While He awaits your precious prayers
That honour Jesus' Name,
Remember God declares He cares,
Forever more the same...

While sweet romance is born of dance
And music by the score,
Remember God can still enhance
Each chance for sweet amour...
While you may feel life's let you down
And shattered all your schemes,
Remember God will melt each frown
As you succumb to dreams...

While there's a Heaven to be gained
With angels all around,
Remember God has yet ordained

Lost souls can still be found...
While pardon's there, so highly prized,
Through all nights and all days,
Remember God and Jesus Christ!
Always! Always! Always!

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Denis Martindale

Fools' Prophet

The idol stood where all could see
And some folks simply praised,
While some at home watched on TV,
Aghast, dismayed, amazed...
But on it went and more would bow,
Before the idol's face,
Not caring what God would allow,
They laughed despite disgrace...

The Antichrist stood there well pleased,
As each was marked for Hell,
While others saw him as the Beast
The Bible books foretell...
Some miracles were quickly done,
To goad some more to kneel,
Rejecting Jesus as God's Son,
Their souls sold for a meal...

False prophets come, false prophets go,
Yet such as these must stay...
So that the whole wide world would know
God's planned a Judgment Day...
The Antichrist was warned ten times
That he could still be saved,
But on he went, committing crimes
And growing more depraved...

Behold the Bible truths before
The Lord must judge you, too...
For every one who breaks God's Law
Is like Judas the Jew...
And Hell awaits the damned, the lost,
The unforgiven fools,
To pay the piper... and the cost
Of breaking all God's rules...

The Antichrist shook hands and smiled
At converts young and old
And with his lying lips defiled

Each fool that would be told...
A thousand credits to each man,
A bar of gold as well...
A pittance if you knew his plan:
Eternity in Hell...

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Denis Martindale

My Next Poem

My day began, so up I got, with no plans what to do.
All tidied up, a brewed a pot, with cereal to chew...
I walked to the conservatory, sat down with pen in hand,
With paper for new poetry, some basic and some grand...

The afternoon was going well, ten poems almost done,
Yes, everything was going swell, warmed by the Summer sun...
And then he came to interrupt, my poem from its flow...
My word, that guy was quite abrupt, I thought, he'll have to go...

He was another poem, friends, they visit me that way...
And their impatience never ends, until they're done O.K.
I told him straight, to get in line! He scratched his head at this.
I told him that I must decline, as writing's hit-and-miss...

'I've got five others there outside and each must wait his turn! '
That's when the poem cried and cried, as if respect to earn...
I told him straight, 'It won't work, mate, I've seen it all before! '
He joined the queue and waited late and thought it such a bore!

But when he'd read my poem through, he wept with tears of joy!
He told me straight, 'May God bless you! It helps each girl and boy!
It teaches young and old alike! It's wonderful, my friend...'
I said, 'Goodnight, now take a hike...' Then went to bed...

THE END...

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Denis Martindale

The Potty Poet

Upon the computer keyboard,
With QWERTY squashed about,
The poet slept and soon he snored,
Four-thirty... tired out...
And there he dreamt he was awake
And typing poems still,
As if he didn't need a break
Or tiny sleeping pill...

But God was keen to calm him down,
Excited as he was
And gently eased away each frown
For he was loved because
The poet had a heart of gold,
Although his eyes were red,
Yet didn't do what he'd been told
And simply go to bed...

PoemHunter.com

God sighed at such a silly man,
His whole life left to live,
As if God didn't have a plan,
More poems still to give...
Impatience is a tragic mask
That blinds the weary soul,
Such that the poet didn't ask
The Lord to take control...

So pace yourselves, don't be like him,
Take one day at a time...
Don't be obsessed, filled to the brim
With poetry and rhyme...
Sleep brings a boost, a needed lift,
As if to grease the wheels,
Sleep is a precious holy gift,
A sacred rest that heals...

Let eyes stay closed, let dreams unfold,
Let lessons still be learned,
Let fantasy at last take hold

Till daylight has returned...
The potty poet gave his all,
He'll sleep ten hours or more...
Regardless, poets, great or small,
That's what our beds are for...

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Denis Martindale

The Power Of The Poet

When the power of the poet
Comes from the Lord above,
The whole of Mankind will know it
And know it well enough...
For now, he sits and simply stares,
With phrases in his mind,
But suddenly he says his prayers,
God's secrets to unwind...

Then God looks down and nods His head,
With scrolls held in His hand
That tell the world why Jesus bled
And what the Lord has planned...
The poet humbly waits, receives
And then begins to write,
Sometimes he smiles, sometimes he grieves
As he shares each insight...

PoemHunter.com

For now, a prophet has been born!
His eyes are open wide!
As if to greet a brand new dawn
That fills his soul with pride...
The Lord has blessed him secretly,
With prophecies galore
And his heart is thrilled completely,
Yes, to its very core...

He trembles as he writes each truth,
Describing what must come,
Condemning men with harsh reproof,
So conscience makes them dumb...
So men can't speak or find excuse,
So they seek mercy fast...
So that the Gentiles and the Jews
Find God before life's past...

The power of the poet grows,
As prophecies unfold
And match the beauty of the rose

Through revelations told...
The world will change because he prayed
And God the future shared...
The poet hoped the ones that strayed
Would find that God still cared...

That's why he wept in Jesus Name,
For future mercies when
So many sinners were to blame,
No greater time than then...
The poet's words were stored in books,
Across the centuries...
They're found in Bibles where each looks
Who seeks the Lord to please...

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Denis Martindale

Stop Reading My Poem!

Hey, you, stop reading my poem!
It's private, just for me!
It's not been written on a whim,
Like plain old poetry...
It's magical and lyrical
And so much more besides,
In fact, it's like a miracle
In which this poet prides...

Hey, you, these words are mine alone,
Be off with you, I say!
Go on, just leave me on my own,
Please kindly scoot away...
It's true, my poem's quite unique,
But it's still on the go!
The thing's not finished, please don't peek!
You nosey so-n-so...

Are you still here! ? No privacy!
No privacy at all...
I guess that's just not meant to be,
No matter how I stall...
I'm testing out my short, short lines,
Rehearsing rhymes at best,
Still writing stuff for highbrow minds,
So that they're feeling blessed...

I'll upload to the Internet
As soon as my job's done,
Till then, be patient, please don't fret,
That takes away the fun!
Just one more verse, I'm almost through,
Please leave, no need to fear...
Excuse me, I'm talking to you!
Yes, you, 'cos you're still here!

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Denis Martindale

Forgiveness Of Sins

In truth, the hardest thing I've done,
Was turning from revenge
Against the evil of someone
Whose life was like a stench...
For he was rotten to the core,
Determined to be bad
And I despised him all the more
With all the hate I had...

Just like a cancer in my heart,
Hate festered deep inside,
But that was simply for a start,
For love within me died...
And faith and hope and charity
Lay shrivelled in the dust,
Till God took me to Calvary
With my own sins discussed...

Without excuses, I stood still
And stared at Jesus Christ,
For He obeyed His Father's will
When He was sacrificed...
And God told me Christ shed His Blood,
Forgiveness to provide,
Behold the Man, the Lamb of God,
The King they crucified...

Now on my knees, with words unsaid,
Just tears the only proof,
I simply wished that I were dead
And that's the solemn truth...
For all like sheep have gone astray,
Not one is guilty free,
I'd no escape from Judgment Day,
Except Christ died for me...

While God forgives, I found it hard,
Condemned, with furrowed brow,
For when could I this hate discard

And thus God's grace allow?
Somehow hate died, my soul reborn,
The day I understood,
Forgiveness shared with one forlorn,
Who judged yet wasn't good...

Faith blossoms when the soul is healed,
Faith grows when God forgives,
Faith overflows with Christ revealed,
In knowing Jesus lives...
That's how the Christian Church began,
With sinners' sins confessed,
To turn from hate, to love God's plan,
All Holy Spirit blessed...

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Read revelationtv-dot-com/about/salvation

More here: m-dot-godlife-dot-com/forgiven/

Denis Martindale

Start Acting Like Him!

Till Jesus Christ returns once more
To rule this Earth we love,
Consider who the Lord died for,
Our Lamb of God above...
Consider why He left us here,
Disciples saved by grace,
In whom God's Spirit can appear,
God's Gospel to embrace...

God doesn't let us soon depart,
While there's so much to do,
To preach Good News to every heart,
To Gentile and to Jew...
Amazing grace bestowed on Man,
Forgiveness without end,
With prophecies that share God's plan,
So we, God's Truths defend...

When healings stir the doubtful minds,
To prove that God still cares,
What precious love each sinner finds,
Anointed by our prayers...
Start acting like the Lord of Lords,
Take charge, as God ordains
And then you'll see how God rewards
With oh so many gains...

The broken-hearted lose their tears,
Restored with so much peace,
To read the Bible through the years,
To seek the Lord to please...
Christ's teachings help express the needs
Of spirit, body, soul,
But without Jesus none succeeds...
Who else can make us whole?

Saint Paul told folks to imitate
The actions that he'd done,
As if their faith to celebrate,

Bring honour to God's Son...
Christ's Kingdom waits! Let faith take hold!
Be faith-filled to the brim!
Receive new hearts as good as gold,
Then start acting like Him...

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Denis Martindale

Shakespeare's Peerless Legacy

It's Shakespeare's peerless legacy
That stands the test of time,
With tales of awesome majesty,
Triumphant and sublime,
With heroes and with heroines
And villains by the score,
Such that the magic soon begins
With poetry galore...

So many words that shaped his plays,
So grandiose in style,
With twists and turns as each relays
Each character's profile,
With swordplay, too, and deadly dreams
And schemes both fair and foul,
Behold how callous evil streams
Beneath each darkened cowl...

To think, he sat and wrote and wrote
On parchments old and new,
Expressing lots and plots to gloat
The evil that men do,
Or tragic tales, sweethearts alive
With love that cannot die,
Or heroes hurt, will they survive
Or will they make us cry?

Behold the peerless legacy
Of sonnets, plays and prose,
With such a place in history
His legend overflows,
Such that the world owes much to him,
The globe knows this full well,
For he had talents to the brim
With wondrous tales to tell...

Reflect upon this, poets now,
No matter, young or old,
To strive for glory here, somehow,

Takes more than skills or gold,
Regardless of your rhymes and such,
Your themes and dreams to catch,
Will you ever really do as much,
His legacy to match?

Fear not, each has a place on Earth,
A destiny to bear,
Such that the Lord knows each has worth,
If fellowshipped in prayer...
Adopted children of the Lord,
I challenge you this day...
Write rhymes Lord Jesus can reward,
Before you pass away...

- -

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Denis Martindale

What Needs Have I?

Beyond this home, this land, this sea,
The starving starve and die,
For want of food from you and me,
If we should pass them by...
And pass them by we do each day,
Our needs considered first,
Because of us they pass away,
Unblessed as if they're cursed...

Their thirst condemns them when they drink
The tainted droplets there,
Diseased with things we daren't think,
Because life isn't fair...
No future beckons those dismissed,
No hope springs in their hearts
And if their fate we won't resist,
We'll watch as each departs...

Is this the world we would aspire?
Is this our pride and joy?
Is this the dream we would desire
For every girl and boy?
Is this the reason Hell awaits,
The selfish souls on Earth?
The ones who always have full plates,
As if their right of birth?

To think, starvation can be cured,
Clean water can be shared,
If human kindness is outpoured,
Then millions will be spared...
If not, our blindness grows and grows,
Like darkness when we die
And so I ask, each day, God knows...
What needs, what needs have I?

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Denis Martindale

The Lord Will Reign For Ever

When God began to fashion things
Like light and time and space
And angels with their wondrous wings
To share a state of grace
And suns and moons and stars and Earth
With life both great and small,
He then made Man to know His worth,
Yet Man dismissed it all...

To think, that Adam thought it wise
To seek his own reward,
To follow Eve, her thoughts to prize,
Regardless of the Lord.
It grieves my soul, yes, even now,
Yet God still had a plan,
The plan to save Mankind somehow
From evil that began...

And so it was, He sent His Son,
At His appointed time
And by the deeds that Christ has done,
We see Him as sublime...
To think, He was the Lamb of God
That takes Man's sins away,
By faith, to sacrifice His Blood,
Yet rose from death Sunday...

Yes, the Lord will reign for ever,
The Cosmos at His side,
Continuing there together,
Like Jesus and His Bride...
This truth endures the centuries,
Establishes His Church
And thus fulfills God's prophecies,
If we, the Bible, search...

The prophets and the psalmists know
God's glory, wisdom, love,
Forgiveness that can overflow

Like snowflakes from above...
The sun and moon are witnesses,
The stars sing praises, too,
And each Christian saint God blesses
Will share Good News with you...

Beyond the Universe that's known,
There's much, much more out there,
Yet with the wisdom God has shown,
It's grace that leads to prayer...
God's pardon and His gifts still prove
His Kingdom knows no end,
Stay humble, yet rejoice that truth,
Lord Jesus as your friend...

While angels praise what each has seen,
Mankind should praise the Lord,
For all that's known and gaps between,
So nothing's been ignored...
Behind the scenes, God's in control,
With miracles galore,
So lock this truth within your soul...
God reigns for ever more...

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Denis Martindale

Making A Meal Of It

All our food has got a meaning,
A purpose on the plate
And deserving of the cleaning
So that it's then first rate...
Prepared by experts, it can be
The highlight of our day,
Depending on the recipe,
If we choose to obey...

Consider how the table's laid
With lighting here and there,
No wonder that our prayers are made
Based on this extra care...
So families and sweethearts, too,
Can dine in perfect peace,
As if the perfect thing to do
That sets the mind at ease...

The human brain can't feed itself
With wisdom all day long,
It needs some help to maintain health
So that the body's strong...
And music, too, can play its part
To soothe the savage beast,
To stimulate or calm the heart,
To make a meal a feast...

No wonder, when we search about,
Discernment is the key,
To help us pick our favourites out
From restaurants we see...
And if well served, we go again,
Content they'll get it right,
Reminding us of that time when
We shared a special night...

Yes, food is precious, as we know,
From savoury to sweet,
It helps to keep us on the go,

It makes our lives complete...
But spare a prayer for hungry ones,
Because they need food, too...
God's charities still need your funds...
That's food for thought for you...

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Denis Martindale

This Weeping World

Within God's Garden of Eden,
Two human bodies lay,
God's forbidden fruit now eaten,
The two forgot to pray...
Now in their headstrong sin they smiled,
Their guilt not far away...
The sin that dwells in every child
Awaits God's Judgment Day...

From that day on, the Earth would weep,
Her mists now formed as rain,
As if a vigil she must keep,
To wipe away each stain...
To wash away the stench of sin,
Each sorrow, strife and strain,
She fights a battle she can't win,
A victory she can't gain...

When Winter came, the snow and ice
Released their white motif,
No more upon God's Paradise
But on God's world of grief,
For Man had sinned and sons had sinned
And thus came no relief
And that was why the Devil grinned
At so much disbelief...

This weeping world was full of greed
And hatred, lust and war
And through Man's sins, each one would bleed,
Now rotten to the core...
Still awaiting God's Redeemer,
The world would yet outpour
All the teardrops of a dreamer,
With hope God would restore...

Not yet, not yet, it seemed to be
And then the Christ was born,
The crowned King of Eternity,

A babe, so weak, forlorn...
The world was witness to His prayers,
The crowds so full or scorn,
The Lamb of God with love so scarce
When flesh from back was torn...

This weeping world became His tomb
When He was laid to rest...
The world with friends shared awful gloom
At losing One so blessed...
Then came the day, Christ rose again,
Forgiveness now expressed,
The Lamb of God died for all men,
By faith, He'd passed each test...

That's when this weeping world was glad,
Now weeping joyful tears,
No longer hopeless, feeling sad
Despite Man's sinful years...
The world had hope, God's righteousness,
The promised end of fears,
That Christ would bring new happiness
Each time when Christmas nears...

In time, the Lord must come again,
With healing in His wings,
That's why we're waiting until then,
For mercy Jesus brings...
For righteousness that's everywhere,
Like love as each heart sings...
This weeping world anoints each prayer
Blessed by the King of Kings!

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Denis Martindale

The Impatient Poem

A poem with an attitude
Turned up at half-past-three,
It woke me up and said, 'Hey, dude,
It's time for poetry! '
I wrote nine poems yesterday,
Those guys give me no rest...
I slithered out of bed O.K.
And stayed there, unimpressed...

Now almost dozing, lay there still,
How long, I know not when,
Then crawled across the carpet till
I found paper and pen...
The poem prodded, like they do,
Impatient like they are,
All ready with its point of view
To broadcast near and far...

So there I was, with one eye closed,
The first line on the page,
My body slumped and strangely posed
At this most awkward stage...
The first verse came, eight, six, eight, six,
The syllables in form,
While I lay there, as cold as bricks,
Fatigued, no longer warm...

But onward, ever onward, I,
Began the second verse,
To finish this before I die,
If things should get much worse...
The third verse started very well,
I smiled at what it meant
And even giggled for a spell,
Like it was Heaven-sent...

The final verse, at last, at last,
The poem shook my hand,
'Well done, my friend, that was a blast!

I knew you'd understand! '
With that, the poem paused in prayer,
'I couldn't ask for more! '
'That's great! ' I said, eyes closed, right there,
Then slept upon the floor!

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Denis Martindale

Behold The Beauty

Behold the beauty in His eyes, the windows of His soul,
Though with the power to mesmerise, He would not seize control,
For all the love He owns He shares, His very life to give...
Behold the answer to your prayers, the reason that you live...

Behold the beauty in His mind, the faith that dwells within,
God's treasure trove He meant to find by those still lost in sin...
Since all have sinned and gone astray, God's Son was sacrificed,
From Genesis until today, Lord Jesus is the Christ...

Behold the destiny ahead, tomorrows' sorrows, too,
The purity of life He led is meant to comfort you,
Through all the seasons, come what may, through final seconds here,
The Rapture, friend, is on its way, whatever may appear...

Behold the Man, called King of Kings, the Man called Lord of Lords,
God's Son with healing in His wings who brings each saint's rewards
And stirs the stars and makes them shine, just like we can on Earth,
Behold Lord Jesus, yours and mine, if we respect His worth...

Behold the love, the joy, the peace our God has promised soon,
The miracles He will release, each one a wondrous boon,
Unearned yet granted by God's grace, bestowed on all Mankind...
If you behold the Saviour's face, what blessings you will find...

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Denis Martindale

The Legend Of The Angel

When God made the angels, not one of them knew how to fly.
They walked across Heaven not knowing all they could do.
God wanted to know how long it would take them to learn.
So He kept telling them to go to different parts of Heaven.
Off they went walking, walking, walking, walking, walking.
In time, one of the Lord's angels found out that he could run.
The archangels were completely shocked and they tried it.
Pretty soon, millions of angels were running across Heaven.
God smiled at them. We all have to start somehere, don't we?

God created a few upstairs' rooms in some of His palaces.
Wisely, the angels and the archangels walked up the stairs.
Even though they could run and run and run, they walked.
God smiled again, because He liked them to be careful...
As a reward, He transformed their wings into silver and gold.
The angels were amazed at these wondrous dazzling delights.
But, the thing is, silver and gold can be quite heavy at times.
Not one of the angels complained. Why offend the Father?
But, the thing is, silver and gold can be quite heavy at times.

PoemHunter.com

After a bit, it got a bit too much for one of the smaller angels.
He was exhausted, huffing and puffing his way across Heaven.
The next time God called to him, he approached the Throne...
Father, could You take back Your silver and gold, please?
The Lord agreed and then the angel began to float in the air.
He flapped his wings nervously not knowing how to get down.
To his amazement, he started flying as the other angels stared.
This is so much easier than walking or running! He told them.
So they all asked God the Father to please let them fly as well.

All their silver and gold melted away and covered the streets.
As they didn't feel the need of these, they blessed Heaven instead.
From that day on, all of the angels could fly, it was so easy...
Then they understood why God had made some smaller angels.
He knew one of them would be tired out and had to ask for help.
Imagine if we had no setbacks, no weights to hold us down...
Alas, we haven't earned our wings yet, but maybe someday...
In the meanwhile, let's just feed the birds and watch them fly...

Denis Martindale

Creativity Continued

The first line of the poetry came visiting one day
And hit me with alacrity and wouldn't go away.
It stayed with me the whole day long, repeating in my mind
And finally, I'm not that strong, I let the verse unwind.
I made some coffee, then returned and read the poem through,
Regretting what I once had spurned and thought of what to do.
How could I make this poem great, transform it, make it shine?
What precious thoughts could I create? I needed help divine.
I bowed my head and simply prayed, for love to lead me well,
Forgiveness for each time I strayed, delayed what I should tell.
The prophet as the psalmist knows the duties I forgot,
The poet must receive his prose, strike while the iron's hot.
Revitalised, with hope renewed, by faith, I wrote once more,
The second verse improved my mood and thrilled me to the core.
Then suddenly, I thought of her, my dream girl long ago
And of true love that once could stir this heart to overflow.
But life goes on, we parted friends, I miss her now and then,
That's how it is when true love ends, but that was way back when.
The third verse shared the love we had, the sweethearts' tenderness,
The magic moments we were glad and thought God chose to bless.
Now all that's left are memories, the fragments of romance,
The peace of mind as tears decrease, no more a second chance.
The poem done and sent by mail, accepted in due course
And published so it told the tale: Two lovers and their flaws.
My broken heart has never healed, through cracks the poems rise,
Like wheat within a farmer's field, they try to touch God's skies,
They blossom in the readers' hearts, they nestle in their minds
And then, not one of them departs, for such as these are signs.
The years bring wisdom, come what may and creativity,
If we but only seize the day, to be what we must be.
For some, romance leads to respect, then children by and by.
In time, they, too, will pause, reflect, create and ask God, 'Why? '

Denis Martindale

Sir Poet

Buckingham Palace awaited him
And the car arrived in plenty of time.
He was gently helped out of the car
Then used walking sticks to make his way...
Doors were already opened so less trouble
And on he walked to meet Her Majesty.
When his name was called, he approached her
And, though in agony, he knelt before her.
Not one trace of pain, not even a wince,
Just the completion of the ceremony.

He was now to be called Sir until life's end,
For all that it mattered to the milkman
Or the postman or the neighbours next door...
He had a few poems printed in the paper
With a frail old man style photo underneath.
A few feedback replies and then nothing else.
So he published one last anthology and waited.
He knew that his life would soon be over...

PoemHunter.com

A life dedicated to the longterm serving of others,
Thousands upon thousands of strangers,
Part-time fans, with a few friendly souls, too.
In time, he was to reach millions then billions.
Children were later taught his literary style,
His joy of life, his twists and turns, his puns...
And every day for the next hundred years,
Someone, somewhere enjoyed his wisdom,
His humour, his drama, his hymns, his poems.

Then one day, a fellow wrote about him,
Saying that Mankind was blessed through him,
That somehow he spoke to the common man,
That there was a prophet in their midst...
A blessing, an outpouring, an inspiration...
And though the poet was now in Heaven,
The Lord let him know that he was loved,
That his words had stood the test of time...
That his loneliness and poverty were not in vain...

That's when the poet wept, wept with gratitude...

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Denis Martindale

Mighty Mum!

As Mighty Mum prepared her day,
Her little list grew long,
But she cast all her doubts away,
My word, she's really strong!
Her faith was but a mustard seed,
A teeny-weeny thing,
Yet she knew where such faith could lead,
What wonders God could bring!

As Mighty Mum, with kids in tow,
Drove onwards to their school,
She prayed their minds would someday know
That love's the Golden Rule...
If not for love, she'd stand no chance!
Her powers soon would fade...
She knew God's powers would enhance
To help her make the grade...

As Mighty Mum kissed kids bye-bye,
She waved then bid farewell,
To speed along, morale still high,
As if saved by the bell...
Now orf to work! So orf she went
Intent to do her best,
Where every one was like a friend
By whom she was impressed...

As Mighty Mum arrived on time,
She organised each task,
As if each mountain meant to climb
And folks had but to ask...
She toiled and toiled and toiled and toiled,
Yet teamwork worked O.K.
Such that each setback had been foiled!
Yeah, praise the Lord! Hoorah!

As Mighty Mum left work once more,
The shopping must be done!
She'd saved a fortune that's for sure!

In fact, she thought it fun!
Then she drove home, then made the tea,
Then heard the mobile phone...
'Hey, Mighty Mum! It's half-past-three!
We're still at school alone! '

As Mighty Mum left home again,
She made her way to school,
She knew kids don't forget this when
Their Mum thinks she's so cool...
But Mighty Mum had come this far!
She prayed that she'd improve...
'God help me be their Superstar! '
And that's the Gospel Truth...

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Denis Martindale

Perfect Gift

There's something precious children know,
Something they'll never lose,
Despite the fact that children grow,
Maturing in their views...
A Teddy Bear's a gracious friend,
A listener all the time,
A silent partner to life's end,
With patience so sublime...

A Teddy Bear won't interrupt,
Condemn or criticise,
No wonder that it's so well loved
With twinkles in its eyes...
As if it knows your little heart
Will blossom like the rose,
As if to choose the better part,
As true love overflows...

A Teddy Bear's so cuddly, too,
So snuggly and so warm,
As if its heart beats just for you,
Within its fragile form...
That's why you cuddle oh so much
And tell it all you can,
To keep it up-to-date and such,
As if it were your fan...

A Teddy Bear's a gentle soul,
So calm and so serene,
Somehow it maintains self-control,
No matter what it's seen...
If you throw tantrums, does it sigh?
It lets you speak your mind...
It waits until time passes by...
Till some new peace you find...

A Teddy Bear's a perfect gift
When Christmas comes along,
Because it gives your heart a lift,

If you let it belong...
Ask children and they'll tell you straight,
They like Winnie the Pooh!
Yet to their gracious friend, they'll state,
Dear Teddy, I love you...

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Denis Martindale

With A Little Faith

Let courage stir within your heart,
Let knowledge stay your friend,
Let wisdom from the Lord impart
What's needed till life's end...
Life's simply but a journey here,
A whistle-stop on tour,
It doesn't matter what the year,
For only God keeps score...

Let simple joys delight your soul,
Let others share your day,
Let confidence grant self-control
So you won't go astray...
Life's all we've got upon this Earth,
This world that spins in space,
Yet God has proved each life has worth,
If we but seek His face...

Let your thanksgivings make God proud,
Let kindness grow within,
Let little faith rise like a cloud
To overcome and win...
Life's truly meant for those who seek
The better part, no less,
With every single soul unique,
Their conquests to express...

By faith, by faith, by faith alone,
Believers battle on,
As if their hearts were strong as stone,
As if all doubts were gone...
Let little faith in little hearts
Transcend both good and bad,
For when each soul this world departs,
Our faith still makes God glad...

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Denis Martindale

This Wondrous Thing Called Love

How may a man know when he's in love?
When she smiles, there's joy in his heart.
It's like a light being turned on in his spirit.
It's like angels playing their harps just for him to hear.
It's like a new star has just been born in the Universe.
It's like nothing else on Earth, shared by God above.
It's like a resplendent revelation, a golden truth explained.
No wonder he wants to buy her rings and roses.
No wonder he wants to hold her close to his heart.
No wonder he wants to kiss her smiling sensual lips.
No wonder he wants her, just for himself.
You see, to him, she's wonderful...

Denis Martindale, copyright October 2008.

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Further For The Father

Hid deep within the Christian heart, within the Christian mind,
God's Holy Spirit must impart some treasure Man can find...
Else all that's left is sentiment, the dreams of what should be,
Like Christ, to be the sinners' friend, takes more sincerity...

The essence of the life divine, the spark of life in store,
The radiance of God's design that shakes us to the core,
The basic right that each would seek, that second chance He shares,
The human right to be unique, yet faithful in our prayers...

Consider all that life allows, the good and bad as well,
Yet most of all the holy vows that rescued us from Hell...
If not for these, salvation's just another game or sport,
Yet God's the Father we can trust, if we do what we ought...

If not, what then? Just discipline, delays on lower paths,
The higher paths so rarely seen and meagre epitaphs...
Go further with the Father, friend, go further with God's Son,
Go further, even to life's end... There's so much to be done...

PoemHunter.com

The starving and the lonely wait, the cowards filled with tears,
The foolish ones who hesitate with nothing done for years...
The wonderful, the beautiful, the rich and famous, too,
The petty and the pitiful are sinners through and through...

If only Christ lived in us here, while we on Earth remain,
God's light would shine so crystal clear, His one eternal flame.
Go further for the Father, please, go further, faithful, pure...
They say God's wonders never cease, so let's go further more...

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Denis Martindale

Natasha The Smasher!

God-graced beauty, as soft as silk,
Your brown hair frames you well,
Your pupils, too, amid white milk,
So quickly cast their spell...
Like boomerangs, your eyebrows rest,
In wondrous symmetry,
Your God-blessed lips I think the best,
Yet all looks sweet to me...

Your hair cascades, twin waterfalls,
With highlights shining through
And suddenly my heartbeat stalls
While thinking, 'I love you! '
The spectacle before my eyes
Just takes my breath away,
As if I stroll in Paradise
In Heaven's streets today...

Are you an angel come to Earth,
No parents of your own?
Or are you here of mortal birth,
Your future set in stone?
To live as one of us, no more,
Just passing time each hour,
So beautiful, without a flaw,
Just like a Summer flower?

Natasha's such a noble name,
It's like a melting sigh...
Natasha, I can't stay the same,
No matter how I try...
I hope you find your special love
And feel as I feel now...
Till then you cannot know enough,
The words are hard, somehow...

To me, you're like a living doll,
A perfect, precious girl,
Someone with whom I'd like to stroll,

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To dance with and to twirl...
Like Fred Astaire, I'd walk on air,
Set free by love's embrace...
Such thoughts thrill me beyond compare
Each time I see your face...

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Love is like a photograph you hold in your heart...

Denis Martindale

The Most Beautiful Girl In The World

Joyful as the day is long with smiles that males adore.
Enthusiasm ever strong as if to say, 'Encore! '
Nice and easy, wholesome, too, with brains as well as beauty.
No doubt I'd whisper, 'I love you! ' because you're quite the cutie!
I can't deny the way I feel... to me, you're sweet as honey.
Friendly folks cannot conceal the fact love makes things sunny!
Ever been in love like that, when everything looks great?
Relishing each time you chat... as if it must be fate?
It's love that does it every time! It's love that conquers all!
So overwhelming it's sublime! A man can't help but fall!
Little things can mean so much! Each compliment assists...
Outpouring sentiments that touch as long as hope exists...
Valued memories bless our hearts amid life's busy thoughts,
Ecstatic dreams! Each one imparts a thrill for he who courts...
Luscious lips and rosy cheeks and eyes that make you look!
You are the girl a wise man seeks... If only you could cook!

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Mad For Poetry

When your brain becomes befuddled,
You don't do all that's right,
Like computers when they're muddled,
Going slow and none too bright.
Like some lovely information
That's there yet can't be traced,
Then the constant consternation,
Still there or now erased?

The mind plays tricks before collapse,
Solutions ready-made,
Like brand new answers filling gaps
Because the truths have strayed...
It's then I turn to poetry,
For hope inside some verse,
As if the poets penned for me
Some sentiments to nurse...

So I'll sit down and go online
For thoughtful thoughts to read
That God has somehow helped design
So that I, too, take heed...
Some funny rhyme will lift my heart,
I'll giggle for a while
And God grants me a brand new start,
As if to make me smile...

Sometimes I'll write a poem, too!
Perhaps a dream to share,
Or some insight, some point of view,
Some words that form a prayer...
My publisher will then decide,
To publish or to ditch,
So far, this fact I'd rather hide,
I don't think I'll get rich...

But poetry has helped me out,
It's like a part-time friend
Reminding me what life's about

And secrets God can send...
Another poet shares his life,
His moments good and bad
And how he's conquered all his strife,
Been healed and now he's glad...

The world's so full of pilgrim souls,
One life to live on Earth,
One life that only God controls,
That's planned before our birth...
The good, the bad, the in-between,
The humdrum days as well...
And from the poems that I've seen,
What stories God could tell!

Denis Martindale, copyright, January 2012.

The poem's based on learning that here in the UK
there's the Community Channel on Sky Digital 539,
which is currently sharing a show that's called
Mad For Poetry. People telling us how they've
been affected by some writer's poetry...

If the writer's been blessed and the reader's been
blessed, that's what I call The Double Blessing.

Denis Martindale

Sundowner

The lioness was nestled there,
As grass stalks swayed nearby,
A gentle breeze caressed the air
As if it were a sigh...
Enough to calm the sun that shone
To soothe her as she lay,
Enough such that her cares had gone
Towards the end of day...

Like hers, each human heart needs space,
Each mind some time to chill,
Regardless of what else takes place,
Just motionless and still...
For life can't run at break-neck speed,
So vivid and so real,
For every creature knows the need
To help the body heal...

So learn the lesson, learn it well,
The body needs its rest...
Please choose the chance, stay still a spell,
So that it can be blessed...
Sundowners let their days wind down,
Like vigils meant to keep,
Such that this time melts every frown
Before their beauty sleep...

Denis Martindale, copyright, January 2012.

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Sundowner'.

More Stephen Gayford poems here:
denis-martindale-dot-blogspot-dot-com

Denis Martindale

Lobo

Not one wolf here on Earth forgives
When his next meal gets lost...
The moon shines down on each that lives
Regardless of the cost...
The lobo's hunger must remain,
As if to drive him wild,
As if to drive him quite insane,
Such that his soul's defiled...

As he looks now, he looks serene,
Quite calm and self-composed,
But this is just the in-between,
No victim's death to boast...
I know he looks so beautiful,
Beguiling in a way...
But sometimes wolves can be so cruel...
With others easy prey...

Behold the wolf that stares ahead,
His features so distinct,
Without a single trace of dread,
Awareness interlinked...
With eyes that focus here and there
And ears than scan for sound,
This lobo's up for any dare,
While food's somewhere around...

Denis Martindale, copyright, January 2012.

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Lobo'.

More Stephen Gayford poems here:
denis-martindale-dot-blogspot-dot-com

Denis Martindale

He Is Alive!

Though they called me Doubting Thomas,
I know Lord Jesus lives!
I know Lord Jesus died for us
And, through Him, God forgives!
The Lamb of God was sacrificed,
God's utmost love to show...
I tell you, Jesus is the Christ,
For this truth you must know...

While some were there when Jesus died,
As witnesses on Earth,
In Heaven, Christ is glorified,
God's angels know His worth...
They magnify His Holy Name
With praises evermore,
For life will never be the same
For Mankind, to be sure...

In truth, He is alive! Amen!
God's Holy King and Priest,
Returning soon, we know not when,
Like lightning, west-to-east!
His miracles are with us here
To help to save the Jews,
So hearts and minds are crystal clear,
Believing God's Good News!

What wondrous grace, love undeserved,
No pardon could we buy,
Yet from His Tomb, Christ was unearthed,
With power from on high!
What greater proof of love than this?
Forgiveness here and now...
Eternal Life! Eternal bliss!
No wonder angels bow!

The Gentiles, too, are grafted in,
United in God's Tree,
Such that God pardons every sin

Because of Calvary!
The sinless Saviour paid the price
That none on Earth could pay,
His Blood should make us all think twice,
For all have gone astray...

He is alive! Amen! Sweet Lord!
The prophecies outlined
What never should have been ignored,
If wisdom we would find...
Messiah! Thank You! Yes, indeed!
Your courage means so much...
Life offered in the Blood You bleed,
Love in Your healing touch...

From age-to-age, Christ's truths bring hope,
To both the young and old,
To strengthen us, to help us cope,
As sheep within His fold...
For we are His and not our own,
He makes us all complete...
Good Shepherd, lead us to God's Throne,
His wondrous Mercy Seat...

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Denis Martindale

Handsome Beast

The tiger stood his ground one day,
Like posers often do,
To let the others have their say,
Express their point of view...
To stare at him, with jealousy,
Each time his fame increased,
While tigresses looked longingly,
'He's such a handsome beast! '

The tiger stayed still, like a king,
As if the world were his,
While all the rest were wondering
What magic spell is this?
As if they watched him mesmerised,
Fixated and so pleased,
While tigresses all realised,
'He's such a handsome beast! '

Of course, the magic couldn't last,
That's life, we all move on...
Endangered species leave so fast,
They're here... and then they're gone...
For now, he's truly in his prime!
The foremost not the least...
While tigresses think he's sublime,
'He's such a handsome beast! '

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The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Handsome Beast'.

More Stephen Gayford poems here:
denis-martindale-dot-blogspot-dot-com

Denis Martindale

Doting Parent

The Mother penguin gazed upon
The gift God gave to her
And there they stayed as God's light shone
On all that could occur...
Togetherness now warmed their hearts,
Just like the sun above,
Because that's how all friendship starts...
It's purely based on love...

That's why they stared without a word
Into each other's eyes,
As if God's truth inside them stirred
So that they'd realise...
That love was all we need to give,
Beyond it nothing more,
For it endures the life we live,
So steadfast and so sure...

The winds may blow, the snow may fall,
The storms may rage all day,
Yet when true love makes its first call,
You know it longs to stay...
That's why the little one we see
Will one day share love, too,
With its own child that's yet to be,
Both thinking, 'I love you! '

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale, copyright, January 2012.

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Doting Parent'.

More Stephen Gayford poems here:
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Denis Martindale

Mother's Favourite

Of all her cubs, this one was best,
The lioness believed,
When by this one was so impressed,
Asked what could be achieved...
For now, a playful scamp, no more,
Yet eyes alert all day,
Exploring till he knew the score,
Content to know the way...

He wasn't too rough on the rest,
A few chewed tails, that's all,
Yet not too much as if a pest,
So that he'd always brawl...
He lived life well, yet somehow thought
There's so much more than this,
Yet by life now was firmly caught,
For it seemed utter bliss...

The lioness chose to invest
With extra time to share,
At first the others hadn't guessed,
Then they became aware...
'What makes him special, Mummy, dear?
It can't be that he's cute...'
'He's special! Let me make that clear,
You see, he's quite astute! '

PoemHunter.com

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The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Mother's Favourite'.

More Stephen Gayford poems here:
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Denis Martindale

The Mark Of The Beast

Across the world his stench began
As he rejected God,
Instead to choose the Devil's plan,
Despite it being odd...
He chose to pave the way for him,
Regardless of the cost
And Satan filled him to the brim,
So that his soul was lost...

Across the world his power stretched
To north, south, east and west,
Deluding fools with lies far-fetched
To thinking they were blessed...
You can't serve money and the Lord,
Yet money was the key,
The bribe that offered some reward,
But not eternally...

Across the world his armies went,
Against the Holy Land,
As if they all for Hell were meant
And bore the Devil's brand...
Though slaves without a single qualm,
They soon found God was real
And in their panic and alarm
Found Death's wounds never heal...

Across the world such sights were seen
By nations far and wide,
On every tuned-in TV screen,
So none from truth could hide...
Their General was the Jackal,
They called the Alpha Male,
But when some saw the spectacle,
It caused their hearts to fail...

Across the world new faith was born,
God's prophecies were true,
No longer treated with the scorn

Of those without a clue...
Repentance formed as billions wept,
The world no more the same,
Then all God's promises were kept,
The day Lord Jesus came...

Denis Martindale, copyright, January 2012.

Denis Martindale

No More Need I

No more need I, the poor man said,
As he lay dying, almost dead,
His lifeforce fading, words so weak,
The present passing, future bleak...
Like whispers melting on the breeze,
He lay there breathing, near release,
Reflecting on his foolish acts,
Considering the final facts...

No more need I of food, or drink,
Or pen and paper, dark blue ink,
Or books with pages shared by Man,
Or schemes, or dreams, or pension plan,
Or girls to hold by day and night,
Or friends to share, or foes to fight,
Or homes, or cars, or jewellery,
Or girl to love the likes of me...

No more need I of some career,
Or crystal balls to make things clear,
Or suits, or shirts, or ties, or shoes,
Or tv shows, or breaking news...
Or Christmas cards, or Valentines,
Or sugar-sweet romantic lines,
Or hopes for children once I've wed,
Or, even now, another bed...

No more need I this mortal flesh,
Or fragrant soap to make it fresh,
Or one more shave upon my face,
Or at this time, a fond embrace...
Because, sweet Lord, it's time to go...
Where all God's answers overflow,
Beyond this world, this space, this time...
From grace-to-grace... to love sublime...

Yet this I know... and testify...
My King of Love... Your love need I...

Denis Martindale, copyright, January 2012.

Denis Martindale

Utterly Prophetic

Computers can get so advanced
They could predict for Man
With software that has been enhanced
To help fulfil this plan...

And so it was, three decades past,
Elijah Five was made,
So that the nations knew at last
With data it displayed.

Technicians printed off each sheet
As it poured out its reams...
For days and weeks until complete,
Man's hopes and dreams and schemes...

At first they made no sense at all,
As if they were in code,
Great expectations seemed to fall,
Though data overflowed...

PoemHunter.com

Then all at once, one guy declared,
He thought he understood...
And when his findings he had shared,
Elijah Six made good...

The printers started up once more
For hours, days and weeks...
Till everybody knew the score...
The truths each nation seeks...

The New World Order started soon,
Fulfilling what was known,
At first they thought it was a boon,
But then new truths were shown...

Elijah Seven, Eight and Nine
Expressed their grave despairs,
Yet everybody towed the line,
Despite their fervent prayers...

Elijah Ten was not so grim,
He turned their hopes around,
But cynics said Man's hopes were slim
When Antichrist was crowned...

They didn't recognise this man
Until it was too late...
By then they couldn't stop or ban
And so, succumbed to Fate...

But God looked down... and Christ was sent...
A second chance to give...
To save the world no President
Could ever help us with...

Elijahs Five to Ten had done
What none had done before...
They made Mankind forget God's Son,
His future to ignore...

Of all rules, here's the Golden Rule:
God knows from first to last...
Yes, God knows all and God sees all,
The future and the past...

Denis Martindale

Definitive Beauty

When I first saw that special girl, I had to say a prayer...
As if she set my heart a-whirl, I wanted God to share...
Of course He knew just how I felt, as if filled to the brim,
As if my very heart would melt, right there in front of Him...

I told Him straight! She's wonderful! I feel I could propose!
She's like a walking miracle! She fills my heart with prose!
Is she the one, the one for me? Or should I walk away?
With God, there's some uncertainty... His silence makes my day...

Just lost in wonder and in thought, like God's not on the phone,
No way to know when God says nought, it's like you're on your own!
She smiled at me and I smiled, too, but smiles can still deceive...
It's hard to tell with I love you, so what could I believe?

But sad to say, it all went wrong, I left without a friend,
The two of us did not belong, my hopes were at an end...
I still recall her gentle face, my dreams of happiness...
My beauty's in another place... while I know loneliness...

Perhaps her beauty's just skin deep, that sometimes not enough
And yet sweet memories I can keep, my fantasies of love...
I hope God leads her to her man, her husband, given time...
If not, I'll always be her fan... Her beauty was sublime!

Denis Martindale

The Power Of Prayer

The addict trembled, terrified,
Death stared him in the face
And that poor soul was mesmerised,
Transfixed in that one place,
No will to move, not left or right,
With nowhere inbetween,
A dreadful Twilight Zone in sight,
The like he'd never seen...

The addict gulped, held back his tears,
As Death displayed its form,
As Death's wings stretched behind his ears
And he felt cold not warm...
And then Death laughed with utmost glee,
One victim on its mind,
One victim from this life set free
To leave this world behind...

The addict prayed in Jesus name,
For mercy, peace, joy, love
And Death stood back, not quite the same,
As God began to shove...
The man still prayed, his eyes still closed,
Regardless, unaware
That God defended and opposed
In answer to his prayer...

The addict sensed God intervened,
Somehow new life began,
With Death no more the awesome fiend
Because God had a plan...
Thus Jesus saved the man from Death,
From judgment and from Hell...
God's Son... Jesus of Nazareth!
What stories He could tell...

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

The Nuclear Button

Inside the base hid underground,
The little button stayed
Until the man was duty bound,
Commands to be obeyed...
Then suddenly the button pressed
And then all Hell broke loose,
While he threw up, poor chap, distressed,
God knows, that's not good news...

The Doctor came to treat the man,
To calm his heart rate down,
He said, 'There, there...' while tests he ran
And eased the poor chap's frown...
'You did your duty! Take this pill,
It takes away your pain...
You won't be feeling quite so ill,
With no need to complain..'

The man returned to where he'd left
And felt a sense of doom
And suddenly he felt bereft,
Condemned and full of gloom...
The button that he pressed was there
With someone at its side,
Removing it with solemn care,
With tears he couldn't hide...

'It's going to the President...
As proof of what was done...
As proof it was no accident...
But how this war was won! '
The man was very slow to speak,
'I pressed that button, friend! '
'No wonder that you look so weak...
Your country to defend...'

He got a medal, yes, indeed...
It's in a drawer upstairs...
That's where he says his holy creed

And where he says his prayers...
That's where he tries to sleep each night,
In silence all alone...
Until he asks, 'Did I do right? '
And yet the answer's known...

Denis Martindale

The Proud Poet

Yes, he was proud... outspoken, too
And quick to give his point of view
And slow to praise what others did,
A spoilt brat, a spoilt kid...

Yes, he was proud and criticised,
All other poets were downsized,
When in full flow, declined to halt,
Yet he was honest to a fault...

Yes, he was proud, but there's no doubt
He knew what he was all about...
His books sold well, he wanted more,
He entertained, he knew the score...

Yes, he was proud, but life's a game,
To be well-known was his first aim...
That's why the papers loved him so
And quoted him when in full flow...

Yes, he was proud, a character
And like a villain, as it were...
But he stirred poets far and wide
When he hurt them, yes, deep inside...

So let's not judge him at his worst
And pray to God that he be cursed,
For he provoked the better part
In service to this thing called art...

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Denis Martindale

Be Brave!

Be brave! They say, but they don't know
The terrors that I've seen!
Pink elephants with eyes that glow
That glare and look so mean!
Those elephants can really roar,
Like trumpets from their trunks!
Then they taunt me with their encore,
They dance as if they're hunks!

They may look hunks to someone else,
As they prance on the ground,
But I wish they'd say their farewells,
I don't like them around!
You've never seen long tusks their size!
Like spears from left to right!
I put my hands upon my eyes!
I just can't stand the sight!

Pink elephants! They're everywhere!
The cops won't do a thing...
They smile at me like they don't care,
Say I'm imagining!
I don't take drugs and don't drink booze!
God's got it in for me!
They'll lock me up, won't let me loose,
They'll throw away the key!

At last, I'm all alone, at last!
This padded cell is great...
No longer feeling quite downcast...
The catering's first rate...
I think I'll stay here for a while...
No trunks, no tusks, no ears...
In fact, that thought sure makes me smile...
I could stay here for years...

Denis Martindale

Internet Crush

The PC starts and loads its stuff with teeny weeny whirrs,
While I rekindle all my love for her while this occurs...

Impatiently my fingers tap, as desktop graphics load...
And just when I begin to snap, the browser's graphics showed...

Click, click! One minute left to go! I'll soon be back online!
My rosy cheeks begin to glow... Take heart, my Valentine!

My Yahoo Inbox! There you are! She's emailed! OMG!
Stay calm! She's just a superstar... She's not in love with me...

She's got some guy to take her out. She's some new film to make...
Just being kind, of that no doubt, to give a fan a break!

What's this! She wants to meet me soon! Phone number and address!
A miracle! I start to swoon! The stress! The stress! The stress!

What shall I wear! ? I'll buy a suit! Tuxedo-style, oh, my!
It's all for her, 'cos she's so cute! What gifts for her to buy! ?

A diamond ring, too early, son... A necklace, that'll do...
And when the date is almost done, I'll whisper, 'I love you! '

I'm terrified as I respond... Then she picks up the phone!
I'm talking to my favourite blonde! The sweetest girl I've known!

Now on my knees I start to pray! Dear Lord, I've got a date!
Yes! Halleluyah! Hip, hooray! It's time to celebrate!

I need the strength to get through this! It could be quite a trial,
Yet she's the girl I yearn to kiss, the girl who makes me smile...

Denis Martindale, copyright, January 2012.

The poem is based upon the theme of the recent

poemhunter poem, Internet Obsession, by Yvonne Bly.

Denis Martindale

24 Carat Heartache

The first time that I fell in love, she took my breath away,
As if there were not words enough, her beauty to relay...
So sweet of face with golden hair and smiles to melt the heart,
As if the answer to my prayer and God's most joyful art...

To think, God made her as she was, to tantalise and tease,
So that I'd feel a sense of loss the second love must cease...
She moved away, I loved alone, my love I saw no more
And when my heart became as stone, I asked what love was for...

A mere rehearsal, just for now, as if to pass the time?
Or just to lead you on somehow, temptation, sweet, sublime?
If so, I vowed no more, goodbye, good riddance to it all
And no more reason left to sigh, if I ignore love's call...

But love came calling just the same, no mercy could I find,
Each year new beauties to enflame, each decade left behind...
The loneliness still comes and goes, just like a Christmas cold,
Despite the fact, I'm sure God knows, I've got a heart of gold...

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale

God's Greatest Gift Is Love

Upon this special speck in space,
Where each of us has lived...
The Lord bestowed His awesome grace,
His Son, His greatest gift
And from God's grace, salvation came,
To set this world aright,
As if with one eternal flame
To set this world alight!

God's royal pardon, set in stone,
This world His solemn seal,
The sun and moon saw Christ atone,
They witnessed love so real...
The stars surround this glorious globe
To shine by day and night,
Yet none more righteous than the robe
Removed from Christ in spite!

God's Spirit groaned upon that day,
The day Lord Jesus bled...
The day Christ took Man's sins away
When holy blood was shed...
To think, that we, with all our sins,
Do not possess the might
That Jesus Christ, God's precious prince,
Presented in His fight!

God's Son, what kind of Man was He,
To suffer on His cross?
He was the Man of Destiny
And we know Him because
God's love outshines each sinner's guilt,
God's love transforms their plight,
God's love forgives the ones who killed
His Son without insight!

Consider love, with hearts of gold,
Your love just can't compare!
The greatest story ever told

Portrays the Father's prayer...
That we, in Christ, forgive as well!
That we, in Christ, shine bright!
For there's a Heaven and a Hell
And conscience as our guide...

Denis Martindale, copyright, January 2012.

The poem is written for the Church Without Walls,
the Christian ministry shared by Revelation TV.
We can learn more from Revelation TV on the
UK Sky Digital and UK Freesat channels.
Website: http: //www.revelationtv.com

Denis Martindale

Could You Be A Better Person?

Could you be a better person?
Could you be a sacred soul?
And what if times should worsen?
Could you keep self-control?
Could you forgive betrayal
Or beatings by the score?
Could you forgive when some are cruel
And rotten to the core?

Could you by faith and faith alone
Risk all of your life's blood?
Could you be brave, your fate to own,
In full view of our God?
Could you sacrifice your happiness
So God set your foes free?
Could you accept Death's cold caress
Like Christ on Calvary?

Could you cope when you owned zero?
Could you serve until the end?
Could you be a better hero?
Could you die to save a friend?
Could you deserve this world to rule
With billions in your care?
If not, get saved, don't be a fool,
Take time to kneel in prayer...

God's light has come to show the way,
God's love has blossomed here...
God's Son has taught us how to pray,
Forgiveness conquers fear...
A better person died for you...
And billions will agree...
Could you now truly love Him, too?
Admit... 'He died for me...'

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Each A Teacher

From Adam to the latest born upon this sinful Earth,
Behold each soul, bereft, forlorn, of such diminished worth...
For Adam, with his woman Eve, defied the Lord of all
And with the Devil to deceive, God's angels saw them fall...

No longer wise in their own eyes, both man and woman knew,
Their nakedness to realise and with it, guilt that grew...
No longer quite as innocent, no longer fancy free,
They wondered what their Father meant, was death a certainty! ?

When God returned, the failures fled! Excuses left their lips!
A bloody sacrifice lay dead and from it blood still drips...
Life for a life, soul for a soul... Both man and woman groaned,
As Father maintained self-control the moment blood atoned...

Each a teacher, the Christians preach, salvation to impart,
Damnation's door no more to reach, if Heaven's in your heart...
While demons teach the lost to stray with every dying hour,
Hell waits lost souls on Judgment Day, for them, no saving power!

PoemHunter.com

While you have breath, turn to the Lord, the Teacher who knows best,
The Teacher with His blood outpoured... so sinners could be blessed!
The Teacher who will come again, Jerusalem take note!
Believe Christ now, don't wait till then... Delay's no antidote...

From ages long since past and done, to ages here and now,
The Father has declared His Son, as with a solemn vow...
God promises a pardon to believers far and wide,
Eternal life for me and you in Christ once crucified...

Denis Martindale

The Idea Of A New Idea

Oh, so many ideas you have conceived,
Either at work or at leisure,
But what you have not perceived, is the idea of me.
For I am the new idea, the as yet unconceived,
The idea of anti-reason, upheaval,
Tumultuous and juxtaposition...
I will break the old, yes, piece-by-piece,
To create the new, yes, step-by-step and bit-by-bit.
I will stop the working of the logic and the reason,
Yet with all of the right justification.
The junk has to go! The new has to come!
What we need to keep, this we will surely keep,
Yet we need to continue... till the germination.
An idea remains an idea till it is materialised,
No knowledge is workable till it is truly realised.
No idea is an idea, in and of itself,
If it does not remove ignorance and poverty,
Merely an utopian idea, guilty of impracticality.
I am here! The unconceived idea!
The new definition, the new perception!
The true beauty, the true perfection!
I know I am but a dream! But... if you are after me...
You will get fulfilled your much-desired aspiration.
I know I am but a dream! But... if you are after me...
What wonders, what wonders, what wonders we will see!

An adaptation by Denis Martindale, January 2012.

I was invited to read the original poem by my fellow poet...
It motivated me to see if I could create something extra.
This is a new tribute version poem of the original poetry:
The Idea Of An Idea by poemhunter poet Salema Khatun and
that's why there's a title change...

The adaptation's meant to show the use of punctuation, to help
increase the drama and to add passion to the very personality
of the new idea, that is in effect effervescent and untamed,
unconfined, unfettered and unrestricted by all previous ideas,
schemes, themes and dreams. It's on the horizon... waiting...

beyond Man's grasp till it arrives, unbidden, then it's here!

Denis Martindale

Our Lens, Our Friends

From times gone by, each human eye
Has dimmed its daylight gaze,
Thus extra reason we could cry
At what would once amaze...
Beneath our eyebrows gently curled,
Eyes grant us dignity,
To see all things like scrolls unfurled,
Both eyes in harmony...

As time goes by, sight goes awry,
The focus not as clear
And yet no matter how we try,
Things aren't as they appear...
Such sights no longer quite complete,
Though God's light's still supplied,
The food we eat looks not so sweet,
It's somewhat mistified...

As time moves on, Man's learnt the truth
Of optic sciences,
Such that we've found the living proof
That eyes see less and less...
To see one's hands as outstretched blurs
Takes confidence away,
Not knowing how to cope then spurs
The active mind to pray...

As time has shown, Man's prone to moan
When God won't heal us all,
Such that we sometimes feel alone,
Now humbled, feeling small...
Yet eyesight tests have helped us cope
Through brand new spectacles,
To grant new focus and new hope
Like magic miracles...

As time from birth to death is worth
Much more as we grow old,
We cherish life upon this Earth,

Esteeming it like gold...
Our lens, our friends... Reflect on this...
Each lens is customised,
Such that we feel a sense of bliss
That's rarely realised...

With sight renewed, find gratitude
That you can read this verse,
I pray that God will bless your mood
As each new day occurs...
God made the Sun, God made the Moon,
God made the stars that shine,
God made each blessing and each boon,
God made your eyes and mine...

Denis Martindale

Do You Believe In Angels?

David Kohls has provided a recitation of my angels poem.
It isn't exactly the same as the original rhyming text.
Even so, I believe that it is still worth listening to.
Use the Search option to find the original poem title.

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

The Day The Last Poet Died

As the Earth was being bombarded,
Meteors crashed down with all of their might
And the dust rose high into the sky
And God's sunshine was hid from Man's sight...

Alone, beneath the dying Earth,
One man was now searching a cavern
And so full of wonder at what he saw
That he began in writing his poem...

Mankind was perishing above
As the last poet was writing his rhymes
Oblivious to the final prayers
At the very end of Man's times...

He smiled as the poem was written,
Corrected a few lines and sighed,
For the cavern was filled with a glowing
That filled his young heart with new pride...

Then the cavern was trembling all over
And the glowing was crushed in an hour
And the beauty and glory had vanished
As all of Man's dreams had turned sour...

The aliens discovered the planet...
The poet the last man alive...
The rescued him, healed him and fed him,
With strong hopes the man would survive...

Translating his poem to their thoughts,
They read all the thoughts in his mind...
Preserving his poems forever
As the legacy that he left behind...

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Denis Martindale

Godly Goals

Prophets and angels both believe
God's power and His plan,
God's Spirit tells us to receive
Salvation's Son of Man...
And in those days, it came to pass,
As Christ began to share,
His listeners laid upon the grass,
As Christ told them to care...

To love and be loved in return,
Reach out, forgive, forget,
To feel and heal and yearn to learn,
Teach someone new just met.
To seek and find each soul now lost,
Like lambs far from the fold,
To free each one at any cost,
Held close like precious gold.

These are Man's choices and his goals,
Man's holy hopes and dreams,
As preachers pray for all lost souls,
To turn them from extremes.
Consider Christ once sacrificed,
God raised Him from the dead,
Such that disciples are baptised,
Washed by the blood He shed...

Receive God's gifts as He supplies,
Have faith in God not fear,
Righteous rewards await the wise,
When Jesus will appear.
Prophets and angels both believe
God's power and His plan,
God's Spirit tells us to receive
Salvation's Son of Man...

Denis Martindale, copyright, January 2012.

We can learn more from Revelation TV
on Sky Digital and Freesat channels.

Website: revelationtv-dot-com

Denis Martindale

How Could They Dare To Kill The Crowd?

I stood completely straight,
Legs one foot wide apart,
Fingers one inch wide apart...
I threw my hands up suddenly.

The controllers might be racist,
The controllers might be fascist,
Yet there I was, in front of them,
Daring them to kill me first.

They shouted at me! I shouted louder!
They went away from me out of fear...
I knew each was but a coward,
As they came at me, clustered in a crowd...

I thundered protests, alone, out loud,
Like a frightening lightning cloud!
If they could not kill me alone...
Defiantly I watched and wondered...

How could they dare to kill the crowd?

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

New Year! New You!

And so it's here, another year,
Brand new from start to end,
Towards the future now to steer...
New Year! New You! Dear friend.

Another season, stay at home,
Keep Winter warmers on,
Until it's time you're free to roam,
When freezing months have gone...

When Springtime comes, you'll sense it's warm,
The clocks advance an hour,
So that your mood will then transform,
As if renewed with power...

The daffodils will blossom soon,
Like beacons far and wide,
Then Summer's heat could make you swoon,
Yet take it in your stride...

PoemHunter.com

When chestnuts ripen on the trees
And fields with crops grow tall,
You'll see God's wonders never cease,
When Autumn comes to call...

Another school year starts, of course,
New uniforms for some,
New regulations to enforce,
As if new rules of thumb...

Consider how the months fly by,
Some hectic, some serene,
Then spare a penny for the guy
Soon after Halloween...

Then poppies bought November time,
Remembrance honoured still,
Recalling some war poet's rhyme,
Just like we always will...

And finally, the Christmas cheer,
God's season when you give,
So take your time, this brand new year...
Take time to love and live...

Denis Martindale

The Day Of Days

When midnight came, my dream drew near,
A desert landscape formed
And there within that daylight clear,
My body quickly warmed...
A throat-fuelled thirst began to grow
As I walked on hot sand
And I knew then, not far to go,
For nothing new was planned...

In my confusion, tears emerged
Within my drying eyes,
As if somehow they must be purged
To cut me down to size,
To humble me in my distress,
Before my final end,
So I felt no more need to guess,
But merely comprehend...

So this was it... the day of days...
Just one more hill to climb
And then the parting of the ways,
The end of Earth-bound time...
A final tear slipped down my cheek...
To nestle on my lips,
As if a way back in to seek,
As on my tongue it slips...

Yet life was done... I breathed no more...
Most prophecies fulfilled...
All tears were wept, now God's own law
Meant even thoughts were stilled...
But then my spirit left its shell...
No hunger pains or thirst,
All body weight that stood now fell,
As if life's bubble burst...

Unfettered by my blood and bones,
I floated in the air,
To taste God's freedom which one owns

When one casts off each care...
My spirit gliding up above,
I asked God where to go...
Then I heard Jesus speak with love,
That only Christians know...

Denis Martindale, copyright, January 2012.

Denis Martindale

What Would Jesus Do?

The risen Lord ascended high, to leave this world behind,
Disciples saw Him in the sky, that memory in each mind...
He told them wait till power came and they were blessed in time,
To preach of Jesus, without shame, with miracles sublime...

As Jesus did, they preached the Word, as Jesus healed, they cared,
They honoured Him as their shepherd and with His sheep they shared.
A holy Church on Earth began, forgiveness through God's grace,
As Jews then Gentiles saw God's Plan, save sinners from each race...

Like crystals growing magically, the faith spread cross the globe,
Pilgrims praying so joyfully, now filled with Christian hope...
As Jesus did, they sought the Lord, the Father, for advice,
Not tempted by some new reward or thoughts of Paradise...

The deepest faith is borne of trials, not easy days and nights,
Not times of pleasant upturned smiles, but soaring to the heights...
Like Jesus did, disciples learn, obedience is the key,
It's like respect that each must earn, as Jesus sets us free...

PoemHunter.com

Consider lilies in the field, without our cares and woes,
Yet there's a harvest we must yield, as each heart overflows...
It's love that makes the world go round, not greed or fear or hate,
God says these chains must be unbound so life can then be great...

Like Jesus did, when Death was chained as Christ rose from the dead,
While tomb and shroud and rock remained and Christ went on ahead...
The risen Lord transforms each mind, saved Gentile and saved Jew.
God's great advice to all Mankind... Ask... What would Jesus do?

Denis Martindale

Conquer Your Mountain!

Behold your mountain, mark it well,
This challenge and this quest
And then with prophecy foretell,
One day you will be blessed...
It's just one mountain, nothing more,
Unconquered for a time,
Until the day God lets you soar,
Triumphant and sublime...

With preparations well in hand,
Your journey thus begins,
It's paramount such things are planned,
Because the air soon thins...
The cold must be endured, brave soul
And fear must be cast out,
Such that your faith maintains control
And dominates your doubt!

Consider how Mankind was made,
How God made Adam first
And then from him, one rib was laid,
Such that new life emerged...
From what you are, God takes a part,
Then gives a hundredfold,
So when you give, give from the heart,
New blessings to behold...

Your mountain can be conquered, friend,
It's up to you to try,
For when you win, then at the end,
Your hand will touch the sky...
And God's hand, too, from Heaven's throne
Will reach to your hand there...
To share with you that joy unknown,
The answer to your prayer!

Denis Martindale, copyright, December 2011.

The Christian poem is based on GOD TV's vision for 2012

which was explained in their December 2011 newsletter.

Just after the poem was done, I saw a TV show with titles

that ended with the famous Paramount Studios mountain,

so the poem was changed to include a reference to it.

GOD TV on Sky and Freesat and Virgin Media.

Website: god-dot-tv

Denis Martindale

Secret Santas

Inside the human heart there dwells
The constant need to love,
When Christmas comes, it casts its spells,
Like sunshine from above...
For secret Santas everywhere
Go shopping far and wide,
As if the answer to a prayer
The moment we decide...

Across the nation, shops are filled,
With presents still unbought
And little children will be thrilled
When they get what they ought...
And Mums and Dads and relatives
Take part in parties, too,
Exchanging smiles and Christmas gifts
With words like, 'I love you! '

Young sweethearts also cuddle close,
Their gifts on show to all
And in each home, love overflows,
Like snowflakes when they fall...
Yet Christmas wouldn't be the same,
Without price-drop. tv
For that was where such presents came
From secret Santas like me...

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

A Brush With Genius

Before the brush was in his hand,
The artist said a prayer!
For all his friends across the land
With whom he planned to share...
Lions, tigers and bears, oh, my!
The artist sketched them all,
So expertly, for by and by,
Each one would grace his wall...

Each canvas like a photograph,
A treasure to behold,
As if that wasn't quite enough,
Each one was framed in gold...
Each masterpiece was well received
And prints were sold worldwide,
As tributes to what he'd achieved,
Of which he should take pride...

And yet here was a humble man,
Self-taught and yet what skill,
Yet when we do the best we can,
There's bound to be a thrill...
Release your hidden genius
And God will bless you, too!
Like Stephen Gayford can bless us
With paintings old and new...

Denis Martindale, copyright, December 2011.

Denis Martindale

Treading Water

The tired tiger made his way
Until he found the stream,
The sight of it had made his day,
It truly was supreme...
His whiskers twitched at newborn scents
That stirred within the mud
And yet he felt the recompense
As water cooled his blood...

This is the life! No doubt at all,
Just walking here and there
And further on, the waterfall,
A sight beyond compare...
Just treading water, nothing more,
Content to rest therein,
With oozing mud between each claw,
Enough to make him grin...

The tired tiger gently breathed,
His heartbeat calmed as well,
His shoulder muscles now relieved
As Nature cast its spell...
God makes the sunshine then the rain,
Then streams upon the land,
So tired tigers can't complain
When times like these are planned...

Denis Martindale, copyright, December 2011.

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Treading Water'.

More Stephen Gayford poems here:
denis-martindale-dot-blogspot-dot-com

Denis Martindale

Denis Martindale, R.I.P.

With the last breath gone... Mid that sudden glare...
While the Earth moves on... Now, out there, somewhere...
As the bright light shone... And all my soul went...
So, it was all done... Life's final moment...

Then my spirit sailed... Yet upon nothing...
Shallow... shadow... void... And lacking loving...
With my spirit caught... Anticipating...
Thinking one pure thought... As if now waiting...

Firm faith still guiding... While just hoping there...
But undeciding... Merely coping there...
Star specks receding... With less light showing...
While I'm here needing... For more than knowing...

Then God is near me... His love enfolding...
As if to steer me... While I'm beholding...
I'm no longer hurt... God's grace unswerving...
Then warmth and comfort... All undeserving...

PoemHunter.com

Through the Lord of Lords... This soul saved by grace...
No need for rewards... Now I see His face...
Dressed in righteous robes... Two Princes so sublime...
Sharing brand new hopes... Beyond both space and time...

Denis Martindale

Broken Silence

The tiger's tail swished left and right,
His eyelids up and down,
The heat had sapped him of his might
And thus increased each frown...
That's why his body slumped and laid
Flat out to gain some rest,
Right there, completely unafraid,
Determined to be blessed...

The minutes passed and sleepyhead
Got comfy, warm, subdued,
No longer quite the beast who sped,
The predator so crude...
For now, he was a pussy cat...
One hour from a dream,
Disturb him now, he'd make you scat,
His change of mood extreme...

The broken silence made him stare,
With sudden angry eyes,
To seek that hidden foe somewhere
Who soon would realise
That here he was, plum tuckered out,
Completely on his own...
Till he stood up and walked about,
His heart as cold as stone...

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale, copyright, December 2011.

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Broken Silence'.

More Stephen Gayford poems here:
denis-martindale-dot-blogspot-dot-com

Denis Martindale

The New World Order

Behold the world, this Earth, our home,
This marble and its moon
And how they've got all space to roam
Yet dance a preset tune...
Are we the same? Like puppets here?
Manipulated minds?
Who bears the blame for Mankind's fear
Which daily twists and binds?

Behold the times in which we live,
The super-rich and poor,
The Christian saints who seek to give
While populations soar...
Consider countries one-by-one,
Resources dwindling fast
And nothing new under the sun
That's truly meant to last...

Behold the future times ahead,
The days and nights unknown,
The feeling that each nation's led
Into some Twilight Zone...
Like slaves not given chance to think,
Just puppets on a string,
Left in the quicksand, there to sink,
No rescue rope to cling...

Behold the common man that's left,
Now bankrupt and forlorn
And watch his countenance bereft,
When confidence is torn...
And count the riches, if you dare,
You'll see they've disappeared
And in the time that you've all stared,
More treasures have been cleared...

Behold the news, both good and bad,
It's worse, much worse, my friend,
For Man has lost the joy he had

And senses it's the end...
While banks hold sway, the world will grieve
For prices rise and rise
And with high prices freedoms leave,
So please don't feign surprise...

Behold the callous crimes remain,
The New World Order rules
With no point strolling Memory Lane,
That folly's just for fools...
If not for love, the world is lost,
No pardon on its way
And Antichrist will pay the cost,
Beholding Judgment Day...

Denis Martindale, copyright, December 2011.

Denis Martindale

The Purpose Of Poetry

When first Man strove his thoughts to form,
New words became his goal,
Expressing hot and cold and warm
And spirit, body, soul
And heart and mind and conscience, too,
His dreams and his extremes
And ever-changing points of view
Turned into reams and reams...

From papyrus to paper size,
From words etched into stone,
Are truths writ there before our eyes
And laws that must be known...
As writers scratched their inky quills,
Inventors thought ahead
And simply by their thinking skills
Came fountain pens instead...

Computers came, both good and bad,
At our own risk, take care...
Keep saving all those rhymes we had,
Or they're lost in thin air...
But when they're saved and shared abroad,
Just think what's been acquired...
By some new special train of thought
The world could be inspired...

Thus poetry is in our hands,
Our heartfelt legacy,
Through which the whole world understands
Each psalm God caused to be...
Each birthday card that wishes well
With rhymes of fondest love,
Beguiles us with its magic spell,
As if from God above...

From hymns to pop songs day-by-day,
The world is made aware
That poetry is here to stay

With wondrous words to share...
Be thankful, then, for precious prose,
For favourites old and new,
With hidden secrets that God knows
And prophecies for you...

Denis Martindale

Polar Bear Family

With meerkat noses all their own,
The polar bears stood near...
Without each other, all alone,
United, less to fear...
The mother like a giantess,
The two cubs half as tall,
As one against the loneliness
And dangers that befall...

With fur coats white against the ice,
The family could roam
And yet that made this man think twice,
For where on Earth was home?
No igloo built, no cosy room,
No respite from the cold,
Yet in their eyes no trace of gloom,
Just wonders to behold...

The scenery was all they saw
Above the depths below,
With coldness they could not ignore,
Just waiting where they go...
Yet I am cold this Winter's night
Beneath the silver moon,
Yet comforted by one delight...
Christmas is coming... soon...

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Forest Phantoms

Two twilight wolves were on the prowl,
Fur coats to keep them safe
And now was not the time to howl,
They must stay strong and brave...
For in the twilight, creatures stalked,
With camouflage and more,
As midnight came, nobody talked,
Of that you can be sure...

Two forest phantoms side-by-side,
United in their quest
And staring out, eyes opened wide,
Surveying east-to-west...
Ethereal ghosts in twilight blues
And also moonlight whites
Against the very darkest hues
That dress the solemn nights...

Two predators in need of food
Without a single qualm,
Fixated by their foulest mood
That seeks another's harm...
They didn't choose this way of life,
This awesome tragedy,
So have compassion on their strife
And all they're forced to be...

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Follow The Leader

Two tigers traipsed the river's edge,
The leader heard a noise...
When entrusted with this knowledge,
Both tigers had no choice...
Two tigers traipsed beneath the sun
With one cold thought in mind,
Two heads much better than the one,
With so much strength combined...

In silent mode, they took their time,
Each stealthful step so slow...
While undetected, each new crime
Meant victims sensed no foe...
Suffice to say, their moment came,
The frantic prey ran wild,
The tigers chased like burning flame,
No longer meek and mild...

Though it didn't happen often,
The tigers had to pause...
For failure dogged them once again,
Their prey escaped their claws...
The starving tigers felt dismay,
The next meal had to wait...
With luck, they'd last another day
With cause to celebrate...

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale, copyright, December 2011.

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Follow The Leader'.

More Stephen Gayford poems here:
denis-martindale-dot-blogspot-dot-com

Denis Martindale

Tranquillity

Behold the dolphins interweaved
Like soulmates bathed in love
And see how gently each has breathed
From precious air above...
And there to glide in aqua haze,
In God's tranquillity,
Content to spend their nights and days
Where God meant them to be...

Exploring here, exploring there,
As if a Mystery Tour,
To look on sights beyond compare
Upon the ocean floor...
To celebrate this thing called life
That God bestows with grace,
The dolphins strive, against all strife...
And swim at their own pace...

God asks no more of such as these,
They serve their purpose well,
Yet Man must work, then take his ease
And simply rest a spell...
So meditate, when peace allows,
Like dolphins in the sea...
As if to seize the time to browse
For sweet tranquillity...

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale, copyright, December 2011.

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Tranquillity'.

More Stephen Gayford poems here:
denis-martindale-dot-blogspot-dot-com

Denis Martindale

The Lofty Leopard

The leopard climbed the tall, tall tree,
To see his sovereign land,
Believing he was royalty,
As if divinely planned...
As if that tree and land were his
Wherever he may roam,
In ignorance, he smiled with bliss,
Upon each tree called home...

The mountain range lay to the left,
The river to the right
And barring some new act of theft,
His private view looked bright...
Now in his prime, all being well,
He'd find a worthy mate...
Yes, things for him were looking swell,
So good that he felt great...

Strong faith like that, is grand, by gum...
Who knows? He could go far...
I sympathise, old pal, old chum!
Good fortune, rising star...
There's nothing quite like innocence!
Tremendous in its way...
There's nothing quite like confidence!
Good luck with that, O.K.?

Denis Martindale, copyright, November 2011.

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Private View'.

(See poem Private View on poemhunter-dot-com)

More Stephen Gayford poems here:
denis-martindale-dot-blogspot-dot-com

Denis Martindale

Mister Wackadoodle

Mister Jackie Wackadoodle lived on the Planet Mad
And was so much off his noodle, it really was quite sad...
The poor guy never shopped around to get the lowest price,
No wonder that he always frowned, as if still paying twice...

He never used the Internet for sweet deals of the day,
No wonder that he got upset when savings slipped away...
He didn't brave the Winter gales to save some precious gold!
He missed out on the New Year sales because he felt so cold!

He felt the pinch and got a loan to pay some rising bills,
Yet even then he had no phone to help with saving skills...
He didn't listen to his friends with discount voucher codes
And so much sorrow never ends without these antidotes...

When he complained to companies, he didn't know his rights,
So life for him was no calm breeze, he couldn't sleep at nights!
Mister Jackie Wackadoodle! Try Google and TV...
I'm Mister Frank Lee Frugal and wish you were like me!

PoemHunter.com

My life's a roller-coaster ride! I'm saving cash each week!
Each day I'm chuckling here inside from bargains that I seek!
I've saved a fortune through the years from magazines I read...
Like Christmas Day! All smiles, no tears! A loan I'll never need!

I've coupons here and coupons there and haggle with the best
And all the prices I compare, I test, then I invest...
Mister Jackie Wackadoodle! I know you're full of doubt...
I'm Mister Frank Lee Frugal... and I'd like to help you out...

Denis Martindale

Phil Osopher

A certain Mister Osopher
Thought life was oh so grand,
Till something tragic did occur
Beyond what Phil had planned!
And all at once his jaw fell down
At what he saw that day
And from then on, Phil wore a frown,
Till God took it away...

Although God knew the reasons why
Life's not a piece of cake,
This man became so prone to sigh,
His soul began to ache...
Then came the ulcer, then the pain,
The irritant within...
This caused the man increasing strain,
He felt he couldn't win...

One day, Phil read a Bible verse,
'Cast all your cares on Him...'
By faith, he prayed God end the curse
And fill him to the brim...
That day, his frown began to fade,
His worry lines soon went,
His mirror showed him undismayed,
As if God was his friend...

His ulcer vanished, he relaxed,
Content to trust the Lord,
So that he felt no longer taxed,
Now God's grace was outpoured...
He preached the Word from that time on,
With stories from his life,
Of how God's light meant darkness gone,
Regardless of Man's strife.

That's why when Nature's might unfolds,
Man builds new homes again,
For once each man God's love beholds,

There's faith beyond our ken...
The centuries have proved this true,
No matter how we feel...
When Phil finds time to speak with you,
You'll see his faith is real...

Denis Martindale

Private View

The leopard saw the tree ahead
And chose to check it out
And that is where his footsteps led,
No more to scout about...
He climbed the tree serenely calm,
To scan the land around
And so as not to raise alarm,
He barely made a sound...

How gingerly he walked on high,
As if above it all,
Yet not possessing wings to fly,
Was careful not to fall...
A gentle breeze brought no fresh scents
To help him find his prey
And since he saw no other friends,
He paused his paws to stay...

His private view brought sweet relief
With shade to cool him down,
Quite cosy, comfy, couched beneath,
He laid on bark so brown...
Now he could keep his soft embrace,
Surveying all in style...
This was his spot, his special place,
His palace for a while...

Denis Martindale, copyright, November 2011.

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Private View'.

More Stephen Gayford poems here:
denis-martindale-dot-blogspot-dot-com

Denis Martindale

Evening Dip

The tiger traipsed towards the lake,
Fatigued, no longer proud,
Plum tuckered out, for goodness sake,
His roar not quite as loud...
His long tail swished from left-to-right,
Less gusto than he hoped
And while he tried with all his might,
He'd wondered how he coped...

Ah, there it was, the lake so wet...
So cool his dip would be...
Where he would soak, relax, not fret,
His long legs dangling free...
With toasted tootsies soon to rest,
With whiskers floating there...
With him content and somewhat blessed,
To drift without a care...

He licked his lips while leaves passed by,
With long breaths in and out...
He was so happy he could cry!
Yes, that's what life's about!
Of course, he knew it couldn't last...
The first chill told him so,
That's when he left the lake quite fast,
For somewhere else to go....

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

The One That Got Away!

I tried! I tried! I tried my best! The words I can't recall...
I know those words were truly blessed, they were incredible!
They came within a midnight dream! I'm here at 1 a.m.
My pleasant mood became extreme, 'I can't remember them! '

The dream began and she passed by, my Muse with words so wise...
At first, her beauty made me sigh, with smiles that filled my eyes!
I tried to write the poem down... I thought I caught each verse...
She spoke so fast I had to frown, things went from bad to worse!

When I woke up, some words remained, just fragments, nothing more,
Just phrases from the poem gained my Muse chose to outpour...
But then a haze dwelt in my mind... A scrabbling for the rest...
But finally I couldn't find the words that made me blessed!

Then anger flooded in my heart! A river full of rage...
Although I tried to make a start, I hadn't filled the page...
I prayed to God! 'Please help me, Lord! Don't let this poem fade! '
But silence fell, I stood ignored, forlorn, bereft, dismayed...

That's when I grabbed the negative and turned it all around!
I gave it all that I could give, new poems to astound!
I wrote all day, I wrote all night, a hundred poem's done!
Forget my Muse! I did all right! Boy, what a marathon!

Denis Martindale, copyright, November 2011.

Denis Martindale

Sunlit Family

The wolf cubs looked to see what's what,
Beside the water's edge,
Beneath God's sun that shone so hot,
In service to His pledge,
To shine on all that lived on Earth,
The evil and the good,
So that each one could prove his worth,
Within his neighbourhood...

Those tiny cubs had no defence
Against much larger foes
And Nature offers no pretence
And to no-one it owes...
While wolves are hunters through and through,
They live from meal-to-meal,
To do whatever they must do...
Survival is that real...

And so their mother stood on guard,
As they prepared to drink,
Protectively with one good heart,
No matter what some think...
She's a huntress! She won't give in!
Her family's unique!
Consider her their heroine,
Defender of the weak...

Denis Martindale, copyright, November 2011.

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Sunlit Family'.

More Stephen Gayford poems here:
denis-martindale-dot-blogspot-dot-com

Denis Martindale

My Precious Daughter

Have you met my precious daughter?
She's sometimes quite a hoot!
And although sometimes I've caught her,
Though naughty, she's so cute!
While I've done my best to reach her,
To save cash while she can,
God has also been her teacher,
To help her fellow man...

She made me proud the other day!
Donating to the poor,
She gave her savings all away
And thrilled me to the core!
To think she cared, unasked by me,
Unprompted, still she gave...
She sacrificed unselfishly,
The other lives to save...

Now that's what I believe worthwhile,
A noble sentiment...
That's when my child made me to smile,
For she was Heaven-sent...
I cherish her with all my heart,
She's daily in my prayers,
For giving proves a lifelong art,
From such as she who cares...

Children in need are precious, too,
But children can support,
The ones in need when they're in view,
It only takes some thought...
It's good to save, don't get me wrong!
We like expensive things!
Yet nothing makes the heart more strong
Than growing angels' wings!

So be an angel, when you can,
Bless charities you find,
It's when we help our fellow man

That we find peace of mind...
My darling daughter, comprehend,
You're precious in my sight!
God loves a cheerful giver, friend!
So give with all your might!

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Denis Martindale

Regal Pair

The lion and the lioness
Posed like a regal pair,
So noble that they both impress,
So dashing, debonair...
So stately and so statuesque,
Each blessed to be born free,
So quite correct and picturesque
With awesome majesty...

Their eyes are like black diamonds there,
In circles made of gold
And who knows what those eyes could share,
If secrets should be told?
Yet those eyes see much more than land,
Their kingdom they survey
And their domain is mighty grand,
Protected night and day...

So have a care, don't wander near,
Don't think they welcome friends,
Don't stand too close, you'll shake with fear,
Perhaps with no defence...
Binoculars may have to do,
If you must stop and stare...
To tell the truth, I can't blame you...
They're such a regal pair...

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The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Regal Pair'.

More Stephen Gayford poems here:
denis-martindale-dot-blogspot-dot-com

Denis Martindale

Pack Leaders

The two wolves walked, one thought in mind,
Survival was no game,
That's why their two strengths were combined
When hunting was their aim...
Two heads better, as some would say,
That plan had served them well,
For when they chased the fleeing prey,
They all ran close to Hell...

Each time they tried to track new scents...
Their hunger stayed the same,
With no disgust for past events,
No sense of guilt or shame...
That's why they paced themselves this hour
And kept at bay their dread,
Conserving all their dregs of power
For what must lay ahead...

The two wolves sought no friends or fans,
So wild no man could tame,
The world itself was their expanse,
They sought no claim to fame...
Pack leaders come, pack leaders go,
For now, they ruled by might,
A fact that only few would do,
Yet true both day and night...

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The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Pack Leaders'.

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Denis Martindale

Mother's Pride

The lion cubs were all laid low
With heavy heads as proof,
Their golden coats were all aglow,
Yet now not one could move...
For there they were, as most cubs are,
When they've run round and round...
With each one thinking he's the star,
Yet now can't make a sound...

Their mother looked at this each day,
No longer quite surprised,
At first, she glared with some dismay,
Until she realised...
Now interlocked, just breathing in,
Not far from dreamland, friends...
With nothing more to prove or win,
Almost as daytime ends...

Their mother looked as eyelids sagged
Then fluttered for a while,
Then sniggered as their hot feet dragged...
Her memories made her smile...
For she was once as young as these,
Now humbled by the sun
And as she watched them take their ease,
She loved them, every one...

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The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Mother's Pride'.

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Denis Martindale

Along Life's Journey

Along life's journey God's decreed
Are always stops and starts
And yet good people meet each need
Because they have good hearts.
They may have twinkles in their eyes,
Or smiles to share each day,
With faith more than you realise,
To help you on your way...

If not for good friends here and there
And strangers who assist,
This world would be so full of care,
Good times could not exist...
And yet, we, too, respond sometimes,
As if instinctively,
With action, not just writing rhymes
For those with eyes to see...

If God commends each sacred soul,
Then He must share His love
With those who maintain self-control
And pray to Him above...
To think, that every life on Earth
Can choose the right and good
And seek to prove our lives have worth,
When we do what we should...

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Supertight

They call me Mister Supertight,
As if I'm somewhat mean!
But I'll buy if the price is right,
In fact, it's then I'm keen!
I love a bargain now and then,
I think that's quite sublime...
Like Mister Scrooge and skinflint men,
Why should I waste my time?

I visit stores, I shop around,
I go online as well...
And, oh, the savings that I've found!
The stories I could tell!
I save those coupon vouchers, too,
Five pound, ten pound and more!
Like frugal folks, I'll Google through
And find discounts galore!

My Bank account can testify
The savings that I've made!
Like me, research before you buy,
Then haggle unafraid!
Half price may be the best you'll get,
Like two-for-one steal deals...
If cashback sites are your best bet,
Then think of how that feels...

They call me Mister Supertight,
As if I'm somewhat mad!
Yet overpaying's not that bright,
I don't like being had!
Thank God, I'm full of Christmas cheer!
Paid too much? You're to blame!
I've saved a fortune year-by-year...
And you can do the same!

Denis Martindale

A Myriad Of Dreams

To dream of those who passed away
Is sometimes hard to bear,
But when we dream another day,
We praise God for His care...
To think, that we can dream at all,
Is wondrous and benign...
Each time a loved one comes to call,
We lose the need to pine...

It helps when movie stars are seen,
Celebrities and such,
With some dynamic, some serene
And those we love so much...
Perhaps romance reminds us, too,
Of what love still exists,
With ever-changing points of view
So that our faith persists...

Consider visions, prophecies,
Or warnings now and then...
Who knows what Jesus thinks of these?
They prove beyond our ken...
But mostly dreams just come and go,
Some random, hit-and-miss,
Yet when I dream of you, I know
A sense of perfect bliss...

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

I Used To Be Fat

I used to be fat,
Just like one spoilt brat,
As fat as a brat could be...

I could squash you flat,
Just as quick as that...
No-one stood too close to me...

Started a diet,
No need to fry it
And my weight began to fall!

One book! Just buy it!
You've got to try it!
And here's the number to call...

Just chew, chew, chew it!
Then loo, loo, loo it!
And soon, you'll be on the mend!

PoemHunter.com

How do you do it?
Continue through it!
Persevere, my fat, fat friend!

I chewed like a cow,
Yes, I chewed and how
And I exercised each day...

Ta-da! Take a bow!
Just look at me now!
Admit it! I look O.K.!

Denis Martindale

The Most Beautiful Poem Of Them All

When morning came, with sunshine's gleam,
I woke so quickly from the dream,
For in the night, Lord Jesus talked,
As through my life, we slowly walked...

The first pen that I ever held
That wrote the first word that I spelled,
Was in His hand, now highly prized,
As was the inkwell God supplied...

Lord Jesus cherished poetry
With all its wondrous mystery...
As if each verse like His best friend,
The Lord recited some I'd penned...

He spoke of many souls still moved
And of the thousands who approved
Of soothing streams beyond Man's schemes
And gentle themes mid sweethearts' dreams...

I made both young and old take note
With prophecies that I once wrote
That told of future times ahead,
So that God's children weren't misled...

Lord Jesus stopped and we stood still...
'I know the contents of your will...
And so before your final day,
Your final poem is on its way...'

With all these thoughts inside my mind,
Both pen and paper I must find...
That's why I wrote these words that fall...
Most beautiful poem of them all...

The title came, as many do,
A well-phrased sentiment or two
And then outpoured prophetic lines,
Of miracles and sacred signs...

Then revelations came so fast,
Explaining secrets from the past,
When times and seasons met their fate,
Before the saints could celebrate...

Then angels' wings surrounded me
As if they, too, must stare to see,
What mysteries were now revealed
From secret scrolls that God had sealed...

I looked around, while angels smiled,
As if transfixed, as if beguiled,
As if no other wise man shared
The wondrous truths God now declared...

And suddenly, no more, no more...
And all of us were filled with awe,
To think such thoughts were there, right there,
That none on Earth could quite compare...

Then all the angels sang with praise,
Rejoicing in the Lord always!
They slowly flew on high above...
Their faces glowing with God's love...

Then all alone... the vision gone
And just the sunshine's light shined on...
And how I ached to leave this Earth,
To praise the Lord for all I'm worth...

And thus my wish, my fervent prayer,
Began to lift me in the air,
To leave behind my mortal frame,
As I left Earth... in Jesus Name...

Denis Martindale

Sheer Class

The regal lion's earnt his fame
As sovereign lord and more,
His golden fur as if aflame,
His gaze forever sure...
His stature none could dare improve,
For his is quite renowned...
His eyes aware of every move,
His ears of every sound...

Aristocratic... every day...
As if the world were his...
As if all others must obey,
Or things would be amiss...
Behold the king, for such is he,
Behold the noble grace,
Behold the royal majesty
That shines upon his face...

The many battles he has fought
Were won beyond all doubt,
His challengers have come to nought,
Retreated, turned about...
Alone, he is the alpha male,
Of this, no need to guess...
How come he makes all others pale?
Sheer class, no more, no less...

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale, copyright, November 2011.

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Sheer Class'.

More Stephen Gayford poems here:
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Denis Martindale

Burning Bright

Oh, how brilliant is the legend
In oranges and blacks.
You look and then your breath suspend...
The tiger nothing lacks!
With stripes so strong, so debonair,
So vibrant in the sun!
How dominant, beyond compare,
A vision that can stun!

Take in the stance, the mouth, the teeth,
The claws in paws of gold...
They keep their secrets there beneath,
For they must not be told!
But come the time the tiger stalks
The prey that's dead ahead...
Those claws aren't merely just for walks...
I'm sure you've guessed! Nuff said...

The tiger tempts nobody close,
He growls contempt for all...
For now, he merely strikes a pose,
As if his curtain call...
Endangered species come and go!
His legend's burning bright!
Yet how long for, no man can know...
Please pray again, tonight...

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The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Burning Bright'.

More Stephen Gayford poems here:
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Denis Martindale

Frosty Beginnings

The treasured cougar cubs looked round
At all the new-laid snow...
For magic stole away the ground
That still remained below...
Their paws were cold, their noses, too,
And all that was between
And from the cougars' point of view,
It's true they weren't that keen...

While we, as humans, still complain,
When sunshine starts to fail,
Or we receive one ounce of rain
Or short term fall of hail...
Their lives go on, surviving youth,
With all their smirks and smiles.
Old cougars are the living proof,
Triumphant through their trials...

Frosty beginnings warn us well
That Autumn's on its way,
Before the full-blown Winter's spell
When snow on lawns must lay...
Each snowflake silver star then falls,
From dark clouds up above...
As we await till Christmas calls
To fill our hearts with love....

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The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Frosty Beginnings'.

More Stephen Gayford poems here:
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Denis Martindale

The Terrors Of Tomorrow

Behold the prophecies foretold:
Terrors of tomorrow...
To live and watch each one unfold,
Feasts of joy and sorrow,
Mid Spring and Summer, Autumn, too,
With Winter as before,
Until one man comes into view...
He's rotten to the core...

When babies walk, he's learnt to run,
In time, he's learnt to fly...
For you behold the Devil's Son,
The Master of the lie.
With sorceries and ancient spells,
Dark secrets hid in time,
Commanding legions from the hells,
Well versed in death and crime...

What use are lies for short term gains?
They feed our bellies now...
Praise God, God's Spirit still restrains
The beast's mark on each brow...
If not for judgement, all is lost,
The world itself laid bare,
For every soul must count the cost,
Of beast lies be aware...

Till Christ returns, Jerusalem
Will seem as all alone,
This royal city stays God's gem,
Protected from His Throne...
Unprotected by lucky charms,
Though valley victims pray,
Woe unto those who take up arms,
They live their final day...

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Denis Martindale

Redeem The Time!

'Redeem the time! ' the Bible says,
It's there in black and white,
As if the focus of our prayers,
Our wisdom and insight!
With all our lives as open books,
That God surveys each year,
Such that He gives those stern-faced looks
That fill our hearts with fear!

Don't think that God is full of smiles
As He looks on this Earth!
He knows each of the Devil's wiles
And every human's worth!
So watch out, sinners, everywhere!
He's seen your every crime!
To all the scoffers, have a care!
Repent, while there's still time!

I once was young... with jet black hair,
With pearly teeth so white...
And with a smile beyond compare,
With conscience as my guide...
But time, the ancient enemy,
Wore down my outward form,
To leave behind an effigy,
With faith that seemed luke warm...

But God drew near my sinful soul
And whispered soft and low,
'Take time and you will lose control,
Decide which path to go! '
That's when, right then, my time began!
Reborn with faith anew!
Forgiven through the Son of Man...
Christ died for me... and you...

Redeem the time! Esteem it well...
In youth, be strong and brave!
Mid season, hear God's warning bell,

Your precious souls to save!
Who knows the final day, my friend?
Who knows the final hour?
Before you reach your own life's end,
Reach for the Saviour's power!

Denis Martindale, copyright, October 2011.

Website: revelationtv-dot-com on Sky Digital UK.
Includes the Watch Now option for the TV channel.

Denis Martindale

Adopt A Whale

As wondrous as the stars at night,
That shine so bright and strong,
The precious joy that brings delight
Is that the whale has song.
The siren of the sapphire seas,
With tunes so lyrical...
To me, these are the things that please,
With each a miracle...

Perhaps it tames the savage beast,
As one of God's celebs
That glides below from west to east
Mid music of the depths...
Perhaps not with another whale,
But there and all alone,
With love his only Holy Grail...
Or Philosopher's Stone...

Like happy humans humming tunes,
Like hummingbirds and such,
The lonesome whale's seen many moons
And dreams of love so much...
When whalesong's played, we listen close,
To each new siren call...
There's only one thing each whale knows,
In life, true love is all...

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Web site: wwf-dot-org-dot-uk/Adopt_A_Whale

Denis Martindale

Whalesong

As wondrous as the stars at night,
That shine so bright and strong,
The precious joy that brings delight
Is that the whale has song.
The siren of the sapphire seas,
With tunes so lyrical...
To me, these are the things that please,
With each a miracle...

Perhaps it tames the savage beast,
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In life, true love is all...

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Web site: wwf-dot-org-dot-uk/Adopt_A_Whale

Denis Martindale

Having A Whale Of A Time!

'Gangway! Gangway! I'm coming through! '
The massive whale declared!
'Yes, move aside, I'm wide, it's true!
If quick, you won't get scared!
I'll wave goodbye as I swim past!
Then I'll bid you farewell...
My, my, I'm really going fast!
As if you couldn't tell...'

'The new kid on the block, that's me!
I've not been here before!
I've put on weight, that's plain to see...
I'm bound to eat much more!
One day, I might be twice the size!
If that were possible!
I'll exercise, don't worry, guys!
I'll still look wonderful! '

'It's warm today, I'm feeling spry...
Quite frisky, don't you know?
And when I feel I'm on a high,
There's no point going slow...
I'm on my way to who knows where...
That could be miles, OK?
Yes, move aside, don't stop and stare!
Gangway! Gangway! Gangway! '

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Denis Martindale

When Dolphins Dance

When dolphins dance mid sea and air,
God smiles from Heaven's Throne!
They've found a life beyond compare,
With freedom all their own!
No wonder that the dolphins dance,
With smiles and twinkling eyes!
No wonder that such sights entrance
The hearts within the wise...

It's like there's magic sprinkled there,
As if some spell were cast...
Or like the answer to a prayer
That's somehow here at last...
For dolphins dive, then take a chance,
From dark depths fast to rise!
As if their deepest joys enhance
Each time they pierce the skies!

Behold the precious joys of life,
Each time we seize the day,
To meet each moment without strife,
Before it slips away!
Take heart, and think like dolphins do!
Keep young at heart, my friend!
That way, God's smiles will shine on you,
On that you can depend!

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Denis Martindale

Dolphin Daydreams

Sometimes, when I'm just half awake,
When life's much less extreme,
I know it's time to take a break,
It's then that I daydream...
Like Walter Mitty, off I glide...
Into some wonderland!
Just to coast along the seaside,
As if with nothing planned...

God's aqua waits, I softly reach,
To join the water's flow...
Right there, along a golden beach,
With sands as soft as snow...
The thought of this can quite astound
And always proves enough...
Daydreams of dolphins all around,
A circle filled with love!

To think, that dolphins make amends,
No judgments harshly made...
Just fellowships among my friends,
As if for each I've prayed...
'Be safe, be glad, be healthy, too!
Let happiness take hold...
Because, my dolphins, I love you!
To me, you're good as gold! '

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Denis Martindale

Drinking Session

Behold the mighty elephants
Now standing side-by-side!
As if they all were drinking friends,
With all mouths opened wide!
With loud guffaws and 'One more, please!
And let's come back real soon...'
As if their lives were such a breeze,
They'd sing a merry tune!

They've wet their whistles, that's for sure,
Those elephants with trunks!
And if that water wasn't pure,
They'd all be drunk as skunks...
But water's good enough for them!
That sun is way too hot!
Yet a wee drink solves that problem,
'Ah, yes, that hits the spot! '

Behold the mighty elephants
Still splashing here and there!
And yet all life on this depends
And water's sometimes rare!
They lap it up, 'Let's seize the day!
Let's party, while life's good! '
In fact, they had so much to say,
They woke the neighbourhood!

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The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Drinking Session'.

More Stephen Gayford poems here:
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Denis Martindale

Silent Swimmer

When solemn evening faded in
In this new neighbourhood,
The Bengal tiger waded in,
As silent as he could.
Amid the water, still quite warm,
His head was sailing high.
The water swirled around his form
As he swam slowly by...

The Bengal tiger all alone
Must find food by himself,
Preserving still that heart of stone
With wisdom, guile and stealth...
The secret swimmer swam that day,
Starvation deep inside...
For hunger never fades away
Till food has been supplied...

His eyes were seeking food to eat,
So silence was his friend,
For in the hunt he must compete
And on his skills depend.
No fish must scatter in alarm,
No bird must fly or flee...
No nearby creatures sense the harm
Of what was meant to be...

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Who Would Be A Poet?

Tell me, who would be a poet?
Just think what it entails...
And we know we'll sometimes blow it,
For every writer fails...
To think, that when we're feeling down,
We write to raise a smile,
But then we often have to frown,
Restricted by some style...

Eight syllables, then six below,
That's how I try to write...
Eight syllables to match the flow
Then six to keep it light...
So pretty soon verse three's arranged
Before the poem's done
And then verse four gets somewhat changed,
But don't tell anyone!

Some names get swapped and switched around,
Some placenames, too, replaced...
And suddenly an ending's found
And that has to be phrased...
My, my, it's like a Mystory Tour!
All jumbled jolly stuff,
With heartfelt tales of sweet amour
And that weird thing called lurv...

For thirty years, I've typed and typed
And typed and typed again...
I've either griped or else I've hyped
And emptied every pen...
The Writing Bug's still bugging me...
And yet how much I owe it!
Except no sweetheart's hugging me!
So who would be a poet! ?

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Denis Martindale

At Halloween

At Halloween, when nightmares start
And all things go awry
And there come strains upon the heart
Such that we're prone to die
And all at once a startling sound
Leaps like a lion's pounce,
It's then hobgoblins come around
And when your courage counts!

At Halloween, when ghoulies go
About the business here
And howling storms begin to grow
And growl as if with fear
And lightning strikes both Man and tree
And beast that's in the field,
It's then the ghosts are plain to see
With nothing left concealed!

At Halloween, when witches fly
On broomsticks high above
And brave old dogs begin to cry
When they've all seen enough
And little girls and little boys
Are told to go to sleep,
It's then the vampires steal their toys
And all their trinkets keep!

At Halloween, when warlocks scheme
To bring all kinds of hells
And sorcerers join as a team
As wizards cast their spells
And leprechauns protect their gold
And to the death they'll fight,
It's then policemen aren't so bold
And won't go out at night!

At Halloween, when mortals pray
For sunshine once again
And for the moon to pass away

Till noon's struck by Big Ben
And scaredy cats are mortified
By teeny weeny mice,
It's then your eyes are open wide
If you're touched by surprise!

At Halloween, I stay in bed!
I won't go out at all!
The blankets hide my trembling head!
I can't stand, walk or crawl!
The lights stay on all through the night!
I play the music loud!
Of course, I know I look a sight...
But so would you, no doubt!

Denis Martindale, copyright, October 2011.

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Denis Martindale

First Flight

The eagle teetered on the ledge,
Its first flight dead ahead!
Surveying all, next to the edge,
Its young heart filled with dread!
But Nature whispered on the wind,
'Just take your time, my friend...'
And though the eagle's brain still spinned,
Its fears came to an end...

Then all at once, its heart was brave
And with one single bound,
It raised itself as if by faith,
Its wings above the ground!
And off it swooped, the maiden flight,
With courage fate decreed...
And gravity soon lost the fight
With thermals to succeed!

So up it flew the thermal swirl,
Cascading now and then...
Then onward, upward, twist and twirl,
Till coasting once again...
But, oh, the flying! That's first rate!
Although it feels so rash...
Of course, the landing's not that great,
First time it's with a crash!

To think, each eagle's forced to learn,
To wing-it, as it were...
And just like others, take its turn,
So miracles occur!
Who knows how high the eagles fly?
I'm jealous as can be!
But I'm no angel, just a guy...
I'll stick to poetry...

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Denis Martindale

Dream's Treat

As I walked in the street,
I met a beggar, asking for some money.
I gave him a few pounds and went on.

As I walked in the street,
I met an old man, asking for directions.
I gave him a few roads he had left to go.

As I walked in the street,
I met a Poppy Appeal fundraiser.
I gave him a few pounds and then a 'Thank you! '

As I walked in the street,
I met a preacher asking, 'Are you saved? '
I gave him a handshake and I said, 'Amen! '

As I walked in the street,
I met the Saviour, Lord Jesus, my friend!
I gave Him everything, my heart and my love...

When I awoke from the dream,
I could still remember the face of Jesus...
It took ages to draw and paint, but it's done...
Every time I pray at home, I gaze at His face.
I call my picture, 'The Master Peace'...

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Denis Martindale

All The Time In The World

All God's secrets to unravel,
That was his holy quest...
First the secret of time travel,
Would make folks most impressed.
The scientist spent many years,
Inventing wondrous things
And he got praise from all his peers
And, oh, what joy that brings...

Time travel was a hidden truth
Within God's precious plan...
The scientist misspent his youth,
Such is the plight of Man....
But suddenly the truth was known!
He knew it could be done!
As if by God it had been shown,
Energy from the Sun!

PoemHunter.com

And so the man looked at the sky
To see the Sun above,
Considered all that energy
And knew it was enough!
When NASA heard his plan unfold,
They sent him on his way!
But Russian spies were very bold
And kidnapped him that day!

The Russians interviewed him soon,
Gave everything he'd need...
At first, they flew him to the moon
To help him to succeed...
The spaceship left the moon and went
Towards the Sun that shone,
As if the Russians were Hell-bent,
As they for months were gone...

Then suddenly the past was changed!
New timelines were enforced!
A billion human lives were changed

With energy they sourced...
Success at last, yet at a price!
The scientist was thrilled,
Yet then there was a sacrifice...
The scientist was killed...

The Russians kept the secret hid
Until I found it out!
And when they learnt the things I did,
They chased me all about!
That's why through time I travelled back!
You'll never guess to when!
But now they call me Captain Jack!
The man who lived again!

Denis Martindale, copyright, October 2011.

The poem is based on Captain Jack Harkness,
the heroic Dr Who and Torchwood character,
a time traveller who can die... yet live again...

en.wikipedia-dot-org/wiki/Jack_Harkness

Denis Martindale

Beyond The Astral Plane

From books I'd read, I learnt so much
That I thought I was wise...
But all at once felt out of touch
When looked at through God's eyes...
One night upon the Astral Plane
Where I would sometimes go,
My spirit slowly seemed to drain...
How come? I didn't know.

I'd left the Earth to gaze at stars,
The distant suns so bright
And watched the shooting stars that pass
Across the darkest night...
I swam with dolphins there in space,
Beyond their seas and pools...
While angels sang with utmost grace,
Observing all the rules...

But then I heard God's holy voice!
He whispered, 'Calvary...
Forget these visions and their joys...
Repent and pray to Me...'
Then I saw Christ once crucified!
And oh, what tears I wept...
The Astral Plane no more was tried...
For wiser truth I kept...

The Astral Plane? It merely drifts...
With Christ it can't compare!
The Holy Spirit grants His gifts,
Eternity to share...
I've dreamt of Christ... I've seen His love...
There's so much to discuss!
He lives on Earth, He lives above...
To think, Christ died for us...

Denis Martindale, copyright, October 2011.

The poem goes beyond the poetry of Dave Alan Walker.
His poem, Astral Plane, is on the poemhunter website.

Denis Martindale

Heavyweights

Each rhino stands a bulky beast,
My word, they sure stand out!
They start off big, then they're increased,
Then spread their weight about...
Yes, heavyweights, that's how it is!
Their strength self-evident...
To them, their weight seems not amiss,
That's just the way it went!

The rhino's horn is his defence,
It's like an afterthought...
Against the ones who aren't his friends,
So that he won't get caught...
And at forty miles an hour,
Well, you try matching that!
Who can comprehend his power?
With one foot he'd squash you flat...

No wonder that he eats a lot,
So he can run at length...
He's fat, yet doesn't care one jot,
He must keep up his strength!
Well, I'm glad I'm not a rhino,
As bulky as can be...
'Cos I'm quite thin in fact and so
I'm happy being me!

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale, copyright, October 2011.

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Heavyweights'.

More Stephen Gayford poems here:
denis-martindale-dot-blogspot-dot-com

Denis Martindale

In Deepest Shadow

White tigers live until their time,
Yet, uptil then, behold...
For each was born to look sublime,
Like silver, not like gold...
The Bengal tigers aren't like these,
Black stripes against the white...
As if created just to please,
Inspire and delight...

There's such a blessing in their eyes
That stare with topaz blue,
Like tanzanite or pale sapphires
Each time they look at you...
Respect for them just grows and grows,
As if that's meant to be...
Not that you'd want to stand too close,
To gaze on royalty...

Behold the magic that they cast,
In deepest shadow's spell...
As dusk approaches till it's past
And daytime bids farewell...
Beneath the moon, their eyes shine on,
Like beacons in the night!
Until the next day's sun has shone,
Revealing black and white...

Denis Martindale, copyright, October 2011.

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'In Deepest Shadow'.

More Stephen Gayford poems here:
denis-martindale-dot-blogspot-dot-com

Denis Martindale

In Hot Pursuit

The tiger rested, gently laid,
Now in a placid mood,
Until his belly sighed dismayed
In hopes of some fresh food...
So up he stood and stretched a while,
His hunting ears alert
And gone that tiger's placid smile,
For main course and dessert...

He slowly trod the ground he walked
With one intent in mind,
For his next meal would soon be stalked,
As he sneaked up behind...
The chase was on! He saw his prey!
His coat was now a blur!
His next meal mustn't get away!
No, no! That can't occur!

So like the wind that strikes the earth
With storms of utmost rage,
In hot pursuit his mighty girth
Sped to its fastest stage!
Then in the blinking of an eye,
The dirty deed was done!
To stave off each new starving sigh...
One fed, he heard not one...

Denis Martindale, copyright, October 2011.

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'In Hot Pursuit'.

More Stephen Gayford poems here:
denis-martindale-dot-blogspot-dot-com

Denis Martindale

Pillow Talk

When meerkats taunt their predators,
They lounge upon the ground...
As if to say, 'You can't catch us!
We each hear every sound...
And we've got eyes that see for miles,
Each day from east to west...
You'll always see us full of smiles,
As we know we're the best! '

That's why the meerkats feel so close
And cuddle up real tight...
They know it aggravates their foes,
From whom they soon take flight!
'Yeah, bring it on! Come, on, just try!
Just see how far you get!
We're feeling great! We're feeling spry!
We're really not upset! '

The meerkats smirked as meerkats do,
To them, it's one long laugh!
They take the longterm point of view
And don't do things by half...
Together now, they're quite a team,
All cosy lying there...
They're proud to be living the dream,
With sunshine everywhere...

Denis Martindale, copyright, October 2011.

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Pillow Talk'.

More Stephen Gayford poems here:
denis-martindale-dot-blogspot-dot-com

Denis Martindale

Where Love Glows

Where love glows warmly from within,
God's Spirit's welcomed there,
Such that each heart can turn from sin
And shine beyond compare...
For love glows like a furnace flame,
It brings both heat and light
And those who love can't stay the same,
For they must do what's right.

It like their hearts are filled with love,
With Christmas joys and more!
God's gifts and grace will prove enough
For those who would stay pure...
Consider rainbows in the sky
That cast dark clouds away!
Or dazzling dolphins leaping high
To celebrate each day!

Where love glows warmly from within,
It melts away the past,
Such that each lives new souls to win
Till Heaven comes at last...
Let God's love kindle broken hearts,
Reborn to live anew...
For truly that's when beauty starts,
With words like, 'I love you! '

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

The Legend Of Running Wolf

Running Wolf had a special gift and mighty were his deeds!
Long, long ago... this legend lived and wise is he that heeds...
For Running Wolf was truly brave and driven to defend,
Such that the weak he sought to save, for he loved as a friend...
He was a hero through and through and borne of destiny,
For Father Fate said, 'I need you to be all you can be! '
So Running Wolf was told to run to make him strong and fast!
To make him like the wolf yet one whose legend was to last!
The man possessed a heart of gold, men listened to his schemes
And women lingered to behold this man within their dreams...
For he was handsome, resolute, determined day by day,
For how else could he stand astute, his wisdom to obey?
The man was kind, yet fought as well, as white men sought the land,
He told them all to go to Hell, if evil they had planned!
For who were they to steal by stealth and plunder Indian rights?
To force their tribes to lose their wealth and yet expect no fights?
So Running Wolf taught braves to run, to run the whole day long!
So they could then beat anyone, though they were just as strong!
The braves united, called him Chief and then fought side by side...
To bring the white man so much grief that tears he couldn't hide!
But Running Wolf was wise to know that war brings sacrifice...
His dreams told him that peace must grow, so he took their advice...
'It's time to kneel with the white man, for peace, we also pray...
It's time to heal, yes, while we can... It's time to move away...'
So Running Wolf then signed his name to promises that bind,
No more his sacred lands to claim... He left them all behind...
The braves still honour Running Wolf his place in history...
For Father Fate told him the truth: 'Be all that you can be...'

Denis Martindale, copyright, October 2011.

Dave Alan Walker wrote the poem Running Wolf.
This follows the theme of his poemhunter.com poetry.

Denis Martindale

When Love Dies

What first began with ecstasy continued for a while...
She captured every part of me with each seducing smile...
It's not that she intended this, yet that's how things turned out
And some would say that perfect bliss is what life's all about...

The weeks flew by, yet time stood still each moment we embraced
And I recall the utmost thrill of how her lips would taste...
I held her close, we stood as one, our hearts were beating fast...
So how was I to know our fun just wasn't meant to last?

She didn't call, she didn't write, I saw no reason why...
But then one night, I gained insight and then watched my love die...
And die it did, at first quite slow, for who wants love to end?
Its death struck me a mortal blow... I'm not the same, my friend...

A part of me, with love, died, too... How can I love again?
How can what's left of me pursue true love like trusting men?
So here I am, alone once more, no lips to kiss at all,
Indeed more lonely than before, since memories I recall...

How many years are left to live, if living's quite the word?
A broken heart, what can it give? To love would be absurd...
If I've one chance, then that's enough, perchance to raise the bar!
For broken hearts still yearn to love! That's just the way they are!

Denis Martindale, copyright, October 2011.

Denis Martindale

Favourite Son

If you can learn what must be learned
As lions like to do,
Then one day, what respect is earned
When others look at you...

If you can leap and pounce at will
And growl a mighty roar!
Then surely life would prove a thrill
And who could ask for more?

If you can stalk your prey ahead,
Outwit it every time,
Then you and others can be fed
With fresh food so sublime...

If you can pace yourself each day
And yet remain aware,
Then who cares what the others say?
Don't worry, let them stare...

PoemHunter.com

If you can find a lioness
With fire in her eyes,
Yet looks at you with happiness,
You've found yourself a prize...

If you can show a father's love
To each and every one,
Cherish your diamonds in the rough,
When you're a lion, my son...

Denis Martindale

Herein Is Beauty

Herein is beauty, not merely in the dearly covered flesh upon the bone,
Nor in the fashioning of a dress upon the form,
Nor in the twinkling, sparkling jewels upon the naked fingers…
But, rather, centred within the temple of the human heart,
Fastened to the eternal essence of the sacred soul…
There, in the midst of things, sheltered from all harm,
Exists the quintessential being, the true character contained,
And cushioned there are the colours of the rainbow,
Each representing a facet of the internal spirit of life…
Goodness and meekness and kindness and gentleness…
The softened sweetness, pure as honey,
Untainted by the harshness of life's cruel trickeries,
Unblemished, untarnished by the patina of time…
Look well upon true beauty, for it is worth the study…
Compare it with all that Man would call beauty…
There is no comparison in all of Nature's realm…
The Universe itself can barely contain it,
Yet it must, for how else could we, mere mortals,
Comprehend it and esteem its splendours?
Herein is beauty, not merely in the dearly covered flesh upon the bone,
Nor in the fashioning of a dress upon the form,
Nor in the twinkling, sparkling jewels upon the naked fingers…
But, rather, centred within the temple of the human heart…
God-made to stand against the rigours of time and space,
Twixt yesterday, today and tomorrow…
Beloved of God, forever, without ceasing, without compromise,
Without hesitation, disregard or dismissal…
For true beauty is His creation, His theme, His dream,
His one and eternal plan…
There is nothing more wondrous than beauty…

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Denis Martindale

Be Loyal To The Royal!

When the Royal British Legion
Began its ministry,
There was no quick completion,
No finished certainty.
Instead, there was a battle,
That went from war-to-war...
When souls were sold as chattel,
Possessions, nothing more...
Yet men weren't born for ditches
And pain and grief and mud...
For each soul has its riches
Beyond each dropp of blood.
Each man still has a family,
In Heaven or on Earth...
That's why we wear the poppy,
Remembrance has its worth.
The noble know their value,
They don't need preaching to.
They know what men have been put through.
Each had his job to do...
Yet charity still beckons us,
A duty to perform...
Beyond the thoughts we can't discuss,
Beyond the raging storm.
The welfare needs of others
Are here this very day.
If helping's not above us,
Then God will lead the way...
Support the Legion's service now
In sacrificial love.
By simply asking who and how
Is really not enough...
There's so much more that's left to do
Beyond the where and why.
The biggest question mark is YOU...
Don't pass the Legion by.
Remembrance isn't once a year,
Observed and then dismissed.
Remembrance isn't just a tear

Or tears if griefs persist.
Remembrance is a lifetime
In which to do our best.
It's 'Buddy, can you spare a dime? '
And not how well you're dressed.
It's offering a helping hand...
Like others have before...
For all across this noble land
Are hearts still marked by war...

Denis Martindale

Where Shadows Fall

Behold the shadow at my back
As to the sun I face,
Just there behind and keeping track
And all my deeds to trace...
As if a witness without eyes
With records safely kept,
Of when I woke and then to rise
And then returned and slept...

Behold the shadow at my side
As by the sun I stood,
As if it were my conscience guide
Alerting to God's good...
As if a comfort on the way,
Companion, soulmate, friend...
Forever with me day-by-day
Until life's journey's end...

Behold my shadow dead ahead
As from Earth's sun I walk,
To meet the Lord, the One who bled...
Once there, with Christ to talk...
My spirit body starts to glow...
Now perfect without flaw!
Then my fading, faithful shadow
Bids, 'Good-bye' forever more...

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

God, Let Me Love Somebody

Oh, Lord, You made the eyes that love,
You made the lips that kiss,
You made the heart with hopes enough
To pray for perfect bliss..
You made the arms meant to embrace
And fingers to caress,
You made the symmetry of face
To smile with happiness...

Oh, Lord, You made the memories
Reminding us each day,
You made the hands, You made the knees,
No wonder that we pray...
Yet time is running out for me,
Like grains of sand that fall...
And soon I'll meet eternity...
The day I hear You call...

Oh, Lord, my heart was born to love,
To ache till I find her...
To wish upon a star above
For mercy to occur...
The rainbow has the sky to span,
The river has the sea...
Behold this mortal son of man,
Who asks, 'Let one love me...'

While there are hills and mountains, too,
While valleys plough the land,
While there are songs with 'I love you...'
I sigh to understand...
The years have flown, I live alone,
All loves have come and gone...
And while, to me, Your love was shown,
How can I carry on?

The loneliness is hard to bear,
As if a cross of gold
That shines with light beyond compare,

Yet to the heart feels cold...
If loneliness is all I'll know,
Until my days are done...
Then know this, Lord, I'll pray to go...
Unless I love someone...

Denis Martindale, copyright, October 2011.

The poem is based upon the poetry by
Dave Alan Walker on poemhunter-dot-com

His poem is called Let Me Love Somebody.

Denis Martindale

Brother Sun And Sister Moon

When light was fashioned here and there
Before the Cosmic dust,
God saw it was beyond compare
And worthy of His trust,
That's why He gave Man eyes to see,
Observing all he could,
From what there was and was to be,
Then choosing what was good.

The sun and moon shone day and night
While Adam looked above,
Then Adam sensed something not right,
He had no-one to love...
The lights of day and night combined
In perfect harmony,
But he had no-one he could find
To keep him company...

'Why is this so? ' he asked the Lord,
Who'd saved the best till last...
'Fear not, your plight won't be ignored,
Your loneliness is past.
You had to sense it in your heart,
To learn just how that felt...
To know there was a missing part
That caused your joy to melt...'

Then Adam slept, one rib to lose,
The Lord new life to make...
The woman Adam was to choose
To take away the ache...
When Adam woke, his eyes were glad,
For beauty was at hand
And gone all thoughts of feeling sad,
When told what God had planned...

That's why the sun and moon are friends,
For they portrayed the truth,
Upon each other, each depends

And that's a solemn truth...
They comfort every seeing eye
With newfound happiness...
Brother and sister in the sky,
Shine on, the world to bless...

Denis Martindale

Red Indian Man's Blues

When I was young, so long ago,
The white man swarmed the land.
His government at first was slow,
Yet oh what things it planned...
Then came the trains like speeding snakes
That slithered here and there,
Like iron veins and each one takes
My boiling blood elsewhere...

The armies came and stayed in forts,
Like spears forced in the ground
And telegrams send their reports
Without a single sound...
And schools were built for future schemes
White children would explore,
Enough to squash our future dreams
In times of peace and war...

And so it was, their streets were paved
Across the hills and plains,
Across the valleys, few were saved
Despite our aches and pains...
They forced us from our homes as well,
To leave our ghosts behind...
And then they added to our Hell
To change the Indian mind...

That's when our children went to school,
To learn the white man's ways,
To pass exams like that was cool
And something sweet to praise...
The white man took our women, too...
And loved them one-by-one...
And left us reeling, feeling blue
Beneath the white man's sun...

Denis Martindale, copyright, October 2011.

Denis Martindale

Siberian Majesty

Behold the special majesty,
It's truly quite sublime!
The tiger has such dignity
It lasts the test of time!
For like a giant, he surveys
The land in his domain,
Such that his sovereign will outweighs,
Come sunshine or come rain...

Behold the special self-control,
As he strides to and fro,
As if there lives a gentle soul,
As on a stroll would go...
Yet he has skills and courage, too,
Against the foes he finds,
Enough to say, 'I'm warning you...
Or watch me change your minds! '

Behold the special royal stance
That uncrowned kings possess,
With strength and wisdom to enhance
And grant their sweet caress...
Of all God's creatures, he's first class!
He's the cream of the cream...
While years may come, each one to pass,
Each month, he stands supreme...

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

The Soul Snatcher!

When I awoke from midnight sleep,
I heard a rustling creature creep
And on my bed, its vigil keep,
Till my eyes opened wide...
I saw the demon crawl around,
Regardless of its stirring sound,
As if by fear it wasn't bound
And saw no cause to hide...
So there we were, now both awake,
With me amazed, for goodness sake
And my weak heart began to ache
And beat so fast inside...
'Hello, old soul, I'm here to trade!
I know from righteousness you've strayed,
But I've a deal that could be made,
A contract to abide...'
'My soul is mine and mine alone,
Not even God my soul could own,
Yet while God rules upon His throne,
I'll trust in Christ who died...'

'But I can grant so many things!
Why be one of God's underlings?
Come sign and share each joy life brings!
A Princess for a bride! '
'What use are trinkets of this Earth?
Not one has proved eternal worth!
For years I gave each one wide berth,
As each must be denied...'
'Denied? What foolish talk is that?
I'm tempted just to leave you flat!
But since you haven't made me scat,
Perhaps you're pleased I tried...'
'Begone, foul spirit, stay no more!
Begone, I say and close the door!
I live by grace and not by law
And conscience is my guide...'
'So be it, lonely child of grace,
Now old with such a forlorn face,

PoemHunter.com

With none to kiss, none to embrace...
Sleep well, alone... each night...'

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Denis Martindale

The Man Who Died For Me

The man of whom I choose to speak
Was holy as can be,
For he was sinless, quite unique,
The man who died for me...
It was a long, long time ago
Yet changed all history,
Such that today most people know
The man who died for me...

Though famous in a foreign land,
His fame did not come free,
For some refused to understand
The man who died for me...
They schemed and plotted day and night,
Their hatred plain to see
And in their blindness chose to fight
The man who died for me...

And once arrested, he stood still,
Before them silently,
Until the time they chose to kill
The man who died for me...
Then he declared his holiness,
His future destiny
And yet not one agreed to bless
The man who died for me...

The crucifixion was decreed
At callous Calvary...
And there I wept to see him bleed...
The man who died for me...
They say He was God's Son and more,
His death brought victory...
I was baptised, now I adore
The man who died for me...

Denis Martindale, copyright, October 2011.

Tune in to the Revelation TV channel on Sky etc.
The Watch Now online option is on their website:
revelationtv-dot-com with extra links and videos.

Denis Martindale

All Things Beautiful

Imagine all things beautiful,
Exquisite and sublime.
Quite delicate and lovable,
To stand the test of time,
Just as if the whole Creation
Was blessed from first to last.
Just to grant us great elation,
So not to be downcast...

Imagine all things wonderful,
Designed as God knew best.
Intrinsically incredible,
Impeccably addressed.
With sweet miracles unfolding,
Like shooting stars above...
With our God, the Cosmos holding,
Beholding it with love...

That is how the great designers
Upon this Earth must feel,
When they pause to form their finest,
To showcase and reveal...
Exhibiting each masterpiece,
Each brilliant in its way,
That we partake in what can please
With every passing day...

Upon this Earth, where angels roam,
Unseen by mortal man,
God's Spirit visits every home
To do the best He can,
With inspirations old and new,
To share with young and old,
What's beautiful and meant for you,
As if it were pure gold...

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Thanks to James Russell, bid tv Sky UK...

The poem was based on the bid tv presenter
telling us the legend of a Russian who wanted
to create the beauty of a flower in a rock...
He spend years making his sculptured artwork.
The legend says that it was so beautiful that
those who gazed upon it immediately wept...

The expression used to define the Inspirations
product range sold on bid tv was the desire to
create all things beautiful. So this poem was
written to explain why Man seeks to create as
he does. The Holy Bible tells us that it was God
who inspired Man to be a creative designer of
all things beautiful... That is why we have such
masterpieces in the form of the arts that may
bring us a measure of happiness here on Earth.

I call this the double blessing, for we who create
are first blessed. Sharing the blessing with others
means we are blessed yet again... and hopefully,
God is blessed, seeing the good that we share...

Denis Martindale

I Must Go On A Diet!

Yes, I must go on a diet! I really, really must!
Yes, it's true I'd loathe to try it, but if I don't, I'll bust!
I know it's hip, this losing weight, to join a gym and such,
But exercise, I'd simply hate, as I don't like it much...

My belly's not worth looking at, it bulges now and then...
I'd merely roll, flat on the mat and not get up again...
I'll make a stand and walk it off, at double time, I guess!
Who cares if others stare and scoff, if I weigh less and less?

I've never run a marathon and know I never will.
I'd simply say, I can't go on! No stamina or skill...
I'll walk the streets or buy a bike, until my belly's right...
I'll give up all the cakes I like, chew carrots day and night!

I'll switch to fruits and vegetables... I'll do the best I can,
I'll overcome all obstacles to look like Peter Pan!
Ta-ta to sweet treats, smokes and beers! I'll live temptation free!
Who knows? It may take months! Or years! Or decades! Goodness me!

Too late to talk me out of it! My mind's made up, my friend...
I'll get this weight off, bit by bit, on that you can depend!
I'll tone up muscles here and there... I'll fight the flab each day!
Before and after! Please compare... The diet's worked O.K.!

Denis Martindale

For The Needs Of The Many

The Garden of Gethsemane was where the Saviour prayed...
Preparing faith for Calvary, He wept there, heart-dismayed...
Was this the night? Was this the hour? Was this the time for tears?
Was this the moment for God's power, God's love to cast out fears?

'When I consider the kingdoms and all the sovereign lands
And all the cherished wisdoms that are God's destined plans,
And let my heart and mind reflect on each damned sinful soul...
Then who am I, that I neglect the Lord of Fates' control?
When I consider slaves enchained, the sins that each can do
And all the evils that remained, evolving, ever new,
I mourn for future lives as well, like grains of sand that drift...
Then who am I, to break the spell, to grant a holy gift?
When I consider such a price, before me, yet unpaid,
The horror of the sacrifice, the contract to be made,
The dark despair when demons laugh and scoff at such a plight...
Then who am I, this epitaph, my final act to write?
When I consider pain and death, they make my blood to boil,
That they must take my final breath, as if their fitting spoil,
Yet I will win and live again! I will not leave them any...
Forgiveness offered to all men, for the needs of the many...'

Denis Martindale

Thirst Quencher

Both young and old, the zebras came,
To dare to drink again.
Not one of these would know God's Name,
Yet He had sent the rain...
So while the zebras drank their fill,
From empty to the brim,
Not one of these possessed the skill
To offer thanks to Him...

The sizzling sun shone in the sky
Providing heat and light,
Yet none of these could question why
Each owned the gift of sight...
The cool, cool breeze began to blow...
To grant them some relief,
Yet none of these would ever know
True faith or true belief...

Yet there was love within their hearts,
As they stood side-by-side.
This precious gift that never parts,
For conscience is its guide...
While water brings both joy and strife,
Without it, love would end...
May God help zebras to survive,
With water as their friend...

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale, copyright, September 2011.

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Thirst Quencher'.

More Stephen Gayford poems here:
denis-martindale-dot-blogspot-dot-com

Denis Martindale

Cheetah Babies

The cheetah babies looked around
Like sourpusses do,
So tired out that they both frowned,
As they felt somewhat blue
Plum tuckered out! Fatigued, all in
Their little legs quite weak,
Their present mood was numbed, chagrin,
No grin at all, just pique

Their parents gave them time and space
The twins were known for this
No stamina to keep the pace
So things were bound to fizz
So things went quiet for a while
As they remained so still
Almost as if each lost his smile
And life had lost its thrill

Tomorrow they will both go nuts!
You'll see, it never fails!
Their smiles as bright as megawatts!
Together, chasing tails!
Like energetic so-and-sos
Chaotic and Hell-bent
They'll keep their parents on their toes
Till all their strength is spent!

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Danger

The lion lowered length-to-length,
With danger on his mind
And so he girded all his strength,
His purpose now defined...
His crinkled wrinkled brow felt tight,
His eyes glared to and fro,
Against each danger he must fight
And overcome each foe...

Survival was his only thought,
Adrenalin, his friend,
He'd either catch or he'd be caught,
To win or meet his end...
The sun above had seen it all,
Yet did not stir to save,
Why would it care if he should fall
Or fight so fierce and brave?

The lion's courage made him stay,
He didn't turn and run,
He didn't whimper like a stray
Unhelped by anyone...
His heart was beating oh so fast!
Then suddenly he leapt!
He lived with scars that never passed,
Yet his one life he kept...

Denis Martindale, copyright, September 2011.

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Danger'.

More Stephen Gayford poems here:
denis-martindale-dot-blogspot-dot-com

Denis Martindale

Portrait Of A Poet

The poet looked at what he wrote,
The rhythm and the rhyme
And of each error he took note,
Correcting each in time...
His diligence was his best friend,
It helped him to relay
The English most could comprehend
So that they wouldn't stray...

The poet counted syllables,
Eight, six, eight, six each verse,
For these obeyed his rhyming rules
And helped him to rehearse...
You see, he spoke the lines out loud,
As if the Lord to hear,
As if to make his Father proud,
With diction crystal clear...

The poet shed a tear at last,
Because his work was done,
For every test the poem passed...
The battle had been won!
The publishers were well impressed!
In fact, he won first prize!
With diligence, he'd done his best...
That's always good advice!

He taught his children how to write!
So they'd get published, too...
With pearls of wisdom and insight,
So credit where it's due...
His poems were in magazines
And books both near and far,
Yet skills like his weren't in his genes,
He simply raised the bar...

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Denis Martindale

Dignified

The wolf watched everything in sight
While he heard every sound,
For soon he'd run with all his might
Across the unturned ground...
No farmer ploughed across this land,
The wolf was on his own,
No creature there to understand
His hunger that had grown...

So there he stayed before his crime,
As if quite dignified,
So statuesque, so cute, sublime,
Yet starving deep inside...
Of course, he'd done this all before...
That's how he still survived,
But, oh, my goodness, what a chore,
Till his next meal arrived...

He licked his lips, let out a sigh,
Then breathed in long and slow...
For all day long beneath God's sky,
He stayed, nowhere to go...
But that wise wolf survived again,
Another moon to see...
That's why we'll hear him howl again,
All night, till half-past-three...

Denis Martindale, copyright, September 2011.

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Dignified'.

More Stephen Gayford poems here:
denis-martindale-dot-blogspot-dot-com

Denis Martindale

Create A Better World!

A little kindness now and then,
An act of charity
And later give as good again,
For God alone to see
A pleasant word some heart to bless,
A poem or a song,
A tender thought meant to express
That we on Earth belong

A birthday card, a Christmas card,
Some greetings to relay
To someone held in high regard
Upon some special day
A 'Get well soon! ' can mean so much
Because somebody cares
And simply wants to stay in touch
To say, 'God hears our prayers! '

It's not that hard to prove your love,
Or kindle it once more,
Not just for simply buying stuff,
As if it were a chore
Consideration, that's the key,
Of that, there's not much doubt
Let's change the world through poetry
And spread the word about!

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Wear Your Poppy With Pride!

Wear your poppy with pride
Yet with humility
Because so many died
To gain our victory!
The blood they shed declared
Though war is hell indeed
Each noble soldier cared
And knew truth would succeed!
The cost itself was dear
For life cannot be priced.
Their valour knows no peer
Yet all were sacrificed
And though the memory stings
With tales of long gone by
The same old question clings
'Why must our soldiers die? '
Each war seems so forlorn
So void of wisdom still
Yet leaders shout with scorn
'The time has come to kill! '
Beware when men breed hate
For peace is not their aim
Each one will meet his fate
And own his share of blame!
When war is in men's hearts,
It's time to kneel and pray!
We know that when war starts
It's just like Judgment Day!
In peace, men find their rest
In war, they find their grief
In peace, men find they're blessed
In war, they find their wreath
So think of what it cost
For many soldiers died
Though many lives were lost,
Wear your poppy with pride!

copyright, Denis Martindale.

Royal British Legion: poppy-dot-org

Denis Martindale

God Nose!

God help me lern from my misstakes
I no Ive mate a few
Yet my heart fur perfectshun aches
Id like ter be like You
So this is like my little prayer
Take me under Your wings!
Teech me ter be beyond compare
(God nose so menny things!)

When I woz young I trite my best
But I woz jussed a kid
I hoped that folks wood be imprest
I reely, reely did
Exams were hard, I coodent swat
Too menny books ter reed!
Thats why I dident pass a lot
Cos faxs I coodent heed

But You cood help me as a friend
The sort ter sort me out
The kind whose kind so at the end
Thered be no kind of doubt
Then folks wood treet me ass they shood
They woodent laugh at me
(God nose my English aint that good
Im not quiet error free)

Ive heard that You like helping folks!
I challunge You today!
Pleas make me smart and end the jokes
And pranks that peeple play
They giggle, smerk and tornt me, Lord!
Thats not how we shood live!
Yet if Your blessings are outpord
Their giggles Ill furgive

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

God Help Me!

God help me lern from my misstakes,
I no Ive mate a few.
Yet my heart fur perfectshun aches,
Id like ter be like You...
So this is like my little prayer -
Take me under Your wings!
Teech me ter be beyond compare...
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Yet if Your blessings are outpord,
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Denis Martindale, copyright, September 2011.

Denis Martindale

Make Your Own Book!

On blurb dot com I read of how
You could make your own book
With text and photos, added POW
To fashion your own look
At first, I sat there mesmerised
And all new thoughts conceived
I sat there, somewhat google eyed
At what could be achieved

On blurb dot com what could I do?
What wonders could I make?
What landscapes, seascapes, points-of-view?
I asked, for goodness sake
My brilliant brain began to whirr!
The blood was spinning round!
Then startling themes began to stir
With visions to astound

On blurb dot com I made my book
And what a book it was
I plead with you to take a look
Because, because, because
Because I think it's beautiful
Exquisite, cute, sublime
I think that blurb is wonderful
That's why I penned this rhyme

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

My Hero

The lion cub was mighty proud
As he stared up above
And heard his father roar so loud,
For he was truly tough!
Adorned with wondrous golden mane
That circled like a ring
With all his coat like golden grain
And every inch a king...

The lion cub looked at his jaw,
Like granite, chiselled stone,
Commanding solemn silent awe,
For he was fully grown...
Yet there he stayed, composed, serene,
As if the world was his.
The alpha male, the sovereign,
No greater dream than this...

The lion cub would grow in time...
His father knew it well.
Their destiny was so sublime,
It caused his heart to swell.
That's why he let the cub stay close,
To learn what must be done...
For who knows all the lion knows,
How best to love his son?

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale, copyright, September 2011.

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'My Hero'.

More Stephen Gayford poems here:
denis-martindale-dot-blogspot-dot-com

Denis Martindale

Adopt A Dolphin!

In this most precious world we live
Are creatures wild and free
And while most take, we know some give
To share nobility
That's why we smile like dolphins do
When good deeds can be done
Perhaps just by a chosen few
Who see good works as fun!

We learn that dolphins send out waves
And also hear these sounds
We likewise learn how each behaves
Beyond their leaps and bounds!
We know that dolphins leap for joy
And Flipper proved that well!
As if the air was just a toy
Where they could fly a spell

Each dolphin's like a good luck charm
Deserving of respect
So let's defend them from all harm
In ways we can protect
It's great to be a dolphin fan
You'll find it so worthwhile
Adopt a dolphin, if you can!
You'll make a dolphin smile!

Denis Martindale, copyright, September 2011.

Website info: www-dot-adoptadolphin-dot-tv

Denis Martindale

Serenity

Two dolphins swam, as dolphins do,
United, side-by-side,
Despite the fact that they could view
The ocean clear and wide...
Togetherness, just as you please,
Serenity within...
That's why they swam in perfect peace,
For now, no race to win...

This was their time, in aqua light,
So tranquil, full of calm,
Engulfed in fathomless insight,
As if it were their balm...
Alone, yet not afraid to be,
Alone, yet gliding on,
Alone, yet graceful, fancy-free,
As if all cares had gone...

To simply let the world pass by,
Like dolphins have before,
Serenity some humans try,
Yet there's a fatal flaw...
Why envy dolphins of this Earth
As creatures to admire?
For dolphins have no God to serve,
No Heaven to aspire...

Denis Martindale, copyright, September 2011.

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Serenity'.

More Stephen Gayford poems here:
denis-martindale-dot-blogspot-dot-com

Denis Martindale

Riding The Wave

Mid ocean spray the dolphins soar -
They’re always coming back for more!
Always eager and always spry!
Come and see the dolphins fly!
With eyes alert, as black as coal,
They leap for joy in full control!
Intent on pleasures to be found!
Come and see the dolphins bound!
Yes, every day the dolphins leap,
As if some vigil they should keep!
As if they knew such games were wise!
Come and see the dolphins rise!
They’re tumbling high and tumbling free,
In their great quest for ecstasy!
They sense that life’s a wondrous gift!
Come and see the dolphins lift!
The Lord above has blessed them all,
So dolphin fans can have a ball!
Though gravity they, too, obey,
Come and see the dolphins play!
Mid ocean spray the dolphins soar -
Heirlooms and treasures to adore!
For they’re most noble and most brave,
Riding high... upon the wave!

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale, copyright, July 2000.

The poem's based on a dolphin sculpture,
by marine wildlife artist Mike Atkinson.

Denis Martindale

Ocean Masquerade

Lovely dolphins gliding about,
Offering us their precious pout!
Of all God’s creatures down below
Kept safe for Mankind yet to know!
Facing the world with gracious grins,
Often flipping their dorsal fins,
Reaching down to the distant depths -
Truly savouring all their breaths!
Happily swimming back and forth,
Exploring East, West, South and North!
Having the time of their lives each day -
Instead of us who work for pay!
Dolphins are noble! Quick to smile!
Dolphins are graceful! They’ve got style!
Expressing joy to everyone...
Nurturing youngsters to have fun!
Dolphins delight to see us swim,
Opening friendship’s no mere whim!
Love’s the best answer, don’t you see! ?
Precious as pearls to you and me!
Happiness comes to those who wait...
Inside each heart that doesn’t hate!
Nothing’s hidden from those who stare,
Seeking sweet dolphins everywhere...

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale, copyright, July 2000.

Here’s the dolphin poem called ‘Ocean Masquerade’ and
it features a hidden message using the first letter of each
line to read out what the little treasure is all about,

“Look for the hidden dolphins”...

This poem is about the exquisite Danbury Mint Coalport
bone china portrait of a dolphin by Robin Koni and this
cleverly portrays the playful spirit of both Man and dolphin!

Inquisitive creatures take risks yet by faith they usually

improve themselves in the wondrous process called the learning curve! By searching for the hidden dolphins in Robin's picture we are partaking in the artist's perceptions of perspective and colour and therefore increasing our own awareness of the truth and the hidden truth 'just below the surface', so to speak! I was glad to see more in the sea than I first saw! That's what life's about, it's a journey of discovery as anyone who watches the Discovery channel will know!

But just how many hidden dolphins are there in this precious puzzle! ? Dozens of dolphins? I'm still looking! !

Denis Martindale

Delighting In Dolphins

God's dolphin came to me last night -
I dreamt it rescued me!
It came to help me in my plight
As I was in the sea!
No other soul appeared in view...
Yet loneliness was gone!
Once God had told it what to do
I wasn't on my own!
The dolphin smiled, extending love,
And helped to ease my mind...
Instinctively I reached above
And left my fears behind!
As I held on, it led the way,
From open sea to shore...
Then other dolphins came to play -
They thrilled me to the core!
Thus tears of joy began to fall,
Replenishing my faith!
By grace, God heard my plaintiff call
And sent a friend to save!
Now near the beach I swam the rest...
Then turned and blew a kiss...
I prayed the dolphins would be blessed,
For they had brought such bliss!
Then off they went, still leaping high -
Their joy of life's unique!
Though water-bound, they yearned to fly,
Another friend to seek!

Denis Martindale, copyright, April 2002.

Denis Martindale

Togetherness, Unity And Love

Father and Mother, I love you...
I've said it, yeah, OK.
That's right, I've said it, 'cos it's true.
Here's where I choose to stay.
This house is more than just a house,
'Cos love lives here each day,
Yes, I thank God this house is ours,
This home in which we pray...

Father and Mother, thanks so much,
I want to make you proud.
I know sometimes you'll never budge
In rules that you've allowed,
Yet even when you tell me off
And I stand here, head bowed...
I know our house is filled with love,
Of that there is no doubt...

Father and Mother, I thank you...
For both of you love me.
I've seen it in the things you do,
In all you choose to be.
The Christmas gifts, the Easter gifts
And birthday gifts so free.
No wonder that my spirit lifts
In all this love I see...

(September 2011)

Denis Martindale

God And The Middle East

Let's not dismiss the Middle East,
God still has hopes for her,
In truth, to God, she's not the least
In what must yet occur.
For day by day and night by night,
His eyes survey these lands
And God will move with all His might
Fulfilling all His plans.

Let's not prevent what God will do,
As nations side-by-side,
As if to stand against the Jew,
For this God won't abide...
As nations shake like dominoes,
We watch the weakest fall.
How much each owes, God only knows,
No matter, great or small.

God's prophets preached what God preferred
With miracles to share.
God blesses those who trust His Word
And heed His warnings there.
Let's shake off fears and kneel and pray...
In God we trust again.
Lord Jesus Christ will rule one day!
For this, we pray. Amen...

Denis Martindale, copyright, September 2011.

We can hear the word of the Lord
on Revelation TV on Sky Digital
as well as the WATCH NOW link
on the revelationtv-dot-com website.

Denis Martindale

The Little Black Girl

The little black girl had no-one
That she could call her own,
While others wanted something done,
Searched for a foster home...
The days passed by, then weeks, months, years,
The waiting broke her heart...
Her precious eyes were full of tears,
Her soul was torn apart...

Red tape was all that red tape is,
It stopped God's will for her...
No-one to share a goodnight kiss,
No peace that could occur.
That special love that God decreed
Was waiting in the wings...
Yet for this new life to succeed,
It's time to change some things...

The little black girl walked alone,
No-one to hold her hand,
No-one to share the love that's known
By others in this land.
Unless things change, her loneliness
Remains her cross to bear...
Regardless of the happiness
Some sweet hearts yearn to share...

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Denis Martindale

I Have Fat Enough!

There comes a time when you look fat,
'Cos fat is what you are,
You've broken chairs each time you sat
And things have gone too far!
You need to diet! Yes, you do!
You need to flee the flab...
You simply grew and grew and grew,
Ate all that you could grab!

Well, now's a good time, change your weighs!
Don't squash the scales again!
If you get thin, you'll earn the praise,
So think thin until then!
So ask a Doctor who knows best,
Yes, you, just take your time...
Like Amy Pond who's so well dressed,
So thin she looks sublime!

PoemHunter.com
It's up to you! Yes, you, not me!
My diet's going well...
Just be the best that you can be,
As thin as Tinker Bell!
That said, obsession's not advised...
So check your ideal weight...
'Cos someday soon you'll be surprised,
'Cos someday... You'll look great!

Denis Martindale, copyright, August 2011.

Is this poem meant to deliberately offend?
Is this poem meant to accidentally offend?
No. It's meant to remind us of one lady who
finally had to admit it, 'I have had enough! '
So the poem was called, I Have Fat Enough!

This poem is based on the website feedback
read on myspecialk-dot-co-dot-uk by the dieters
who want less not more. They have all known

that they should diet, so they decided to try it...
The rest is history: yes, his story and her story.

P.S. Doctor Who's assistant is Amy Pond,
who is played by the actress Karen Gillan.

Denis Martindale

Leading With Passion And Grace

If you are meant for higher things,
Like eagles, soar above,
Then fly the thermals by your wings
Supported by God's love...

If you are dealt a better hand
Than most folks that you know,
Let go, let God and understand
And in God's wisdom grow...

If you have feelings now and then,
To know something is wrong,
Then be prepared to lift a pen
To write your protest song...

If you believe that change must come,
A better world to find,
Do not be silent or play dumb,
Be transformed in your mind...

PoemHunter.com

If you have dreams and visions, too,
Strong prophecies from Christ,
Rejoice, preach that He died for you,
When He was sacrificed...

If you have faith that you can lead
With passion and with grace,
Then kneel and pray that you succeed,
To see Christ's smiling face...

If you have doubts, are you alone?
Christ laughed as well as cried...
Rejoice, for you are not your own...
Lord Jesus lives inside!

(August 2011/The poem's based on the book
called Leading With Passion And Grace as
written by Reverend Joyce Strong...)

Denis Martindale

The Man Who Lost His Keys!

The man who lost his keys
Begged God while on his knees
For sometimes God agrees
And doesn't play the tease
But first there came no ease
That poor man to release
Who hoped the search would cease
So he could make coffees
Then life would seem a breeze
If he could find his keys!

The man who lost his keys
Had lost all certainties
Saw all his doubts increase
His mind like melted cheese
He prayed God pretty please
And offered reward fees
Yet money God won't seize
Who owns the woods and trees
God chose to grant him peace
And helped him find his keys!

(August 2011)

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

How Beautiful Is She?

With her Fiorelli handbag,
How beautiful is she?
She muses as she reads her mag
And yet has not seen me...
But here I am, transfixed in time
And mesmerised in truth,
For she's exquisite, quite sublime
And so hard to improve...

She's got pinache, she's got finesse,
She's got that fashion style
And in my heart, there's happiness,
Each time I see her smile...
To think, that God created her
For me to fall in love,
No wonder that such feelings stir
To thank the Lord above...

Dressed to impress, beguile, bewitch,
Catch mortals in her spell.
Who knows if she is really rich?
This sweet Fiorelli girl...
My first intent is just to stare,
To worship from afar...
Someday to tell her that I care,
'I love you... you're a star! '

Denis Martindale, copyright, August 2011.

The poem's based on a www-dot-bid-dot-tv
picture for the Fiorelli handbags on sale...

Denis Martindale

The Spirit Level

The Spirit level lifts us high,
Our standards to reform.
The Lord is love and love can't die,
It's hot not cold or warm
Are you living for Lord Jesus
Or the evil Devil?
If we're willing, God will teach us
About the Spirit level.

The Spirit level guides each one
Who's open to God's Word
And thanks God's Son for all He's done
And mercy that's occurred.
It's only by the Lamb of God
That we can still be saved
Forgiven by Christ shedding blood
And not how we've behaved.

So little love is seen on Earth,
Yet love begins at home
And yet each stranger's heart has worth
Wherever we may roam
Compassion's for the rich and poor,
Each soul needs God's embrace
Keep up the good work evermore,
Triumphant in God's grace

The Spirit level lifts us high,
Our standards to reform.
The Lord is love and love can't die,
It's hot not cold or warm
Are you living for Lord Jesus
Or the evil Devil?
If we're willing, God will teach us
About the Spirit level.

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Divided We Stand

'And who are these, dividing land
That they themselves don't own?
And what is this that they've now planned,
Each with a heart of stone?
The Holy Land is sacred earth,
Not theirs to pick and choose...
To Me, it is of priceless worth
And given to the Jews...'

'It's up to you. It's down to you.
Freewill gives each the choice.
It's not as if none has a clue,
My prophets are My voice...
If evil prospers for a while,
Then each must bear the shame.
I know that evil can beguile,
But love remains the same...'

'I AM the LORD, creating all,
The very air you breathe...
And at My feet each one should fall
And all your sins should grieve...
Must I come down from where I rule
To force you to repent?
Must I treat each as if a fool?
I'd rather be your friend...'

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale, copyright, August 2011.

If we don't all pray for Israel,
the Devil will prey on Israel!

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via the Watch Now webpage on the
Revelation TV website:

http: //www.revelationtv.com

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Denis Martindale

I Love You Dearly

As long as there are waterfalls
And rainbows in the sky,
As long as I can hear bird calls
And see the birds that fly,
As long as there are stars that shine
In Heaven up above,
Know this, I love you dearly,
Because you are my love...

As long as there are butterflies
And flocks of sheep at peace,
As long as there are family ties
And friendships meant to please,
As long as there are challenges
And courage makes us tough,
Know this, I love you dearly,
Because you are my love...

As long as there are children's smiles
As they cast off their cares,
As long as there are tests and trials
And Jesus hears my prayers,
As long as faith helps me survive
To prove God's grace enough,
Know this, I love you dearly,
Because you are my love...

Denis Martindale, copyright, August 2011.

Denis Martindale

He Who Surfs Online, Saves Online

HE WHO SURFS ONLINE, SAVES ONLINE

‘Lord, must I use the Internet?
It seems so hard to me! ’

‘Save as many as you can get!
Tell them of Calvary! ’

‘Lord, must I really go online?
There’s danger everywhere! ’

‘So many souls are not yet Mine...
They must be made aware! ’

‘Lord, must I get a website, too,
Maintaining it each week? ’

‘Search for lost souls and I’ll bless you,
Each soul is quite unique...’

‘Lord, must I learn H. T. M. L.
And all that webpage stuff? ’

‘Yes, then you’ll save lost souls from Hell,
So that they learn to love...’

‘Lord, please, find someone else, I pray...
My mind can’t take it in! ’

‘This is your chance... if you obey,
A million souls you’ll win! ’

Denis Martindale, copyright, August 2011.

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Denis Martindale

Who Moved My Cheese?

'Who moved my cheese? ' the poor mouse screamed!
He really looked distraught!
For cheese was everything he dreamed,
Worth risking getting caught!
His jaw dropped low, his shoulders slumped,
His mind was all agog!
His one-track thoughts completely numbed,
'Was it the cat or dog? '

He fumed and fumed quite powerless,
For nothing could be done!
For someone nicked his happiness
And half-inched all his fun!
He vowed someone would pay for this...
Revenge began to grow...
His hateful heart began to fizz...
This was the final blow!

He scampered cross the kitchen floor,
Ran down the garden path...
The dog hid cheese beneath his paw,
But then began to laugh!
'You'll pay for that, I'll get you back! '
The dog rolled on the ground!
'Come on, then, let's see you attack! '
The mouse soon turned around!

(August 2011)

Denis Martindale

She Matters

Unless she matters, where's the love?
Her thoughts aren't his to bend...
In marriage, strength proves not enough,
Unless used as a friend...
When the husband chose a helpmate,
He didn't choose a slave...
He shouldn't turn from love to hate,
As if control to crave...

Unless she matters, all is lost,
Temptation leads astray
And many men must count the cost,
As if like Judgment Day...
When Lord Jesus showed compassion
To those He met on Earth,
Did Lord Jesus choose to ration
According to their worth?

If marriage is God's gift to Man
And most would say it is,
The husband must do what he can
To make that marriage bliss.
Yes, we know to God she matters,
God hears her prayers as well...
His finger now points at us,
If we've sad tales to tell...

That's why some pray with hearts of gold
Until their first love cools,
But then they bicker and they scold
Like unforgiving fools...
The wife is his and his alone,
United, they will stand,
So perfect patience can be known,
Just as the Lord has planned.

Denis Martindale, copyright, August 2011.

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She Matters is seen on Revelation TV.
We can hear the word of the Lord on
Revelation TV on UK Sky Digital and
via the Watch Now webpage on the
Revelation TV website:

revelationtv-dot-com

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Denis Martindale

A Moral Compass

Those without a moral compass
Have lived to know the shame.
Those without the Saviour Jesus
Treat life as if a game...
Lord Jesus taught us how to pray,
Abiding by God's rules
And yet what's going on today
In Colleges and Schools?

A moral compass, day or night,
Obeys God's laws each time...
It serves as both God's salt and light,
Upholds the law not crime.
Society is orderly
Or else it's bound for Hell.
God won't be mocked, as history
Is oh so quick to tell...

A moral compass guides each soul,
If each soul makes that choice,
Yet parents must maintain control,
Protecting girls and boys...
If God our Father wants us blessed,
Then we must do our part.
It's up to us to do our best,
In spirit, mind and heart...

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale, copyright, August 2011.

If we don't all pray for Britain,
the Devil will prey on Britain!

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Denis Martindale

Companionship

Two wolves were waiting side-by-side,
At peace, they looked serene,
Yet both their eyes were open wide
With hunting skills so keen...
They looked majestic, yes, indeed,
Yet those around weren't pleased,
For soon it would be time to feed
And tensions were increased...

Wise creatures now remained quite still,
No sounds to make at all...
For soon they knew that blood would spill,
In one almighty brawl.
The waiting game went on and on,
With gamblers here and there,
Beneath the brilliant sun that shone
Without a single care...

Companionship is well and good,
As friends can testify,
Yet these two owned the neighbourhood
And creatures that ran by.
To some, these wolves with pristine fur
Looked awesome without doubt,
But oh what frightful things occur
Each time there's food about...

Denis Martindale, copyright, August 2011.

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Companionship'.

More Stephen Gayford poems here:
denis-martindale-dot-blogspot-dot-com

Denis Martindale

Victory For Britain

As long as God hears holy prayers
From people on their knees,
By faith we know He truly cares
As each with love agrees...
If he who wins lost souls is wise,
Let wisdom lead us well,
Away from folly and from lies
That only lead to Hell...

What use are riches Christ can't use?
Lost tithes no kingdoms bless...
For who are we to pick and choose
And then seek happiness?
Some fast and pray, some pray and give...
Some preach the Word of God...
Some prophesy that others live,
Saved by Christ's precious blood...

The victory for Britain waits
For Christians of this land,
To seek God's will, for He creates
The blessings He has planned...
Church without walls, Lord Jesus says,
Bless England, Scotland, Wales
And Ireland, too, because God cares
And His love never fails...

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale, copyright, August 2011.

If we don't all pray for Britain,
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Denis Martindale

You Mark My Words!

'You mark my words, ' the Cabbie said,
To his fare for the night,
'Us Christians know what lies ahead
And we will steer you right.'
Then he explained his earnest faith
In Jesus Christ the Lord
And said that He was strong to save,
That's why He is adored.

'You mark my words, ' the Cabbie said,
'Christ is the light of men!
Lord Jesus Christ rose from the dead!
He's coming back again!
The Holy Bible's prophecies
Are meant to put us straight.
They prove Christ is the Prince of Peace
For whom us Christians wait.'

'You mark my words, ' the Cabbie said,
'Lord Jesus died for you!
Upon that Cross His Blood was shed
To prove God's love is true.
For all our sins He took the blame,
Then took our sins away.
That's why us Christians praise His Name!
That's why us Christians pray.'

'You mark my words, ' the Cabbie said,
To his fare for the night,
'Us Christians must be Spirit-led,
Serve God with all our might! '
The passenger had understood.
He was a Christian, too.
His heart was warmed, 'Our God is good!
Good night and God bless you! '

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This poem was also uploaded with
the title, You Mark My Words! and this
has its own shortcut for that page:

tinyurl-dot-com/mark-my-words-poem

The poem was written for Mark the Cabbie and
it was read out to him on the Revelation TV
show Thank God For Fridays,20th of July 2012.

Denis Martindale

Mark My Words!

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Denis Martindale

Leopard Watch

I saw the leopard watch his world,
No second's thought for me...
Yet angrily his hot tail swirled,
Tensed up, quite anxiously...
He must have sensed he was observed,
But I was hidden well
And though the leopard looked unnerved,
I smiled he couldn't tell...

I made no sound, no sound at all,
In fact, I didn't move...
When you're afraid, you're on the ball,
With nothing more to prove...
So there he was and there I was,
So near and yet so far...
The minutes went so fast because
To me, he was a star!

Distinguished markings, senses taut,
Mouth open, teeth on show...
Determined something would be caught
Before the sun must go...
Then suddenly he saw me here!
He chased me off his turf!
Good God, I've never known such fear!
Must dash! I've seen enough!

(August 2011/The poem is based on the
magnificent painting by Stephen Gayford
called 'Leopard Watch'.)

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Healing Scriptures

There are many healing scriptures
The Holy Bible shares...
When we let God's wisdom teach us,
There's power in our prayers!
If not, then Jesus would've said,
We needn't pray at all,
Yet for this cause, Lord Jesus bled
And in His Name, we call...

Why leave it till we're desperate
When we can ask God now,
When there's no more need to bear it,
Any longer anyhow?
Yes, rich or poor, we can be healed,
Regardless of our wealth...
Let's pray God's love will be revealed
When we're restored to health!

God's miracles have not run out...
His love can never end...
As if to stop each stumbling doubt,
He sent Christ as our friend...
Lord Jesus went to Calvary...
God raised Him from the dead!
God proved through Him, we've been set free,
To live new lives instead...

So pray believing, in His Name,
Thanksgiving in your soul...
When healing comes, no more the same,
As Jesus takes control...
Then testify, proclaim His worth,
Praise God for what He's done!
Such that God's glory fills the Earth
With Good News through His Son...

(August 2011)

Denis Martindale

Catching The Sun

Two meerkats stood on tippy-toes
With both of them alert,
On guard against all nearby foes,
So no friends would get hurt...
Defenders every sun-filled day,
Like knights of old they stood!
Defiantly, for come what may,
Determined to be good!

Their little hearts were filled with love
As they stayed side-by-side
And though they didn't look that tough,
Their friends were filled with pride...
To think, that meerkats prove their worth,
With courage shining through,
Yet live their lives beneath the earth,
To do what meerkats do...

They don't have mansions, boats or cars,
They don't own stocks or bonds,
They don't have gold or silver bars
Or fancy hair like blondes!
They're merely meerkats, nothing more,
So there's no great pretence...
But there's one thing you can be sure,
They're loved by all their friends!

(August 2011/The poem is based on the
magnificent painting by Stephen Gayford
called 'Catching The Sun')

Denis Martindale

The Unclaimed Presents

While fast asleep, I saw the Lord
And ran to where He was.
Then on my knees, I prayed assured,
With all my love because
Lord Jesus loved me, totally,
With love that can't die.
From Bethlehem to Calvary
And from His Throne on high

Christ greeted me with such a smile,
Like none I'd known before.
Then bid me walk with Him awhile
Past mansions by the score
Yet in each room that we walked through,
Were presents packed and named.
I was a packer, yet I knew
These gifts remained unclaimed.

So many answers to our prayers
Remain with God above!
It's not His fault, because He cares!
His heart is full of love!
But we are given faith to trust
That He is Lord of all,
Not just for Christians we've discussed
Like Peter, James and Paul.

It's like a banquet! Food on show!
For everyone to choose!
So that our hearts may overflow
With praises of good news!
God wants the world to be as blessed,
As we've been blessed by grace.
Received like me, God's welcome guest,
Who saw Christ's smiling face.

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

What Will God Do?

What will God do this brand new day?
Whose world will God improve?
To whom will Jesus show the way
To guide them to the Truth?
Our God is love and truth and light
And all we know that's good.
What will God do to put things right
Within our neighbourhood?

What will God do this brand new morn?
Right from the start, He's here!
Before the light that heralds dawn,
His love casts out all fear.
His perfect love transcends the night,
Its darkness holds no power!
Our God has all things in His sight,
Each second of each hour!

What will God do for you, for me?
What prayers have Christians prayed?
What miracles are yet to be?
What wonders yet unmade?
Yet we are called to help the Lord,
As if His hands and feet.
To serve with love, not for reward,
With tenderness so sweet.

What will we do for God today
To serve our God and King?
To help Him save lost lambs astray,
To teach them psalms to sing?
Because today is quite unique,
Serve God before it's through
God knows our needs before we speak!
Yet asks, 'What will YOU do? '

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Forest Haven

The tiger saw me near his home,
His Shangri-La and more...
To him, as sweet as honeycomb,
A place to rest each paw...
'Yes, come on in and join me here,
Without a moment's doubt,
Without a single trace of fear,
For that's what love's about...'

'Just you and I, with no regard
Of past mistakes we've known...
The two of us should now discard
All thoughts to live alone...
No need to fret or fight or flee,
No need to laugh out loud...
Just settle down right next to me...
My soft fur's like a cloud...'

'Don't wear a frown! Don't hesitate...
What have you got to lose?
The sun's so hot... It's getting late...
Let's share this evening's views.
There's no-one else to intervene
To steal this time of bliss...
My forest haven's so serene...
It really, really is...'

(August 2011/The poem is based on the
magnificent painting by Stephen Gayford
called 'Forest Haven'.)

Denis Martindale

The Lord Delights In You!

Beloved, hear the holy word,
The Lord delights in you!
And by this truth, let hearts be stirred,
Because God's word is true...
Let God confirm His word each day,
Through songs of praise and psalms.
His Holy Spirit leads the way,
Such that His presence calms.

That's how disciples preach Good News
To crowds and on TV...
To change lost Gentiles and lost Jews
To what they're meant to be...
God's promises are everywhere!
The sun and moon above...
And scenery beyond compare,
As tokens of His love...

While there are roses Heaven sent
And waterfalls that flow,
A stranger who becomes a friend,
What more is there to know?
A thousand prophecies will prove
God knows the future years...
So read God's word and let it soothe
Your hearts and melt your tears...

While we believe that Jesus lives,
The Church on Earth abides...
To praise the Lord that God forgives
And so much more besides...
And by this truth let hearts be stirred,
Because God's word is true...
Beloved, hear the holy word,
The Lord delights in you!

(August 2011)

Denis Martindale

A Time To Worship

Once in the presence of the Lord,
We praise Him as our God!
By faith, we stand in Christ assured,
Saved by His holy blood.
Our minds recall His benefits,
His courage when He died,
Yet now upon His Throne Christ sits,
Triumphant, glorified!

No more a mortal man on Earth,
He shares Eternity.
And God, His Father, knows His worth
And grants us clemency.
A royal pardon is decreed
To all who love His Name,
Because from sin each soul was freed
When Jesus bore our shame.

Around the Throne of Mercy stand,
With angels gathered near,
Who seek to learn what God has planned
For every coming year.
Let worship flow like waterfalls
And rest like morning dew.
As every precious saint recalls
When Christ said, ' I LOVE YOU '

The King of Love commands respect,
By Him all things were made.
His parables make us reflect
How far each soul has strayed.
Yet trust in God, for He's the best!
Salvation makes us friends.
In Christ, we rest, forever blessed,
Where worship never ends!

Denis Martindale, copyright, August 2011.

A Time To Worship can be seen on Revelation TV on UK Sky Digital and via the Watch Now webpage on the Revelation TV website:

revelationtv-dot-com

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Denis Martindale

The Hunt Is On!

Across the world, the hunt is on!
Romance is keenly sought.
Foul loneliness, you fiend, begone,
So that you come to nought!
Begone, I say, good riddance, too,
For love is everything.
But when true love seems overdue,
What sorrows that can bring!

Lord, here I pray by day and night.
God, send just ONE to me!
Just ONE in whom to take delight!
God, how hard can that be?
I don't ask much, but come on, Lord!
I've waited for so long.
Why should my burden be ignored?
What am I doing wrong?

I've saved my money year-by-year.
No holidays at all.
So will my sweetheart soon appear
Or will You simply stall?
I'm so impatient! Help me, please!
I can't hold out much more.
I'm begging You.
I'm on my knees!
Not bad at ninety-four

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

R Mornings

Arm-in-arm with Jesus Christ,
That's how we're meant to live.
Arm-in-arm and highly prized,
For He's the One we're with...
No other Lord is good enough,
No other King's supreme...
Lord Jesus is the King of Love,
Together, we're a team!

Arm-in-arm, no more apart,
No laws to bind us still,
Not since that time they pierced Christ's heart
Upon that holy hill...
Lord Jesus went to Calvary
Man's sins to take away...
That's why for all eternity
We'll have no sins to pay...

Arm-in-arm and side-by-side,
United all the time,
For only Jesus turned the tide
That makes this life sublime...
To think, God wants the world to know
Forgiveness here and now,
Such that true love can overflow
Each time we kneel and bow...

Arm-in-arm and Spirit-led,
No more to live alone
And through the Bible, Spirit-fed
By Scriptures we can own...
God's promises and prophecies
And precious love on Earth...
What more is there to life than these
That has eternal worth?

(August 2011)

Denis Martindale

Let Love Live In Your Eyes

With every single smile you make,
Let love live in your eyes.
As sunshine through dark clouds would break,
To cut them down to size...
For love brings hope to weary hearts
When hope is all worn out...
True love is how God's music starts
And praise dispels all doubt...

With every good deed that you do,
Let love live in your eyes,
Such that you can say, 'God bless you! '
And other words as nice...
For words have powers all their own
That brighten up our day,
To soften even hearts of stone,
To turn their wrath away...

With every single whispered prayer,
Let love live in your eyes,
Yet cast on God your every care,
For He alone is wise...
He guides us every day we live,
He grants us sleep each night...
Through Jesus Christ God can forgive,
Then help us do what's right...

With every blessing praise the Lord
With Holy Spirit joy...
For God it is to be adored
Through psalms that we employ.
Like David, let us each recall,
God's glory fills the skies!
Like Peter, John and James and Paul,
Let love live in your eyes...

Denis Martindale, copyright, July 2011.

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the website's Watch Now Internet connection.

Website: revelationtv-dot-com

Denis Martindale

Knock, Knock

Lord Jesus stood there at my door
And twice He knocked then stayed.
It was my choice, I could ignore
And that's why I delayed.
He walked away.
I watched Him leave
Then got on with my life,
To sin like others who deceive
And cause all sorts of strife

Lord Jesus stood there at my door
And I watched Him inside.
I knew He knew my every flaw,
Not one could be denied.
I stood my ground, He left again.
I let Him walk away.
I struggled every now and then
With fears of Judgment Day.

PoemHunter.com

My bank account looked mighty fine
As fifteen years passed by.
To think that all that cash was mine.
How come my soul felt dry?
Lord Jesus stood there at my door,
With fear I turned the key.
And simply stared at Christ with awe.
You see, He died for me.

Lord Jesus entered as my friend,
Yet also set me straight.
My useless life came to an end,
God's love to celebrate.
I sighed I'd made Him wait so long.
Those years I can't restore.
I tell you this, you can't go wrong
If you open the door.

Denis Martindale

You Must Be Born Again

Lord Jesus spoke to righteous men,
He spoke to sinners, too...
Sometimes He spoke beyond their ken,
They wondered what to do...
Sometimes He spoke in parables
That children understood,
Sometimes He spoke with miracles
And most men thought Him good...

Lord Jesus spoke of holy rules
That very few obeyed,
Sometimes He spoke and called them fools,
Yet all of us have strayed...
Yet there were times when Jesus smiled,
At those who sought some proof,
As if each one could be God's child
Responding to God's truth...

He said we must be born again,
Good deeds themselves don't save...
God's Holy Spirit comes and then
Each knows what God forgave...
At Pentecost, revival came
And thousands were baptised!
For they believed in Jesus' Name,
Proclaiming Him as Christ!

The Church was born and now it lives
Its living sacrifice,
To preach God's Word, that He forgives
And grants us Paradise...
Eternity! Streets paved with gold!
Not if, dear friends, but when?
The greatest story ever told:
You must be born again!

(July 2011)

Denis Martindale

Comfort One Another

If you've got hope, if you've got love,
Comfort one another...
For this will please the Lord above,
Jesus Christ, our Brother...

Though all like sheep have gone astray,
Consider what He's done,
For He Himself taught us to pray,
So that we might be one...

That's why we pray... through smiles, through tears,
Through all that life provides.
For God is faithful through the years,
Through centuries, God guides...

We're not alone by day or night,
Lord Jesus never leaves,
Because in us He takes delight,
He's in the air each breathes...

PoemHunter.com

The same air Jesus breathed on Earth,
Still circulates around,
It's in each child that's granted birth...
Yes, everywhere it's found...

This world awaits the Son of Man,
Just like the Bride of Christ...
God's prophecies reveal God's plan,
As yet unrealised...

Be patient, children of the Lord...
Hold fast to faith within,
For not one prayer shall be ignored,
Therefore, let's not give in...

As long as there are stars above,
As long as Israel stands,
The world is held by Christ above,
Safe in the Saviour's hands...

(July 2011/Written especially for Voice In The Wilderness)

Denis Martindale

Sun Factor 30

Beneath the sun that shone above,
The elephants and calf
Stood close together, blessed by love,
As they walked on their path...
To them, the sun was light and heat,
Their friend along the way,
Somehow it made their lives complete,
All the livelong day...

They knew the sun felt tired, too,
Though it seemed Heaven sent...
As like a bird it slowly flew,
As on its way it went...
The same direction, side-to-side,
So patient, yet so strong...
To them, a constant faithful guide
That never steered them wrong...

Beneath the sun that shone above,
The calf would grow and grow...
One day, he would be tall enough,
With two long tusks for show...
Till then, his Mum and Dad stayed close,
As proud as proud could be,
To watch him blossom like the rose,
Their son for all to see...

(July 2011/The poem is based on the
magnificent painting by Stephen Gayford
called 'Sun Factor 30'.)

Denis Martindale

The Passion For Christ

From Pentecost, the Church was born and then God's clock began.
The centuries were there to warn, through Christ, God had a plan.
A plan to save a multitude of sinners without worth
And somehow end the foulest feud that's tainted Mother Earth.

The mighty worldwide Flood had proved God's wrath on sin and pride,
Yet in Christ's Day, God's heart was moved, when He was crucified.
He saw His Son become a lamb, a sacrifice for sin.
God humbled from the great I AM, each sinner's soul to win.

That's why the Holy Spirit calls each sinner to The Cross.
That's where each humbled sinner falls, reflecting on Christ's loss.
For here it was, that Jesus bled till life itself was done.
And then His lifeless falling head confirmed Him as God's Son.

No angel came from Heaven's Throne to rescue Him that day.
No angel came, Christ died alone to take our sins away.
Christ died alone within a crowd that cursed Him to the end.
For most were glad He'd wear a shroud, yet He was their best friend.

PoemHunter.com

No greater love has man than this, no greater man than He.
For though betrayed, and with a kiss, Christ walked to Calvary.
He didn't run away from death, like cowards always do.
You see, Jesus of Nazareth was born to die for you.

Denis Martindale

The Three Musketeers

Three lion cubs like musketeers
Renowned of ancient France.
Though not so ancient in their years,
Their memory enchants.
For there they were, rapscallions!
As cunning as could be.
Yet not opposed to dalliance,
Of wasting time, you see.

The little scamps intent on fun,
Still paced themselves at times.
Just lying quiet 'neath the sun,
Yet scheming future crimes!
Not scared of Mum, not scared of Dad!
They'd pounce without restraint.
And though it made their parents mad,
Sometimes they thought it quaint.

The little terrors, boys, of course!
And you know what boys are!
Each one thinks he's a tour de force,
Each one thinks he's the star!
They're all deluded! Nuts for brains!
But winsome in a way.
It's only through our joint complaints
That they'll grow up some day

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Shadow In The Jungle

The panther chose to bide his time
Though hunger churned inside...
He had to plan the perfect crime,
Yet not because of pride...
He had one chance and that was all,
One chance to feast today,
One slip up now and in the brawl
His meal would flee away...

If panthers prayed, who would be safe?
Yet panthers say no prayers...
But they've got hopes instead of faith,
For joys and not despairs...
Yet each must hunt to gain the prize,
To pounce when times are right,
Before their victims realise
And like the birds take flight.

The panther gulped, the time was near...
His soft paws eased ahead...
And gone was every trace of fear
And dead all trace of dread.
What happened next, God only knows...
You see, I looked no more.
No longer crouching still, I rose...
And turned, Fate to ignore...

(July 2011/The poem is based on the
magnificent painting by Stephen Gayford
called 'Shadow In The Jungle'.)

Denis Martindale

Staying Close

The lioness and cub laid down
And rested where they were...
As if to melt away each frown
That life makes to occur...
And in that golden time they knew
What love was all about...
Just staying close, affection grew,
Of that there was no doubt.

At times like these, they were like friends,
Their bodies side-by-side...
Upon each other, each depends,
That couldn't be denied.
For this young cub would grow as tall
With teeth and claws to match...
No longer cute and vulnerable,
Who knows what it would catch?

One day, the hunting must begin,
That's one of Nature's Laws...
Sometimes to lose, sometimes to win,
Such truth not one ignores...
Yes, life goes on, today must cease
Despite their family ties...
To take with them that precious peace,
A peace beyond all price...

(July 2011/The poem is based on the
magnificent painting by Stephen Gayford
called 'Staying Close'.)

Denis Martindale

Leopard Sunset

The leopard lingered in the sun
Almost at close of day,
With all its hours almost done
And fast to ebb away...
The leopard let his memories
Remind him now and then,
Because he knew each day must cease
When moonlight shone again.

This day had seen new life, new death,
That's how time passes by...
We understand while we draw breath
Until our final sigh...
The leopard knew his time was near,
Just like the sun above,
Yet leopards are not prone to fear,
That's why they still share love...

His cubs were waiting down below,
As he watched like a king...
To see time like a river flow
To outlive everything...
Some day his cubs would watch in turn,
As their cubs played a while...
With each new day something to learn...
Some joy to raise a smile...

(July 2011/The poem is based on the
magnificent painting by Stephen Gayford
called 'Leopard Sunset'.)

Denis Martindale

White Water

The white tiger went on his way
To where he had to go,
He'd suffered the heat of the day,
Now sought where waters flow...
And oh what joy as he walked in,
What wholesome sweet relief,
As cooling water soothed his skin...
Pure joy beyond belief...

With gentle grace he swam a while
And ripping waters trailed
As if with magic to beguile...
Each time, it never failed...
There was a certain mystery,
A miracle at least,
A wistful end to misery
That soothed this savage beast...

And when his blood was cool once more,
It now was time to leave...
And so he swam to walk ashore,
The heat no more to grieve...
White water comes from waterfalls
Then flows into a stream...
And to this day, he still recalls
God's gift as though a dream...

(July 2011/The poem is based on the
magnificent painting by Stephen Gayford
called 'White Water'.)

Denis Martindale

Jesus: The Man From Nazareth

Behold the Man! He's called God's Son. He's called the King of Kings.
He's called the Lord of Lords, at one with God, to whom He clings.
Christ calls God 'Father' all the time, yet what now can He pray?
For blasphemy was called His crime and this is Judgment Day...

Behold the Man! Behold Him now... transfixed for all to see.
With deep-pressed crown upon His brow... Blood-stained on Calvary...
From the wounds these soldiers open, when such are crucified,
His Blood drips down like mortal men who bleed on either side.

Behold the Man raised from the dead! Some say His wounds they felt.
The very places He once bled convinced them, so they knelt,
To worship Him and praise the Lord and preach to save the lost.
Such revelations aren't ignored by those who count the cost.

Behold the Man! Anointed Christ... The Saviour of Mankind.
The Lamb of God once sacrificed... The greatest love you'll find.
If Heaven waits, it won't wait long. God's Word tells what to do.
So trust in Christ who did no wrong. The King who died for you...

PoemHunter.com

(July 2011)

Denis Martindale

Starving For Affection

The Prince within the Palace feasts, so shall the common man,
So shall the tame and callous beasts, because that is God's plan.
Regardless of this daily meal, we know some fast and pray,
Because their faith in God is real, yet what has God to say?

Through Jesus Christ, we learn to share, no matter, rich or poor.
From riches or what's left to spare, so others may get more.
And some need more or else they die! They, too, must eat and drink.
For each one needs his own supply, to do much more than think.

The starving think of food today, clean water here and now.
Tomorrow's coming on its way, what, then, will God allow?
Yet don't blame Him who made the Earth, the mountains and the seas.
Each one of us must prove his worth to bring the starving peace.

What use are riches none can eat? Yet money's known as bread.
It cannot make your soul complete, God's love does that instead.
That's why Lord Jesus shared out food, turned water into wine.
He tells us, 'Feed the multitude! ' How dare we, then, decline?

While Tear Fund waits, for us to act, the starving babies die!
It's up to us to face that fact, donate for food to buy.
Which one of us is friend or foe? Who feeds the Human Race?
The Lord above will surely know, each time when we say grace.

Denis Martindale, copyright, July 2011.

The poem is based on Howard Conder's report on the
Late Show,20th of July,2011. For Revelation TV's
Building The Foundation Trust, all donations were tithed,
to support Tear Fund's ministry to end world poverty.

Howard Conder told the viewers, 'One third eats well,
one third is under-nourished and one third is starving.'

We can watch Revelation TV on Sky UK and
the website's Watch Now Internet connection.

Website: revelationtv-dot-com

Website: tearfund-dot-org

Denis Martindale

Worthy Is The Lamb That Was Slain

Who was this Lamb that once was slain,
The Saviour that they scourged,
With vicious whips to inflict pain,
Then on the tree was cursed?
Who was this Man once hoisted high
At callous Calvary?
What was God's plan that He should die
For sinners just like me?

For all have sinned and gone astray,
Like lost lambs far and wide.
Except for Him, no sins to pay.
Yet for us crucified.
No easy death, no quick release,
No gently passing on.
No Halleluyahs borne of peace
Before His breath had gone.

No, this was courage at its height,
Enduring to the end.
Through faith from knowledge and insight,
Each second there to spend.
He didn't call an angel down!
He didn't fight God's will.
He was the King who wore His crown,
Each dropp of blood to spill.

To think that some despise Him now
And mock Him to this day,
Who wore His crown upon His brow
And for us chose to stay.
And only when He'd saved my soul
And yours and yours and yours,
Could He relinquish all control,
For God to bless His cause.

That's why God raised Him from the dead!
That's why God blessed His Name!
That's why Christ's Blood is called sacred!

Because He bore our shame.
Not for Himself did Jesus bleed,
Disgraced to suffer loss.
How worthy is this Lamb we need
Who died upon the Cross.

Denis Martindale

Don'T Peter Out

Before the Saviour met His end upon the Cross of Christ,
He washed the feet of each close friend, for each was highly prized.
Though Peter looked and stared amazed at what God's Son would do,
Such love for him was not embraced, 'I should do this for You! '

Yet Jesus said he must be clean, his soul was in great need...
This was God's time to intervene, so Peter then agreed...
Yet this same friend denied the Lord, 'I do not know this man! '
His coward soul proved him a fraud... How could he know God's plan?

His expectations led astray, his hopes completely crushed...
To him, it was like Judgment Day, now humbled, he was hushed...
Yet Jesus prayed that he might stand and rise above it all...
One day to hold Christ's holy hand and preach as bold as Paul...

You've lost someone, I've lost someone... Like Peter, we've all wept...
Yet through it all, let's love God's Son, the promises He's kept...
So count your blessings in the Lord... Salvation here and now!
That's why we stand in Christ assured, that's why we kneel and bow...

Yes, there's a God and God is love, no God has greater worth...
His grace for us is quite enough, more grace than we deserve.
Life isn't always Sunday School... We must withstand the knocks!
Just trust in God! He's not a fool... God thinks outside the box!

Denis Martindale

Nobodys Perfecked

Nobodys perfecked thats so true,
Not even me not even you,
Not even him or her next door,
Cos everybodys got some flaw.
If I was perfecked then Id boast
That Im much better than the most
Who fink theyve never sinned at all,
Yet still tell lies both great and small

Nobodys perfecked that makes sense,
Not even those with tons of friends,
Not even those with enemies,
Cos everybodys hard to please.
If I was perfecked Id be king
To rule the world and everything
And folks would listen all day long
As if my heart could do no wrong.

Nobodys perfecked so they say,
Thats why to Jesus Christ we pray,
Thats why folks call upon His Name,
Cos without Him lifes not the same.
If I was perfecked but I aint,
Although I try to be a saint,
And when I try with all my might,
Praise God I sometimes do things right!

Nobodys perfecked, thats the truth,
But God forgives Christ is the proof.
So pray like I did long ago,
God grant me grace that I might grow.
I know Gods grace we dont deserve,
But each soul has a learning curve.
God help me now, both night and day.
Cos Im not perfecked yet, O.K.?

Denis Martindale

Bring Your Requests Before The Lord

Bring your requests before the Lord because He hears our prayers,
Bring your requests in sweet accord because our Father cares.
No other God exists above, no other God below,
No greater father shows his love with blessings to bestow

Consider Christ while on this Earth, He taught us how to pray,
That proves that even we have worth although at times we stray
Does God look down and hate us all? Why, then, would Jesus die?
Lord Jesus died because we fall, yet to the Lord we cry

Our sins confessed, we praise the Lord, our Father still forgives.
God's Spirit tells us, stand assured, because Lord Jesus lives
While He's in Heaven at God's side, our Father knows our needs
Because the Saviour crucified loves us and intercedes.

It doesn't matter what you've done, because Christ died for you.
God sacrificed His only Son, what more could they both do?
Bring your requests before the Lord! Use God's Word when you pray.
No prayer that's heard will be ignored! God's love is yours today

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Prophecy Update

In the beginning, Creation! No human soul, no Earth.
God's bright light for revelation, before new life gave birth...
Yet in the midst of space itself were prophecies in time.
Like Bible books upon God's shelf in libraries sublime...
When Adam sinned and Eve felt wise and Satan said he'd won,
God prophesied before their eyes to send His only Son,
The Great Redeemer of Mankind, the Righteous Holy Prince...
The only pardon Man could find to die for all our sins...
God chose a people as His Own, the ancient Israelites,
With sacrifices to atone, with laws and human rights,
With guidance like a nearby hand to nudge them on His way...
But they were slow to understand, yes, even to this day...

With hearts of stone, so dead, so cold, no faith to see things new,
God gave them wonders to behold, to change their point of view,
Yet still, rebellion twisted fate that He gave as a gift...
So they were weak and sometimes great, so close, then set adrift...
God's Son was waiting in the wings, obedient to God's will,
Because His Father knew all things and all vows to fulfil...
So when Christ came to Mary's womb, as fragile as could be...
Fear not, one day He'd leave His tomb and conquer Calvary...
New prophecies revealed by Christ poured out like blood red wine,
At Pentecost, men realised, Lord Jesus was divine...
They prophesied now Spirit-led, like David in his psalms...
For each one then was Spirit-fed and safe within Christ's arms...

When Saul of Tarsus met the Lord, God told him he'd be healed,
Thus Saul believed with one accord, by faith, as God revealed...
He then went on to prophesy in Scriptures old and new,
Like John of Patmos, by and by, to Gentile and to Jew...
So, humans, mark these words within, in hearts and minds God gave,
One day you'll see the Man of Sin who says he's strong to save...
That demon leader, fool and liar will share his pain and strife,
His mark will cost each soul hellfire, denied eternal life...
So, think again, Megiddo's men, before that awful fight,
For Jesus Christ will come again in power and in might...
No more the gentle lamb of old, God's lion's on His way.
Megiddo's men will then behold their final judgment day...

(July 2011)

Denis Martindale

Building The Foundation

God's Holy Spirit tells us straight, lost souls will one day die...
Then what have they to celebrate? Salvation's past them by!
We've got the means to preach worldwide, it's time to count the cost.
Christ gave His all when crucified... Please give to save the lost...

When Christians pray, God bends an ear... He studies every word...
How many pray to God each year? The truth is somewhat blurred...
Of those who love Him most of all, obedience is king...
They serve the Saviour just like Paul, who gave God everything...

The rest resist God's perfect plan, they wander to and fro,
Sometimes they serve the Son of Man, sometimes they just say, 'No...'
Sometimes they offer words of praise, sometimes they seek the Lord...
At other times, they act like strays, the Shepherd they've ignored...

God wants to build His Kingdom now, not for some future time,
Not for some future heads to bow, but now, while in our prime...
Today's the day... this unique day... this moment must pass soon.
What must we do? We must obey... Don't wait to watch the moon...

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God's Holy Spirit tells us straight, lost souls will one day die...
Then what have they to celebrate? Salvation's past them by!
We've got the means to preach worldwide, it's time to count the cost.
Christ gave His all when crucified... Please give to save the lost...

(July 2011)

Denis Martindale

Let Go, Let God

Let go, let God ... Four simple words,
Yet they mean everything.
Give God your heart and not two thirds,
Let Jesus be your King.
This world will drag you straight to Hell,
To break your word and more
This world will cast its evil spell
To shake you to the core

Let go, let God ... The Lord is wise,
Why would He cheat or steal?
He owns the whole of Paradise
And Paradise is real
He wants to share His heart with you,
That's why God sent His Son
For every word Christ said is true,
That's how the war is won

Let go, let God ... Yes, every day,
Yes, every single hour
Let Jesus lead you on your way,
Let Jesus give you power.
What use is it to fight alone
When demons still exist?
Bring your life now before God's Throne,
Be God's evangelist!

Let go, let God ... like saints of old,
Like David, sing new psalms
Come to the Cross of Christ! Behold!
Look at His outstretched arms!
Look at the King of Love who died,
So holy and so brave
For there, the Lord was crucified,
Our sinful souls to save

Let go, let God ... His Son is proof
No other proof we need
He rose again, that Gospel truth

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Will help us to succeed.
So call upon His holy Name,
Bathed in His holy Blood,
Baptised you'll never be the same
Dear friends ... Let go, let God

Denis Martindale

Give Thanks In All Things

The hardest lesson that I've learned helped make me what I am.
It felt so hard, at first I turned away from Christ, God's Lamb.
For there He was, upon the Cross, in total agony.
While I looked on, in total loss, aghast at Calvary...

But then God's Spirit helped me stay, six hours long and more.
I watched the seconds pass away, I watched Christ's Blood outpour...
I watched as John and Mary wept... My heart as numb as stone.
And slowly was our vigil kept, so Christ was not alone...

Lord Jesus promised Paradise to one thief by His side,
The other thief was not so wise, yet all were crucified
And on that day, Christ breathed His last, His life came to an end
And those who loved Him felt downcast as they lost their best friend.

I've never wept like that before, to me, He was God's Prince.
He preached and thrilled me to the core, now He died for my sins.
When Sunday came, I heard the news, He'd risen from the dead!
In Christ, God's message to the Jews, believe in Him who bled...

God's Spirit taught me prophecies, that's why I preach God's word.
Believe in Christ, the Prince of Peace, the Lamb of God preferred.
Give thanks in all things here on Earth and do the things you should.
Give thanks with love for all you're worth, because the Lord is good.

(July 2011)

Denis Martindale

The Higher Power

How great is God, how great indeed!
How wondrous are His Laws!
How merciful to those in need
And to each righteous cause...
God is not deaf who made our ears,
Nor blind who made our eyes...
Nor is He mindful of the years
That He might show surprise!

He does not sleep, nor feint, nor fade,
Nor slacken from His word,
His promises are proudly made
So that our faith is stirred.
It's true that we were made of dust,
In Adam long ago,
Yet we've been saved, in God we trust,
In Jesus' Name we grow...

The higher power God now shares
Is free to one and all
Who humbly offer God their prayers,
No matter, great or small...
Rejoice, dear Christian saints on Earth,
Lord Jesus is our friend...
And though God's grace we don't deserve,
His mercies never end...

I tell you this, the Lord still heals,
His wonders never cease.
His tender heart knows how each feels...
His power grants us peace.
Our God's the Potter, we're the clay...
God's word is so sublime...
So rest in Jesus, come what may,
Take one day at a time...

(July 2011)

Denis Martindale

The Poet That Prayed

A precious pilgrim poet prayed
Because no words would come,
He asked God if he'd disobeyed,
Because his heart felt numb...
A vision formed within his mind,
Like none he'd seen before,
With white-hot furnace gold refined
God stretched from shore to shore...

Like molten lava from the Lord,
The streets were paved with gold...
As if God's grace had been outpoured
For all men to behold...
As if the old paths must be changed,
Transformed by Jesus Christ
And once the streets were rearranged,
God's might was realised...

Thus those that fled could now return,
When God made all things new,
With wonders they could share and learn,
To know what they must do...
The poet asked the Lord's advice,
Were these streets here on Earth,
Or were they streets in Paradise
And of some future worth?

The Lord replied, the streets were those
Where Gospel truths are taught...
Where love can blossom like the rose,
Through peace that Christ has bought...
His Blood atones for souls set free,
No matter, young or old...
It's by our faith in Calvary,
Saints' streets are paved with gold...

(July 2011)

Denis Martindale

Right To Know

The tiny child that lives inside
Deserves the right to know
That life would never be denied
While it had time to grow.
For life is sacred, sanctified,
God's precious one-time gift,
For which He must be glorified
When we our praises lift.

The tiny child that God prepared
Perhaps had much to do,
Perhaps with many blessings shared
With folks like me and you.
Perhaps an artist to be spared,
A doctor or a nurse,
Yet only if the people cared
To bless and not to curse.

The tiny child deserves no tears,
No blood shed as a whim,
No cutting short of future years,
Its destiny to dim
God spared my life to write my fears,
To voice my deep concerns.
God gave me hands and feet and ears.
Such gifts no wise man spurns.

The tiny child can't see the face
Of she who bears its form,
Nor can it know another place
To store it safe and warm
If it could speak, its thoughts to trace,
What wise words could it say?
'I am unique, I grow by grace
Don't throw my life away '

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

The Billionth Abortion

We are being subdued as if meant to stay silent.
The deed is done and cannot be undone.
Let's just move on, forget it ever happened.
Crush the conscience as if the child within.
Dismiss the sin, call it human error...
Or human terror...

Has it finally come to this?
Man can go to the moon...
Yet can kill his own son...
He can give him up to strangers
And stranglers...

What use is romantic love
If it can roam to death?
What use is St Valentine's Day
If the baby dies on April the first?
And what use is marriage
If it offers lifelong friendship
But ends in eternal shame?

God forbid that I fall in love
Yet to no useful purpose...
Smothered with kisses
Yet later smothered in blood.
I want to sleep at night
With peace in my heart
Not tears in my eyes...

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Cross Examined

Of all the trees God ever made, one tree was set apart,
For on that tragic tree was laid the Saviour's beating heart...
The tree would lift the Lord on high upon that fateful day,
When Jesus Christ was meant to die, to take Man's sins away...

And there He was before the crowd, who mocked Him to His face,
As God prepared for Him a shroud when taken from that place...
Golgotha was its awful name, the hill the skull was seen,
That was its only claim to fame... except the Nazarene...

Upon the Cross a sign was nailed which vainly called Him king,
Yet to that crowd, the Lord had failed to change a single thing.
The Romans ruled, so no change there, the Jews were merely slaves
And Jesus Christ was lost in prayer, before His death He braves.

One thief believed, the rest did not, why trust in Paradise?
Christ said He was the way to God, the holy sacrifice.
His hour came, He breathed His last, they took His body down.
The crowd departed still aghast, while I picked up His crown...

It fell to me, and how I wept... His Blood still on each briar.
That night I prayed, I never slept, for hatred turned to fire.
They beat Him up, they scourged His back, they nailed Him high above
And even then, when all looked black, He prayed for them with love.

I mourned for days, then heard it said, the Saviour was alive!
Yet still I prayed beside my bed, for how could He survive?
The rumours went from street to street as if from friend to friend.
Such that each person I would meet hoped this was not the end...

I'll wait and see... I'll follow John and James and Peter, too.
If true, I'll tell you later on... Till then what can I do?

Denis Martindale

The Name Above All Names

Every book that's in the Bible has prophecies galore.
They are there for each disciple to praise God more and more.
The angels look into these things, new wonders each proclaims.
Of Jesus Christ each angel sings... The name above all names...

The Holy Spirit grants us truth... That's what He's all about.
The Holy Scriptures count as proof, to overcome Man's doubt.
A fruitful life full of good deeds, toward this each one aims,
Yet only Jesus Christ succeeds... The name above all names...

Who else has holy blood to shed, prepared to take a stance?
Who else has risen from the dead, God's pardon in His hands?
Who else shares wisdom night and day? Who else the Devil shames?
Christ is the life, the truth, the way, the name above all names...

Blessed is the heart that loves the Lord, when God's work has begun.
In Jesus, we can stand assured in what Christ's Blood has done.
Born of a virgin, undefiled, all guilt the Saviour tames...
In whose name are we reconciled? The name above all names!

PoemHunter.com

(July 2011)

Denis Martindale

The Baptism Of The Holy Spirit

How blessed are they that love the Lord! How blessed are they indeed!
For they love Him not for reward, for profit or for greed...
Their hearts have turned to God who cares and love the Saviour, too.
Christ teaches them to say their prayers, what more can Jesus do?

Well, first of all, He told His friends to wait upon the hour,
Until the time the Father sends His Spirit and His power!
Upon the Day of Pentecost, since Christ had left His tomb,
His friends were praying for the lost, while in the Upper Room...

God's Spirit showed what must be done... Good News as prophesied!
Salvation's offered through God's Son, the One they crucified!
If God forgave the multitude repenting on that day,
We know that we can be renewed, if we, like them, obey...

That's why God's Spirit calls us near and fills us with His love...
So that salvation's crystal clear, by faith in God above...
So many gifts are then bestowed, to Gentile and to Jew...
In whom God's Spirit takes abode, because the Bible's true...

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Denis Martindale

The Helmet Of Salvation

The Scriptures warn us of the war that good and evil fight,
That's why God's judgements must outpour if we don't do what's right.
Yet those God saves, by Heaven's grace, whom Jesus calls His Own,
Will one day meet Him face-to-face, in Heaven on His Throne.

For now, the Earthly war exists, yet God grants armour here.
So that each Christian soul resists, to conquer, not to fear.
The Helmet of Salvation's worn until the Devil's gone,
So every one who's been reborn, please put your armour on.

Without God's armour, lives are lost, our heads are fragile things.
In accidents, our heads are tossed. More injury this brings.
Salvation thus prepares the path, the road that we must take.
Sometimes to spare the aftermath that accidents can make.

If we must move at awesome speeds by land or sea or air,
Remember that each body bleeds, sometimes beyond repair.
So wear God's armour every day, no matter hot or cold.
For each of us is mortal clay, much weaker when we're old.

PoemHunter.com

One careless act can harm our faith, regardless of the past,
Despite the decades we were safe, praised God and weren't downcast.
So safety first, then do your best, help others safely through.
God's armour proves we can be blessed, the rest is up to you...

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Denis Martindale

See You At The Cross

If only wisdom was the aim of every living soul,
Yes, this we pray, in Jesus' Name, for this should be our goal.
What blessings wait if we but try to live the lives we should,
Beyond the angry question, 'WHY ? ' and doubting God is good

If only true love blessed each heart, without restraint or fear,
Such that a billion good works start with every passing year
Consider creatures lacking hate, no schemes upon their minds,
Just positives to celebrate, new life as God designs

Yes, many millions have been saved through Christ and Christ alone.
Consider all that Jesus braved when He left Heaven's Throne
The Scriptures told what He must do. He's called the Prince of Peace
And still, today, He calls to you. your guilty souls to ease

If only sin could be removed and yet God grants us grace
Through Christ, each soul can be improved, if we, His love, embrace
If we reject our worldly ways, we'll still be blessed because
God hears each humble heart that prays. He'll see you at the Cross

Denis Martindale

God's Breath Of Fresh Air

As the Lord looked on the nations,
He sighed at all He saw,
Though He gave them revelations,
They still despised His Law...
Though He prophesied the future,
In hopes they'd understand,
Each time they saw these truths occur,
They doubted what He'd planned...

The Last Days came as prophesied
With Israel newly-formed
And with the blessing God supplied,
Some hearts were gently warmed...
Now Christians woke up from their sleep
With satellite TV
And asked their partners to dig deep
For each new ministry...

God's breath of fresh air crossed the Earth
With millions saved each week,
Who celebrate the Saviour's birth
For they know He's unique...
The greatest story ever told
Is taught both night and day
Through preaching that's thought good as gold
By those who fast and pray...

(June 2011)

Denis Martindale

Pleasant Places, Beautiful Borders

God grants me joy to love the Lord, He taught my heart to sing
For each new blessing and reward that only God could bring...
From Adam's line, each child was born and I was made aware
That God is able to forewarn each time I kneel in prayer...

For who am I and whose am I? God called me out by name...
No more a child that's prone to cry with sins to cause me shame.
My God, to me, is ever near, His Spirit guides my path,
Such that I walk devoid of fear, such that I'm prone to laugh...

Consider what the Lord has done that I should feel so blessed,
His light, to me, outshines the sun, His love has proved the best...
I marvel at the grace bestowed on someone such as I...
My very life to God is owed... His love for me won't die...

How can that be? What can I say? He fills me to the brim.
I think of God by night and day. I'll always think of Him...
What pleasant places He has spared, as if just mine alone...
Beautiful borders He has shared, this land is mine to own...

What can I do, but take His hand? He leads me tenderly,
Grants wisdom I can understand, because it's meant for me...
No wonder that I praise the Lord and teach new songs as well,
For love like His can't be ignored by hearts that long to tell.

(June 2011)

Denis Martindale

Samson's Fury

A fire is mounting; its smoke is consuming me whole.
Its angry flames are burning me alive…
Its raging blazes are suffocating me…
The heat is unbearable, I feel myself losing control.
A crimson haze clouds my vision,
Intoxication takes over... I'm gone!

I've surrendered to the blistering pain,
The pain of keeping everything so controlled.
I'm a calamity, burning everything in my way.
Waiting, prowling, hunting...
For the chance to lash out suddenly
And to scorch those who stroll too close.

A single mistaken utterance, a misinterpreted gesture,
Anything will fuel my fervor.
My tongue has become an inferno,
Blasting scorching flames at any naysayer.
Declarations spear through my mouth,
Intended to gouge at anyone's heart.

My eyes are the daggers of defiance,
Ablaze with a challenge for anyone's hateful glare.
Blistering those that decide that they
Have any say, here in my lair.
Vengeance is considered as justified
And such cruelty is somehow fair...

My thrashing conflagration dances around its victims,
Pulling them in, killing them slowly...
I'm crashing, boiling over...
My soul's roaring hunger to obliterate grows
And it keeps growing at a violent rate.
Patience is annihilated. Love exterminated.

Lord, what's to become of me? The only residue left
Is the thunderous desire to hate.

The original text has been adapted from Amy lalala's poetry called Corroding Soul because this, to me, is a parallel with Samson and his desire for revenge.

Denis Martindale

The Beginning Of Beauty

When rain begins its cold descent from storm clouds up above,
Sometimes such weather can prevent its form we may not love...
So pure white snowflakes come each year in Winters oh so bleak,
Such that new patterns can appear within each one unique...

When butterflies flit to and fro, their wings can make us smile,
Yet from the chrysalis we know, such things display no style.
It's only when these wings have grown, to reach their proper size
That outstetched beauty can be shown by grace that God supplies.

A baby boy may not look cute, drawn from his mother's womb...
With eyes of faith, let's be astute, beyond what thoughts assume.
God sees our lives from start to end, our destinies well known.
Lord Jesus is the Sinner's Friend... No need to live alone.

The Lord who died once shed His Blood... No beauty at that time.
And yet He's called the Lamb Of God, His sacrifice sublime.
His glory now transcends the sun, His light forever shines...
There's beauty in what Christ has done, if we but heed God's signs.

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale, copyright, June 2011.

The poem is based on watching several shows
on Revelation TV which show how God has
declared His Son as being the perfect pardon
for the sins of Mankind. The Gospel is being
shared worldwide to explain God's prophecies
and how Jesus is the Messiah called Yeshua.
The Revelation TV website has several shows
available, plus the Watch Now Internet view.

More info here: revelationtv-dot-com

Denis Martindale

Every Day With Jesus

If each believes, then each receives
What Jesus wants to share,
For He's the Lord who will not leave
His precious ones in prayer...
Consider what the Word proclaims,
With blessings and rewards.
God made the stars and gave them names,
So trust the Lord of Lords...

If each forgives, as God forgives,
The Holy Spirit smiles,
For He indwelt the Lord who lives
To overcome His trials...
Anxieties will come and go,
God's peace is here to stay...
Armed with God's Word, His light will glow,
A beacon night and day...

From Bethlehem, where Christ was born,
Fulfilling prophecy,
God shared with us a brand new dawn
The angels yearned to see.
Disciples learn what God reveals...
We know much more than then!
When God restores and Jesus heals,
Let's praise the Lord! Amen...

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Thank God For Fridays

Thank God for every blessing shared!
Thank God in Jesus' Name!
The love of God can't be compared!
No other love's the same!
For who is like the Lord of hosts?
No king above Him rules!
Dismiss the pride of he who boasts,
For such as these are fools

Thank God for friendships old and new
And colleagues young and old!
Thank God when strangers say, 'Thank you! '
With hearts as good as gold!
Consider all God's benefits,
His laws meant for our good!
It's true that He in judgment sits,
So let's do what we should!

Thank God for every prophecy!
Thank God for Bible truths!
The love of God for you and me
Is backed by daily proofs!
Receive, believe! Breathe in, breathe out!
There's air in full supply
Why, then, should we, fall into doubt?
Lord Jesus is nearby!

Thank God for Jesus when you pray
Thank God for all He's done
No other man sins' debts could pay
Let's praise God for His Son!
Thank God for Fridays, yes, that's true!
Thank God for all Christ brings
Monday to Sunday, God bless you
Who serve the King of Kings!

Denis Martindale

R Teenz

It's time to live your wacky teens,
With shaggy hair and baggy jeans,
Live highs and lows and in-betweens...
God bless! Good luck to you...
It's time to face your zits and spots,
To fall in love and feel the hots,
To blurt out loud, 'I love you, lots! '
God bless! Good luck to you...
It's time exams give you the chills,
In school where you can learn job skills,
So someday YOU can pay the bills!
God bless! Good luck to you...

It's time you try to make new friends,
Or else the loneliness extends,
Until you feel it never ends...
God bless! Good luck to you...
It's time before your twenties start,
You may be dumb, you may be smart,
I bet you'll have a broken heart...
God bless! Good luck to you...
It's time that passes year by year,
Saint Valentine's and Christmas cheer,
But will you pray when Easter's here?
God bless! Good luck to you...

I've lived those years and, my, they flew!
I've loathed the false, I've loved the true...
I've left those years... God got me through...
God bless! Good luck... to you...

Denis Martindale, copyright, July 2011.

R Teenz is shown on Revelation TV...
It's presented by Rosalind Peters
here in the UK, as well as featured on
youtube, facebook and myspace...

youtube-dot-com/user/jesusrocks789
and on facebook-dot-com/rteenz
and on myspace-dot-com/rteenz

YOU can watch Revelation TV on Sky UK and
the website's Watch Now Internet connection.

Website: revelationtv-dot-com

Denis Martindale

Simply The Truth

At the beginning, we are told, no life, no space, no time...
Until God's holy word took hold for miracles sublime...
Then out of nothing, light was born and God began His task,
With each new evening and new dawn beyond what we could ask...

The distant stars we cannot see, yet they declare God's fame,
His glory, power and majesty and God knows each by name...
So how much more does God know Man? From womb to tomb and more!
That's why the Lord devised His Plan, salvation to assure...

Freewill for angels God desired, yet Satan still rebelled!
His services no more required, though he, the Lord, beheld!
Thus Man became the enemy, the victim, come what may...
The Devil fears eternity! He'll suffer Judgment Day...

Millenia have come and gone since Adam wept on Earth.
With Eve, he lived to carry on to grant new life through birth.
Alas, each life was soiled by sin, until God's Son was sent...
He died, our priceless souls to win, when to His Cross, He went...

PoemHunter.com

Atonement made, God raised His Son, a Royal Priest above,
Made perfect by the things He'd done, He's called the King of Love!
In Christ, forgiveness is supplied, believers' sins are waived...
The Gospel Truth is preached worldwide for billions must be saved!

To think, that billions don't believe! There's so much left to do!
To think, there's so much to receive, because the Bible's true!
It's up to us, it's down to us... It's there in black and white...
The Messiah's Name is Jesus! The Lord who never lied...

Denis Martindale

The Final Frontier

The gift of life is just the start, as we breathe in and out
And gently stirs each baby's heart that pumps the blood about.
The life is in the blood that flows in arteries and veins...
And slowly as each baby grows, we see its aches and pains.
Some live to be a ripe old age, yet others not so long
And why this is, not one can gauge, for all do right and wrong...
But death awaited one man's soul and suddenly he died...
That's when he lost complete control, as his soul stepped outside!

His thoughts began to bring recall of every sin he'd done,
No way could he excuse them all, the day he met God's Son...
Christ had the list of larcenies and lechery and lies
And with no Saviour to appease, God's Laws brought no surprise.
An angel flew that man away... and so he went to Hell,
Where lost souls weep both night and day since Jesus bade farewell.
The final frontier known to Man is not the stars above.
The Lake of Fire is God's Plan, if we reject Christ's love!

Yet there are those that suffer death and God bids them return.
They saw Jesus of Nazareth, so they, God's Truth, might learn.
Their revelation changes things for Heaven is explained,
With all the joy that Jesus brings, it's Paradise regained!
As Gospel truths have proved enough, let each soul make its choice,
The Father's wrath, the Father's love, Jesus' or Satan's voice...
Would Jesus go to Calvary if Heaven wasn't real?
Lord Jesus died upon the Tree, God's frontier to reveal...

Denis Martindale

Testimony Time

Believers, you'll find everywhere,
Each with a tale to tell,
Of how they sought the Lord in prayer,
When into sin they fell...
Though many folks aren't criminals,
According to Man's laws,
God beckons us with many calls,
With total love not force...

Believers come, believers go,
One life on Earth to live
And yet, how can Man's spirit grow
If God would not forgive?
So many souls enslaved by sin,
How can God set them free?
The Bible helps each soul begin,
But first at Calvary...

Believers learn God's ways in time,
Since prophecies abound,
With each fulfillment so sublime
That wisdom must be found!
The sorrows of the past are healed
In spirit, body, soul,
When Jesus Christ has been revealed
And when He takes control...

Believers each have ministries,
Ordained by God above!
If they obey and seek to please,
His grace will prove enough...
Please listen to their tales of grace,
Their miracles, their prayers,
As they, the Gospel Truth embrace
And do what Jesus says!

Denis Martindale, copyright, June 2011.

The poem is about the Revelation TV show called Testimony Time in which the lifestories of Christian believers help explain how they first believed and how God has made them overcomers. Though in this world we find many troubles and setbacks, there is still the message of the Cross, the gifts of hope, new life and eternal life through Jesus Christ.

Website: revelationtv-dot-com

Denis Martindale

Please Respect The Elderly!

Please respect the elderly!
Learn patience day-by-day...
A little love from you and me
Can go a long, long way!
God's love towards Mankind goes on
For all eternity
And when His children must pass on,
He treats them tenderly...

Please respect the elderly!
No matter, fit or frail...
A soothing word or pleasantry,
Is hardly known to fail.
Lord Jesus died for one and all...
He died for young and old...
While young at heart we may walk tall,
In time, we're not so bold...

Please respect the elderly!
Is that too much to ask?
Our actions prove our courtesy,
Regardless of the task...
God hears the prayers of everyone,
No matter, rich or poor.
If we do things that must be done,
God couldn't ask for more...

Denis Martindale, copyright, June 2011

Denis Martindale

The Q And A Show

Sometimes I ask the Lord in prayers, What's the meaning of life?
I wonder what the Bible says about Man's pain and strife?
Sometimes I think I understand, at other times, I'm lost!
So many doctrines close at hand that followed Pentecost!

One preacher says I should be rich! Like Oliver, ask more!
Then suddenly, another hitch, one preacher says stay poor.
One says to tithe and give a tenth, another says a fifth!
I pray to God, Grant me the strength! The strength that I mite give!

Should I stay single or get wed? If children come, what then?
So many questions in my head and all beyond my ken!
I know... Take one day at a time. No need to know it all.
So much to learn, I know that I'm not likely to recall.

I'm like a sponge absorbing truth, if only someone knew!
If only someone had the proof, perhaps I'd have a clue.
If only Jesus told me stuff! I'd listen all day long.
Then I'd obey the God I love, by learning write from rong.

Denis Martindale

Secret Swimmer

When solemn evening faded in
In this new neighbourhood,
The Bengal tiger waded in,
As silent as he could.
Amid the water, still quite warm,
His head was sailing high.
The water swirled around his form
As he swam slowly by.

The Bengal tiger all alone
Must find food by himself,
Preserving still that heart of stone
With wisdom, guile and stealth.
The secret swimmer swam that day,
Starvation deep inside.
For hunger never fades away
Till food has been supplied.

His eyes were seeking food to eat,
So silence was his friend,
For in the hunt he must compete
And on his skills depend.
No fish must scatter in alarm,
No bird must fly or flee.
No nearby creature sense the harm
Of what was meant to be.

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

On Watch

They also serve who stand and wait,
The meerkat showed this fact.
He volunteered and stood up straight,
Determined to react!
The dust, of course, gets everywhere,
Yet there he stood and stared.
So vigilant, with utmost care,
So all his friends were spared.

While on watch he was their hero,
Courageous through and through!
His warnings kept them safe below,
Where they peeped up to view.
That's how his friends lived lives in peace,
Away from hungry eyes.
So that their numbers may increase,
Regardless of their size.

His eyes could see the predators
Before they had a chance.
Before things went from bad to worse,
He sure led them a dance!
The meerkat may not look a lot,
Four legs and fur and fluff.
But think of dangers he can spot
And how he proves his love.

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Lord Of The Jungle

Lord of the Jungle, certainly,
This leopard so serene.
He posed with sovereign majesty,
The best that's ever been.
The strongest leopard God had made
Of all that lived before,
An alpha male was here displayed,
Of that, you can be sure!

His destiny was crystal clear.
Contenders must beware!
Observing what they knew was fear,
To beg them to take care!
Why risk your life against the Lord?
Why challenge to a fight?
His confidence can't be ignored,
It's safer to take flight!

Lord of the Jungle, yes, in truth!
His power's known to all.
This is the legacy of youth,
That lesser cats recall.
And, to them, he's like a legend,
The bravest of the brave.
And so, I ask, before life's end,
Such creatures we should save.

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Playtime

The lion cubs approached with guile,
Each facing off with glee,
Behind their growls each had a smile
That only friends could see...
To strangers, they looked mighty mad
And ready for a fight,
Yet both their parents seemed quite glad,
Restrained and quite polite...

So neither parents intervened
As these two cubs began.
They circled round and schemed and schemed
As if each had a plan...
The clueless cubs, if truth be told,
Were practicing at best...
Pretending they were strong and bold,
Yet neither was impressed!

They knew their place, as young cubs do,
So fighting turned to play!
So growling switched to 'I like you,
No matter what I say...'
The lion cubs had found a truce
And war had turned to peace...
Three cheers for that! At last, good news!
Will wonders never cease! ?

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Forest Glade

White tigers like to rest and so
They find a gentle spot
And there, they stay, just laying low,
As they like that a lot.
As if their strength of great renown
Had disappeared from view,
They stretch their paws, their frowns droop down
And muscles relax, too.

White tigers get their lazy moods,
The wise do not disturb.
You can't tempt them with juicy foods,
For appetites they curb.
They know it's time they should be still,
So why do other things?
There's nothing like the silent thrill
That warm contentment brings

White tigers, please leave them alone,
Don't try to chase them off.
Especially not the ones full grown
That feel they've had enough.
Just live and let live, give them space.
Don't say you're unafraid!
Let them enjoy their gentle pace
Within the forest glade.

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Judging My Judgement Day Dream

The dream began as many do, without a by or leave,
Then all lost souls God let me view... I heard their spirits grieve.
I looked above, there were no stars, no planets and no moon,
The sun alone was burning still, so hot it made them swoon.

Beyond these creatures of the night, I marvelled for I saw
A great and wondrous pure white light that thrilled me to the core.
Yes, there was God upon His throne, a witness to it all,
As Jesus judged Mankind alone, within God's Judgement Hall.

Both rich and poor, just naked skin. No righteous robes had they
And so they wept, still drenched in sin, as they faced Judgement Day.
The lightning bolts proclaimed God's rage, with no-one left in doubt,
But none of these had reached the stage to work sins' problems out.

Though Jesus Christ of Nazareth atoned at Calvary,
Their judgement fell, a second death, for all eternity...
So many billions thought they knew much better than the Lord.
They hated Jesus Christ the Jew with all His claims ignored.

Then suddenly, God changed His mind! The demons were amazed!
The sinners wept, left sin behind and God was highly praised!
Although lost souls die unforgiven, not trusting in God's Son,
God's mercy let them into Heaven despite what they had done!

When I woke up that sunny morn, the sun shone in my eyes
And though I didn't feel forlorn, was this dream fuelled by lies?
I stood corrected by God's Word, God's Truths for me to hold.
Once saved by Christ, my heart was stirred to share what Jesus told.

Denis Martindale

The King Of Kings And More

There's not one single fact unknown
To God who dwells above.
In Christ, no man lives life alone,
His grace will prove enough...
If only we would praise the Lord
When trouble comes our way,
With faith so bold we stand assured,
Or on our knees we pray.

The heart that grieves is known to Him,
His comfort never fails...
He saved each soul, the cost was grim,
For He was pierced with nails.
His sacred heart was also pierced
To prove that He was dead...
And though His Mother wept her tears,
For us, our Saviour bled...

God raised Him up from death to life,
Through Him we are reborn...
And while each one of must must strive,
We need not feel forlorn...
Through Him, we know that God forgave
Believers rich or poor.
We serve a Saviour strong and brave,
The King of Kings and more...

Blessed is the man who knows God's word,
With psalms and wisdom, too.
By faith, his heart is daily stirred,
Inspired and made new...
So praise the Lord your whole life long.
You'll meet the Lord one day!
To join God's angels in their song
And there, content, you'll stay...

Denis Martindale

This Is For You!

As I paused within the present,
With the future on my heart,
The Saviour knew how much this meant
That I should do my part...
So Lord Jesus chose to give me,
So I could share with you...
Much more than this He shared with me,
For there was more to do...

I felt the leading of the Lord
To read a Bible verse,
God's Spirit granted me a sword,
His blessing not His curse
And skills were destined day-by-day
So I was well-equipped...
Forgiveness, too, if I should stray,
For many times I've slipped.

He said His grace would guide my prayers,
Towards my destiny...
To preach to paupers, millionaires
And those with eyes to see.
Across the world, the nations hear
God's word by day and night...
That's why the Lord is ever near,
My constant source of light...

Yes, I've been rich and I've been poor,
Yet God is in control...
And He's the One I'm living for,
Since Jesus saved my soul.
I've been to Israel, learnt a lot,
I know the Gospel's true...
When Jesus died, the Son of God
Told us, 'This is for you...'

Denis Martindale

Pilgrim's Progress

Dear Lord, I'm but a fallen man, some thoughts beyond control.
I've sinned as only sinners can, yet ask, forgive my soul...
Consider my infirmities, like anger, hatred, greed,
My prejudice and jealousies... How then, can I succeed?

Perfection is Your constant aim, that's why I turn to You
And humbly ask in Jesus' Name, dear Lord, forgive me, too.
I don't think that I'm strong enough to please You as I should,
Yet Jesus is the King of Love, He'd guide me if He could...

Ask Him to be this sinner's friend, don't let me live alone...
I want to serve You to the end, not for some crown to own,
But just because You are the Lord, no other should I serve...
Too long Your love has been ignored, yes, even from my birth...

Yet that was then and this is now, today I hear Your call...
Let me ascend to heights somehow from where I'll never fall...
Else why was Jesus crucified, if not for this new dawn?
Bid me transcend what sin denied, new life, in Christ, reborn...

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Sarah's Choice

The unborn child was helpless there,
Within the mother's womb...
And if that mother didn't care,
Then that would be a tomb...
While Sarah mused the pros and cons,
Her lifestyle to maintain,
Her tiny child was held in bonds,
Which destiny to gain?

Would it be life, would it be death,
Would it be chosen right?
Consider Christ from Nazareth
Who shared each baby's plight...
Just one mistake, one selfish act,
One cold catastrophe
And death would be the callous act
Marked for eternity...

PoemHunter.com

So who are we to end new life,
Before that life can start?
It's no excuse because it's rife
To break another heart...
The tragic truth is sinners know
That guilt is everywhere,
It doesn't matter where you go,
You'll find abortion there...

Successful Sarah had a choice,
Another life to give,
The blessing meant for girls and boys
With their own lives to live...
When visions come like dreams so real,
They prophesy God's plans,
Then who are we to stop or steal
Such tiny feet and hands?

Society has lots to say,
Of human rights and more,
But what of those who kneel and pray

As they obey God's Law?
Is their voice silenced or approved?
Did Jesus die for nought?
And what of God? Is His heart moved
By what young Sarah thought?

How long before the tide is turned?
This bloody trail of tears...
How long before this world has learned
The wisdom of the years?
Repentance. Is it just a word?
Well, Scrooge knew what to do...
A gentle heart in him was stirred...
And in young Sarah, too...

Denis Martindale

The Perfect Perfect Poem

Imagine that God asked you to write the perfect poem.
You sat down at the table, pen and paper at the ready.
You let your mind drift, as if in gentle wholesome prayer.
You wait for some guidance as to the main theme.
Into your mind came the title. How? You could not say.
Yet there it was, as if it were your destiny... your duty...
You write the title down and pause to think about it...
Into your mind come images, unbidden, unrehearsed.

Images unfolding, as from some midnight dream.
You think you should write down the first line.
You force the first verse to fit your new desire.
The words work well and you are warmly pleased.
With a faithful heart, you press on with joy.
The images continue and more words flow...
Who is the writer now? Who is leading the pen?
You are puzzled as the images stop suddenly.

You are given time to catch up, so all is well.
The words become eloquent, bold and fanciful.
The story becomes more than what is first known.
A hidden meaning has yet to be revealed.
You sense it is on its way and you strain to know it.
What can it be? Is it a secret from the Lord?
Is it a precious prophecy, is it a holy revelation?
And you tremble, with eyes closed tight, waiting.

'Tell me! ' you plead with God... 'Tell me! '
Then the secret comes and all you see is light.
White hot burning light, the essence of God's glory.
It is fitting to kneel in the presence of Christ.
Behold the Son of the Most High, the risen Lord...
And all that was written before means nothing.
Now is the time for revelation, for the Lord speaks.
And you are truly ready, for now is the time to write.

Denis Martindale

White Feather

Her smile is gracious as God's stars that nightly fill the sky,
As sweet as water when it's sparce and when one's throat is dry...
As precious as the rainbow's glow, as in an arc it spreads
And like a waterfall in flow that stirs the waterbeds...

Her hair is dark as ravens' wings, yet when the light is right,
There's silver there like angels' wings that perfectly delight...
A small white feather decorates just like a totem pole,
As from a dove that never hates, with love its constant goal...

Her lips are soft and sweet to kiss, as if to say, 'Thank you! '
As if expressing utter bliss, romance forever new...
They make her heartfelt feelings known, no secrets can they hide.
They say, 'Don't leave me all alone with yearnings here inside...'

Her heart is tender as the doe, that walks in innocence...
Two hundred ponies to and fro, her marriage recompense...
And yet her heart she cannot sell, but only give away...
This Indian Princess, known so well, they named, 'Appearing Day'...

Denis Martindale

Appearing Day

Her smile is gracious as God's stars that nightly fill the sky,
As sweet as water when it's sparse and when one's throat is dry...
As precious as the rainbow's glow, as in an arc it spreads
And like a waterfall in flow that stirs the waterbeds...

Her hair is dark as ravens' wings, yet when the light is right,
There's silver there like angels' wings that perfectly delight...
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PoemHunter.com

Debra Paget played the part of Appearing Day in the film
Broken Arrow and she also appeared in the film White Feather.

The Indians leaving their lands behind has also been explained
in the poem The Legend Of Running Wolf on poemhunter-dot-com

Denis Martindale

Will He Take The Mark?

The Rapture of the Church of Christ came suddenly one day!
Too many billions were surprised when God took them away!
Finances transformed overnight when leaders were confused...
The Antichrist now came in sight and smiled and smirked, amused.

For now he knew his time had come, when he was centre stage,
A Saviour figure held by some, the healer of the age.
And while the wily wolf was thought a genius and more,
His spider's web had many caught, this peaceful Man of war...

Yet I lived on, transformed, reborn, Yeshua saved my soul.
The Golden Age about to dawn, King Jesus to control.
Yeshua had the sovereign right, forgiveness to bestow,
Into this world He brought God's light that darkness couldn't know.

When I found out, I warned my friend, 'Don't take the mark! ' I said.
'For God has prophesied his end, as if already dead...'
But my friend laughed and bid farewell. I watched him walk away...
He took the mark and went to Hell when God sent Judgment Day...

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale, copyright, June 2011.

Based on Revelation TV's End Times Video

revelationtv-dot-com

Denis Martindale

If You But Knew

If you but knew the price God paid, the sacrifice it cost
And saw how Jesus was betrayed, yet saved this world so lost...
If you had seen the face of Christ, when crucified for you,
Sins' horrors would be realised! What then, if you but knew?
If you but knew what was in store, for whom the Father cares,
The countless blessings and much more for those who pray the prayers,
For those who kneel beside their beds, like children close to sleep,
Perhaps you'd live like thoroughbreds, with trophies yet to keep.

If you but knew what had to be, the days, the weeks, the years,
For those with godly destiny, for whom each angel cheers,
The precious gifts that God bestows, in this life and the next,
You'd have the faith that grows and grows, that couldn't be perplexed.
If you but knew how Heaven felt, like visitors have told
And how God's holy flowers smelt, next to His streets of gold
And how the giant pearl shines out, more brilliant than the sun,
Insights would vanquish every doubt, you'd say, 'God's will be done! '

If you but knew, but you can't tell, they're hidden from your mind...
While there's a Heaven and a Hell, to such truths you're resigned.
But if you knew, as Christians must, you'd preach for all you're worth!
So holy truths could be discussed with everyone on Earth...
If they but knew the price God paid, the sacrifice it cost
And saw how Jesus was betrayed, yet saved this world so lost...
If they had seen the face of Christ, so He could save them, too,
Sins' horrors would be realised! What then, if they but knew?

Denis Martindale, copyright, June 2011.

The poem is about the Gospel channel,
Revelation TV on Sky 581, here in the UK,
Website: revelationtv-dot-com

Denis Martindale

White Lord

The pure white lion chose his spot,
Content that it would do
And there he didn't move a lot,
He just enjoyed the view.
To him, this was another day,
No worries on his mind
And so he let time pass away,
Slow breathing to unwind.

The years had taught him how to live
And if to walk or run
The time to take, the time to give,
The battles to be won.
Of course, by now, the heat was strong,
So why not have a rest?
No point in running all day long,
For who would be impressed?

The white lord in the sky above
Was just like him below,
When that old sun had shone enough,
It gave the moon a go.
Let lion cubs run left and right!
Let lion cubs climb trees!
For now, it was his prime delight
To nestle on his knees.

Denis Martindale, copyright, June 2011.

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'White Lord'.

More Stephen Gayford poems here:
denis-martindale-dot-blogspot-dot-com

Denis Martindale

Advice In The Wilderness

I dreamt I saw Christ walking
Within the wilderness...
And with Him, Satan talking,
To curse and not to bless...
I watched the Devil laughing
At Jesus all alone,
And as the Lord was starving,
Advised, 'Make bread from stone...'

Lord Jesus quoted what He'd learnt,
That Man needs more than bread,
That comes to us from ovens burnt,
So that each one is fed...
Each word of God can feed the soul,
As if a child within,
So that it gains some self-control
And faith that won't give in...

Then Satan promised all the lands,
The kingdoms he possessed,
If Jesus merely raised His hands
In worship, He'd be blessed!
Lord Jesus knew His Father's will,
The Lamb of God was He!
The Saviour who would climb that hill
That men called Calvary!

The Devil merely cleared his throat,
As he continued on
And of the Scriptures he took note,
'One life, then it is gone...
If you fell from a mountain top,
God would protect His Son...'
But Jesus Christ refused to drop,
To test what could be done...

To Calvary, Christ went to die...
A crown of thorns to wear...
To suffer shame for you and I,

Man's shameful sins to bear...
God's great advice He listened to,
By faith, He bled and bled...
You see, He knew God's Word was true...
Enough to raise the dead!

Denis Martindale

Never Give Up! Never Give In!

Never give up! Never give in!
Never give way to doubt!
If there's one chance that you can win,
By faith, bring that about!
You're never alone while God looks down,
For He prepares the way!
He has prepared for you a crown
That you will wear one day!
You've spoken prayers and God has heard,
His angels fly above,
For they obey His every word
Who strengthens us with love!

Never give up! Never give in!
The battle is the Lord's!
His Son has conquered death and sin
And grants us His rewards!
So harken well, you child of faith!
Withstand each storm and strife!
For God is able, strong to save
And grants eternal life!
Though lightning strikes, though floods may pour,
Though wars be fought on Earth,
God's love for you grows more and more,
You're priceless, beyond worth!

Never give up! Never give in!
Endure unto the end!
Resist temptation, flee from sin,
Don't compromise or bend!
Be strong as mountains day and night
That stand the test of time,
With God your peace, your joy, your might,
Your destiny sublime...
While there's a sun and moon and stars,
Praise God who put them there!
For He who makes each day to pass,
Hears every single prayer...

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale, copyright, June 2011.

Denis Martindale

If I

If I condemn the starving, sit back and let them die,
If at the lost I'm laughing, I ask, what use am I?

If I condone temptation and let it run its course,
Then I neglect salvation and Hell I thus endorse...

If I contrast the good and bad, yet choose the latter path,
Then I deserve to feel so sad within the aftermath...

If I control the purse strings, yet money I won't share,
How can I serve the King of Kings? How can He hear my prayer?

If I contain a billion sins from every thought and deed,
I need to seek the Prince of Peace, the Bible books to read...

If I, conned sinner that I am, dismiss Christ out of hand,
How will I live to love the Lamb of God as He has planned?

If I can't visit Calvary, if I can't praise the Lord,
If I can't see Christ died for me... then Hell is my reward...

If I consider, kneel and pray, repent, call on His Name,
No more will I fear Judgment Day, eternal life to claim...

Denis Martindale, copyright, June 2011.

The poem is based on the Christian Gospel
and the choice between Heaven and Hell...

Denis Martindale

Fools' Prophets

A prophet came as if to preach, with miracles as well...
With strangely spoken truths to teach, to save lost souls from Hell.
It seemed that though he knew God's Word, he'd often add a twist...
Until all wisdom had been blurred and none could get the gist!

His fame and fortune none could doubt, for they grew hand-in-hand,
But none could work his teachings out, for none could understand...
One day, he preached of sacrifice, the next, God was our friend,
The next, that God was not so nice and Hell would never end!

He quoted scriptures now and then, with parables to boot,
To follow with a joke again that people thought was cute...
He even uttered prophecies and some of these came true,
The rest proved lies, catastrophes, as if he had no clue!

He fleeced the foolish flocks each week in lands both near and far,
As every dollar he would seek, saved in his cookie jar...
At first, I thought he was a saint, this devil in disguise,
Whose lifestyle knew not one restraint, then God opened my eyes...

Now I won't give a single dime, a dollar, franc or pound...
To contribute would be a crime, like all the scams around...
God couldn't bless the likes of me, until I understood,
Not all who speak of Calvary are there to serve the good...

Denis Martindale, copyright, June 2011.

The poem is based on all those
preachers who have souled out...

Denis Martindale

Don'T Deny The Power!

When Jesus walked this sinful Earth, He came to save not judge,
But many gave the Lord wide berth and then they wouldn't budge.
If they but heard His Name they left! They chose to disobey!
Thus disbelief had led to theft, to steal their hearts away...

But there were some, who sought Him out! Despair had led to faith!
Thus faith had overcome their doubt, so much that Christ could save!
With nought to lose and much to gain, the hundreds hoped He cared.
He healed the sick, released their pain and all their sins He bared.

God walked with Him by day and night, God's Spirit guiding, too.
To bless all people, black and white, each Gentile and each Jew.
It didn't matter, rich or poor, if born a slave or free,
God's miracles were theirs for sure, all paid through Calvary...

Lord Jesus promised to the Church, if two met in His Name,
They wouldn't have the need to search, He'd be there just the same.
So while some claim His ancient power has somehow gone away,
In truth, He's here, yes, every hour and hears the words we pray.

Please don't deny His Ministry! Please don't deny His love!
Please don't deny His grace for me that God bestows above!
Please join with us who still believe, in hope to understand...
By faith, together to receive... Touched by our Saviour's hand...

Denis Martindale, copyright, June 2011.

The poem is based upon steadfast faith
that holds fast to the promises of God.

Denis Martindale

Close To Jesus

Close to Jesus, so few have been, yet with their stories told,
Through these we see the Nazarene, the Saviour to behold...
From birth to death and far beyond, God's Son has proved His worth
And thus, to Him, we each respond, while we live on this Earth...
Of those we know, some prophets shared what they perceived of Christ,
At whom the disbelievers stared the day He was baptised...
Yet John the Baptist spoke the truth, 'Behold the Lamb of God! '
Though just to them, He seemed a youth, for these, He shed His Blood!

To think, He healed the sick He met and those then brought to Him,
Forgiving sins that caused regret, for guilt can make us grim...
The multitudes were like lost sheep, each one had lost his way,
When God's commands they wouldn't keep, He taught them how to pray.
But while His fame was widely known, disciples came and went,
Until Saint Peter stood alone and called Him Heaven-sent...
'You are the Christ, God's promised Son! No other can we seek!
You speak the words, then deeds are done that make You quite unique! '
Though Peter knew the truth full well, the Saviour he denied!
Three times he lied and wouldn't tell, with Christ soon crucified...

Through John and Mary's eyes we see the Saviour lifted high,
The Lamb of God met Calvary... His destiny... to die...
It didn't end with mortal death, as one would first assume
Behold Jesus of Nazareth, not bound by any tomb!
God raised Him up from Death's embrace, from Hell to Heaven's Throne!
Through Him, receive God's perfect grace... Believe in Christ alone.
His Blood can cleanse and make us whole, for He makes all things new!
Let Jesus in to save your soul... Let Him come close to you...

Denis Martindale, copyright, June 2011.

The poem is based on the Gospel teachings
in the Close To Jesus DVD dramatisations
the Amazon shopping website found for me.

Denis Martindale

Rich Man, Poor Man

When God looked down from Heaven's Throne to Job upon the Earth,
God saw Job's faith had fully grown and that this man had worth...
God told the Devil of this man, so righteous and so pure.
God said, 'He does the best he can, almost without a flaw...'

The Devil fumed and then replied, 'You made him rich, that's why!
How many times has that man sighed? He has no cause to cry! '
Then God let Satan smite Job's land and suffer for a while
And death was very near to hand... and poor Job lost his smile...

The Lord received Job's faithful praise, despite the tragic loss!
Job proved he loved the Lord always! That made the Devil cross!
'What say you now? ' the Lord remarked! But Satan argued still...
For he was livid, he was narked, 'What if I make him ill? '

So God agreed, 'But spare his life! ' So Satan went below
And Job fell ill, such that his wife saw skin boils start to grow...
'Why praise the Lord? Reject His love! ' But Job dismissed each word.
'I trust the Lord who dwells above! Rejection's quite absurd! '

PoemHunter.com

Alas, poor Job conferred with friends, who said that he had sinned...
But Job had faith that never ends! Though he no longer grinned!
Through gritted teeth, he set them straight, 'Of what sin am I blamed?
Of every sin I've learned to hate! I sit here unashamed! '

Then God spoke loud and God spoke clear, of everything He'd made,
Both sun and moon, things far and near, so truth could be displayed.
A structured world to live upon, from valleys to snowflakes!
If rainbow-coloured lights are shone, then, oh, what joy, each makes!

Poor Job, he suffered all he could, yet now he'd seen God's face,
By faith, he'd done the things he should, yet Job was saved by grace!
By faith, not works, lest any boast, no matter, rich or poor...
In Christ, receive the Holy Ghost... You'll never want for more...

Denis Martindale, copyright, May 2011.

Denis Martindale

Dollar Science

'If you send a thousand dollars,
Then God will bless your heart! '
Yet no matter how he hollers,
I've no money for a start...

That preacher guy won't get my cash
Because the cash ain't there,
In any case, I won't be rash,
So he's a billionaire...

He doesn't need a mansion home
With swimming pool to match,
Or fancy jet to fly to Rome,
If there's some plane to catch...

No wife have I, no kids have I,
So why the heck should he?
And while there's starving kids that die,
I'll think of them not me...

PoemHunter.com

He doesn't need a temple site
To worship God above,
He doesn't need the widow's mite
To prove that she's got love...

He'll not get a single penny,
He'll not get a single dime!
He's no prayer of getting any,
When he's just a waste of time!

Denis Martindale

The Making Of A Man

When God made Adam long ago, He fashioned him supreme,
A billion thoughts that he might know his life was not a dream...
Thus no excuses could release that Man that God had made,
If by his sins he lost God's peace and through guilt was dismayed...

When God made Adam long ago, the angels gave God praise,
They did not treat Man as a foe, so new to Godly ways...
Yet Lucifer was mortified when Eve was introduced,
As God created from Man's side this female not refused...

When God made Adam long ago and Eve, his helpmate wife,
In whom new children were to grow when they made love and life,
Then Satan knew they would not die if children must exist...
And so he tricked them with a lie that they did not resist...

When God made Adam long ago, He knew him through and through,
He also let grace overflow, despite each sinful view...
Thus from God's Eden Man was sent and Adam's sons knew shame,
As through each day of sin they went, with each to bear the blame...

When God made Adam long ago, in time to see him fall,
He chose to send His Son below, a sacrifice for all...
God filled the Scriptures with this news, as prophets voiced His plans
Worldwide to Gentiles and to Jews dispersed across the lands...

When God made Adam long ago, He paused to count the cost!
For sin would wander to and fro and Hell would claim the lost!
Lord Jesus died, passed by Death's Door, with courage unsurpassed!
The making of a man, for sure... Our Saviour, first to last...

Denis Martindale

Her Hand In Mine

She was a television star
And famed across the land.
Her beauty made me shout, 'Hoorah! ',
As most would understand.
I recognised her standing there,
Within that High Street store,
As if the answer to my prayer,
My dream girl, that's for sure...

Why she worked there, I couldn't say,
Perhaps her fortune changed...
Yet she looked happy in a way,
As she, some clothes arranged...
When I approached, confessing love,
At first, she merely smiled,
As if as gentle as a dove,
With me, her slave, beguiled...

'Please walk with me...' and she agreed.
We left there side-by-side,
Then suddenly I felt the need
That true love cannot hide...
'I want to hold your hand! ' I said,
To my new Valentine.
As if all shyness from her fled,
She raised her hand to mine.

It felt so warm, her arm did, too,
That's why I stroked her skin
And while it felt so strange to do,
She stood there with a grin...
It was as if she realised,
True love cannot conceal
Emotions if so highly prized,
So precious, new and real...

And so we walked, as if alone,
Nobody else in sight,
No longer walking on our own,

While love was at its height.
Of course, I woke, as morning came,
My dream girl to depart...
Yet I will never be the same,
Nor will my thankful heart...

(May 2011)

Denis Martindale

The Christian Kingdom Of Love

Blessed is the soul that's born again,
Cleansed by the Blood of Christ,
That mighty flood that teaches men
How much God sacrificed.
Lord Jesus chose the Cross to bear,
His destiny to face...
In answer to each sinner's prayer,
To save the Human Race...

That's why today the Gospel's taught
In Israel and beyond
And why today that we are bought
With Blood when we respond...
And so God's Kingdom must increase
With every passing week,
A million more God can release,
If we, lost souls, would seek.

It's by God's Word that faith can grow
Just like a mustard seed,
Until one day the world will know
How much God's love we need...
In word and deed, let's be a voice
In every wilderness,
So that lost souls can make the choice
That brings God's happiness!

(May 2011)

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Teach Me, Lord

Please teach me, Lord, I'm ready now,
As ready as could be,
No longer proud and so I bow
Before Your Majesty...
For who am I and what am I
Of all on Earth below?
And yet for me, Your Son would die,
And to His Cross would go...

They beat Him up, they crushed His face,
They scourged His back as well...
You placed on Christ our great disgrace...
That grace saves us from Hell...
To think, they forced a crown of thorns
Into Christ's battered head
And Mother Mary deeply mourns
Lord Jesus lying dead...

But God, You would not spare Your Son!
You raised Him from the Tomb,
You glorified what Christ had done,
You overcame the gloom...
You sent Your Spirit to the Earth,
For Pentecostal praise,
To sanctify and prove His worth,
For only Christ obeys...

The Saviour of the world lives on,
He lives in hearts now warmed,
Because the hearts of stone are gone,
God-blessed, reborn, transformed.
The mortal flesh gets old and dies,
Our riches turn to dust,
Yet all the faithful realise -
The Trinity we trust...

That's why the rich and poor alike
Give money left and right,
The iron's hot and so they strike

And give with all their might.
The widow's mite was praised by Christ,
For she gave all she had...
Thus God knew what was sacrificed
And He was mighty glad...

Do not condemn the poor, my friends,
God hears their prayers each day...
He shares a love that never ends
And never fades away...
One day, the Son of Man will claim
The Bride of Christ and more...
One day, the world will praise His Name!
That's not what He died for...

He died to set us free from sin,
He died our lives to save,
He died our precious souls to win,
He died our sins to waive...
He lives to bless us, every one,
He lives to guide us through...
And blessed are those who hear God's Son,
Who whispers, 'I LOVE YOU...'

Please teach me, Lord, I'm ready now,
As ready as could be,
No longer proud and so I bow
Before Your Majesty...
For who am I and what am I
Of all on Earth below?
And yet for me, Your Son would die
And to His Cross would go...

Denis Martindale, copyright, May 2011.

Denis Martindale

The Opportune Moment

Perceive the opportune moment,
The second so sublime,
The precious gift that's Heaven-sent
At that most gracious time
When charity is uppermost
Within our hearts and minds
And shares the vision coast-to-coast
With each soul that it finds...

For love itself holds nothing back,
Like God, it never sleeps,
Not while another's made to lack
Or while another weeps
For love condemns all selfish greed
And shares its very best,
With prayers to meet our every need
So that each soul is blessed.

When Christmas comes, each father gives
To those both near and far,
For deep within his heart there lives
An ever-guiding star
He may not count the smiles he brings
And yet God knows them all,
Just like He knows the hymns each sings
Which say He's wonderful

Though storms may rage and thunders roar
And floods fill us with fear,
Though damning doubts may overpour,
Still Christmas comes each year
For life goes on and new faith grows,
Like after Calvary
Blessed is the heart that overflows
With well-timed charity.

Denis Martindale

Spring Into Summer

Some believe that there's a heatwave
That's heading for us soon!
That prophecy is somewhat brave,
Yet it would be a boon!
Spring into Summer, suddenly,
No duffle coats in sight!
If you're like me, you'll wait and see,
We could get snow tonight!

But if a heatwave's on its way,
I'll get the icecreams out!
Like you, I'll shout, 'Hip, hip, hooray! '
And cast off all my doubt...
I'll fill the paddling pool again,
I'll even mow the lawn!
I'll treat myself to cool champagne
Until the last drop's gorn...

I'll paint that fence as good as new,
I'll paint the wall as well...
I'll praise the Lord and say, 'Thank You! '
My scoffing to dispel...
Yes, I'll write it in my diary!
I lived to see the day...
The temperature was 83
Before the end of May!

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Four Horsemen Of The Apocalypse

I saw them riding in a dream, Hell-bent upon their course,
And each one with a sickening scheme as he rode on his horse...
And so they moved, this world to claim with utmost misery,
With death and suffering as their aim, their shame and infamy!
I saw them riding coast-to-coast, on sturdy steeds at night
And evil had them all engrossed, as if they were held tight...
And so they moved, one thought in mind, to bring the world despair,
Until the time four horsemen find their victims unaware!

I saw them riding recklessly, regardless, side-by-side,
As if their perfect destiny, each smiled with stubborn pride...
And so they moved and cut to shreds the mortal flesh of Man,
While moonbeams shone upon their heads as all four horses ran!
I saw them riding to my town and to my very street
And there they cast their curses down upon men's hands and feet...
And so they moved, unmerciful, upon the young and old,
To fill up every hospital with fever and with cold!

I saw them riding from my home, to Europe, for a spell
And I beheld that even Rome was subject to their Hell...
And so they moved, unmoved by deeds, unspeakable and foul,
Men's lives to quench like choking weeds or wicked wolves that howl!
I saw them riding, north and south, and east and west in time,
With blasphemies to fill each mouth, as if their perfect crime...
And so they moved, sharp tiger-toothed, repentant, not at all...
Four horses and four horsemen proved that even the mighty fall...

Denis Martindale

The Rich Man And The Poor Man

Two men were walking to Heaven
On the day that both men died...
At the age of seventy-seven,
The limit that God supplied...
The rich man and the poor man,
Now together, side-by-side,
Became aware God had a plan
And it couldn't be denied...

They each told stories good and bad,
Despite depressing heartaches...
The poor man gave God what he had,
From the tithe that each man makes...
They each had merits all their own,
Both their triumphs and mistakes
And times they struggled all alone,
And their share of lucky breaks...

Then suddenly they heard God's voice,
'Only one can I let in!
It's up to you to make that choice,
Who will lose and who will win! '
The two men prayed and prayed and prayed,
As if both kith and kin,
Until their final choice was made,
Which caused them much chagrin...

The poor man chose to stand his ground,
For the new friend that he met,
Because for him new love had found,
Like the love you can't forget...
'Receive him, Lord! And bless him, too...
And forgive his every debt...
For in life, he never knew You
And it's filled him with regret...'

Denis Martindale

Mary And Joseph: A Story Of Love

Joseph was born, Mary was born, each lived their lives on Earth...
A world some thought of as forlorn, yet God preserved its worth...
These children grew to adult age, betrothed and to be wed
And yet before the marriage stage, God intervened instead...

Thus Mary heard about her son, the Saviour yet to be,
The One called Jesus who has done so much on Calvary...
She learnt that she, a chosen maid, was now so highly blessed
And thus God humbly she obeyed, for He knew what was best...

Yes, God chose her and Joseph, too, because their hearts combined
With love forever good and true, the best that He could find...
Thus two young people lived their lives, God's secret Son to guide,
Unlike the husbands and the wives, in houses side-by-side...

Imagine them with Jesus there, the babe, the child, the man,
The prophet who would kneel in prayer to daily learn God's plan.
Good Shepherd, yet the Lamb of God, the Prince of Peace and more,
The King of Calvary whose Blood was destined there to pour...

To think that Mary saw Him live, to think she saw Him die,
To think for us His life would give, though centuries passed by...
I tell you this, of all we know on Earth or Heaven above,
Mary and Joseph and Jesus show this wondrous thing called love...

Denis Martindale, copyright,15th May 2011.

Mary and Joseph: A Story of Love
was shown on Sky Digital today. So this
new poem is about what God has done
through them to help save Mankind...

Google's search engine helps find more details.

Denis Martindale

I Need My Beauty Sleep

Some days seem short, some days seem long,
Some days don't want to end...
Then we feel weak instead of strong,
No longer to pretend.
A sudden yawn, a droopy head,
Then heavy eyelids prove
It's time for us to go to bed,
While we've got strength to move!

So up the stairs we plod once more,
A second yawn to share,
Perhaps to kneel upon the floor
To offer God a prayer...
Then all at once, the lights go out
And forty winks begin
Beneath the blankets all about,
Wrapped tight to keep us in...

I need my beauty sleep, don't you?
I can't stay up all night!
I know when sleep is overdue,
So why put up a fight?
My muscles, what there are of them,
Just melt like morning snow...
As I slip into peaceful REM...
On memory foam, I go...

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Salvation Is The Way

Salvation is God's greatest gift,
A gift we cannot earn.
It's meant to end the tragic rift
And help our hearts return.
For God is there and we are here,
As if we never meet,
Yet God was first to volunteer
Upon His Mercy Seat.

Salvation is Man's only prayer,
That God is yearning for.
God never sleeps, He hears you there,
Of that you can be sure...
The thoughts within each mind are known,
Before the words are said...
Not one of us has been alone,
No matter how misled.

The King of Kings and Lord of Lords,
Christ Jesus must be called...
God sent His Son to bring rewards
Once grace is first installed.
That's why Christ died and suffered loss
As holy hymns explain...
He died for us upon the Cross,
Our doomed lost souls to gain.

Bought with a price! Salvation now!
Forgiveness of our sins!
The Blood that bled upon His brow
Made Him God's precious Prince.
The resurrection testifies
God's promises are true...
Lord Jesus leads to Paradise...
The rest is up to you...

Denis Martindale

Sumatran Tiger

Sumatran Tiger! Look at you!
So many frowns you've got!
As if you don't know what to do,
So you don't do a lot!
I see you resting all alone,
Pretending that you're fine,
But you don't like it on your own,
You need a Valentine...

I know you're proud, stiff-upperlipped,
But that's bravado, friend!
It's outward show, emotions gripped!
You'll soon go round the bend!
There's some cute tigress all depressed
With frowns as long as yours!
Go get her, tiger! Do your best!
Caress her with those paws!

You're made of flesh and blood! Yes, you!
You lucky so-and-so!
It's time to change your point of view...
It's time for you to go!
Sumatran Tiger! On the shelf,
With dark frowns on your brow...
Get up! It's time to move yourself!
Your courting days start now!

(May 2011/The poem is based on the
magnificent sketch by Stephen Gayford
called 'Sumatran Tiger'.)

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

The Pearl Of Great Price

The pearl of great price was waiting...
In matchless majesty...
And he had no hesitating,
When he that pearl did see!
The merchant vowed that he would buy
The best that he could find
And so there was no asking why,
No doubt within his mind!

As with a perfect precious girl,
Like Esther in her day,
He fell in love with that pure pearl
And chose not to delay!
He ran to sell his treasures fast,
This best of all to own,
This blessing that was unsurpassed
That in the sea had grown...

When Jesus told the multitudes,
They smiled at what He said,
Because it changed their sullen moods
And thrilled their hearts instead!
To think, God's Kingdom costs much more
That Jesus bled and died,
To save lost souls, both rich and poor,
With love, arms open wide!

Through Calvary we learn so much!
We know that God forgives!
We know God grants His healing touch!
We know Lord Jesus lives!
We know the Holy Spirit shares
Himself with saints on Earth...
That's why the Father hears our prayers...
God knows how much we're worth...

To think, He would not spare His Son!
To think, He let Him die...
To think, through Christ lost souls are won,

Before the end draws nigh...
Thus Heaven waits each child of grace,
Who seeks to serve the King...
And blessed are those that see His face,
For He means everything...

Denis Martindale, copyright, June 2011.

The poem is about Rosalind Peters of
Revelation TV on Sky 581, here in the UK,
who wrote about The Pearl Of Great Price
in her blog on the Revelation TV website.

R Teenz is shown on Revelation TV...
It's presented by Rosalind Peters
here in the UK, as well as featured on
youtube, facebook and myspace...

youtube-dot-com/user/jesusrocks789
and on facebook-dot-com/rteenz
and on myspace-dot-com/rteenz

R Teenz poem: tinyurl-dot-com/r-teenz

YOU can watch Revelation TV on Sky UK and
the website's Watch Now Internet connection.

Website: revelationtv-dot-com

Denis Martindale

Church Without Walls

We serve a Saviour good as gold,
The greatest story ever told!
The King of Kings, the Lord of Lords,
Lifegiver of love's pure rewards...
We live by faith, we testify,
Eternal life can never die!
We fellowship both near and far,
To pray and wish upon a star.
Lord Jesus is that star, that light,
That shines for us by day and night!

Christ leads the Way to Heaven's Throne,
Reminding us we're not alone...
For in His Name, we daily walk
And of His glory we would talk,
To save the lost who need God's grace,
To see the Father in Christ's face...
Give praise with us and magnify,
Give glory to the Lord on high!
Let's preach and prophesy of Him,
Who daily fills us to the brim!

Thus we in all good works excel,
For Jesus, our Emmanuel...
Think not that we ourselves were good,
Or daily did the things we should,
For all, like sheep, have gone astray...
Till Calvary and Good Friday,
When Jesus bled and died to save
And Easter Sunday left His grave!
Then God's good Spirit helped men search
To find God's grace within the Church...

Yet now, without walls, we on Earth,
Will tell the world about His worth,
That all might know the Saviour's Name,
His light and His eternal flame,
His Book of Life, His destiny!
The King who died for you and me...

Thus of His Kingdom there's no end,
That's why we trust in Him, our friend,
Who one day will return and reign!
A thousand years of peace! Amen...

(May 2011)

Denis Martindale

Gorgeous

A cute white lion cub posed there,
Sphinx-like for all to see,
So gorgeous and so debonair,
Born free and fancy free...
Serenity personified,
Tranquillity sublime,
That's why I stared, eyes open wide,
As if now lost in time...

Imagine how the years would grant
Him stature and allure,
So he could do the things he can't,
For then he'll do much more...
Today, he's just a ball of fur
With arms and legs attached,
With head and tail and gentle purr,
With beauty rarely matched...

But when he's grown, my word, what then?
A lion king, no doubt!
For sure, a royal sovereign,
Distinctive, standing out!
If God and Man let him survive,
What wondrous things he'll do!
That could be said of all alive,
Including me... and you!

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Gorgeous'.

Denis Martindale

Sundowners

If you've ever studied meerkats,
They're simple so-and-sos...
They're really fast and when each scats
You hardly see their toes...
When they stand tall, all nonchalant,
As if there's nothing wrong,
Like waiters in a restaurant,
They'll stand there all day long...

But if there's trouble, then watch out!
Those meerkats sure can run!
You'll not be left in any doubt,
They'll outchase anyone...
They'll stare at you with eyes like coals,
Not cowards with heads bowed.
They know their little hidey-holes,
That's where they laugh out loud!

When evening comes, their games must end,
That's when the meerkats rest...
Just like sundowners do, my friend,
Content they've done their best...
If we reflected, frame-by-frame,
Would we be filled with pride?
I wonder, could we say the same?
Or have we let things slide?

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

If Only We Used Christian Resources

If you can read the Bible
And help others read it, too,
Or quote a sacred Scripture,
To share God's point of view,
Or preach a precious parable,
To give some folks a clue,
Then you are on God's road, my friend,
For these things Christ would do.

If you can paint a portrait,
Or sculpture from cold clay,
Or create a masterpiece
That pianists can play,
Or fashion silver and fine gold,
For crosses, so we pray,
Then you are on God's road, my friend,
Yes, you are on the Way...

If you can write a poem down
That Christians call sublime,
Or decorate a Christmas cake
Before that special time,
Or ring Church bells in unison
And harmonies that chime,
Then you are on God's road, my friend,
As you, to Heaven, climb...

If you, like other Christians, use
Resources God has blessed,
Spread revelations you can spare,
Worldwide - north, south, east, west,
Or open up your bank account
And tithe, your faith to test,
Then you are on God's road, my friend,
Where God's saints do their best!

Denis Martindale

Silent Waters

The wise white tiger eased his way
Through the silent waters
And with such stealth he proved that day
Just how much he taught us...
For he was such a wily soul,
With cunning so sublime,
Content to maintain self-control,
Content to take his time...

The minimum of noise was made
As he swam dead ahead,
Yet then with gentle paws to wade,
As if a thoroughbred...
Determination drove him on
Towards his destiny...
Another life would soon be gone,
Who knows what it could be?

For now, there were no sudden thrills,
He drifted like a log...
The silence helped his hunting skills,
As if he were a dog...
Yet no dog stared with eyes like his,
Two sapphires burning bright...
Like two gas flames and each flame is
A symbol of his might!

Denis Martindale, copyright April 2011.

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Silent Waters'.

More Stephen Gayford poems here:
denis-martindale-dot-blogspot-dot-com

Denis Martindale

I'M Sure It's This Way

The lion cub woke up so slow,
For tired out was he
And didn't know the way to go,
No lions could he see!
'Oh, dear, they've left me all alone!
Perhaps this is a test!
I'll work it out all on my own...
I wonder which way's best? '

And so he paused, as lions do,
Content to search for signs,
Because right then he had no clue
To help the heart that pines...
He first looked left and then looked right,
Then circled round and round,
For something that would end his plight,
No matter, sight or sound...

'I'm sure it's this way! ' he presumed,
As if he were correct
And so his searching he resumed,
So this way could be checked...
The other lions laughed out loud
As he chose to explore...
He'd passed the test and they were proud
As he joined them once more!

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Family Portrait

The lion and the lioness
Posed still, so full of pride,
Determined that they would impress
Spectators far and wide...
The family portrait must be done,
For future eyes to see,
That's why they braved the midday sun,
Just for posterity...

Of course, she fussed, as mothers do,
While he remained serene,
The lion king in perfect view
Still waiting on his queen...
Then all at once, the moment came
And cameras clicked like mad,
As lion cubs too young to name
Stared at their Mum and Dad!

Photographers were quick to check
The pictures they had stored,
For every tail and paw and neck
So nothing was ignored...
'Thank God that's over! ' thought the king,
By now he'd had enough!
He left them all, yes, everything,
And said, 'I'm going, love...'

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Watching You

The Royal Tiger was acclaimed
Across the whole world wide
And in great pictures he'd been framed,
With genius and pride...
Distinctive stature has its charm,
Amid the ancient trails
And Man protects him from all harm,
For true love never fails...

Endangered species can't express
Their every daily need
And whether tiger, or tigress,
We know each one must feed...
As long as we've got some control,
Some stewardship at least,
Each Man must look inside his soul,
For beauty and the beast...

That's why the bold white tiger stood,
His old blue eyes aglow,
About to do what tigers should
When hunger starts to grow...
And so the hunt was on again,
For creatures great and small,
Perhaps to feast, survive and then
Be feared by one and all...

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The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Watching You'.

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Denis Martindale

All Tired Out

All fired up, all tired out,
The lion cub was through
And now there wasn't any doubt,
For no more could he do...
His little legs had run a mile,
By chasing all that moved
And though he lasted for a while,
Right now he must be soothed...

His precious paws had tender toes,
His muscles needed rest,
He only had a tiny nose
For air from east to west...
He watched the gliding clouds go by
And lay there hypnotised,
As they serenely sailed the sky
Across the land he prized...

One day he'd be the lion king
Who'd dominate for sure,
The guardian over everything
That life prepared him for...
Just give him time, for destiny
To bring these truths about...
And leave his royal majesty,
Today, all tired out!

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Weary

It was like the Fates conspired
And somehow had it planned,
I could see that he was tired,
That soon he couldn't stand...
Though the tiger wasn't near me,
Because I'm not that daft,
I could tell that he was weary
And that is why I laughed.

No more the wild thing so engrossed,
I knew he couldn't last...
With one eye open, one eye closed,
The tiger faded fast...
One paw serving for a pillow,
Beneath his dozy head,
He was like a weeping willow,
Quite rooted there instead...

He had to learn to pace himself!
This was the Golden Rule:
Survival first, preserve one's health
And not to play the fool...
He had to learn the solemn truth,
Now he was getting on
And say farewell to passing youth,
Now that his strength had gone...

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Words Of Wisdom

King Solomon was not a fool
When to the Lord he prayed,
For he knew well the Golden Rule
And this had been obeyed...
Yet now a kingdom he must guide,
Regardless, rich or poor,
As long as God stood side-by-side,
He could not want for more...

King Solomon was just a man,
He did not know all things
And yet he knew God had a plan,
God was the King of Kings...
So while God offered him a gift,
He served the kingdom best
If he could stem the tragic rift
With God and all the rest...

King Solomon desired most
God's wisdom here on Earth,
Yet not to brag and not to boast
Or seek to prove his worth...
He asked for wisdom, nothing else,
Not treasures or long life,
For these he knew were short term spells
While men on Earth survive...

King Solomon had pleased the Lord
Who gave these gifts to him
And all God's wisdom was outpoured
To fill him to the brim...
Consider wisdom and take heed
This poetry you see,
The Holy Bible's there to read...
Begin at Calvary!

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

The Skinflint

The skinflint saved his policies,
The skinflint saved his plugs,
The skinflint saved his first house keys,
The skinflint saved his mugs...

The skinflint saved his chewing gum,
The skinflint saved his rope,
The skinflint saved his small toy drum,
The skinflint saved his soap...

The skinflint saved his worn-out shoes,
The skinflint saved his clothes,
The skinflint saved his tubes of glues,
The skinflint saved his bows...

The skinflint saved his dated files,
The skinflint saved his drapes,
The skinflint saved his airline miles,
The skinflint saved his tapes...

The skinflint saved, yes, on the whole...
The skinflint saved so well?
The skinflint never saved his soul!
So God sent him to Hell...

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Bookends

Two tiger cubs had claimed a tree
As if it were their own
And guarded it with dignity,
As if they were full-grown!
They glared at those that ventured near,
With stern-stared loathsome looks,
As if they hoped to instil fear,
Like proper gangster crooks!

They arched their backs, their necks held high
With awesome jawsome jowls,
As if to give the evil eye
Backed up with fearsome scowls...
The gruesome twosome joined by oath
To fight with all their strength!
The passersby ignored them both!
Just sauntered by at length...

Two tiger cubs had claimed a tree,
Their castle for the day...
Like bookends in a library,
Determined, all the way...
Each little rebel with a cause,
Defiant to the last!
Their tiny claws inside their paws,
Though harmless, were quite fast...

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The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Bookends'.
More Stephen Gayford poems here:
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Denis Martindale

Cheek To Cheek

Two tigers wandered to and fro,
Like restless tigers do,
Until they chose to take things slow
Just like the chosen few...
Let others pounce and leap for joy,
Explore for all they're worth,
But these two tigers played it coy
And settled on the earth...

Thus side-by-side and cheek-to-cheek
They nestled 'neath the sun,
Content merely to pause and peek
At others having fun...
As if to say, 'You go for it!
We'll stay here keeping guard...
Conserve your strength, keep fighting fit,
Just don't you play too hard! '

While others every joy embrace
As if Hell-bent on thrills,
Some tigers simply spend their days,
Like statues watching hills...
They look like bookends on the shelves,
Now rooted to the spot!
Wise tigers learn to pace themselves!
That sun is too darned hot!

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The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Cheek To Cheek'.

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Denis Martindale

Two Beautiful Butterflies

Both part of God's great Paradise,
I saw them gliding by...
God's two beautiful butterflies
Were there upon the sky...
And everywhere they flew around
Or stopped to have a rest,
The sight of them would quite astound
And folks would be impressed!

Of course, their beauty was ordained,
So folks would give God praise,
Because through beauty much is gained,
It's not a passing phase...
The Lord decided long ago
Each colour, tint and hue
And this is how we start to grow,
When we say, I love you...

And so, give thanks, when beauty's near,
Give thanks when beauty's far!
Each gem's meant to be crystal clear,
A scintillating star!
This world is full of fragrant things,
Like roses meant to please...
Yet none more beauteous than the wings
Of butterflies like these...

Denis Martindale, copyright, April 2011.

The Two Beautiful Butterflies poem is dedicated
to Cindy Humphrey and Gemma Smallpage.

Denis Martindale

Sunlit Beauty

She was poised there like a princess
Whose heart could still be won,
A pretty precious lioness
Was basking in the sun...
Her sunlit beauty there on show,
For one and all to see,
Amid a wondrous golden glow
Of pure serenity...

This was her chance, her finest hour,
Her moment fixed in time,
When she exuded sensual power,
Alluring and sublime...
Mature in ways that Nature knew,
Content to wait a while...
She sensed this was the thing to do,
To help raise her profile...

The midday heat would help her cause!
The bristling breeze sailed by...
And so she lay with laid-back claws,
Born free and feeling spry...
This day she'd find her lion king,
With romance on his mind!
And we know what romance can bring
For those who are inclined...

Denis Martindale, copyright, April 2011.

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Sunlit Beauty'.

Denis Martindale

Barabbas

Love it or hate it, that is my name.
I fought against the Romans and I lost.
They were ready to crucify me.
They were ready to end my life.
But my hatred lives forever.

Love it or hate it, I live another day.
The Rabbi Jesus died in my place.
Another day and it would be different.
My war does not change in any way.
Not while Israel walks in chains...

Love it or hate it, here I am before you.
Look at me with my blood still flowing...
Hear me as I speak to you, one to another.
See my hands moving freely here and there,
Yet nowhere near Calvary today.

Love it or hate it, Rome let me live.
Caesar plays his games with us all.
One false move now and I can still die.
But we all die, that is the lot of Man.
Jesus would have died sooner or later.

Some say Jesus has risen from the tomb.
Would that I had been there to see it.
I could have thanked the man myself.
I could have asked for a miracle.
Take this heartache from me...

Forgive the Romans? Let them be?
Let them crush Israel underfoot?
Let God work out His purposes?
Forgive me, friend... I do not comprehend.
You may forgive the Romans, Jesus...
But love it or hate it, for good or ill...
I am still Barabbas...

Denis Martindale, copyright, April 2011.

Based on the film Barabbas...

Denis Martindale

Supervision

The teacher prayed to God above for wisdom day-by-day,
For only He had perfect love and insights to relay.
The teacher saw the vision come and looked at it amazed,
For it was meant for all not some, yet not a word was phrased.
From clouds on high, the book birds flew about the teacher's head
And some of these the teacher knew, for they were fondly read.
Then other book birds circled round with titles yet unknown,
With treasure chests as yet unfound, with cherished truths unshown.
Imagine books left on the shelves, unread, unshared for years...
Deprived of these to help ourselves, no thoughts between our ears.
What use would Mankind ever gain if great books were not read?
The teacher thanked God for the brain that chose not to be dead.
And so it was, the teacher smiled! The course ahead made sense.
From now on, books for every child, for families and friends.
In every language known to Man, God's Word can preach Good News,
If we but do the best we can to help each student choose.
The teacher's heart was filled with hope with all God had revealed,
For books would help the students cope, as if each were a shield.
Both fact and fiction serve us well, if willing we would be
To learn the lessons that they tell, for truth shall set us free!

Denis Martindale

The Maiden Called Maryann

I saw her in a midnight dream,
She read the words I wrote...
She thought my poem quite supreme
And of it soon took note...
She mulled it over in her mind,
Reflecting for a while,
As if to her it was refined,
In rhythm and in style.

A seed was planted in her heart,
A hope to share my verse,
Responding to the poet's art
Before the idea blurs...
For words have powers all their own,
As every prophet knows,
Some warm the heart, some chill the bone,
Some blossom like the rose...

The dream foretold her destiny,
The weeks, the months and years...
The city of adversity
Was home to many tears...
Yet when our tears are wiped away,
God grants us smiles anew...
If we read poems every day,
They help to see us through...

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Denis Martindale

Balanced

From time to time, our moods must change,
That's just the way we are...
So none of us should think it strange
To wish upon a star...
By faith, we claim a miracle,
A vision or a dream,
A lullaby so lyrical
That somehow fits the theme...

The meerkats looked, as meerkats do,
To watch the sunrise soon,
Because, to them, it was brand new
And brighter than the moon...
They had no clue how it got there,
Or how it sailed the sky,
Or how its light was hard to bear
And so they wondered why...

On balance, it brought light and heat,
On balance, hip hooray!
Somehow it made their lives complete
And brightened up each day...
So it felt good to watch it turn
Brilliant golden yellow...
And so they perched, content to learn...
Balanced, feeling mellow...

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The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Balanced'.

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Denis Martindale

Lazy Bones

That's it! He'd had enough today!
The tiger faced the facts.
He let his body pause and sway
Then flopped down to relax...
His muscles melted suddenly,
No strength within him now
And all his frowns felt fancy free
Upon his droopy brow...

His tensed-up whiskers soon laid low
As tweety birds gave song,
He knew he hadn't far to go,
The call to sleep felt strong...
His eyelids battled for a while,
Still blinking at the sun,
While those that watched him had to smile,
For he was almost done...

Don't think that he was all fatigued
From running to and fro,
Or from exhaustion he had peaked,
The little so-and-so...
He let the others do that stuff!
Such feats filled him with groans...
He'd rather do the things he'd love,
The shameless LAZY BONES!

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The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Lazy Bones'.

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Denis Martindale

You Talking To Me?

A proper little gangster glared,
Ferociously at first,
At anyone who stopped and stared
And dared to do their worst...
Then confrontation reared its head,
Hell-bent upon a fight,
As if he had no sense of dread
And in it took delight...

So he asked, 'You talking to me?
There's no-one else around! '
He glared with utmost emnity,
As if meant to astound...
Yet there he was, a simple soul,
No muscles and no brawn,
Just beady eyes as black as coal
And smirking full of scorn...

I looked at him and laughed out loud!
I sniggered to his face!
To see him all puffed up and proud,
As if he owned the place!
I left him there, unharmed, unhurt,
Still thinking he looked cool...
In truth, he was a harmless squirt,
A poor deluded fool...

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The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'You Talking To Me? '.

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Denis Martindale

The Old Campaigner

The lion king had lived life well,
Fought battles and he'd won
And now he paused to rest a spell,
To muse on all he'd done.
Inflicting wounds on lesser foes,
Reminding them who's boss,
Yes, face-to-face and nose-to-nose,
Yet never facing loss...

To these, he was the alpha male,
The lion king and more,
The lion who could never fail
To settle every score.
To these, he was the champion,
As if he were ordained,
The one they were relying on
Because of all he'd gained...

The old campaigner stood his ground,
Defiant to the last,
The lion king who was self-crowned,
Whose life had almost past...
But while he strode his sovereign land,
He ruled with just a stare...
For who would challenge one so grand,
Whose stature said, 'Beware! '?

PoemHunter.com

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The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'The Old Campaigner'.

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Denis Martindale

Blessed Is She

When I reflect upon her face,
No matter, day or night.
I sometimes feel my heartbeat race
Expressing my delight.
For blessed is she, with female grace
And smiles that glow so bright.
Yes, she, to me, none can replace,
No matter, black or white...

When I recall her voice so sweet,
I cherish every word.
I sometimes feel that she's complete,
No wonder that I'm stirred.
For blessed is she, as if elite,
As one who is preferred.
Yes, she, to me, is hard to beat,
No matter what you've heard...

When I respond to all she is,
I often pause to pray.
I sometimes feel a sense of bliss
That money can't repay.
For blessed is she, a first-class miss,
Much more than just OK!
Yes, she to me, is all there is
God-blessed in every way...

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Denis Martindale

Your Beauty

Your beauty lives within my heart
As if a warming flame,
As if a poet to impart
The sigh that is your name...
Your beauty gives me constant grace
Like those with souls reborn,
Like those who seek God's sweet embrace
And to His love are drawn...

Your beauty breaks what shackles hold,
Releasing me at last,
Releasing hopes as joys unfold
To overcome the past...
Your beauty makes a brighter day
With every smile you share,
With every touch you lead the way
In answer to each prayer...

Your beauty glows to light my path,
For each step I explore,
For each decision's aftermath
And yet you mean much more...
Your beauty fills me every hour,
To bless all things I do,
To bless me with your holy power,
No wonder I love you...

So from Heaven, watch above me,
Where all God's angels throng...
If I love you and you love me,
Together we are strong...
The universe is just a scroll
That time reveals to all,
Until your word completes its goal
And at your feet we fall...

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Denis Martindale

That Time Already?

The lion is a busy beast
Until he feels fatigue...
When doziness has then increased
With sleepytime to seek...
It's then his heavy head weighs most
Upon his weary neck
And he no longer stares engrossed,
Like saying, 'What the heck? '

So tiny teeny tired eyes
No longer look alert,
And he no longer looks as wise
Or like a racing cert...
For all at once he weighs a ton
And flops down to the ground
And pretty soon his day is done
And he is sleeping sound...

Do lions snore? I cannot say.
I've never got that close!
I'm not inclined to walk his way
And stir him from repose...
So I'll stay here and he'll stay there!
Yes, that seems fine to me!
But you can wake him, if you dare,
While I watch from that tree...

PoemHunter.com

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The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'That Time Already? '.

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Denis Martindale

The Resting Place

A fallen tree was found one day
As one young tiger strolled
And that was where he chose to stay
To let tense claws unfold...
The sun was shining, gliding past,
Just like each day before,
Yet there below he found at last
A place to rest each paw.

The tiger's whiskers lowered down,
Like tiny twigs at ease,
While peace began to melt each frown
Amid a soothing breeze...
This was the life! For him, at least:
No hunger, thirst or fear.
Like music to the savage beast,
His thoughts were crystal clear...

A fallen tree, well past its prime,
While sad, still served him well.
To him, a precious place sublime,
Where he could pause a spell...
Let others chase their tails around!
Let others build their nests!
For him, a paradise was found...
No wonder that he rests...

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The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'The Resting Place'.

More Stephen Gayford poems here:
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Denis Martindale

Now Is The Time For Revelation!

Now is the time for revelation! The Lord Himself is near!
With the shaking of each nation before He must appear!
See His prophecies unfolding before your very eyes,
From the Bibles you are holding and reading with surprize!

The angels sense the final times the Church has left to teach,
The fall of dollars, cents and dimes and rising costs for each.
The prophets shout and scream aloud! Wake up, you sleepyheads!
Arise as if the Turin Shroud to leave your easy beds!

For shame, they say, for shame, they say. To think you slumber still.
Did Jesus Christ refuse to pray when He climbed up that hill?
That green hill far away from home, the home He left behind,
That comfort zone would not save Rome, nor lost souls of Mankind!

That's why He left and preached the word and why God blessed His Son
And why, through Christ, that God was stirred to spare us one-by-one.
Now is the time, when times must end, when years come to a close,
When every man will seek a friend and flee from demon foes...

Now is the time when Christ is found, so claim your destiny!
This is no time to slouch around, condemning what must be!
Eternity is here to stay... Choose your destination!
Lord Jesus, teach us how to pray! Share Your revelation!

Denis Martindale, copyright, April 2011.

This poem is based on Revelation TV shown on
UK Sky Digital 581 and on revelationtv-dot-com

Denis Martindale

Happy Mother's Day

It's Mother's Day! It's here again!
My word, she will be glad!
So, come on, all you gentlemen,
Who celebrate with Dad!
It's time to cherish who she is
And what she means to you!
Perhaps with just a little kiss
With precious gifts brand new!

They may not be expensive rings
Or necklaces of gold,
But mothers have their own heartstrings
Of which you can take hold.
So give them precious greeting cards
With messages of joy
And sentiments of high regards
From every girl and boy.

For who are we without the ones
Who laboured long ago?
They granted life to smiling sons
And daughters as we know.
May God bless Mothers near or far!
God knows they need His love!
They need not wish upon a star,
Just pray to Him above...

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Denis Martindale

Close Family Ii

The meerkats posed together close,
All staring straight ahead,
Each youngster with a twitching nose
Though healthy and well fed.
Their beady eyes like polka dots,
Were blinking all the time,
Yet they were cherished tiny tots
And thought of as sublime...

Some families are known to part,
To wander far and wide,
Yet meerkats haven't got the heart,
So they stand side-by-side.
Together, like the China wall,
United, good as gold!
It's all for one and one for all,
Like musketeers of old...

If only humans were the same,
All friendly as can be,
Not seeking wealth, not seeking fame,
Just glad that they were free.
Just sharing what God gave Mankind,
This Earth that spins in space...
Like meerkats, I believe we'd find
A smile on every face...

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The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Close Family II'.

More Stephen Gayford poems here:
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Denis Martindale

The Gentle Joy Of Jesus

The gentle joy of Jesus Christ was shown in every smile,
From when the Lord was first baptised, He walked the extra mile.
The Holy Spirit blessed God's Son and those God chose to heal,
For Jesus prayed, 'Thy will be done! ' each time He paused to kneel.

To think, that Jesus walked this Earth, of all the worlds to grace.
To think, God chose to prove His worth, so we might seek His face.
Just think, of all God chose to share, eternal life and more,
Through Him who died, our sins to bear... such truths fill us with awe.

The world spins still as time ticks by... two thousand years of love.
Two thousand years to God must fly, as He looks down above...
Yet God will send His Son again, to rule the whole world wide!
Once more, but only God knows when, with signs to be our guide.

Behold the times in which we live, they mirror Noah's day,
Yet God is ready to forgive repenting souls who pray.
From Hell to Heaven, each must choose, damnation or rewards?
Salvation means Good News! Good News! In Christ, the Lord of Lords!

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale, copyright, March 2011.

Denis Martindale

Do You Believe In God?

The Universe unfolds each day, God's map for lost Mankind,
Yet to the sun and moon some pray with faith that's oh so blind.
The Universe holds secrets still, alignments in the stars,
Perhaps one day we'll get a thrill from Jupiter and Mars.

The Universe sends forth its sounds like Morse Code from above,
But even while noise does the rounds, there's not one word of love.
The Universe has stars to spare and yet what are these worth?
So I believe it's best to care about what's here on Earth.

This Sacred Earth is where Christ trod as He preached to and fro
And where He led the lost to God... and bled... His love to show...
This Sacred Earth stores memories of Calvary and more,
Of Israel and God's prophecies fulfilled and yet in store.

This Sacred Earth still spins in space awaiting Christ's return...
For miracles that must take place and lessons Man must learn.
This Sacred Earth obeys God's Laws - it's us God must forgive.
Faith's choice is mine and also yours. Christ died that we might live.

PoemHunter.com

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Denis Martindale

Leaders Of The Pack

At first, the two wolves look the same
As others in the pack,
Yet in their hearts there burns a flame
That flares when they attack,
For Nature calls upon each one
To hunt when hunger strikes,
Then wolves beneath the setting sun
Do what nobody likes...

Survival's played out day and night
Beneath the sun and moon
That watch on high while creatures fight
And leave their bodies strewn,
Yet those that live must strive again
For hunger soon returns
And leaders know the moment when
The flame inside them burns...

The savage beasts outlive the doomed,
The helpless and the frail,
And though successes aren't assumed,
The leaders rarely fail,
For such as these are born not made
And conscience holds no sway,
For wolves are wolves when all is weighed
And all the world's their prey...

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The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Leaders Of The Pack'.

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Denis Martindale

The Dreary Bleary Theory

The universal splattered stars dance mid the endless void
With planets such as Earth and Mars plus passing asteroid
And so on Earth as sunshine streams, life stretches forth and grows,
At night a few encounter dreams in which some may suppose.
When Man came forth from muddy earth with body, spirit, soul,
He had no body to give birth, could not fulfil that goal.
So out of Adam, Eve was made, one spare rib was her form
And thus before him, now displayed, a helpmate, soft and warm.
Then darkness spread when sin first breathed, calamity and woe,
The likes of which are scarce believed, yet some are in the know.
For Heaven waits and Hell does, too, beyond this mortal realm,
So much they change Man's point of view when God is at the helm.
Can it be so that Men prefer a theory to the truth?
So much that they must now defer to follies in their youth?
The Gospel tells us why we're here and choices we must make,
For none of us are crystal clear and all God's laws we break.
Though evolution's taught as fact in Schools both far and wide,
It's to the Bible we react for holy peace inside.
Without forgiveness, Hell awaits the meek and mild and lost,
Lord Jesus died to change our fates, for our sins paid the cost.
When Jesus left His deadly tomb, He overcome so much,
He conquered death, He conquered gloom, He put us back in touch.
Thus any soul enslaved to sin, in Him, can be set free,
He died our precious souls to win... He bled at Calvary...
So keep your theories, if you must, small comfort when in Hell,
But as for me, I'd rather trust the Truths that Bibles tell.
God's Spirit blesses those that pray, He comforts day and night,
Such that we'll meet the Lord one day in righteous robes of white.

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Denis Martindale

Jungle Prince

Fresh-made prints of the Jungle Prince,
A tiger, to be sure!
The sight of these could well convince
With every new-laid paw...
Perhaps he was a mile away
Or maybe up a tree,
Content to stay, content to lay,
Perhaps in wait for me!

I paused and gulped, a tad distraught...
But just a tad, mind you...
I wasn't scared or overwrought,
But did what I must do...
I stayed subdued yet stayed alert...
I looked both left and right
And to make sure I wasn't hurt,
I ran with all my might!

Then, suddenly, the tiger stood
As if to block my path...
As if he owned the neighbourhood
And thought he'd have a laugh!
He glared at me, I stared at him...
Oh, dear, he did look vexed!
I must have feinted! Things looked grim!
God knows what happened next...

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale, copyright, March 2011.

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Jungle Prince II'.

More Stephen Gayford poems here:
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Denis Martindale

Jessica

I fell in love the other day
And what a day it was!
Across the room I saw her pray
Beneath a golden cross...
When I saw her, I couldn't move,
My heartbeat simply raced...
Then suddenly it seemed to soothe
And felt more gently paced...
It was as if she were the one,
That special one for me...
And just like me, she praised God's Son
Who died at Calvary...
She saw me staring and she smiled,
As if she felt it, too...
How could that be? I was beguiled,
With thoughts like, 'I love you! '
She walked away, I watched her leave
And yet I hardly stirred...
So much in love and hard to breathe...
I couldn't say a word...
I'd found the greatest love I'd known
With memories so sublime...
Yet foolishly, I stood alone,
Transfixed in space and time...
The mystery then gets bigger,
For God won't give me hints.
I learnt her name was Jessica,
I've never found her since...
She must be meant for someone else,
Yet he won't love like me...
I'll pine for her without farewells
For all eternity...

PoemHunter.com

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Denis Martindale

Mesmeric

White tiger eyes, white tiger eyes,
So mesmeric in blue,
Are they to cut me down to size
So that I might fear you?
Or are they there to gain my trust
That friendship grows and grows?
If so, then why am I nonplussed,
Can't move my legs, feet, toes?

White tiger eyes, white tiger eyes,
If only you would blink!
I'd get a chance to realise!
I'd get a chance to think!
What lessons could you teach my soul?
What blessings for my heart?
Or would you quickly take control
And then tear me apart?

White tiger eyes, white tiger eyes,
What secrets lay behind?
What wonders lay in dark surprise
To captivate my mind?
Despite your gracious majesty,
You're getting on my wick!
First chance I get, I must break free,
Turn tail and scarper quick!

PoemHunter.com

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The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Mesmeric'.

More Stephen Gayford poems here:
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Denis Martindale

King Of The Castle

The tiger strolled alone again...
Unloved for all to see...
A lonely king revered by men
And yet no queen had he...
No tigress roared for him to hear,
No tigress caught his eye,
No tigress brought from far to near
To cause a sovereign's sigh...

The tiger strolled a little more...
His heart a heavy weight...
A lonely king who felt so poor
He couldn't celebrate...
No tigress toured his countryside,
No tigress sought his love,
No tigress thought of him with pride,
So was this life enough?

The tiger strolled another day...
With pining in his soul...
A lonely king he'd have to stay,
Maintaining self-control...
But suddenly he roared and roared!
Until God heard him, too!
God sent a tigress to this lord
Who never said, 'Thank You! '

PoemHunter.com

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The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'King Of The Castle'.

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Denis Martindale

Son Of The Father

The lion lay upon the rock,
His son beside him now...
As if the two were taking stock
Of what God would allow...
The kingdom stretched across the land,
Across the hills and plains,
Across the rivers God had planned
And all else that remains...

Their eyes surveyed the creatures, too,
That God had brought to be,
While some were ancient, some were new,
By air and land and sea...
The lions breathed the sweet warm air
Swept by a newborn breeze,
And humbly settled, gently there,
As if to take their ease...

No words were shared to summarise
Their friendship at that time...
For what was there to realise,
Except it was sublime?
Son of the father, future king,
Behold your destiny...
Remember God made everything,
Yes, even you and me...

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The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Son Of The Father'.

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Denis Martindale

Lords Of The Arctic

Two snow wolves stayed on pure white snow,
Like two rocks side-by-side...
As if they had no home to go,
No warm place to abide...
Yet heat can't feed the wolves by day
Or nurture them by night,
That's why the wolves must hunt for prey,
Before their food takes flight.

Two wolves await what God allows
To cross their paths once more...
For now, the hungry wolves must browse,
No movement to ignore...
No sound can stir without their ears
Locating that new source,
For even wild wolves have their fears,
As Nature takes its course.

Lords of the Arctic, yes, indeed...
Survivors striving still,
Their hunger pangs help them succeed,
We know they always will.
For who seeks hunger for a friend?
Or thirst that aches within?
That's why, the hunt can never end,
While they've got hope to win...

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The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Lords Of The Arctic'.

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Denis Martindale

Just Friends

To look at them, you'd be amused,
For two white tiger cubs
No longer yawning or confused
Both used their claws as clubs.
They pounced upon each other's back
Some squeal of pain to make...
And then they'd cut each other slack
As if both on a break...

But pretty soon, they'd start again
And chew each other's tail...
They'd calculate the moment when
To make the other wail...
You'd think that they were enemies!
The way they carried on!
The way they tugged on ears then squeeze
Till every sound had gone...

And yet these two enjoyed their fights,
Their squabbles to and fro,
Their constant contests brought delights,
More than you'll ever know...
But as their brand new day soon ends
Their bashing brawls depart...
That's when they lie there, now just friends
With true love in each heart...

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This is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Just Friends'.

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Denis Martindale

Just Friends (Intro)

One day, David Attenborough came across some tigers!

And... here, we see, two white tiger cubs...
And... for what it's worth, they can see us as well.
There they are, together, side-by-side,
Seemingly without a care in the world...
And... rightly so, with their parents close by.
For in their eyes, we are the intruders,
Simply because they were here first...
And... who are we to disagree
With their two adult white tigers,
So near, yet, thankfully, so far away?

The day began with a scout around,
With the cubs at each other's tails...
Just friends, yet preparing themselves,
Their eyes firmly set on the future,
The years ahead, the joys and sorrows
Of tomorrows yet to be...
Their tails flicking up high like cobras,
Trying to avoid the next friendly bite...

Sibling rivalry, starting young, starting today,
Perhaps lasting for a few more of their years,
Perhaps no serious disaster to intervene...
Just friends encroaching on each other's space,
Nothing too alarming, just whippersnappers at play.
Not exactly innocent, yet not exactly guilty either.
Just friends, young-at-heart, competitive,
Just tail chewers and chompers having at it...
Watching the day go by, just like little cubs do...

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This is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Just Friends'.

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Denis Martindale

Rarity

Across the plains my Jeep went well,
Yet something slowed me down,
As if I were within a spell
So far away from town...
Binoculars were by my side,
I raised them to my eyes,
For I beheld a lion's pride
And then a great surprise...

White lions here? Yes, I felt blessed!
I got my camera out...
Who could have known? Who could have guessed?
And yet there was no doubt.
I snapped some pictures there and then,
Because I needed proof...
For who among the wisest men
Would trust me with the truth?

But then I paused... Should I pass on
These pictures to Mankind?
My heart said yes, before they're gone,
Their beauty left behind...
Now all the world can celebrate
White lion cubs born free,
To watch them grow and think they're great!
God bless such rarity...

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The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Rarity'.

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Denis Martindale

Edge Of The Night

The lion lurks as daylight dims
Still draped with golden mane,
Subservient now to hunter's whims
From which he won't refrain.
For hunger grows from deep within,
His life is on the line
And so his hunting must begin,
With cold skills to refine...

His eyes adjust to black night views,
His ears hear near and far...
No tiny meal could he refuse,
No creature could he bar...
The darkness hangs there like a shroud,
Engulfing all below...
The only light God has allowed
Is moonlight still aglow...

Its moonshine lends night victims hope,
The chance to run and hide,
The chance to flee, survive and cope
With fear, eyes open wide...
The lion's strong, the lion's fast,
Determined to succeed,
That's why before this night has passed,
He'll feast through stealth and speed...

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The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Edge Of The Night'.

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Denis Martindale

Beauty

The leopard looked and listened, too,
While seated on the ground...
Observing from its point of view
Then suddenly spellbound...
For while with beauty of its own,
It felt life's beauty shared...
You'd have to have a heart of stone
To say you've never cared...

The leopard looked at all there was,
At sights both near and far,
As if it never came across
The beauty of a star,
The beauty of a waterfall...
The beauty of the plains,
The beauty of both great and small
And life that still remains...

The leopard looked and purred with praise
As if a saint reborn,
Content to live its final days,
No need to feel forlorn.
You see, it knew, we live our time,
Our share in history...
And blessed are those that call sublime
God's greatest gift: beauty...

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale, copyright, February 2011.

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Beauty'.

More Stephen Gayford poems here:
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Denis Martindale

Good Mother

The mighty meerkat family
Preserves both young and old,
Good mother love humility,
Good father strong and bold...
Good children learning what they can
Within their happy home,
Yes, such as these are blessed by Man,
Wherever we may roam...

Good mother love preserves the peace,
When squabbles come to call,
Good father disciplines don't cease,
Some wisdom to install...
We see the mighty meerkats stand
Like watchmen on the tower,
United in their steadfast band,
Protecting every hour...

Good mother guidance at its height
Can melt each meerkat's frown...
So one looks left and one looks right
And one looks up and down...
Togetherness can bless their lives,
So they see eye-to-eye.
The mighty meerkat still survives,
Though centuries fly by...

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The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Good Mother'.

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Denis Martindale

Bush Master

No more the lion cub is he,
Now full grown in his prime
And gone is all timidity
Because this is his time...
Prepared for such a day as this,
His eyes survey the land,
His destiny won't go amiss,
In truth, his life is planned.

This season changes everything,
He walks as if he rules,
As if he were their only king,
Adorned with gold and jewels.
It's true that lions should be feared,
It's true that they are fierce,
Yet openly they are revered
By men and all their peers.

Bush masters live, take life and die,
With cubs to take their place,
Without the need to question why,
As if no shame to face...
If left alone, they may endure
A thousand years or more...
If not, extinction, death for sure,
Gone with one final roar...

Denis Martindale, copyright, February 2011.

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Bush Master'.

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Denis Martindale

Drowsy

Sometimes the lion king roars loud
For everyone to hear!
But there are times he's not too proud
And hardly one to fear...
We all feel drowsy now and then
And can't avoid a yawn...
Sometimes we can't count up to ten
And look somewhat forlorn...

This lion king feels drowsy now,
His kingdom slips away...
His weary head begins to bow
As stronger forces play.
To stay awake is such a chore!
His weakness is confessed.
He breathes much deeper than before,
Admitting he must rest.

So sleepy-time approaches him
And so his eyelids droop...
His eyesight fast approaches dim
As he departs the group...
Let others guard the lion pride,
Let others look around,
This lion king that yawned and sighed
Is gently sleeping sound...

Denis Martindale, copyright, February 2011.

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Drowsy'.

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Denis Martindale

The Creation Of God's Universe

Before the gifts of space and time, before eternity,
The living God, awesome, sublime, chose how such things would be.
From power such as can't be known by any mortal man,
Came forth foundations strong as stone in God's triumphant plan.
The Universe was like a seed that grows into a tree,
And on God's grace was pleased to feed, expanding gracefully...
It prospered in the dark expanse, the void from whence it came,
As if arising from a trance, its brand new life to claim.
The planets and the stars and moons and gaseous clouds transformed.
Beyond the stars came soulful tunes and so God's heart was warmed.
Yet life awaited in the wings as if the centrepiece,
Thus angels were God's underlings, with lives that never cease.
When planet Earth was realised, from thoughts God chose to share,
New life was made and crystalised, with wonders everywhere!
The lands and seas and skies with love were blessed by God's embrace
And as God gazed from up above, He stared upon His face...
The ocean like a mirror showed the smile that He portrayed,
Amid the face of light that glowed with pride at all He'd made.
Then God made symbols of that smile when Adam first met Eve,
Yet chose to leave them for a while, their free will to receive.
From that day on, sin entered in, but God shared prophecy!
A great redeemer would yet win... Christ did at Calvary!
The Big Bang was the hammer blow, the first nail to force down,
Which forced His holy blood to flow, more so than just His crown.
Yet God had promised to His Son, He'd raise Him from the dead!
And so, when death was truly done, God healed the blood He shed.
If God can do so much for Man, forgiving all our sins,
It's obvious He's got a plan, yet here all life begins...
What use is it to live and die as lost souls yet unsaved?
Reflect on this and ask God why in Christ our sins are waived.
The Universe, for all it's worth, can't praise God like we do!
That's why Lord Jesus came to Earth... To die for me and you...

Denis Martindale, copyright February 2011.

In June 2022, Giurgiu Aron added a
YouTube 4K video and recited this poem,
The Creation Of God's Universe -

#poem by Denis Martindale.

Denis Martindale

The Loveliest Day Of The Year

St Valentine's is here once more!
Let's celebrate in style!
Let's dance upon the dancing floor!
Let's smirk and smooch and smile!
Let's send our flowers and our cards,
Exchanging gifts today!
Let's be obedient to our hearts,
And live life, come what may!

St Valentine's is here again!
Let's meet today head on!
Let's have no reason to complain!
Let's frolic till it's gone!
Let's drink champagne, eat caviar,
Let's have some oysters, too!
Let's copy every movie star!
Let's plan our rendezvous!

St Valentine's is here right now!
Let's live romance's dream!
Let's really seize the day somehow!
Let's picnic by a stream!
Let's go ballooning way above!
Let's praise God one-by-one!
Let's thank God, as the King of Love
Who wants us to have fun!

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Denis Martindale

The Loneliest Day Of The Year

The loneliest day of the year
Must be St Valentines,
For some, Hip, Hip, Hoorah! Good cheer
And dressed up to the nines!
There are lonely lads and ladies
Still found in every street,
As years go by, their dreams decrease
Of someone they could meet.

For them, romance is oh so rare,
For them, no cards received,
For them, there's no-one debonair,
That's why they feel aggrieved.
So Feb Fourteen can come and go,
It brings them nought but pain,
No more have they new hopes that grow,
For they have nought to gain...

The loneliest and phoniest,
That's how this love fest feels.
Until, they, too, can join love's quest,
Their sadness never heals.
We know that true love always thrills...
But if you love, please pray...
Remember loneliness still kills
The unloved hearts that day.

Denis Martindale, copyright February 2011.

Denis Martindale

The Cupboard Of Loveliness

The fragrances of yesteryear
So fascinated me
That everything was crystal clear,
As if my destiny!
Collecting perfumes one-by-one,
Became my great desire,
My joie de vivre, my scents of fun,
As seller and as buyer...

Exquisite and ecstatic friends,
As if my second skins.
Companionship that never ends -
They cause my constant grins...
They magnify, they edify,
They sanctify my soul,
They rectify, electrify,
They somehow make me whole...

No wonder, then, I must enthuse,
Promoting such perfumes,
Such that I help my friends to choose
The blessed and best of blooms.
Designer perfumes blow my mind!
Pure bliss and happiness!
They're Heaven-scent and so refined,
God-given loveliness!

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale, copyright February 2011.

Peter Sherlock, UK Shopping tv pre-scent-er

Dedicated to Peter Sherlock's ever-so-famous
'The Cupboard of Loveliness' which could just as
easily be called 'The Cupboard of Love Finesse'.

Fragrances stimulate, envigorate and celebrate
all that we sense as being beautiful and sensual.

Our transformation can be such a revelation that others will want to share. Maybe there should be a perfume called, ' What's That? ' because that's what people ask us when they want what we've got!

How many buyers say they're buying perfume for somebody else, only to sample the perfume and must keep it all to themselves? Millions, that's how many!

Denis Martindale

Springing To Conclusions

Yes, I've heard your little rumour...
You saying Spring is here!
Yet such fantasies I humour,
In February, my dear!
The little sparrows are freezing...
My central heating's on,
With my monthly costs increasing,
My money's up and gone!

I've got my hoodie on my head!
With thermals head-to-toe...
I've got new duvets on my bed
As I toss to-and-fro...
So all your rumours you can keep!
No matter where you live!
I know that Spring has yet to leap,
So rumours I forgive...

When Valentine's Day is history
And March approaches fast,
That's when I sense the mystery,
For Spring has come at last!
That's when the daffodils spring forth
In gardens far and wide,
From east to west, from south to north,
And Winter's truly died!

Denis Martindale, copyright February 2011.

Denis Martindale

Quantum Memory Power

I've seen this outlined on TV, to help us memorize
And found it even worked for me, before my very eyes!

We exercise our minds to hone these memories that we view.
We've each got memories, all our own, just like computers do.

We set the scenes like journeys planned, associating well,
So that such thoughts we understand, retracing to retell.

Each place upon the journey made a way to help recall
And so my brand new brain obeyed through this test's overhaul.

Consider how, with this applied, our futures are refined..
It's like our eyes are opened wide when we retrain the mind...

Some folks remember playing cards or complex shopping lists,
From clubs to diamonds, spades to hearts, we find a thought persists.

Let's give our confidence a lift! Perhaps we'll progress fast,
To thank God for this awesome gift... with memories that will last...

Denis Martindale, copyright February 2011.

More info on ec-dot-tv

Denis Martindale

The Freeview User Manual

Blah, blah, blah, blah... Batteries in.
Switch on... Scan for Freeview channels...
No channels found. Plug in aerial.
Scan for Freeview channels again...
Found 3 channels. Are you kidding me?
Page 12. Try a signal booster...

Later that afternoon...

Another £20 that's cost me!
Plug in aerial. Find a spare cable.
Fit cable to Freeview box...
Scan again... Channels in the wrong order.
Page 13. Top of page: Delete channels.
Page 13. Try manual scan...
Finally...100 channels.

Later that evening...

PoemHunter.com

30 channels disappeared. Flipping thing!
Remove aerial. Autoscan. No channels.
Reconnect aerial. Pause for some whiskey...
Rescan channels. Ah... Click Save channels!
Check EPG. What's the EPG?
Page 205. Technical Terms Explained.

Later the next morning...

Page 16. How to record a programme...
OK, why's the first 5 minutes not there?
Page 17. Missing segments in recordings?
Page 18. Using Timeshift rewind playback.

Press rewind button and again, again and again.
Pause at chosen start point for manual recording.
Press record then start button.
Fast forward to end of programme...
Rewind to end of programme...
Fast forward to end of programme...

Press record and stop button.
Where's the stop button?
Page 4. Remote control buttons guide.
Press the stop button...

Later that afternoon... in the shop...

Hi, I've brought this Freeview thing back.

What's wrong with it, mate?

It's flipping driving me m.m.mental!

Denis Martindale, copyright February 2011.

Denis Martindale

Single-Minded

We know that some aren't ready yet
To fall in love again.
Between loves, they seem firmly set,
Not knowing where or when.
But there are those that know their minds,
Their hearts are fancy free...
Each day they're looking out for signs
And dreaming hopefully.

They make the time to look their best,
As if they are on show,
As if to leave us all impressed
Before they have to go.
They carry cards with emails on,
As if this were the norm
And hope before the day has gone,
New contacts keep love warm...

Good luck to them! They may get wed!
I'm single and content.
I'm one of those who think ahead
And hate my money spent.
I hope to stay a bachelor
With money left to spare
Than make my life a constant blur
With children everywhere!

Denis Martindale, copyright, February 2011.

Denis Martindale

From The Rose To The Ring

To think that love is everywhere
And that it's Heaven-sent,
A poor man or a billionaire,
Each learns by accident...
It may take time before love grows,
From one romantic thought,
Yet soon it blossoms like the rose,
As tender hearts are caught...

And when their friendship flows like wine
Such that the whole world sees,
They each become a Valentine,
The other heart to please...
With gentle words they bill and coo,
As if still on their search,
Yet love and marriage rendezvous
Within God's Holy Church.

That's why each man on bended knee
Proposes, ring-in-hand,
When love responds to Destiny
So weddings can be planned...
Life's great adventures make us pray,
To be all we can be...
God bless you on your Wedding Day
And all eternity...

Denis Martindale, copyright, February 2011.

This is in response to the Forward Press Publishers'
Poetry Competition about the Royal Wedding:

Competitions: forwardpoetry-dot-co-dot-uk

Denis Martindale

Maasai Country

Across the hills, across the plains,
The Maasai people roam,
Sometimes to pause for short term gain,
Sometimes to build a home...
They hate our modern stress and strife
And flash technology,
They'd much prefer the simpler life,
The way life's meant to be.

Their vibrant coloured garments share
The fashion sense they own...
They have an independent air,
Such that they are well-known...
They fight for rights they still possess,
Just like all people do...
They want their share of happiness,
The old ways and the new.

What right have we to undermine
The ways they've lived for years?
What right have we to think it's fine
To bring their children tears?
So live and let live, that's my stance,
Our world is theirs as well...
Together we all stand a chance,
Each with a tale to tell...

Denis Martindale, copyright, February 2011.

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Maasai Country'.

More Stephen Gayford poems here:
denis-martindale-dot-blogspot-dot-com

Denis Martindale

The Attack

The tiger knew each second counts
As he went on the prowl...
Split-second timing for that pounce
Or else he'll pause to scowl...
Success or failure, win or lose,
Eat well or starve today,
That's why the moment he must choose
As he hunts for his prey.

He climbed up trees to scout the land,
He lied in silent wait,
He thought ahead with schemes well planned
So he could celebrate...
But he must play the waiting game...
While starving in the sun,
Or else he'll have himself to blame
When this long day was done.

I watched him through binoculars,
Aware of what could be,
While I chewed on some chocolate bars,
The tiger stared at me...
Let Nature take its course, I said...
So safe within my jeep.
That day, another victim bled...
Before he went to sleep...

Denis Martindale, copyright, February 2011.

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'The Attack'.

More Stephen Gayford poems here:
denis-martindale-dot-blogspot-dot-com

Denis Martindale

Mud Bath

So thrilled to bits, was he that day,
He raced towards the mud!
The elephant hell-bent to play
And also cool his blood!
He jumped with one almighty splosh!
The mud jumped skyward bound!
He wasn't there to have a wash,
Just there to fool around!

'Oh, yeah! The mud gets everywhere!
Oh, yeah! This feels so cool!
Oh, yeah! Let everybody stare
And think that I'm a fool!
But this is what life's all about!
Not lazing in the sun...
Life isn't fretting, full of doubt...
Come on! Let's have some fun! '

So there he squished and squashed a while
And squelched the mud so nice...
To greet the world with one huge smile,
As if in Paradise!
To think, for him, such fun was free...
His mud bath felt so grand!
His Shangri-La, his ecstasy...
His private Disneyland!

Denis Martindale, copyright, February 2011.

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Mud Bath'.

More Stephen Gayford poems here:
denis-martindale-dot-blogspot-dot-com

Denis Martindale

The Ultimate Symbol Of Love

The ultimate symbol of love
Must be the Cross of Christ,
Upon which He was held above
And for sin sacrificed...
The Lamb Of God shed holy blood,
He bled to set us free
And Easter tells us of that flood,
The love of Calvary...
Consider Christ, arms held outstretched
And His head crowned with thorns,
Upon His back, the whips had etched
And now His Mother mourns...
Disciple John must care for her
As Jesus takes His leave,
Though Sunday morning He will stir,
He knows that she will grieve...
One thief believed Christ was a king
And asked, 'Remember me...'
New hope within Christ's heart would spring,
Then came His prophecy,
'Today with Me in Paradise...'
He promised to that man
And soon the Saviour paid the price
And thus fulfilled God's Plan...
You see, Christ died to save the lost...
God raised Him from the dead!
For only He could pay the cost
Sin held above each head...
Behold the Christ, the King of Love,
Who proved He was God's Son...
That's why each sinner looks above,
In awe of what He's done...

Denis Martindale, copyright, February 2011.

Denis Martindale

I Should Be Doing So Much More

I should be doing so much more, the Christian saint confessed!
This truth had struck him to the core, he thought he'd done his best!
But truth be told, he watched TV... He tuned in day and night!
Three hundred channels there to see, some still in black and white.
He'd doze off in the afternoon for hours at a time...
Play catchup 'neath a silvery moon and think his life sublime!
The late night films would make him pray, yet never to complain...
He read the papers every day, the same sins yet again...
He didn't like the Government and yet he'd never vote!
Of course, folks thought he was a gent... He'd never rock the boat!
But God looked down and Jesus sighed... The Holy Spirit groaned...
Was it for this that Jesus died and all his sins atoned?
Alas, the decades soon rolled by... without the tithe God sought.
Alas, the man was soon to die, much younger than he'd thought!
And up to Heaven this man flew... his good works to assess.
Alas, his good works were so few... They BOTH failed to impress...

Denis Martindale, copyright, February 2011.

PoemHunter.com

Based on Howard Conder's Q and A Show
in which he told us of the fruit that lasts for eternity,
the good works that are purely done for Christ.
He said, one day we'd look back on our lives and say,
'If only I'd done more...'

More info revelationtv-dot-com

Denis Martindale

If Only I'D Done More

Across this world, where lost souls live,
In sin from shore to shore,
So many souls God could forgive,
If only I'd done more...
Across this Earth, where dirt exists,
Rebellious to God's Law,
A cleaner Paradise persists,
If only I'd done more...
Across this globe, truth must be taught,
From God's Word wise and pure,
And would if I'd done what I ought,
If only I'd done more...
Across this land, this town, this street,
My countrymen ignore,
God's prophecies for God's elite...
If only I'd done more...
Across this house, where I reside,
Time flies from door to door,
One day I'll scream, eyes open wide,
If only I'd done more...
Across this heart where blood flows free,
Unshed within God's war,
Christ's heart beats for eternity...
If only I'd done more...
Across this mind where thoughts are blessed,
It's Christ I'm living for,
So why, then, don't I do my best?
If only I'd done more...

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale, copyright, February 2011.

Based on Howard Conder's Q and A Show,
in which he told us of the fruit that lasts for eternity,
the good works that are purely done for Christ.
He said, one day we'd look back on our lives and say,
'If only I'd done more...'

More info on revelationtv-dot-com

Denis Martindale

A Knight Of The Realm

When he was young, he learnt to fight, yet not to prove his power.
He was a hero not through might, but that he would not cower.
He chose his battles not for fame, but for good reasons why,
For what good was a foolish aim if he should lose and die?

When he was young, he learnt to pray for courage and resolve.
He studied Scripture every day in order to evolve.
A man is more than flesh and bones and more than muscles, too.
More known for what his heart condones and if his word is true.

When he was young, his parents taught respect and courtesy,
So that temptations never caught the man he chose to be...
Thus years passed by and wisdom smiled and gave his spirit peace.
By faith he served, as if God's child, his good works to increase.

When he was young, Christ used him most, a champion of the Lord.
And while he travelled coast-to-coast, his fame was not ignored.
He counselled lost souls to repent, he shared God's gentle grace,
Because Christ was his one true friend, the Judge that all must face.

When he was young, he had no wife, no heirs to call his own,
Instead, he offered Christ his life, as knights serve kings alone...
The Holy Grail was like his muse, yet faith more wisdom brings...
No better king should a knight choose than Christ the King of Kings!

Denis Martindale, copyright, January 2011.

Denis Martindale

* A Glimpse Of Eternity! (Ian Mccormack)

As I began to say a prayer, I saw God's curtains part,
Then came the vision, oh, so rare, at first it broke my heart...
I saw two angels fly above, one holy, peaceful, glad,
The other wicked, hateful, rough, tormentor of the sad...
One sang a hymn of righteousness, a tribute to the Lord,
The other silent, would not bless, determined to stay flawed...
Each then approached, my soul to take, they fought like cat and dog.
That day I prayed for mercy's sake surrounded by a fog...
My soul grew weary, darkness fell, the angels battled on...
Then suddenly, I was in Hell, all life on Earth was gone...
The Devil laughed to see me there, where darkness claimed each fool,
Instead of Heaven's light to share, where righteousness had rule...
But in the miry clay beyond this world and all there is,
Christ's grace released me from each bond and made the demons hiss.
They could not keep me chained, enslaved, in their foul Purgatory...
By faith, my wretched soul was saved, blood-cleansed by Calvary...
Thus I ascended from Hell's stench, born free, yes, born again,
As if all sins from me to wrench, now not like other men...
God's fire filled by veins anew, rekindling precious praise,
With tongues of angels shining through the dazzling rainbow haze...
I walked towards a palace now, adorned in precious gems,
And saw God's angels humbly bow, all crowned with diadems...
They welcomed me with open arms, as if with hearts of gold
And as Christ walked, they laid their palms, as in the days of old...
Christ stopped as He observed my face, He called me to His side,
I suddenly felt love's embrace and, oh, the tears I cried...
And as I wept, He wiped them all, this man who died for me...
Like Brother Peter, Brother Paul, I glimpsed eternity...

Denis Martindale, copyright, January 2011.

Based on the website: aglimpseofeternity-dot-org

Ian shared his testimony on Revelation TV's
The Late Show on the 29th of September 2022.

Revelation TV has his insights into such
heavenly experiences. We view the

channel on UK Sky Digital or on
Revelation TV's WATCH NOW:

Website: revelationtv-dot-com

Denis Martindale

The Gifts That Come From The Heart

Memories so sweet they don't depart,
Because each stays sublime,
It's the gifts that come from the heart
That stand the test of time...
Like that first kiss upon the cheek,
Before lips melt with love,
Such heartfelt gifts must be unique,
What else could prove enough?

Some think gold rings or gems will do,
Or flowers for a while,
While others hold the point of view,
Whatever makes them smile...
Yet heartfelt gifts mean so much more,
For these were meant to please...
They have enchantments to allure,
Somehow they grant you peace...

To think that someone truly cares,
Loves tenderly and free,
Holds nothing back and nothing spares
And shares incredibly...
God-blessed are those who play it smart,
That simply says it all...
With the gifts that come from the heart,
For love is beautiful...

Denis Martindale, copyright, January 2011.

Denis Martindale

* The Prince Of Prints

Behold the precious Prince of Prints,
By wildlife he is stirred!
Yet who is he who uses tints?
Mr Stephen Gayford!
He also serves who stands and waits,
As every artist knows...
And blessed is he who celebrates
As each new painting grows...

From many sketches Stephen starts
Each brand new masterpiece!
He shares them all to cheer our hearts!
His wonders never cease!
He's busy as the humble bee
That flies each waking hour...
From diligence comes majesty,
From steadfast love comes power!

Let's praise the Lord for Stephen's eyes
That see God's handiwork
And for each vision, oh, so wise,
For Stephen doesn't shirk!
He's on the go, while standing still,
He's always standing tall!
This Prince of Prints perfects each skill,
So God can bless us all...

Denis Martindale, copyright, December 2010.

Denis Martindale

Lazy Afternoon

Two little lions closed their eyes,
So tired in the sun...
No longer now the cool wise guys,
So spritely, full of fun.
Plum-tuckered out, as is the way,
As afternoons take hold...
Then little lion heads will sway
As their neck muscles fold...

Their parents grin from ear-to-ear
To watch them fall asleep...
As sunbeams gently, softly steer
Them to their dreams so deep...
At first, they gamely stay awake,
Refusing to submit...
Then suddenly, all strength to take,
The battle's lost, that's it!

Then little lion heads must fall,
For forty winks again...
As if obedient to that call
That even masters men...
I know they tried to do their best,
But now they're sleeping sound.
Their floppy heads with closed eyes rest,
To doze on dusty ground...

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale, copyright, January 2011.

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Lazy Afternoon'.

More Stephen Gayford poems here:
denis-martindale-dot-blogspot-dot-com

Denis Martindale

Proud Mother

Within this world of wondrous things,
Snow leopards learn to live...
From gentle cubs, as underlings,
To parents, life to give.
To each his own, that's how it goes,
The male and female breed,
Such that new life within her grows,
Until they, too, are freed...

Then all at once those cubs must learn
What life is all about,
And thus, in time, respect to earn,
No longer rules to flout...
They choose to serve within a team,
Survival to ensure,
No matter if through acts extreme
That shake us to the core...

Their mother is their constant guide
And yet their closest friend.
That's why she looks on them with pride
Until the bitter end...
For she's known love and she's known death
And yearns to stay alive...
Until she breathes her final breath,
She'll help them to survive...

Denis Martindale, copyright, January 2011.

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Proud Mother'.

More Stephen Gayford poems here:
denis-martindale-dot-blogspot-dot-com

Denis Martindale

White Majesty

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White tiger, walking, all alone,
No creature saw him there,
Despite the fact he was full-grown,
Majestic, debonair.
Contentedly, serenely, too,
Just cruising for a while,
His eyes a dazzling shade of blue,
Like sapphires full of style.

Surveying clouds, and trees, and land,
And sunshine everywhere,
At ease with life, all things in hand,
Yes, life without a care.
With every single day brand new,
And sights that still beguile,
He'd seen so many as he grew,
And some still made him smile.

PoemHunter.com

He felt as if his life was great,
With so much still to share,
With mysteries to contemplate,
And hours still to spare.
Small creatures didn't have a clue,
Some saw life as a trial,
Yet he had purpose, things to do,
And he loved every mile!

Denis Martindale, copyright, October 2021.

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'White Majesty'.

More Stephen Gayford poems here:
denis-martindale-dot-blogspot-dot-com

Denis Martindale

A Walk In The Sun

The penguins waddled gamely on,
Not one said, 'Boy, we're lost! '
They had the sun to hope upon
And so the ice they crossed!
They first went left a mile or two...
Then waddled to the right...
No fish in sight! What should they do?
They could go on all night!

They turned around, then waddled back,
To where they started from!
The ice was white, but things looked black!
Yet they kept their aplomb...
They huddled close some warmth to keep,
A gentle breeze blew by...
They found some water, oh, so deep!
They heaved a long, long sigh...

They all went crazy running fast!
One mad dash for some fish!
And after dinner, peace at last!
That was their fervent wish!
They all laid down upon the ice,
Their tummies resting there...
To them, this place was Paradise,
While they've got fish to spare...

Denis Martindale, copyright, January 2011.

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'A Walk In The Sun'.

Denis Martindale

Sophie

As precious as a snowflake that's born on Christmas Day,
Or icing on the Christmas cake that makes us shout, 'Hoorah! '
As gracious as a waterfall and rainbows up above,
Is she to me, the girl I call the sweetheart that I love...

As noble as a poet's prayer that took him years to write,
As global as the world we share each morning, day and night!
As wondrous as a shooting star, with smiles that light the room,
As gentle as a strummed guitar or like a rose in bloom...

As cherished as the angel's wings that help him fly to Earth,
As lovely as the diva sings each time for all she's worth!
As perfect as the cutest face this world would ever see,
Is she to me, in time and space and all eternity!

I'd gladly wish two hearts to beat with love for her alone...
For she could make each heart complete, if she my love would own...
My every wish embraces her, the apple of my eye...
For she to me, is like a purr, a whisper and a sigh...

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale, copyright, January 2011.

Denis Martindale

Katie

As precious as a snowflake that's born on Christmas Day,
Or icing on the Christmas cake that makes us shout, 'Hoorah! '
As gracious as a waterfall and rainbows up above,
Is she to me, the girl I call the sweetheart that I love...

As noble as a poet's prayer that took him years to write,
As global as the world we share each morning, day and night!
As wondrous as a shooting star, with smiles that light the room,
As gentle as a strummed guitar or like a rose in bloom...

As cherished as the angel's wings that help him fly to Earth,
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My every wish embraces her, the apple of my eye...
For she to me, is like a purr, a whisper and a sigh...

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale, copyright, January 2011.

Denis Martindale

River Patrol

The tiger tip-toes here and there
As he goes on patrol,
Close to the river's edge aware
Of every living soul.
Assessing ones that he could catch,
If he should prove his worth,
Avoiding ones that are his match
And giving them wide berth...

He's in no hurry for a while,
And yet he's on the prowl...
For now he wears a smirk, a smile,
Till these become a scowl...
It's too late then to run away,
To scamper off and hide...
Too late if you've become his prey,
So don't cling on to pride...

Don't dilly-dally like a clown!
Don't play the fool, my friend!
Play safe or else he'll hunt you down,
On that you can depend!
Head for the hills or trees somehow,
Don't stick around for fun!
If I were you, I'd scarper NOW!
While you've got time to RUN!

Denis Martindale, copyright, January 2011.

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'River Patrol'.

More Stephen Gayford poems here:
denis-martindale-dot-blogspot-dot-com

Denis Martindale

Wolf Trail

How gingerly the wolf leg hangs,
Now poised there in mid-air...
As he fights back the hunger pangs
That could lead to despair.
Each gulp reminds him of his pain,
Each footstep costs him time...
Yet on the trail he hunts again,
No longer in his prime.

He thinks about the coming feast,
If luck is on his side.
If Nature serves the starving beast
With some new soul supplied...
For him to live, another won't,
That's just the way it is...
Today wolves hunt, while others don't.
Will his plans go amiss?

The hunt went well, at least for him...
His victim breathes no more.
The wolf survives, his chances slim...
Somehow he must endure.
He leaves no legacy behind
Beneath God's sun so bright...
Yet seeks no pity from Mankind,
No prayers from us at night...

Denis Martindale, copyright, January 2011.

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Wolf Trail'.

More Stephen Gayford poems here:
denis-martindale-dot-blogspot-dot-com

Denis Martindale

Emma

To some, she was a dancer,
With magic steps to boot,
To some, a sweet romancer,
With classic smiles so cute.
To some, she was an actress,
Rehearsing what to say,
To some, a model in a dress,
On catwalks, hips to sway...

To some, she was a living doll
With whom to fall in love,
To some, she was an angel,
Or a fairy up above.
To some, she was their pride and joy,
The apple of their eye,
To some, a tricky tomboy,
A princess or a spy...

To some, she was astute, alert,
Whose heart was good as gold,
To some, she was a saucy flirt,
Outrageous and so bold...
To me, she was a rising star,
Quite heavenly, divine...
Well deserving of an Oscar
And to be my Valentine...

Denis Martindale, copyright, January 2011.

Denis Martindale

Vicky

To some, she was a dancer,
With magic steps to boot,
To some, a sweet romancer,
With classic smiles so cute.
To some, she was an actress,
Rehearsing what to say,
To some, a model in a dress,
On catwalks, hips to sway...

To some, she was a living doll
With whom to fall in love,
To some, she was an angel,
Or a fairy up above.
To some, she was their pride and joy,
The apple of their eye,
To some, a tricky tomboy,
A princess or a spy...

To some, she was astute, alert,
Whose heart was good as gold,
To some, she was a saucy flirt,
Outrageous and so bold...
To me, she was a rising star,
Quite heavenly, divine...
Well deserving of an Oscar
And to be my Valentine...

Denis Martindale, copyright, January 2011.

Denis Martindale

The Power Of Persuasion

The power of persuasion stands
The lifelong test of time,
It brings together all the strands,
The lifeskills so sublime...
A gentle soul can gain new strengths
That shy folks rarely claim,
Just like trained swimmers swimming lengths
In search of wealth and fame...
We're all at levels high or low,
Maintaining skills we've learnt
Or else we've lapsed, don't want to know,
Content with what we've earnt...
But some excel at what they do
And strive to be the best!
For such as these, all things are new,
They've got that added zest!
Persuasion techniques train our minds,
They open up new doors,
They make us wise, remove the blinds,
Help us reduce our flaws...
Our costs they more than reimburse,
As long as we adapt...
They open up the Universe
To miracles untapped...
With new-found style and eloquence
Acquired from the shrewd,
You'll make new friends with confidence,
With self-esteem renewed,
You'll help encourage those you meet,
Revitalise them, too...
Persuasion techniques help complete
The plan God chose for you!

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale, copyright, January 2011.

The poem is based on the UK's Entrepreneur Channel
shown on Sky Digital, channel 682 which promotes
a new year, new you approach to achieve success!

The ec.tv website provides information and reformation!

Denis Martindale

Get Your Hair Cut!

The perfect haircut suits you best,
Short back and sides, my lad!
So take your cash and go invest
In what makes most folks glad.
It's up to you to make the choice,
I gave you good advice...
So why look like the other boys,
When you could look quite nice?

I've seen you in the smartest suit
Let down by scruffy hair...
That's hardly what I'd call astute,
So almost debonair...
You used to be the one to watch,
The guy who had it all...
So why not take it up a notch?
Good-looking, standing tall.

Please get your hair cut soon as poss!
Don't dilly-dally, friend!
My word, it would impress the boss,
On that you can depend!
Keep up the good work that you do,
Eyes twinkling day by day!
Sit down, relax, snip-snip, you're through...
Thank God for that! Oi, vey!

Denis Martindale, copyright, January 2011.

Denis Martindale

Jennifersjpgs.Shows.It

Last night I had a dream
That suddenly I felt inspired and compelled
To paint a brand new picture.
There I was with paints
Here, there and everywhere,
In a darkened room with this painting
Being created before my very eyes,
The beautiful mixture of shapes,
Forms and vivid colours.

The magnificent outcome was
Something wonderful to me.
Then I realised that next to other paintings
This was merely an average creation,
Nothing outstanding that would
Stand the test of time.
Just another artwork framed
And fixed to a wall, just there
Because I painted it,
Not for anything brilliant or first class
Or some masterpiece.

PoemHunter.com

But when I go online
And search Ebay for artwork
Or visit comic art websites
Or the artists' websites,
Then I find I'm searching a treasure
That only I will know as treasure
When my eyes find it.
Only then will the artwork be special,
Because I'm the one
Who holds it most precious.

Of all the artwork I've ever done,
Only a few are most precious to me.
These will never match the world's finest.
So I take special delight in finding treasure,
Here a little, there a little.
Even if it's not as perfect as I'd like,

Maybe I can enhance the photo image
To a greater degree
Using graphic editor programs and special effects
Or adding spectacular art frames
Around the enhanced image.

I like artwork and fantasy art is spectacular.
That's why I created this website
With a click-a-pic slideshow display.
In full screen height and width
And the effect is stunning!

Website: jennifersjpgs.shows.it

Denis Martindale, copyright, January 2011.

Denis Martindale

Cute

The tiger cub rests on his own,
All scrubbed up, looking cute...
His lifestyle you may not condone,
When he hunts meat not fruit...
Yet doesn't he look stunning there
With fur refined like gold?
As if he didn't have a care,
A sweet sight to behold?

Admit it, aren't you somewhat drawn
To study him at length?
No longer quite so full of scorn
When thinking of his strength?
He's not the average pussycat
That whimpers soft meows...
Nor does he seem to be a brat
While he lies there to browse...

But give him time, for he must grow,
In length and height and weight,
No more the little so-and-so
You either love or hate...
Is it so hard to comprehend
What Nature makes him do?
He'll not look quite as cute, my friend,
When he starts chasing you!

Denis Martindale, copyright, January 2011.

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Cute'.

More Stephen Gayford poems here:
denis-martindale-dot-blogspot-dot-com

Denis Martindale

Beauty At Its Best

The human female has her wiles - her perfumes all make sense,
Yet conquers men with painted smiles as they become her friends...
But beauty's born within the heart and nurtured by the soul...
And only blessings can impart, not seeking to control...

In truth, I've seen a million maids without a single flaw.
True beauty never, ever fades, of that you can be sure...
Yet please don't tell me of beauty, as if some treasure chest.
God gave me the pleasant duty to see it at its best...

True beauty stays within the mind, as if within a dream,
Kept safe and never left behind, like something to redeem...
God's siren throughout history! Sweet as the morning dew!
It beckons us, 'Remember me! Let me inspire you! '

It's up to you, reject, accept... embrace it night and day,
Or at arms' length, it could be kept, or simply turned away...
I humbly know I can't deny how much my heart's been blessed!
With these two eyes, I know that I saw beauty at its best...

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale, copyright January 2011.

Denis Martindale

Be All That You Can Be

While God gives days and God gives nights,
While sun and moon still shine,
Let each preserve his human rights,
Yes, yours and theirs and mine...
While grass still grows and trees still climb,
While meadows grant us peace,
Let there be moments lost in time
For Man to find some ease...

While children play and sing their songs,
While fairytales are told,
Let each child learn where he belongs
And treated good as gold...
While lions roar and cats meow,
While dolphins leap for joy,
Let there be worship men allow
For every girl and boy...

While there are waterfalls and streams,
While mountains touch the sky,
Let pilgrim souls still dream their dreams
And giants still defy...
While freedom is worth dying for,
While Christ still sets us free,
He's living proof we can do more!
BE ALL THAT YOU CAN BE...

Denis Martindale, copyright January 2011.

Denis Martindale

Do You Love Yourself, My Friend?

Well, do you love yourself, my friend?
Do feelings strip you bare?
Sometimes like pains that never end?
Or does life treat you fair?
Does inner peace and love and joy
Continue day by day?
Or do life's nuisances annoy
Like they won't go away?

But, do you love yourself, my friend?
Regardless, good or bad?
Perhaps you're broken, on the mend,
Not wanting to feel sad?
Perhaps God speaks to you, yes, you...
Perhaps He's just a guide...
Perhaps He's just to help you through...
Or does He live inside?

Yet, do you love yourself, my friend?
Are tears your only gift?
Nobody else to comprehend
Or give your heart a lift?
God loved the world, He gave His Son...
Christ died for you and me...
That's how my sinful soul was won...
Through Christ and Calvary...

But will you love yourself, my friend?
Like Christ loves from the heart...
With all the love that God can send,
Then pray, 'How great Thou art! '
God's love is greater than Man's hate,
More constant than this Earth...
So read God's Word and celebrate...
And love for all you're worth!

Denis Martindale, copyright January 2011.

The poem is based on the Revelationtv show,
'Time To Worship' shown today,07/01/2011.

God's Word Teaching from Matthew 19: 19.

Website: www-dot-revelationtv-dot-com

Denis Martindale

Sun Worship

Three little meerkats looked ahead
At different angles then
There was no sudden awful threat
That was beyond their ken...
Each held their gaze transfixed in time,
Like statues frozen still...
And though at first this looks sublime,
It soon must lose its thrill.

The only thing that they see move
The whole length of the day
Is that old sun that seeks to soothe
Their frayed nerves come what may...
That little circle in the sky
That glides and glides and glides...
I bet it makes them question why
At night it goes and hides...

They worship what they hold most dear -
It helps them to survive!
It helps each smile from ear-to-ear,
So glad to be alive...
Next day the circle's back again!
The meerkats look above...
Their Grandad smirks and nods and then
Each looks at it with love...

Denis Martindale, copyright, January 2011.

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Sun Worshippers II'.

More Stephen Gayford poems here:
denis-martindale-dot-blogspot-dot-com

Denis Martindale

The Question Of Life

The Little One sought answers, too.
The elders gave advice.
Not satisfied if truths were true,
If wisdoms were so wise...
The Little One went on his way,
To find life's meaning there,
Beyond the words he heard that day
That left him unaware.

The Little One was told at last,
By one old precious voice,
Grandfather's words left him aghast,
'Your life end's not your choice...'
But then he saw his own old face,
The Old One spoke and said,
'My Little One, it's no disgrace,
Life lasts until you're dead...'

The Little One observed these truths,
The Old One carried on...
'We make our choices while we're youths
Until all youth has gone...
We choose our lifelong destinies,
From thoughts within the mind,
Yet blessed much more than victories
Are hearts we leave behind...'

The Little One now understood,
He saw Man's pain and strife...
He saw the hopes and dreams were good,
Just like the Tree of Life...
From fashioned turquoise in a frame,
A circle for a home,
Was formed a pendant to proclaim
This truth each day we roam...

The Tree of Life bids us recall,
That we must live life well...
To stand up straight and then walk tall,

Through futures none can tell...
Like trees that bend when storms are strong
Yet stand the test of time...
Let's live our lives our whole lives long,
Because life is sublime...

Denis Martindale, copyright January 2011.

Peter Simon of bid.tv's UK Shopping channel explained the legend of the Little One and the creation of the little turquoise tree pendant.

Denis Martindale

Utterly In Love With Love

I'm utterly in love with love!
My lips are living proof!
They say that you can't get enough,
Hey, man, ain't that the truth?
You walk on air, your thoughts on fire!
You drift like clouds on high...
You think of whom you most desire,
Then sigh... and sigh... and sigh...

Of yeah, I think I've got it bad...
This time, no getting out...
It's not a part time, passing fad...
It's what life's all about!
That special one, that precious one,
That one your heart beats for!
Oh, dear... I'm well and truly done...
A sucker for amour!

I'm utterly in love with love!
I'm writing poems, too...
You know, that really cheesy stuff
That sticks to you like glue!
It's not my fault! Blame her, not me!
She's so adorable!
They say love's for eternity...
If so, how wonderful...

Denis Martindale, copyright December 2010.

Denis Martindale

I Love You Now

Our lives are not like rom-coms shown
With happy endings planned.
Sometimes we'll end up all alone...
And we'll not understand...
Just holding back our sacred tears
And trying to be brave...
Enfolding all our secret fears,
To take them to the grave.

Love's precious gift is meant to please
And warm our hearts for sure...
And yet life has no guarantees
To tease us with amour...
That's why we risk our everything,
Like gamblers, fast and loose,
Not knowing what the Fates may bring,
Not knowing what they'll choose.

To me, you are the sweetest face.
You truly make me glad...
My greatest joy is love's embrace...
What more is there to add?
I love you now, with all my heart,
To me, you are sublime...
To me, you are a work of art
Compressed in space and time...

Denis Martindale, copyright December 2010.

The poem is based on the poem penned by
Charlotte Murray, 'I Don't Want To Wait 'Til The End'
which I found on the poemhunter.com website.

Denis Martindale

God Bless! 24-7

God bless! God bless! God bless! God bless!
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PoemHunter.com

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God bless! God bless! God bless!

Denis Martindale, copyright December 2010.

Denis Martindale

The Strength To Say Goodbye

Goodbye, Man of a thousand days!
It's been three years too long!
You hurt me in so many ways,
But now I must be strong!
You played me like a violin,
My heartstrings throbbing still...
Today's the day, the day I win!
And Man, it's such a thrill!
No more moaning when I come home,
Because you won't be there!
Don't give a monkey's where you roam,
'Cos I no longer care!
You've had your chance! You're outa here!
Evicted! O-U-T...
I've spelt it out to make it clear!
Today you're history!
You hurt me in so many ways,
But now I must be strong!
Goodbye, Man of a thousand days!
It's been three years too long!

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale, copyright December 2010.

The poem is based on the poem penned by
Charlotte Murray, 'Good Bye Forever'
which I found on the poemhunter.com website.

Denis Martindale

The Secret Guardian In The Secret Garden

There was this legend I was told,
Shared from father to son,
When people once were good as gold,
With evil never done...
Then came the Fall, when sin was born,
And secrets filled the air.
The Tree of Life was filled with scorn
And wept full of despair...

God saw the sin as it grew tall,
Much taller than the Tree,
That now in size seemed very small
And clothed in misery...
God told the Tree what it must do:
Keep secrets night and day...
The Tree agreed because it knew
How secrets fly away...

The Gossip Tree laughed at God's plan
And chose to spread the word,
As if to taint the heart of Man
And make his judgments blurred...
If others sin, then so can I,
That's how men chose to think...
And one-by-one, each soul must die,
In brand new graves to sink...

The Tree of Life keeps silent still,
As if it must not judge,
As if there were no precious thrill,
As if no cause to budge.
So all Man's secrets it preserves
In Eden, even now...
Though this is more than Man deserves,
To God, the Tree must bow...

Denis Martindale, copyright December 2010.

The poem is based on the poem penned by
Charlotte Murray, 'Guardian Of Secrets'
which I found on the poemhunter.com website.

Denis Martindale

I Feel Your Pain...

I feel your pain, I hear your tears,
I know the rain of all your years,
A mighty flood, a constant stream,
The wondering if your life's a dream...
I ache like you, within the crowd,
A lonely heart that wears a shroud,
While others laugh and celebrate,
My deep despair has turned to hate.
I shield myself from love's embrace,
No longer scan another face,
No longer stop to have a chat...
I simply walk away and scat...

I hide within a callous cowl,
Where no-one hears my inner scowl,
Nor stops to exorcise my pain
That every day brings once again...
My clothes are dark and dreary things,
For grief has clipped my cheery wings
That used to let me soar above,
The times my heart was filled with love,
When I could beat the nightingales
With songs of hopes and fairy tales
That voiced the joys that stirred within,
Until I found I couldn't win...

Now I no longer pause to pine,
Reflecting on some Valentine,
Recalling times when I was glad...
I now prefer remaining sad...
There's no more challenge, no expense,
There's merely sitting on the fence...
I used to watch the world go by...
Now I'm alone, I merely sigh...
No angel visits now and then,
I'm in a world beyond my ken.
The world turns still, without a qualm,
Yet offers me no healing balm.

PoemHunter.com

No birthday cards, no Christmas cheer,
No tell me, how you doing, dear?
Nobody cares, not even you...
God only knows what I will do...
I've paid my dues, I've prayed my prayers...
Yet no-one loves me... no-one cares...
There's not one kiss to melt my heart,
No sweet romance that's meant to start...
There's not one chance of ecstasy,
I guess such joys are not for me...
We all feel sad if we're not kissed!
If only genies did exist...

Denis Martindale, copyright December 2010.

The poem is based on the solemn poem penned by
Charlotte Murray, 'Nobody Hears Her Tears'
which I found on the poemhunter.com website.

Denis Martindale

Merry Christmas Santa Happy New Year

Santa Claus had done his very merry best.
He was almost ready for Christmas.
The reindeer were eager to make a start.
The elves were packing toys furiously,
Like there was no tomorrow.
Yes, time waits for no man...

Santa Claus made a final inspection.
His sleigh was in tip-top condition.
Everyone stopped to say the Christmas Prayer.
The magic moment was upon them all.
Once in his sleigh, he gave them a wave.
Suddenly Santa was on his way...

The reindeer flew above the clouds
With Rudolph's red nose aglow...
And Santa sang the song he wrote
Then shared out some of the mince pies.
Three hours later, the mince pies had run out
And half the world had received their presents.

Just three more hours left to do.
Rudolph's red nose was still shining bright.
Santa was getting tired, but didn't get caught.
Finally the last chimney was in sight...
Then it was all over and done with.
Santa's sleigh was empty. Well done, everybody!

Back at the North Pole, the party was on!
Santa's other half was rather merry.
The elves were dancing on the tables.
The forest fairies were visiting again.
Santa returned and the reindeer joined the party.
Rudolph had a few drinks... Ah, bless!

They don't call him the red nose reindeer for nothing!

Denis Martindale, copyright Christmas Day 2010.

Denis Martindale

Rebecca

She posed for me that precious day
When love was in the air,
Such that I even paused to pray
To make the Lord aware.
She was the one, that special one,
The English rose I'd choose.
With golden hair so sweetly spun,
Red lips I can't refuse...

Those eyes like topaz looked ahead
With hope and joy and peace.
There were no words that could be said
To grant my heart release.
I fell in love with all she was,
Such beauty and such style.
I fell in love with her because
She had a perfect smile...

She posed for me in purple gown,
Her eyes were sparkling blue,
Her scarf still draped, cascading down
Enhanced my point of view.
She stood as if nobility,
So regal and refined.
One moment in infinity
That blessed my heart and mind...

Denis Martindale, copyright December 2010.

The poem is based upon the stunning
Coalport statuette of Rebecca as seen
on the bid tv UK Shopping channel.

Denis Martindale

Vincent Van Gogh

As innocent as Vincent was, the world had its effect,
Yet he survived so long because his soul chose to reflect.
For Nature called him to the field where wheat was known to swirl
And Vincent saw great truths revealed in every twist and curl.
As diligent as Vincent dreamed his vivid dreams each night,
He couldn't match the sun that streamed vivacious golden light,
Nor could he match the stars that shone their silver diamond specks,
Until the dawn with darkness gone, when stars go on their treks.
As patiently as Vincent cared, his heart as good as gold,
So rarely were his paintings shared, esteemed, cherished or sold,
Yet he was loath to quit his craft, that stirred his very soul.
He felt the scorn when others laughed, yet yearned to keep control.
As preciously as Vincent's art was hailed beyond his death,
How sad each artist has to be part and breathe his final breath.
How sad to suffer poverty, an outcast, nothing more.
Yet beauty is his legacy, no artist can ignore.
Take note, therefore, of Vincent's life, his tragic treasure trove.
The fiercest fight against his strife, how valiantly he strove.
Each artist has his Everest, the cold, cool ice to climb,
Yet Vincent leaves each heart impressed and that is quite sublime...

Denis Martindale, copyright December 2010.

Denis Martindale

The Prince Of Prints

Behold the precious Prince of Prints,
By wildlife he is stirred!
Yet who is he who uses tints?
Mr Stephen Gayford!
He also serves who stands and waits,
As every artist knows...
And blessed is he who celebrates
As each new painting grows...

From many sketches Stephen starts
Each brand new masterpiece!
He shares them all to cheer our hearts!
His wonders never cease!
He's busy as the humble bee
That flies each waking hour...
From diligence comes majesty,
From steadfast love comes power!

Let's praise the Lord for Stephen's eyes
That see God's handiwork
And for each vision, oh, so wise,
For Stephen doesn't shirk!
He's on the go, while standing still,
He's always standing tall!
This Prince of Prints perfects each skill,
So God can bless us all...

Denis Martindale, copyright, December 2010.

The poem is based on the wonderful wildlife artist
Stephen Gayford of gayfordgallery-dot-com

More Stephen Gayford wildlife poems on the
poemhunter website, search Stephen Gayford

More Stephen Gayford info here:
denis-martindale-dot-blogspot-dot-com

Denis Martindale

The Precious Purpose Of Prayer

Think not that prayers aren't heard above,
God has a heart of gold...
And He has heard the King of Love,
The day Christ's Blood ran cold...
Through Christ alone, God's mercy flows
In Christian hearts like mine...
Who sense the debt each sinner owes
To Him who is divine...

At night, before His hour came,
The Son of God bled fast,
When fears beset His mortal frame
And He stood there aghast...
He prayed beyond His fragile thoughts,
Now humbled, on His knees...
This King of Kings, this Lord of Lords,
This Christ, the Prince of Peace...

As servant of the Lord Most High,
He sought His destiny!
Was He to live, was He to die?
If death, then Calvary!
No easy death, no great escape,
No mercy from His foes...
His body whipped, bent out of shape,
Such truths God only knows...

The choice was plain, no turning back.
By faith, He went ahead...
To face a future, oh, so black,
That He was good as dead...
With firm resolve, He now stood tall,
Because He understood...
Obedient to His Father's call,
So brave, so bold, so good...

Thus Judas kissed the Son of Man
With Christ betrayed that day,
Who prophesied God had a plan

To take Man's sins away!
Thus Jesus went from place to place
For men to choose His fate...
For rogues to beat His precious face
And scoff and celebrate...

But Christ faced more than fists and whips,
As Calvary drew near...
To leave behind His Blood that drips
And mingles with each tear...
For there, the precious Saviour prayed,
Forgiveness to implore,
Of God, who watched such things dismayed
And wept for Him for sure...

Think not that prayers aren't heard above,
God has a heart of gold...
And He has heard the King of Love,
The day Christ's Blood ran cold...
Through Christ alone, God's mercy flows
In Christian hearts like mine...
Who sense the debt each sinner owes
To Him who is divine...

Denis Martindale, copyright, December 2010.

Denis Martindale

Louise Looks Lovely

Louise looks lovely, yes, indeed.
So dainty and demure.
So sweet of face that guys take heed
When love they can't ignore.
To think that she, with gentle voice,
Prefers to be polite,
Responding to that noble choice,
Her smiles bring such delight.
It's good to see her now and then,
When she takes time to stay...
To me, she's like a perfect ten!
She brightens up my day.

Louise looks lovely - lips so red,
They blossom like the rose.
God bless her kisses still ahead,
When true love overflows...
If only more girls looked so nice,
Her beauty to embrace.
The world would be a paradise...
A truly precious place.
Alas, there's only one Louise,
One dream girl to dream of.
No wonder she's so sure to please
The man she learns to love.

Denis Martindale.

Denis Martindale

The King Of Love

A single thought can change the world,
North, south, east, west and more...
As if all burdens have been hurled,
Cast off from shore to shore...
As if like doves our spirits fly
To Heaven's Throne above,
To meet the Lord who chose to die,
Yet share eternal love...
To think that He would sacrifice
His body once at peace...
To purchase precious Paradise,
Securing our release...
To think He rose from Death's embrace,
To grant eternal life,
So we could live within His grace,
No matter, pain or strife...
A single prayer can raise the dead,
Move mountains from the Earth...
Because of Him whose Blood was shed
To prove that He had worth...
And proved it is, beyond all doubt,
All hail, the King of Kings!
God's glory turned the world about
Because Christ did these things!
One single heart with love to spare,
Enough to suffer all,
Enough for all our sins to bear
Is what persuaded Paul...
That's why he preached from house-to-house
And prayed with all his might!
Like him, pray, too, for he who bows
Loves Jesus day and night...

Denis Martindale, copyright, December 2010.

Denis Martindale

Thirsty

The lioness was mighty glad
To drink and slake her thirst,
Or else the sun would drive her mad,
As if the lass were cursed...
Two tiny cubs were tired out
And welcomed such relief,
They all felt joy beyond a doubt,
As if beyond belief...

Each precious sip like nectar soothed
Their parched throats deep within...
As if the Lord had somehow proved
That He would help them win...
Each had their place and purpose, too,
And God esteemed their worth.
So think, what greater point of view
Than God who made this Earth?

He made the lions, tigers, bears,
He made them one-by-one...
He made the Earth, He hears our prayers,
He knows what must be done...
That's why He grants the rain to fall,
The sun to keep us warm...
The water waits for one and all,
Regardless of their form...

Denis Martindale, copyright, December 2010.

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Thirsty'.

More Stephen Gayford poems here:
denis-martindale-dot-blogspot-dot-com

Denis Martindale

Winter Repose

A lone Siberian tiger
Was resting on a hill,
All dressed in white and golden fur,
Reclining, oh, so still...
Accepting all that Fate had thrown,
Resigned to come what may...
Yes, there he was all on his own,
Just taking in the day...

He couldn't see a soul for miles
And nothing flew above...
And every day he faced new trials,
He met no-one to love...
The lonely figure looked around
At all his eyes surveyed...
And there, he didn't hear a sound
And so, felt quite dismayed...

Without true love, what have we got?
It's true, God only knows...
We know that it can't be a lot,
Like tigers in repose...
Yet hope abides in tigers, too,
And so they persevere...
Yes, they must do what we must do,
Until true love is here...

Denis Martindale, copyright, December 2010.

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Winter Repose'.

More Stephen Gayford poems here:
denis-martindale-dot-blogspot-dot-com

Denis Martindale

Deep In Shadow

The tiger stared ahead with grace,
In his declining years...
Deep in shadow and dark of face,
Devoid of any fears.
His stunning face just said it all...
Majestic, yet at peace.
Spectacular and wonderful,
Serene and so at ease...

If only we, were tranquil, too,
No matter what life brings...
If we could change our point of view,
We'd change from underlings.
Life wouldn't treat us as its slaves,
With fears to send us numb...
Success belongs to he who braves
Each test to overcome.

The tiger stood the test of time,
Survivors always will,
Yet every single day's sublime,
If blessings over spill...
As long as faith can conquer doubt,
Its power none ignores...
Deep in shadow, yet hope shines out,
As long as love endures...

Denis Martindale, copyright, November 2010.

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Deep In Shadow'.

More Stephen Gayford poems here:
denis-martindale-dot-blogspot-dot-com

Denis Martindale

White Heritage

White lion cubs are very rare,
Yet how are they to know?
Nobody tells them that we care
And thank God that they grow!
Across the world our children learn
Of creatures on this Earth...
Those lion cubs don't know we yearn
For them to prove their worth...

The little cubs are weak today,
Just fragile balls of fluff...
Yet childhood soon must fly away,
Although this time we love...
Their friendships form strong bonds for life,
To bless each heart and mind...
Togetherness helps them survive,
This truth you'll always find...

We cherish them for what they are...
We wonder what they'll do.
As each one wanders near and far,
Exploring all things new...
Each bears a noble heritage,
As princes of renown.
The future years will form a bridge -
Each king will wear his crown...

Denis Martindale, copyright, November 2010.

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'White Heritage'.

More Stephen Gayford poems here:
denis-martindale-dot-blogspot-dot-com

Denis Martindale

Snuggle

A warm embrace transforms each soul,
Somehow it changes things...
A humble hug can make you whole,
As if your heart had wings.
Warm-bloodied creatures love the most,
Like lions, tigers, bears...
Yet penguins cuddle coast-to-coast,
All snuggled up in pairs...

Three penguins snuggled up with love,
Contentment in their eyes.
The little one to stare above
At parents, oh, so wise...
To think that this was all they knew,
For nought on Earth they owned...
Yet love itself would see them through,
While life to them was loaned.

Life is a gift, a time to learn,
A sharing, nothing more...
A gift that none of us can earn,
So cherish what life's for...
Three penguins snuggled closer still,
Against the bitter cold...
Yet in each heart was love's warm thrill
More priceless than pure gold...

Denis Martindale, copyright, November 2010.

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Snuggle'.

More Stephen Gayford poems here:
denis-martindale-dot-blogspot-dot-com

Denis Martindale

Forest Splendour

White tigers try to keep awake,
Yet keep on dozing off!
So ultra cool, for goodness sake,
They think that others scoff...
Look at him now, he's not that strong,
Sleep's beaten him again!
Plum tuckered out, he can't last long...
Bet he can't count to ten!

White tigers like to do their best...
They show off every day!
They're happy most when they've impressed
And not just thought okay!
The strain soon wears, fatigue comes back
And nobody's immune...
And all at once their muscles slack,
About late afternoon...

This white tiger's now flat out,
All restful, suddenly...
Wondering how that came about -
It's quite a mystery!
He's run around and feasted well...
He's warmed up by the sun...
I think he'll stay there for a spell...
Don't wake him, anyone!

Denis Martindale, copyright, November 2010.

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Forest Splendour'.

More Stephen Gayford poems here:
denis-martindale-dot-blogspot-dot-com

Denis Martindale

Mountain Splendour

Whatever creatures climb up high
With strong thoughts to explore,
There's nothing left except the sky
And chances to see more.
The landscape beckons he who dares
To leave the past behind,
To venture forth, devoid of cares,
To learn what's there to find.

Whatever creatures may descend
The ragged rocks below,
Perhaps without a single friend
At such a time to know,
It's with a sense of destiny,
A warmer place to live,
Not just a change of scenery,
But more that life could give.

One step, then two, then three, then four,
The weary task ensues,
With challenges none dares ignore
And few would gladly choose,
Yet from the mountain top comes faith,
Once splendour conquers fear,
And courage that makes creatures brave
Enough to persevere.

Denis Martindale, copyright, February 2022.

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Mountain Splendour'.

More Stephen Gayford poems here:
denis-martindale-dot-blogspot-dot-com

Denis Martindale

Cheetah Glow

With those distinctive tear-stained eyes
The cheetah looked around,
With ears alert to realise
Each sudden nearby sound...
In hunting mode, the cheetah sensed
Each second one-by-one,
Alone, aloof and without friends
Beneath the burning sun...

The sizzling light shone down all day,
Upon the cheetah's fur,
To warm its cold heart all the way,
Whatever must occur...
For cheetahs want to stay alive,
Regardless of the cost...
They fight a war so they survive,
Until the war is lost...

This cheetah's stare looked left and right,
For something unaware,
Before the creature's taken flight
On land or in the air...
As fast as cheetah legs can run,
Starvation is the foe,
Beneath the ever-burning sun
That makes the cheetah glow...

Denis Martindale, copyright, November 2010.

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Cheetah Glow'.

More Stephen Gayford poems here:
denis-martindale-dot-blogspot-dot-com

Denis Martindale

Early Spring

The tiger rested on the snow
That early Spring had thawed...
And caused some new snowdrops to flow,
As slowly they were poured...
The tiger knew from years gone by,
The season's signs increased,
When creatures stirred without a sigh
And patience was appeased...

The tiger rested all alone,
Content to take his time,
His heart was still as cold as stone
And lacked all thoughts sublime...
But give him space to dream a while...
Of tigresses' soft paws...
And then you'll see that tiger smile,
As Nature takes its course...

From this day on, the sun would shine
A little more each day...
And each would seek a Valentine
With whom they hoped to stay!
When birds made nests in trees above
And tigers roamed the land,
In search of what's described as love,
As if these things were planned...

Denis Martindale, copyright, November 2010.

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Early Spring'.

More Stephen Gayford poems here:
denis-martindale-dot-blogspot-dot-com

Denis Martindale

Polar Prince

The polar bear was not too pleased
That it was freezing cold...
And that it hardly ever eased
The second it took hold...
It seemed he lived his whole life long
With ice beneath his feet,
Which makes him think, 'This is so wrong! '
And 'Who stole all the heat? '

Complaining never changes things...
His teeth just shivered more
And polar bears have not got wings
To find some sunny shore...
And so the polar prince stayed there,
His paw prints on the ice...
The cold he simply had to bare,
Just like the other guys...

Poor soul, I sympathise, of course,
No electricity,
No coal, no gas and God ignores,
Like it was meant to be...
'Why me! ? ' The polar bear exclaimed!
'I'm f.f.f.freezing every day!
Sometimes I think that I've been framed! '
He could be right! Oi, vay...

Denis Martindale, copyright, November 2010.

The poem is based on the magnificent FRAMED painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Polar Prince'.

More Stephen Gayford poems here:
denis-martindale-dot-blogspot-dot-com

Denis Martindale

Inspire Days

The dream began, as many do,
With something up ahead...
A golden mountain there to view
And to it, I felt led...
I climbed the mountain, slow at first,
And tiredness ensued...
My energy balloon had burst,
But then I felt renewed.

Fear left me and I felt assured -
And my heart beat faster!
I sensed the presence of my Lord,
Saviour, King and Master...
I realised He'd grant me strength
To help fulfill my dreams...
As if to give an extra tenth
To overcome extremes.

He came to me and held my hand,
I tingled and I wept...
For only He could understand
The hopes and dreams I kept...
When Jesus smiled, my heart stood still,
I trembled and felt weak...
Yet then I felt a sudden thrill...
He kissed me on the cheek...

This was the practice long ago,
A greeting for one's friend...
Yet deep inside, I felt a glow,
A light that knew no end...
Lord Jesus fills my heart with praise...
He makes my heart complete.
That's why I share Inspire Days
With those I meet and greet...

Lord Jesus is the missing peace,
Without Him, each is lost...
Yet with Him, wonders never cease,

All obstacles are crossed.
Inspire Days are meant to share
God's blessing with God's team...
May God grant wisdom through each prayer,
Each vision and each dream...

Denis Martindale, copyright 24th November 2010.

She Matters on Revelation TV this morning with
Guest Jen Baker, Speaker, Teacher, Pastor.
Inspire Day details: jenbaker-dot-co-dot-uk

Denis Martindale

Secret Stalker

The long-limbed leopard stared ahead
With longing in his eyes,
For he observed the prey that fled
From him in great surprise.
The creature panicked suddenly,
Its heartbeat oh so swift,
Chased by the leopard up a tree,
Its mighty weight to lift.

They prey was light upon its feet,
The branches to traverse,
The leopard wasn't quite so neat...
Things went from bad to worse...
The prey went through the lush green leaves
As if it didn't care,
The leopard lingered like all thieves
Who sense when to beware...

The prey was gone, he knew not how,
So he turned round displeased
To make his way across the bough
Because the hunt had ceased...
Through gritted teeth, he slowly made
His way back down to earth...
'Next time, ' he vowed, 'I'll make the grade!
I'll run for all I'm worth! '

Denis Martindale, copyright, November 2010.

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Secret Stalker'.

More Stephen Gayford poems here:
denis-martindale-dot-blogspot-dot-com

Denis Martindale

Calvary

The Cross of Christ laid on the ground
And Jesus closed His eyes,
His beating heart the only sound
That He could realise...
They held Him down and nailed Him fast
As He screamed out in pain,
His blood ran cold, for now, at last,
He knew He would be slain...
The Cross of Christ was hoisted up,
With Him, the Romans' toy,
They offered Him the drug-filled cup,
Some mercy to employ...
But He refused to dull the ache,
The horror and the fear,
He knew the sacrifice to make
And kept it pure and clear...
The Cross of Christ was where He stayed,
No angels rescued Him,
They humbly watched as Christ obeyed
Before God's seraphim...
The Father stared from Heaven's Throne,
At Christ who wore a crown,
Forced there by Roman hearts of stone,
Now gambling for His gown...
The Cross of Christ was hid from sight
As God's Love looked away
And turned that sacred day to night
As He kept tears at bay...
One angel wept, then all joined in
And God wept tears as well.
This was the sacrifice for sin...
So we'd not go to Hell...
The Cross of Christ was where He died,
That place called Calvary,
That green hill far away supplied,
That haunts eternity...
That day when Mary's heartbeat stopped
In unison yet lived,
That time the Saviour's head had dropped,

PoemHunter.com

With death His precious gift...
The Cross of Christ still bore His Blood,
Though Christ was in His tomb
And God observed that holy flood,
With hatred and with gloom...
Yet Christ had prayed, forgive them all,
They know not what they do...
So God sent preachers like Saint Paul,
Because Christ died... for you...

Denis Martindale, copyright, November 2010.

Denis Martindale

Triplets

Depending on your point of view,
If you think they're first rate,
We know what lion cubs can do,
But triplets can be great!
Yes, lion cubs are little tykes!
Three rascals can be fun...
With each cub doing as he likes,
Till he sleeps in the sun...

They're nodding off... plum tuckered out...
Yet they don't want to snooze!
They'd rather pounce and jump about,
With cunning, cruise and bruise...
They'd rather scratch and bite and roar,
Cause chaos for a while...
Than simply, merely, humbly snore...
And lose all sense of style.

The other cubs aren't tired yet,
They slowly bide their time...
For some revenge they'll swiftly get
And won't that feel sublime?
The triplets haven't got a prayer!
They've got to go to sleep!
The other cubs are well aware...
As they, their vigil, keep!

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale, copyright, November 2010.

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Triplets'.

More Stephen Gayford poems here:
denis-martindale-dot-blogspot-dot-com

Denis Martindale

Arctic Wanderer

The arctic wastelands numb the bones
And wolves aren't yet immune,
Upon the winds you'll hear their groans
And moans that won't end soon...
For arctic wastelands test the souls
Of all who wander near,
As if to find out what controls
Their every thought and fear...

The arctic winds feel no remorse
As they go howling by,
They simply blow, maintain their course,
While all God's creatures sigh...
The wolf must wander like the wind
Along some unknown path,
For come the day he's left behind,
They'll write his epitaph...

For now, he lives, to face the storm,
To battle through each hour...
Remembering he once was warm,
But now he's feeling sour...
So woe betide whatever's found
That he can eat today!
His heart's turned cold, just like the ground
That hides what he calls prey...

Denis Martindale, copyright, November 2010.

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Arctic Wanderer'.

Denis Martindale

Young Guns

Two lions lingered, both at rest,
As if they had all day...
All deadly thoughts had been suppressed,
For hunting and for prey...
This was their time, the sun was kind,
A gentle breeze drew near
And so, together, they reclined,
Without one trace of fear...

A slow abiding trust had formed
That blessed each lion's heart...
And friendship grew and then it warmed,
A strong bond to impart...
They knew each other through and through,
Each mood, each train of thought,
Each planning what the two could do,
If prey was to be caught...

This bond would stand the test of time,
No matter, day or night,
This miracle they called sublime
And sensed that it was right...
So they survived the lean, mean years,
Endured them, come what may...
To gain respect from all their peers...
Together, all the way...

Denis Martindale, copyright, November 2010.

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Young Guns'.

More Stephen Gayford poems here:
denis-martindale-dot-blogspot-dot-com

Denis Martindale

Nemesis

Behold the gracious Nemesis,
With white quill in her hand...
She wrote with this all things amiss,
So all would understand...
She took the lives the Gods despised,
She flew to hunt them down,
Delighting when they stared surprised
Upon her purple gown...

Behold the ancient Nemesis,
With silver sword at rest...
Who brought men bliss, then the Abyss
When justice stirred her breast...
When golden-winged she flew above
And circled them below...
Denouncing them for lack of love,
She made their lifeforce go...

Behold the Doomsday Nemesis,
With compass by her side...
Yes, there she is! Life's final kiss!
For there's no place to hide!
She stalks the callous and the cold,
The vicious and the vile...
The final sight that they behold
Is Nemesis's smile...

Denis Martindale, copyright, November 2010.

This poem is based on the Nemesis painting by
Jessica Galbreth found on enchanted-art-dot-com
Shortcut to the artwork: tinyurl-dot-com/nemesisart

Denis Martindale

Little Jewel

Lioness cub, you look so cool,
Despite the hot sunshine.
Lioness cub, you little jewel,
So calm as you recline...
You take your ease! Yes, settle there...
You've not got much to do...
And if you did, you wouldn't care.
You'd rest the whole day through.

Can't blame you, though! It's flaming hot!
It's something I can't stand!
That's why I'm rooted to the spot...
Let others puff and pant!
Today's the day I'll take it slow...
Like you, I'll take my time...
There's no point being on the go...
Stay still... it's not a crime.

They say that lions are born free,
So who am I to scoff?
Do you feel guilty, just like me?
I've tried to shake it off...
But, no, you're right. Let's both relax...
No need to play the fool...
Let's lie flat out, upon our backs,
Like you... you little jewel...

Denis Martindale, copyright, November 2010.

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Little Jewel'.

More Stephen Gayford poems here:
denis-martindale-dot-blogspot-dot-com

Denis Martindale

Lion Cub

To study him, as he was now,
You'd think that he looked swell.
This lion cub with wrinkled brow
Was known to cast a spell...
Your first impressions are misled,
For he's no gentle soul...
Just tired out, with weary head,
Till he regains control...

Once back on form, he's set to pounce!
He's on all fours again!
As if on springs, he'll leap and bounce
Before he counts to ten!
This little jewel is known to prowl
And ambush suddenly...
He even makes his Mother growl,
While Dad stares solemnly...

But does he care, displaying shame?
Does he observe their rules?
They've never known him to be tame!
He treats them all as fools!
But one day soon, he'll stand and fight,
No matter what this brings!
Yes, one day soon, with all his might,
He'll join the lion kings!

Denis Martindale, copyright, November 2010.

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Lion Cub'.

More Stephen Gayford poems here:
denis-martindale-dot-blogspot-dot-com

Denis Martindale

African Radiance

Behold the lion's golden mane,
His stature and his stance,
As if he stalks through golden grain,
A vision to entrance...
Such poise, such grace, such confidence,
Such priceless majesty,
Such wondrous, thunderous elegance,
Such precious sovereignty...

Behold the lion's state of mind,
Without one trace of love,
As if he'd left that far behind
When times were getting tough...
His mane was gold, his heart was black,
Just outer radiance...
The hunt was on, no turning back,
No change of sentiments...

Behold the lion's sombre stare,
Fixated on his prey...
As if no mercy left to spare,
Regardless night or day...
He looks determined, without doubt,
As if the end is nigh,
As if his prey had no way out,
No time to wonder why...

Denis Martindale, copyright, November 2010.

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'African Radiance'.

Denis Martindale

The Jolly Tolly I Used To Be

They say the mirror never lies,
But where's young Tolly gone?
Encrusted lids on bloodshot eyes
Where only beauty shone!
Just look at me as I stand tall
Against this counter now,
I once was small as I recall,
But time changed me somehow!

I once was but a tiny girl,
With such a baby voice,
Before love set my heart a-whirl,
Before I fancied boys!
And Mother heard me say it's true,
Fairies were fireflies!
And all the stars that humans view
Are fairies in the skies!

My thoughts are echoes from the past,
Like fireflies within,
Reminding me that time moves fast
At home with kith and kin...
Fast as the wind, that's how I ran,
With squirrels, ravens, crows!
Yes, that was how my life began...
Who's Tolly now? God knows!

Denis Martindale, copyright, November 2010.

This tribute poem is based on Inner Child (part one)
by Tolly Rebeka Christian Blackwolf Hawk
who has permitted it being shared on poemhunter.

Denis Martindale

* The Prestige Of The Poppy

Behold my form, my humble guise, my fragile fashioned grace.
Look deep within the giver's eyes, some noble hopes to trace.
November's here and folks look back to what heroes have bought.
They stood as one as things looked black, courageous as they fought.
Not all survived the grief-filled times. Not all returned scot-free.
Not all were able to pen rhymes of utmost misery.
I'm just a poppy, nothing more. I spilt no dropp of blood.
I didn't wince with pain through war... nor turn the foul flood.
I didn't march across the fields, nor swim against the tide
And yet I'm loved by each who yields a conscience still inside.
Think not that I, if human, too, could idly watch death grin.
For as a man, I'd join the few that knew that they must win!
I'd take up arms against the foe! I'd train and fight so brave!
For deep within my heart I'd know, a free world I must save!
Think not that I could turn and run and let the children down,
Nor unborn babes hid from the sun be born to wear a frown.
I'd fight for freedom, live or die! Regardless, come what may!
Because I'd know, that even I, must face God's Judgement Day!
I'd not despise the souls that prayed as they stayed home instead.
I recognise a conscience weighed, yet blood weighs more once bled!
So buy a poppy... show you care! Give generously with love!
For every poppy that folks wear is seen by God above...

Poemhunter.com

Poem by Denis Martindale © November 2003.
Royal British Legion: poppy-dot-org

Denis Martindale

On Guard

It's no good sitting on the fence,
Complaining life's too hard!
For surely it would make more sense
If you remained on guard! ?
Like meerkats do, the whole day long,
Regardless of the cost,
Defiant 'gainst the giant throng,
Refusing to be bossed!

Two meerkats faced their mighty foes,
Their whiskers all a-twitch!
Yet knowing they'd not come to blows,
'Cos they could swiftly switch!
Like lightning streaks across the sky,
Or comets chasing stars!
They'd leave their foes still asking, 'Why? '
Still standing, facing grass!

You may not be a meerkat, friend...
With dugouts underground,
But there are tactics you can lend,
Defences all around...
Some extra locks, some smoke alarms
And some insurance, too...
They're bound to ease your sweaty palms!
So think like meerkats do!

Denis Martindale, copyright, October 2010.

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'On Guard'.

More Stephen Gayford poems here:
denis-martindale-dot-blogspot-dot-com

Denis Martindale

Drying Off

The tiger's mouth was open wide
When he first saw the stream,
Because he knew what it supplied,
An answer to his dream...
The hot, hot sun was beating down
And sapping all his strength...
Yet there, amid the trees so brown,
Would be some peace at length.

So inward joys soon bubbled up,
Urged on in sweet surprise,
As if he were a week-old cub
So near to Paradise.
The water welcomed what leapt in
With one almighty splash,
With surface circles made to spin
And nearby fish to dash...

An hour passed and he must leave
His Paradise on Earth...
His former life and times retrieve
And show what he was worth.
But first the drying off a while,
So he would look his best,
So he could make the ladies smile
When suitably impressed...

Denis Martindale, copyright, October 2010.

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Drying Off'.

More Stephen Gayford poems here:
denis-martindale-dot-blogspot-dot-com

Denis Martindale

The Final Red, Red Rose

He left a rose, then rose and left
To leave me all alone,
Downcast and feeling quite bereft,
My heart then turned to stone.
I read the note beside the rose,
As red as red could be...
Once we were friends, yet now we're foes,
So starts the enmity...

Divorce can bleed the wallet dry,
Take note, for that's the truth.
Divorce is when the insults fly
And strangers share the proof.
He took his clothes, he left a rose,
A token of the past...
And though so sad, the sorrow grows,
Though now we're free at last.

I never thought that this would come,
Perhaps I was naive...
Yet he betrayed me, now I'm numb
At things I could believe.
But I'll survive, I always do,
Although not quite the same.
His rose was red, my heart is blue,
Just like a dying flame...

Denis Martindale, copyright, October 2010.

Denis Martindale

Ma Kith 'N' Kin

Some days I feel,
I feel somethin’s missin’.
Der’s a hole in ma life,
Somethin’ left undun...

Brotha, Brotha, where be choo?
Brotha, Brotha, where hav’ ya gone?
I rememba choo, yeah, I rememba.
I know yer out der, but yer not here,
An' dat’s wha’s missin’.

Sista, Sista, I rememba choo, too,
An' yer not here either.
Sista, Sista, where be choo?
Sista, Sista, where hav’ ya gone?
Yer out der, but yer not here,
An' dat’s wha’s bin left undun.

Dis wrong mus' be made right,
Dis broked rope mus' be mended.
Whatcha say, Brotha?
My Brotha I once befriended...

Brotha, Brotha, where be choo?
Brotha, Brotha, where hav’ ya gone?
Sista, Sista, where be choo?
Sista, Sista, where hav’ ya gone?
Brotha, Brotha, I'm here!
Sista, Sista, I'm here, right here...
An' I'm all alone!
Jus' pinin', pinin' fer yers all...

Denis Martindale, adaptation, October 2010.

This is a tribute poem based on the original by
Tolly Rebeka Christian BlackWolf Hawk:
An Untitled Experiment (on poemhunter-dot-com)

Tolly has agreed to the sharing of the poem.

Denis Martindale

Decide Who's On Your Side

God forgives me, for He loves me,
He gives me what I need…
God knows, of course, I'll sometimes fail,
Yet wants me to succeed!
So I'll stand fast every moment,
Watch me! Just wait and see!
Yes, I'm on the Jesus Journey,
Commenced at Calvary!

Now I get up every morning,
Rejoicing in my soul!
For what use is there in scorning
The Lord who's in control?
So I'll battle on each hour,
Each day, week, month and year...
When my precious life is over,
I'll hear the angels cheer!
A billion Christians, maybe more,
Have faith the world can't hide...
I'll greet the world, thrilled to the core,
Because He's on my side!

God forgives me, for He loves me,
He gives me what I need…
God knows, of course, I'll sometimes fail,
Yet wants me to succeed!
So I'll stand fast every moment,
Watch me! Just wait and see!
Yes, I'm on the Jesus Journey,
Commenced at Calvary!

Denis Martindale, copyright, October 2010.

Denis Martindale

My Life

'My life's my own! ' I've heard folks say,
As if that were the truth,
Forgetting how God paved the way,
Yes, from their very youth.
Their flesh and bones, their hands and feet,
Their arms and legs as well,
Were how God made them, so complete,
With tongues that they could tell...

Yet some won't offer God due praise,
Like angels up above,
No wonder that the lost soul strays
And sins for lack of love.
The lonely maiden out each night,
One hand upon her glass,
Pretending now with all her might,
She's in another class...

The businessman avoiding tax,
With moneymaking schemes,
His broken heart now showing cracks,
Forsaking noble dreams.
And even children joining gangs
On drug-infested streets...
Or dressing up with wings and fangs
For Halloween-begged treats...

'My life's my own! ' I've heard folks say,
As if Hell wasn't real.
Yet soon life ends, then Judgment Day,
No secrets to conceal.
The rich will face the Lord they scoff,
The fools will try to run...
The wise ones can escape God's wrath...
Just pray, 'Thy will be done...'

Denis Martindale, copyright, October 2010.

Denis Martindale

The Drifter's Dream

‘A drifter on a sea of others' expectations am I.
I know not from whence I came, nor where I go.
But I know where I would like to go
And whom I would wish to be with.
Lord, when will these rough waters subside?
When will I cease to drift
Upon this sea of others' expectations?
This raft I float on is a dream I hold onto desperately...
A dream of a life I wish to live... it's, oh, so simple.
Why does it seem to be too much to ask for, in all its simplicity? ’

'What is your dream? '

‘To watch my children play in fields of billowing grass,
To hear the one I love speak in soft sweet tones at night.
To grow old in a house, a house I made into a home;
A place where my family can rest their heads in safety,
No matter how old they are. But, no...
I am but a drifter on a sea of others' expectations! ’

PoemHunter.com

'Look ahead, dear child of My love, for there is land in sight.
You may have what you ask for.
Because what you ask for does not sustain your mortal body,
But your immortal soul! '

'Oh! To have my dream become reality!
I thank You, Father, Lord of my soul, I thank You.
For all eternity, I shall give You thanks.'

'The shore is still far away, My child,
But if you hold onto your hope and your faith,
Your dream shall be yours. Be patient, child.'

'Thank You, Father.'

'You're welcome, child.'

Adapted by Denis Martindale, October 2010.

This is a tribute poem based on the original by
Tolly Rebeka Christian BlackWolf Hawk:
Hope of those a drift (on poemhunter-dot-com)
Tolly has agreed to the sharing of the poem.

Denis Martindale

Family Values

Father And Mother, I Love You!
That spells out F.A.M.I.L.Y.
And God bless if it's oh, so true,
The way that He blessed me!
It's like that painting that I've seen,
Two cubs, one lioness...
On Family Values I'm so keen,
For love brings happiness!

We know that lion cubs aren't tame,
Yet they still fool around!
And everything's to them a game,
No matter what they've found...
The lionesses gather near
To grant a helping hand,
For while their love stays crystal clear,
Who knows what cubs have planned?

When evening comes, they settle down
And peace arrives at last!
Their Mother doesn't wear a frown
Or look at them aghast!
With one eye open, one eye closed,
The cubs are close to sleep...
Why is it now she loves them most?
She doesn't hear a peep...

Denis Martindale, copyright, October 2010.

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Family Values'.

More Stephen Gayford poems here:
denis-martindale-dot-blogspot-dot-com

Denis Martindale

Robin

The robin rested, looking back
At me, while I looked out.
For there I stood, all dressed in black,
No hope and full of doubt...
Just like a statue, so forlorn,
No focus at that time...
Weak as the day that I was born
With one huge hill to climb...

My loneliness was hard to bear,
No friends, no family...
No sweetheart stood with me to share
The loss, the tragedy...
The robin sang despite the cold
And greyness of the day...
As if with faith as good as gold,
He soothed the pain away...

That tiny creature brought me hope
No heavenly choir could sing...
As if to help my heart to cope,
It waved with just one wing...
As if it knew life wasn't fair,
Yet God grants faith anew...
Today, by faith, I can declare,
Merry Christmas to you...

Denis Martindale, copyright, October 2010.

The poem is based on the magnificent Xmas card
sketch by artist Stephen Gayford called 'Robin'.

More Stephen Gayford poems here:
denis-martindale-dot-blogspot-dot-com

Denis Martindale

Snow Wolf

Distinctive markings on his coat
Disguise the snow wolf well,
As if the snow had kissed his throat
So that we couldn't tell...
Yet close up through binoculars,
We see that canine face
And suddenly our memory jars
With warnings we can trace...

This is no gentle friend of Man,
In whom we'd grant our trust,
But rather one we'd choose to ban,
Because we simply must...
Each creature that survives on Earth
Has something new to say...
And wildlife paintings prove their worth
Each time we gaze their way...

He's not a trophy that I'd choose
To grace my hearth and home,
Yet at a painting I'd peruse,
Just like I'd read a poem...
We know he can be terrible
And frightening, night or day...
Yet isn't he quite beautiful?
Majestic in a way...

Denis Martindale, copyright, October 2010.

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Snow Wolf'.

More Stephen Gayford poems here:
denis-martindale-dot-blogspot-dot-com

Denis Martindale

Afternoon Dip

Yes, the stream sure looked exciting
And pleased the tiger's eyes,
With his memories delighting,
He ran to Paradise!
He squelched his way on soft warm mud
And leapt into the air,
To part the waters with a thud
That made the birdies stare!

'He's back! ' they said in unison...
'We'll never get him out! '
They watched him while he had his fun
As he splashed all about...
'He's acting like a cub again!
Just like he did last week!
You'd never guess that he was ten
And simply past his peak! '

The tiger paused, looked up a spell...
'What's that! ? ' he growled aloud!
The birdies trembled, silence fell...
The tiger felt right proud!
The birdies gulped, as birdies do,
And shut their beaks real tight.
The tiger sniggered for he knew
His power and his might!

Denis Martindale, copyright, October 2010.

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Afternoon Dip'.

Denis Martindale

Arctic Sun Ii

The white wolf danced at break of day
With sunshine beating down,
Upon the snow to melt away
Old Mother Nature's gown...
The hunting hadn't gone so well,
But Spring was in the air!
Good riddance to cold Winter's spell
And to its sad despair...

Roll on the lengthening of hours
That sunshine would impart
And precious strengthening of powers
That stirred within his heart!
Begone the biting storms and winds!
Let gentle breezes blow!
Be glad, all creatures! Now begins
The seasons waters flow!

The white wolf danced with utmost glee!
Goodbye to loneliness!
And so he frolicked, fancy free,
His new hopes to caress!
And as he danced on yonder hill,
I danced right there and then!
He stared amazed to see such skill
And howled and danced again!

Denis Martindale, copyright, October 2010.

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Arctic Sun II'.

Denis Martindale

Adorable Ii

The cheetah cub was spotted there,
For all the world to see,
Yet didn't seem to have a care
Or brag, 'Just look at me! '
Content beneath the golden sky,
While in the prime of health,
It humbly watched the day go by,
No pride within itself...

If only we were just like that,
No ego and no wiles.
Just peaceful like that purrfect cat,
Content with just our smiles...
Laid back, no worldly woes at all,
Just basking in the sun...
Adorable and wonderful
And problems, no, not one...

But truth be told, such times take hold
Then quickly melt away...
That's why we treasure them like gold
And plead with them to stay...
Yet they must visit others, too,
To share dreams beautiful...
For other folks... like me... like you...
Like things adorable...

Denis Martindale, copyright, October 2010.

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Adorable II'.

Denis Martindale

Inquisitive

The elephant had never seen
A human stand up close
And so, of course, he was quite keen
To learn about its nose!
A teeny weeny squashed up thing,
Without a tusk in sight
And so he stood there wondering,
As if with all his might!

He pondered how the human breathed,
Its nostrils were so small
And yet the human never grieved
Or heaved in breaths at all...
Not even when it shouted loud
Or ran across the plain,
Not even when it stood up proud
And ran around again!

Elephants try to work things out,
They'll puzzle all day long,
Yet that there human made him doubt,
How come it was so strong?
Was it the food or exercise?
This puzzle proved too tough!
For while he thought himself quite wise,
He wasn't wise enough...

Denis Martindale, copyright, July 2015.

A poem about the magnificent wildlife painting,
Inquisitive, by artist Stephen Gayford nb check
Google-search for 'Stephen Gayford poetry'
plus jigsaws, cards and calendars pictures.
More Stephen Gayford wildlife poems here:
denis-martindale-dot-blogspot-dot-com

Denis Martindale

Siberian Snow

To some, the snow's a wondrous thing
That casts its magic spell,
Beguiling both the clown and king,
Before it bids farewell...
Yet to the tiger, freezing cold,
It's not held in regard...
For though it's lovely to behold,
It makes his hunting hard.

The snow gets inbetween his toes
And freezes on his coat,
Into his face it blows and blows
And there's no antidote...
It makes his whiskers sensitive
To every single touch!
He's got all this to put up with...
It really is too much!

He bravely bears the cold, cold day...
This to his heart he vowed:
He's found his spot and here he'll stay,
Defiant and so proud!
The snow continued all day long!
That he did not expect...
Yes, even tigers get things wrong!
Their pride completely wrecked!

Denis Martindale, copyright, October 2010.

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Siberian Snow'.

More Stephen Gayford poems here:
denis-martindale-dot-blogspot-dot-com

Denis Martindale

Winter Sun

His weary eyes were everywhere,
To track each tiny sound,
The hungry wolf beyond his lair
Trod softly on the ground.
For somewhere near or somewhere far
His next meal had to be.
If not, no midnight, moon or star
His weary eyes would see...

His stomach churned each step he took,
Yet Death was patient still...
His jaws were like an open book,
As he surveyed the hill.
How many hills had he climbed now?
A dozen, maybe more,
With all past strength God could allow
He fought the final war...

His prey escaped a sudden death...
His loss and yet their gain...
Life is a journey, breath by breath,
His offspring to remain...
He couldn't find a single crumb
Of comfort for this phase.
He didn't know his time had come...
This was the end of days...

Denis Martindale, copyright, October 2010.

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Winter Sun'.

More Stephen Gayford poems here:
denis-martindale-dot-blogspot-dot-com

Denis Martindale

Lying In Wait

The tiger played the waiting game...
His heartbeat cool and calm.
No doubts, no fears, no guilt, no shame
And no sense of alarm.
For all was still, sublime, serene,
So tranquil and at ease...
Apart from him, so cruel, so mean,
Despite his golden fleece.

The tiger strained his stretched back ears
While hunger caused him grief...
God only knows what noise he hears
Behind his gritted teeth.
The aching burden carried on,
Tormenting deep within,
As hunger's slave, his pride had gone,
Yet he must not give in.

The tiger sneered at such delays
So unpredictable...
And groaned at Nature's wily ways
So unreliable...
But come the evening, all went well,
He'd had his fill once more...
What tragic tales this beast could tell,
So cold in tooth and claw...

Denis Martindale, copyright, October 2010.

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Lying In Wait II'.

More Stephen Gayford poems here:
denis-martindale-dot-blogspot-dot-com

Denis Martindale

Chill Out

'Hey, man! ' the Polar Bear began,
'Chill out! Lie down a spell...
The Universe has got a plan,
A secret it can tell...
So take your time, pin back your ears
And listen now with me...
Yeah... Cast away your morbid fears,
The years of misery...'

'Hey, man! ' the Polar Bear went on,
'Why don't you lose that frown?
Yeah, worry is the Devil's con!
Why look the sad old clown?
Life's good sometimes, it makes us smile,
Life's OK now and then...
Wrinkles don't suit that great profile!
Like me, count up to ten...'

'Hey, man! ' the Polar Bear summed up,
'Get comfy! Sheesh, relax!
Yeah! Be glad with a half-filled cup!
Let others break their backs...'
So I laid down and went to sleep...
Next to the Polar Bear...
Till I heard the alarm clock 'BEEP! '
'Cos sadly, life's not fair!

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale, copyright, October 2010.

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Chill Out'.

More Stephen Gayford poems here:
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Denis Martindale

Jungle Trail

The treacherous tiger tip-toed
Towards the jungle trail...
Obedient to the tigers' code,
He knew he must not fail.
White tigers like to do their best,
As if they were like kings!
Let other creatures stare impressed!
Pathetic underlings!

That's why he walked as if on air,
As if the world were his.
So nonchalant, so debonair -
What more to life than this?
Yet hunger tamed his thoughts for now,
He dined on humble pie...
What future would the Fates allow?
What victim would pass by?

He licked his lips, expectantly!
He sensed new prey was near...
He crouched down low, so none could see,
Then everything was clear!
He pounced like lightning! Head to tail...
A nightmare not a dream!
Triumphant on his jungle trail...
Expert, yet so extreme...

Denis Martindale, copyright, October 2010.

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Jungle Trail'.

More Stephen Gayford poems here:
denis-martindale-dot-blogspot-dot-com

Denis Martindale

The Lovely Little Fairy Tale

Once upon a time, a long, long time ago,
There lived a little black girl whose teeth were white as snow!
She knew that she was beautiful and wonderful as well,
For everyone she ever met, these precious truths would tell.
One morning in the garden, when she was wandering round,
She heard a rustling in the air, a tiny, gentle sound.
She spotted something moving past and slowly gliding by...
Yes, there it was! Love's spell to cast! A gracious butterfly!
'My word! ' said she, in utmost awe! 'God made you, oh, so tiny!
Yet there you flap without a flaw! Your outstretched wings so shiny!
I wish I were a flutterby! I'd flutter by right now! '
Then she let out the longest sigh... A prayer God must allow!
Then all at once, her brand new clothes began to shrink so small...
Her size reduced to match a rose and that's not big at all...
Then milky silky angel wings stretched out at shoulder height!
And, suddenly, the joy that brings gave her the power of flight!
So up she went, like Betty Boop, rejoicing with a smile!
Shen she began to loop the loop, like Tinker Bell with style!
'My word, I'm getting good at this! I like this fairy much! '
She fluttered by in perfect bliss above the rabbit hutch!
She flew above the tulip tops, tip-toed the washing line,
She danced upon the white snowdrops, triumphant... feeling fine!
She perched upon the rugged roof and chatted up the birds...
They chirped right back to give her proof they understood her words!
They headed south for Winter homes. She said she'd tag along...
And there she wrote a million poems and even wrote a song!
This is the song the birdies sing! It's heard from sea to shore!
It's amazing what one prayer can bring! Take care what you pray for!

Denis Martindale, copyright,30 September 2010.

Denis Martindale

The Greatest Love Of All

It's easy to love when the years are few
And hairs are not yet grey,
To whisper softly, 'I love you...
Today and every day! '
It's easy to love when the ears can hear
And two little eyes can see,
When everything's still crystal clear
And easy as can be...
It's easy to love when the money's there
And precious gifts are bought,
When life seems precious, life's still fair
And not some cruel sport...
It's easy to love when your mind's your own
And you maintain control
And your body's fine in flesh and bone
And nothing haunts your soul.
Yet Jesus loved when His flesh was torn,
With holy hands outstretched...
Surrounded by each scoundrel's scorn,
As to Him each was fetched...
Yes, Jesus loved... He prayed... God heard...
And God forgave each one!
For to His Son, God gave His word,
Who prayed, 'Your will be done! '
And oh, what love, anoints the Earth,
Forgiveness to impart...
For God is love and proves His worth
To every Christian heart...
The greatest love comes from the Lord,
No greater love is known...
To see God smile is our reward,
When we are taken home...

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale, copyright 28th September 2010.

Written during the GOD TV Missions Week Fundraisers.

Denis Martindale

Devotion

Devotion stirred within her heart,
The lioness looked proud!
Her cub was playful from the start
Whenever folks allowed...
He'd ambush unsuspecting friends,
Close family or not
And bite on every tail that ends
And chew it on the spot!

This biased mother loved her child
Who made the others vexed!
This phase would pass, yet now she smiled
To think what he'd do next!
He was a charmer through and through,
Though some would call him strange...
For chewing tails was nothing new,
No matter how times change.

His tiny teeth would sharpen soon
And folks would bite him back!
His turn would come when he would swoon
Because of their attack!
For now, he thought the world was his!
The little so and so!
Yes, ignorance is sometimes bliss,
But don't chew tails! No, no...

Denis Martindale, copyright, September 2010.

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Devotion II'.

More Stephen Gayford poems here:
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Denis Martindale

Evening Sun

The white wolf stood and stared a while...
The water soothed his feet.
Perhaps he'd search another mile
For food that he could eat.
The sunshine faded, night approached,
A sudden chill was felt...
The silvered twilight moon encroached
And darkness soon was dealt...

The evening sun bid all farewell,
Its time had come and gone,
Replaced by stars that cast their spell
As moonlight carried on...
The stuff of legends now took hold,
He howled his hunger out...
Who knew what wonders would unfold,
What fears to cause men doubt?

Now all his instincts forced his pace,
For he, too, must survive,
Against all odds, through nights and days,
Perchance to stay alive...
It's true that wolves have wily schemes
To brave the midnight storm,
Yet pet dogs dream their pampered dreams,
In comfort, calm and warm...

Denis Martindale, copyright, September 2010.

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Evening Sun'.

More Stephen Gayford poems here:
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Denis Martindale

Ambush

The leopard laid low to ambush
Whatever came his way.
When hunger gives big cats a push,
They'll hunt the livelong day.
His whiskers twitched as tensions grew,
He dare not tap his toes,
He merely crouched, maintained his view
Of passing friends and foes...

His back was stretched, at peace for now,
No awkward pains to bear...
While he was poised with furrowed brow
And one almighty stare!
He licked his lips imagining
The thrill the chase would be,
The feast the drawn-out day could bring
If all went hopefully...

His stomach rumbled without shame!
He licked his lips again!
He lacked all guilt, all sense of blame,
Until the moment when
All hell broke loose, the chase was on!
His body was a blur...
And suddenly! One life was gone,
His mouth was full of fur...

Denis Martindale, copyright, September 2010.

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Ambush'.

Denis Martindale

Close Companions

Two tigers rested, both at peace,
No arguments at all,
No disagreements to release,
No sudden need to brawl...
Serenity was in the air,
Tranquillity sublime...
As if they had all day to spare
And yet not waste their time...

They gently breathed the sunshine in,
As if they felt caressed...
No pesky flies, no tails to spin,
Contented and so blessed...
Was this their dreamworld filled with love?
Was this their answered prayer?
If so, perfection proved enough
That they were glad to share...

If only Man had peace like this!
A place to sculpt or paint,
A paradise of precious bliss,
So delicate, so quaint...
Where music lilted lyrically,
Like waterfalls at play...
Like Heaven, where God's majesty
The angels praise each day...

Denis Martindale, copyright, September 2010.

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Close Companions'.

More Stephen Gayford poems here:
denis-martindale-dot-blogspot-dot-com

Denis Martindale

White Knight

As if washed clean and left to dry,
The lion looked supreme!
His mane like snowflakes floating by
To shimmer gleam by gleam...
The light shone down with highlights there,
So picturesque, so fine...
With close-up detail, hair by hair,
Majestic, line by line...

His eyes observed the land he ruled,
His lion cubs at play...
He knew that soon each would be schooled
To hunt the local prey...
His lioness was nearby, too,
To fill his heart with pride...
Together they'd found pastures new...
He felt real good inside...

He was her knight, her champion,
Her friend without a doubt...
With cubs, new life to carry on,
When adults must bow out...
Each lion leaves a legacy
That's always action-packed!
God grants each cub a destiny
That Man must leave intact...

Denis Martindale, copyright, September 2010.

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'White Knight'.

More Stephen Gayford poems here:
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Denis Martindale

Group Hug

The meerkats looked and looked and looked,
But nothing was in sight!
Yet all day long, the sun had cooked
And fried and fried and fried!

They'd stood their ground, while standing tall,
Through teamwork, each was safe...
When evening came, I watched them all,
Defiant, noble, brave...

Then suddenly, they huddled close,
Like bugs upon a rug...
Now crouched up tight, each cuddled nose
Caressed in their group hug!

I've never seen the like before!
So intimate, so sweet...
A parable I'll not ignore:
Love makes our lives complete!

I'm not the sort to cuddle folks!
Most folks don't seem to care!
I'd be the butt of countless jokes,
If I should ever dare!

Yet should I envy the meerkat,
With friends on every side?
Oi, you! Watch out! Whose foot was that?
Be careful, pal... all right?

Denis Martindale, copyright, September 2010.

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Group Hug'.

More Stephen Gayford poems here:
denis-martindale-dot-blogspot-dot-com

Denis Martindale

Innocent

White tiger cubs are harmless guys,
He's got no need to kill...
He's cute and cuddly with blue eyes
That draw you closer still...
His Daddy knows he's innocent,
His Mummy knows it, too...
To everyone, he's just a friend...
He'll be a friend to you...

His Daddy knows he's quite the lad,
His Mummy looks so proud...
His Brother thinks he's not so bad...
He does what he's allowed...
His Sister's way too self-involved
To give him any mind,
Yet she admits he's quite resolved
To leave all cares behind...

His Daddy watches all he does,
His Mummy dotes as well...
His Brother doesn't really fuss,
His Sister, who can tell?
His family! That's all he knows!
With them, he hopes to stay...
He's innocent... until he grows...
But then, WATCH OUT! OK?

Denis Martindale, copyright, September 2010.

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Innocent'.

More Stephen Gayford poems here:
denis-martindale-dot-blogspot-dot-com

Denis Martindale

Lion Cub Playing

The cute and cuddly lion cub
Was dazzling black and white!
As if he'd joined the Zebra Club,
Outstanding, what a sight!
Was this a ploy that Nature tried
To stop them in their tracks?
He's one of us! No need to hide!
He won't jump on our backs!

The lion cub was unaware
Of what the zebras thought...
He didn't know that he was rare,
That they would be his sport.
That some time soon he'd chase them hard
Across the placid plains,
To hunt the ones that weren't on guard
Against these sudden strains...

It's true that he looked innocent!
It's true that he looked calm!
It's true to some he'd be a friend
And not chew off an arm...
But zebras didn't stand a chance,
They'd better run real fast!
Though he's got looks that quite entrance,
His innocence won't last!

Denis Martindale, copyright, September 2010.

The poem is based on the canvas artwork
called 'Lion Cub Playing' available with
other canvas art animal scenes from
tinyurl-dot-com-slash-printnineart

My Stephen Gayford poems are here:
denis-martindale-dot-blogspot-dot-com

Denis Martindale

Keep On Dreaming Your Dreams!

The wisest, kindest words of all,
'Keep on dreaming your dreams! '
Exciting dreamy dreams enthrall
Beyond your well-planned schemes!
Let fancy thoughts fly through the night,
Like moths and angels do!
Like planes flown by the Brothers Wright
Across the midnight blue...

Each teensy-weensy human soul
Has faith the world can't see,
Yet there it waits to take control,
To set your spirits free!
Its childlike essence can't be rushed!
Its miracles take time!
It's well-protected, can't be crushed
And truly quite sublime!

Take time apart from worldly woes...
Refresh yourselves, dear friends...
Pray daily, for we know God knows
And on Him, all depends!
So always wish upon a star,
No matter how life seems!
Heaven's above, here, near and far...
'Keep on dreaming your dreams! '

Denis Martindale, copyright, September 2010.

Denis Martindale

African Sunset

As the sun was setting slowly,
The lion settled down...
Forewarned, majestic and holy,
Adorned in golden brown...
Without a qualm, without a care,
At peace with all he knew,
Just calmly breathing in the air
Beneath the sky so blue...

The hot, hot sun had soothed his mind,
All signs of rage had gone
And as it left the day behind,
The moon must carry on...
Night creatures stirred within the soil,
Yet few would sense his power...
Nor think of him that he was royal
And over them he'd tower...

The birds approached him without fear,
They knew that he was old...
They taunted him as they drew near,
Delighting to be bold...
The sunset of his life was now,
When midnight comes to call...
He bore no frown upon his brow...
You see, he'd done it all...

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The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'African Sunset'.

Denis Martindale

The Fear Of Beauty

It happened just the other day,
A High Street store not far away...
For there she was, so sweet of face,
While I stood staring with a gaze...

There was no doubt within my mind
That she was noble, pure and kind...
And all at once, would I propose
Without a ring, without a rose...

Yet fear consumed my heart within,
As true love stirred, would not give in...
It beckoned me beyond my fear,
For now's the time, while she stands near...

She served a customer at hand,
While I stood in love's wonderland,
With pining, yearning, dreaming dreams,
Already thinking, planning schemes...

Yet while approaching, hopeful still,
My stomach churned and I felt ill...
What words could I relay to her?
My head was spinning, in a whir...

No words were said to that sweet maid,
I left her feeling quite afraid...
I trembled like a tragic fool!
My heart was hot, my head was cool...

I found some peace at home alone...
A better man her love would own...
A richer, stronger, wiser man...
And not like me, who ran and ran...

Denis Martindale, copyright August 2010.

Denis Martindale

First Adventure

Two tigers traipsed their jungle jaunt,
With nothing else in sight,
The universe itself to taunt
And ready for a fight!
It didn't matter, great or small,
For neither tiger cared,
This was their moment, walking tall,
Their first adventure shared!

So stride for stride they strutted forth,
Exploring, come what may,
Yes, forward east, west, south or north,
Until the end of day...
Together, proud and jubilant,
Triumphant tigers still,
It didn't matter where they went
And, boy, was it a thrill!

Their first adventure, on the prowl,
No Mum and Dad in tow,
With nothing but a mighty growl
As onward they must go!
United, steadfast, confident!
Give them a real wide berth...
If they see you, stay nonchalant
And run for all you're worth!

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The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'First Adventure'.

More Stephen Gayford poems here:
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Denis Martindale

Dappled Sunlight

The lion stared with gemstone eyes
And heard with ears erect,
Alert and focussed, sternly wise
At all he could inspect.
No more the cub content to play
Or waste his precious time,
For suddenly there came the day,
They saw him in his prime...

The world had changed, new thoughts were born,
He hunted with the rest,
He stood as high as golden corn,
Content he'd passed each test...
The future grants a destiny
Each lion must embrace,
With royalty and majesty
Throughout his adult days...

Dappled sunlight caressed his brow,
Did more than keep him warm,
It showed us all how he looked now,
In stature and in form.
Dappled sunlight caressed his coat,
To show each forehead frown,
As if to show each line God wrote
Upon his noble crown.

PoemHunter.com

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The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Dappled Sunlight'.

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Denis Martindale

[+] Poemhunter [+]

Across the hills, across the plains,
Across the sands and seas,
He searched for poems and refrains,
For wonders never cease...
While there's a child within God's heart
And His remembrance, too,
The Poemhunter scans for art,
Esteems each point of view...

Across the noblest hopes and dreams,
Ideals and fancy thoughts,
The spectrum of Man's mad extremes
Proves that it takes all sorts...
While there's a vision, judge or law,
Or simply self-control,
The Poemhunter must explore
Their sanctity, their soul...

He reads the rhythms, rhymes and rules
That writers would relay,
He heeds the wisemen, sighs at fools...
Lets God guide him His way...
While there's a cherished childlike prayer
That words can somehow bless,
The Poemhunter's search will share
God's Truth and happiness...

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Denis Martindale

In Pursuit

The cheetah checked the sudden sound,
His neck streamlined and sleek,
His eyes surveying all around,
His hunting skills unique...
His claws now arched, each step was soft,
He gently sniffed for scent,
If unsuccessful, others scoffed
At time unwisely spent...

The cheetah chose the likely path
To stalk the prey ahead,
With chances better than a half
That he would soon be fed.
His next meal moved not far away,
Oblivious, at ease...
Yet this would be its final day,
From then on, rest in peace...

The cheetah cheered when all went well,
A textbook hunt in truth...
Not bad, he thought, then slept a spell,
In hiding, quite aloof.
He simply, slowly, inhaled breath
And exhaled just the same...
Without a thought of life or death...
No conscience, guilt or shame...

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The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'In Pursuit'.

More Stephen Gayford poems here:
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Denis Martindale

Who Will You Take To Heaven With You?

The Lord appeared, his very last day,
The day that he must die...
'Who will you take to Heaven with you? '
Christ asked, but no reply...
The man just stood there staring,
With eyes that could not blink,
As if he were uncaring
Or much too scared to think...

Then two salty tears began to flow...
For forty years of waste!
'Who will you take to Heaven with you? '
Christ asked the fool He faced...
The man knelt down still weeping,
With eyes that were red raw,
For while his faith was sleeping,
He never preached God's Law...

Then Lord Jesus wept beside His friend,
For whom He gave His life!
'Who will you take to Heaven with you? '
Christ asked, sharp as a knife...
The man repented there and then
And vowed He'd preach the Word!
'Too late! ' said Jesus, 'This is when
Your life ends on this world...'

Denis Martindale, copyright, August 2010.

Based on the Good News letter from the GOD TV website
which explained Luke 14's Parable of the Master's Banquet.

Denis Martindale

The Watchers

Two wily wolves were waiting there
For something new to see,
Beyond investing time to stare
At endless scenery...
It didn't matter, his or hers,
Full stomachs now were gone
And deep within, where hunger stirs,
Reminders rumbled on...

Familiar thoughts had thus returned
To haunt them once again,
Recalling lessons both had learned
Which helped them now and then.
They licked their lips like hunters do,
Though nothing was in sight,
Yet sensing there was something new
About to get a fright!

The watchers chose their lucky spot,
Their waiting game to play...
Four starving eyes checked every dot
That flew or walked their way...
At last, their next meal sauntered by,
Quite calm and fancy free...
And since he had no wings to fly,
The rest is history...

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The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'The Watchers'.

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Denis Martindale

Three Sentries

They also serve who stand and wait...
And meerkats know this well,
For them, well, life's just great, just great,
As if you couldn't tell.
It's funny that they'll stare and stare
And watch the day go by...
From predators they must beware,
For some can even fly!

Their little noses twitched away
Mid whiskers to and fro...
While they kept poses, come what may,
No matter what the foe!
Like shepherds guarding flocks by night,
They simply stood their ground...
While one looked left and one looked right
And one looked round and round...

Three sentries stood the test of time,
Comparing now and then,
Their loyalty was quite sublime,
Enough to shame some men!
With throbbing tootsies they stood tall,
Defiant, unafraid...
As if each were a sentinel
That God Himself had made...

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The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Three Sentries'.

More Stephen Gayford poems here:
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Denis Martindale

Brothers

Two cheetahs look out with concern
At Nature in the raw,
With focussed eyes that seem so stern
At sights they can't ignore...
Each joins his father and mother,
No more the awkward child,
Together, brother and brother,
Two cheetahs in the wild...

For everywhere, new dangers roam,
No matter where they go...
No matter, near or far from home,
They fight... or flee each foe...
Their fast legs save them from defeat,
To fight another day...
From predators too strong to beat,
These two must run away...

As scavengers, they've got it made,
But fights just aren't their style,
When all the factors have been weighed,
They'd rather run a mile...
But come a fight they can't avoid,
They'll take it in their stride...
With valiant courage then employed,
Two brothers... side-by-side...

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The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Brothers'.

More Stephen Gayford poems here:
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Denis Martindale

Focussed

All senses now are focussed well,
Survival calls again,
The lioness obeys its spell
That haunts both beasts and men...
The hunger gnaws within us all,
It comes and will not budge
And why, united by its thrall,
We serve, yet with a grudge...

The lioness now stalks her prey...
With eyes and ears alert,
With nostrils flared for scents that stray
Within the land of hurt...
For here it is that death draws near,
As Mother Nature knows...
And all at once, peace turns to fear,
Till life comes to a close...

The lioness may look refined,
Defiant, noble, brave,
Yet hunger leads to thoughts unkind,
With few around to save.
Her prey is fast, the chase is on!
Escape is rare, so rare...
Yet suddenly the prey has gone...
And leaves her fuming there...

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The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Focussed'.

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Denis Martindale

Regal

Within that blaze of golden frame
The regal lion glared,
For everybody knew his name
And everybody stared...
For there he was, in majesty,
Their sovereign king and more,
The master of their destiny,
Of that you can be sure...

He held their very lives at hand,
One bite could bring a halt..
It's true, in stature, he looked grand,
Yet ruthless to a fault.
Those eyes had seen each war he'd won,
Each battle as it raged..
Though now, beneath that gentle sun,
His wrath seemed somehow caged...

Behold this awesome mighty beast,
His handsome lion face,
Kings claim the most and not the least,
The lion's share embrace,
You may be strong, you may succeed,
Your will may never bend!
But while he's king and king indeed,
Beware, take care, my friend...

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The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Regal'.

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Denis Martindale

Indian Adolescent

The Bengal tiger cub looked fine,
On top form for his age,
Maturing like the finest wine
And not locked in a cage...
As free as birds that fly the sky,
As wily as the rest,
As fast as those that seem so spry,
The tiger cub looked blessed.

Consider everything you know,
Of all the creatures seen,
His fur looks like it's all aglow,
Magnificent, serene...
He's on the prowl, for who knows what?
No longer playing games...
And now he'll give it all he's got,
With newly-focused aims...

He's confident that he must win,
He's steadfast through and through...
So valiant he'll not give in,
He'll do what he must do.
His eyes are like two worlds apart,
Together they're a team...
Yet driven by that tiger's heart,
Who knows what dreams they'll dream?

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The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Indian Adolescent'.

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Denis Martindale

A Cool Place

The tiger's paws were very hot
As he stepped on the ground,
Yet he recalled a shady spot
Was nearby to be found...
So off he went in search of peace,
Just one step at a time...
Content that there he'd find release,
A cool place, so sublime...

At last, he reached his gentle rest,
Away from all that glare...
And all at once, he felt quite blessed,
As if without a care...
His tender tootsies throbbed no more,
He splashed his paws about,
The ripples went from shore-to-shore...
A cool place, without doubt...

Then suddenly his body stopped,
Submerged up to his chin,
His tensed-up muscles simply flopped,
To utter joy gave in...
The tiger smiled a winsome smile,
A sigh of sweet relief
And there he rested for a while,
Now cool beyond belief...

Denis Martindale, copyright, July 2010.

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'A Cool Place'.

Denis Martindale

White Haven

Even white tigers have to bathe
Though they're as white as snow,
That's why an hour they will save
For streams that overflow...
On winsome days, when winds are calm
And sunlight shines above,
White tigers will not hunt or harm
While their hearts beat with love...

The waters let white tigers chill
Like little lambs at play..
A haven here that can instill
A reason to delay...
Life isn't always running round
So frantic in the sun,
Sometimes the simple things astound,
When nothing much gets done.

This was that time, when time relaxed,
When tiny sounds were heard...
When muscles were no longer taxed
And all white tigers purred...
Who knows how long these cats survive?
This century? No more?
Be glad today that they're alive...
For no-one can be sure...

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The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'White Haven'.

More Stephen Gayford poems here:
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Denis Martindale

Old Scarface

Old Scarface wasn't all that old
But lions tend to age
When grizzled hearts turn freezing cold
Yet burn with white-hot rage!
He stands there, staring, fuming mad!
His teeth like gnarly nails...
A gentle lion now turned bad,
Completely off the rails!

He's lost his friends, he walks alone,
He's always on his guard...
His reputation's so well known
That others call him hard.
He fights to win and always will
Until old age creeps near,
Like others, he has blood to spill,
From scars from ear-to-ear...

Old Scarface, how I pity you...
Not born a butterfly,
Not born a gentle dove, it's true,
Perhaps ashamed to cry...
Your days are filled with fury fights,
Until your days are done...
Then who will care of cold delights
And battles that you've won?

Denis Martindale, copyright, July 2010.

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Old Scarface'.

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Denis Martindale

Bright Eyes

He really doesn't have a clue,
He's still too young to know!
He does what little lions do,
He's always on the go...
He's scratching backs, he's biting tails!
He's pouncing now and then!
He's challenging the other males!
He wins four out of ten!

His tiny teeth aren't up to much!
His smooth young claws are stubs!
His awesome ears keep him in touch
With antics of the cubs!
He dribbles and he's got no shame!
He's often known to drip...
Though every lion has his fame,
He's hardly cool or hip!

But he'll get better every day
Because he's keen to learn...
That's how great lions find their way,
In time, respect to earn!
One day and his courageous heart
Will grant him everything...
One day, he'll really look the part,
One day, he'll be a king!

Denis Martindale, copyright, July 2010.

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Bright Eyes'.

More Stephen Gayford poems here:
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Denis Martindale

Himalayan Spirit

Snow leopard, you've got pointed ears!
My word, don't they stand out?
They're oh so cute, the little dears,
With small hairs all about.
And aren't your whiskers dainty things?
I bet they make you itch...
So fine like stretched out steel-like springs
And ready-primed to twitch...

I like your nicely turned-up nose!
It looks so pink and brown,
So all attention swiftly goes
From wrinkle and from frown...
Your lips are quite unmissable!
You almost seem to smile...
Your lips are almost kissable,
In fact, they quite beguile...

I daren't look into your eyes!
You're so fast on your feet...
To keep my distance seems so wise,
Because I'm mostly meat!
You Himalayan spirit, dear,
Who knows, we could be friends!
But you stay there and I'll stay here
Until our meeting ends...

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The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Himalayan Spirit'.

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Denis Martindale

Jungle Apparition

At first, the tiger merely strolls
The jungle paths he knows,
As if he has no plans, no goals,
Till inner hunger grows...
It's then another hunt begins,
It's then he's most alert,
It's then his instincts must convince
That now's the time to hurt...

He stalks new prey, perchance to live,
As carnivores before,
He seeks to steal and not to give,
As if it were a chore...
Yet Nature chooses what must be,
For lions, tigers, bears...
And each must serve his destiny,
His dreams and his nightmares...

He's a ghostly apparition,
His colours help him blur...
He won't find an intermission,
Till things were as they were...
With tricks like these, the tiger strolls,
The jungle paths he knows,
Yet now with plans, yet now with goals,
As inner hunger grows...

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The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Jungle Apparition'.

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Denis Martindale

Full Attention

The tiger took his merry time
Wading in the water...
Why shouldn't he? It felt sublime,
Perfectly in order...

So he went up and he went down
And he went left and right
And though each stripe looked like a frown,
His joy was at its height...

This is the life, he seemed to say,
Nothing else quite like it!
No hurry to be on his way,
In truth, he must admit!

Up to his neck in Shangri-La,
Nirvana, Heaven, peace...
It wasn't likely he'd go far,
When he could take his ease.

PoemHunter.com

Did it have his full attention?
Yes, he felt comfy there...
Had he lost all apprehension?
He didn't have a care!

No point in leaving for a while...
So he felt mighty glad...
If anything can make you smile,
Like him, get stuck in, lad...

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The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Full Attention'.

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Denis Martindale

Intense

His hunger was simply intense!
This comes to leopards, too...
And till that empty gnawing ends,
He'll hunt the whole day through...
Only the starving understand
The desperate days he's known,
When cruel Fate withholds her hand,
As her heart turns to stone...

Each step, each stride, each newborn chase,
They sap his strength, of course,
Though once he had a noble face
And was a tour de force!
He now looks feeble, not on form,
A shadow of himself...
No longer feeling quite the norm,
He must rely on stealth.

He lies in wait, for prey to come,
With hardly strength to cope,
With breathing slow, now playing dumb
And nothing left but hope...
Suffice to say, Fate sends a meal...
His torment meets an end...
Enough to let his body to heal
And he's soon on the mend...

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The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Intense'.

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Denis Martindale

Close Protection

Their close protection suits them best
And that's what each provides,
For meerkats live to help the rest,
To make sure peace abides...
What use is life, if constant fears
Condemn us day-by-day?
What use is life, if all our years
Condemn us in that way?

The sentinels are now on guard!
Their eyes are everywhere!
No single clue can they discard!
Approach them if you dare!
You'll tire first, make no mistake...
Escape routes all around...
So give up now, for goodness sake!
You can't dig underground...

They'll snigger as you scratch the dirt,
Frustrated to the hilt!
They'll giggle as your claws get hurt,
For you're not that well built!
They'll wait you out till you concede
And lamely walk away...
Then they'll stand tall, on guard, take heed!
They'll never be your prey!

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The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Close Protection'.

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Denis Martindale

Close Encounter

And there he was, like mercury,
Dressed in his leathered skin,
The elephant that looked at me
And knew that he would win!
While I stood still with mounting dread
And in one of those jams,
His tusks were pointing dead ahead!
Just like battering rams!

I could run left, I could run right,
A nearby tree to climb,
Then hold on tight with all my might
As we two passed the time...
Then suddenly he walked away!
He left me standing still...
Perhaps I'd live another day,
Though right then I felt ill...

I gulped and walked away real slow...
Quite gingerly at first,
Then scarpered off, now on the go
And running at full burst!
The elephant let out a roar!
He bellowed loud and clear!
I kept on running all the more,
Like you would, too, my dear!

PoemHunter.com

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The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Close Encounter'.

More Stephen Gayford poems here:
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Denis Martindale

Battle Scars

The lion's eyes looked dead ahead,
No smile or smirk in sight,
Just sending out a sense of dread
That others may take flight...
Why fight if you can run away?
Escape the pain and strife...
Born free to see another day,
Another day of life...

The lion's mouth concealed his teeth,
Small daggers every one,
So sharp they'd cause you instant grief
Before the battle's won...
And 'neath his dainty-looking paws,
So gentle, silky-soft,
He hid his vicious callous claws
In wait for those who scoffed...

It's true that he had battle scars,
Yet he had learnt his trade,
No longer thinking it a farce,
A game that lions played...
One lion wins, it can't be two...
One lion takes the prize!
That's why he'll do what he must do...
Look deep into his eyes....

Denis Martindale, copyright, June 2010.

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Battle Scars'.

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Denis Martindale

Matching Pair

Together they were quite a pair,
Devoted to a fault,
Forevermore each one to share,
Like pepper close to salt.
Like soulmates bonded tenderly,
United in one cause,
Obedient to what's meant to be
And serving Nature's Laws.

Such harmony for all to see,
No secret rendezvous,
No hidden truth or mystery,
No need to solve a clue,
Just awesome close-up gentleness,
Just strolling in the sun,
Just two hearts sharing happiness
Until the day is done...

This was their time and theirs alone,
The world just passed them by,
It couldn't share the joy they'd known
Or even ask them why,
But some of us have understood,
For us, no trace of doubt...
Each matching pair knows life is good!
That's what love's all about...

The poem is based on the magnificent painting of two giraffes
by Stephen Gayford called 'Matching Pair'.

More Stephen Gayford poems here:
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Denis Martindale

In His Prime

The lion strode with confidence,
As if the world were his,
He had no call for eloquence,
What more was there than this?
He felt that he was truly blessed,
Fulfilling destiny...
So far he knew he'd passed each test
And proved supremacy.

Bold courage stirred within his veins,
Fuelled by his valiant heart...
So he surveyed the golden plains,
Where he must play his part.
He'd honed his skills for several years,
He was no amateur...
He felt no need to live with fears
For things that might occur...

He had his own might to withstand
The rigours of his foes
And strategies that he had planned,
If their threats came to blows...
He relished each new minute,
Each moment of his time!
Yes, he was in it to win it...
While he was in his prime...

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'In His Prime'.

More Stephen Gayford poems can be viewed here:
denis-martindale-dot-blogspot-dot-com

Denis Martindale

Tenderness

The Summer's heat can calm the soul
Of creatures great and small
And with this comes their self-control
With tenderness for all.
Thus lions walk without remorse,
So close they're side-by-side...
As if they'd lost their callous claws
And conscience was their guide.

At times like these, when peace holds sway
And there's no need to frown,
The alpha male looks not for prey
Or ways to prove his crown...
He merely walks, like sovereigns do,
In courtyards near their homes,
Next to the ones whose love is true
As told in precious poems.

From Nature's plan their cubs proceed,
Born free like royalty,
The lionesses know their need
And sacred destiny...
The cubs bring joyful times of play,
Affection now and then,
Thus lionesses lead the way -
Life's circle turns again...

The Summer's heat grants memories
When life was oh so sweet
And suddenly it brings release
So that the heart's complete...
That's when blessed lions fall in love
And think that life's sublime...
And then they're not so rough and tough
Because it's tenderness time...

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Tenderness II'.

More Stephen Gayford poems here:
denis-martindale-dot-blogspot-dot-com

Denis Martindale

Spring Thaw

The polar bear stepped gingerly,
Just one step at a time...
No longer thin as he should be,
No longer quite sublime...
The ice grew soft as morning dew,
Not hard as once he'd seen...
The ice was slippy-slidy, too,
And he was not so keen...
The seasons change, that's how it goes,
Life gently moves along...
Yet suddenly, the wise heart knows,
When something could go wrong...
He'd slipped before! He'd banged his teeth!
He'd yelped in pain that day!
He'd cried out loud in disbelief,
Till his pain went away!
One step... one step... one step... then pause...
As if he'd lost his touch...
A little scared with outstretched claws,
Reluctant now to budge!
Before you laugh at such a sight,
Have you slipped up at all?
Have you crashed down with all your might
When ice caused you to fall?
Compassion teaches us to care,
That's if we've 'thawt' it through!
Instead of laughing when we stare,
Let's ask, 'What should we do! ? '

PoemHunter.com

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Spring Thaw'.

More Stephen Gayford poems here:
denis-martindale-dot-blogspot-com

Denis Martindale

Wading In

The tiger knew that it was time
To wash away his woes,
To gently soften all the grime
That stuck between his toes!
That's why the stream seemed so supreme,
His perfect Shangri-La...
Now wading in, as in a dream,
As if into a spa...
The world felt distant, far away,
The water felt so good...
His problems melted, kept at bay,
Beyond this neighbourhood...
No other tigers shared his pool,
How could he come to harm?
And so he let his body cool
Amid the tranquil calm...
Of course he knew it wouldn't last!
He savoured it for now...
And luckily an hour passed,
That's all God would allow...
So up he got, as if reborn,
Blessed, baptised and renewed...
No more the feline so forlorn,
But full of gratitude...

PoemHunter.com

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Wading In II'.

More Stephen Gayford poems here:
denis-martindale-dot-blogspot-dot-com

Denis Martindale

White Hunter

Starvation festers deep within, just like a burning coal
And to that hunger each gives in, that hole that's in the soul.
The wolf, like lions, tigers, bears, must hunt for food to live
And just like them, he truly shares the need to take not give.
White hunter wolf is on the prowl, as predator not friend,
Intentions cruel and callous, foul, another life to end.
With no pure white, no impure black, no middle ground that's grey,
The hunger forces him to track, to find food night or day.
Against the snow, invisible, except for piercing eyes.
While his smile hides fangs that cripple and cut foes down to size.
His claws await their destiny, their moments in his plan.
Fulfillment of their infamy, since hunting first began.
This time, he hunts, yet all alone, no other wolf in sight,
And so his heart is cold as stone and dark as deadly night.
Condemned to forage for himself, the vicious victim preys,
His cunning, running, speed and stealth, from these he never strays.
Beware the white wolf's wicked stare, he hunts without remorse.
His is no game of truth or dare, it's life or death... of course...

PoemHunter.com

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'White Hunter'.

More Stephen Gayford poems here:
denis-martindale-dot-blogspot-dot-com

Denis Martindale

Safety In Numbers

The elephants walked gently by,
Their leather trunks hung curled...
A tender twinkle in each eye,
Not a care in the world...
Just one foot was marching forward
In time with all the rest...
Knowing that all was well and good
And feeling somewhat blessed...
It's nice to watch such gentle grace,
A rhythm all their own...
As if somehow they owned the place
And this was always known...
No need for tusks to swing and hit,
No need to stand their ground,
No need to make a fight of it
Or throw their weight around...
Their confidence was plain to see,
Their offspring showed no fear...
In fact, it almost seemed to me
They smiled from ear-to-ear...
They ate the food that God supplied
And drank from streams He made,
As if He were their gracious guide
Whose love would never fade...
The elephants walked gently by,
Their leather trunks hung curled...
A tender twinkle in each eye,
Not a care in the world...

PoemHunter.com

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Safety In Numbers II'.

More Stephen Gayford poems here:
denis-martindale-dot-blogspot-dot-com

Denis Martindale

Ain'T Life Tedious?

'I don't know about you, sunshine,
But I think it's getting worse...
There was a time I thought things fine,
But now it's like a curse...'

'Us meerkats, always running round...
And looking left and right,
And scared to death of every sound,
Nerves shattered day and night! '

'The kids don't care! It's all a game!
We get no sympathy!
The faces change, yet life's the same
And that's what's bugging me! '

'Variety's the spice of life!
That's what the humans say!
But all I see is pain and strife...
Constant running away! '

'Just look at these short legs I've got,
I was taller last year!
And why must it always be hot?
Oh, dear, oh, dear, oh, dear! '

'The humans drink Pepsi and Coke!
I think we should complain!
God, this is a terrible joke! '
Then it poured down with rain...

copyright, Denis Martindale.

The poem is based on the magnificent
wildlife painting by Stephen Gayford.

Denis Martindale

Manchurian King

He was the likely candidate
To be the tiger king,
The one that Nature would create,
From him new life to bring...
The one with fire in his eyes
And courage in his heart,
So that his foes would realise
That he would play his part.
There was no turning back for those
Who had to fight not fail,
Against another, way up close
To stay the Alpha Male...
The road ahead was paved with fears
That he alone must face,
Yet with defiance through these years,
These dangers to embrace.
There was no glory in defeat,
No pride beneath the stars,
No joy when some great beast can beat
And leave you scratched with scars...
For him, the years would not be kind,
Old age would sap his strength...
The tiger king would one day find
His resting place at length...
For now, defeat was far away...
In youth, he looked sublime...
His destiny he must obey,
Triumphant for a time...

More Stephen Gayford poems here:

denis-martindale-dot-blogspot-dot-com

Denis Martindale

Mountain Myth

Snow leopards once were thought as myths, ghostly apparitions,
Upon the mountains and on cliffs, mostly superstitions.
Then photographs so quickly proved what first was hard to see -
The way they laid, the way they moved, no more a mystery.
Yet when I look, there's still a part that takes my breath away,
A majesty that strikes my heart, no matter, come what may.
For beauty still affects my soul, my spirit and my mind,
Such that it swiftly takes control, as if a spell to bind.
Cat lovers know their soft embrace, that purring noise they make.
No other creature takes their place, of that, there's no mistake.
Imagine, then, if leopards, too, befriended Man as well,
With purring noise said, 'I love you! ' What tales we each could tell.
When Adam walked upon the Earth, with Eve right by his side,
The animals all knew their worth, each owned a sense of pride,
Each walked in peace, it all made sense, till sin and then the Fall.
Alas, we all know violence... its bitter taste is gall.
Snow leopards raise their families and do the best they can.
All creatures long to live in peace, yet none strives more than Man.

PoemHunter.com

More Stephen Gayford poems here:

denis-martindale-dot-blogspot-dot-com

Denis Martindale

Indian Princess

The years were kind to the tigress,
Now seasoned in the sun,
So full of spice and specialness,
A prize meant to be won...
She'd find a mate when time decreed,
Till then, the days felt slow,
Until her destiny was freed,
Alone she had to go.
The miracles of life and love
Must first unite in time...
And while the waiting can be rough,
It helps make them sublime.
As long as fate grants its reward,
New life will grace the land...
The tigers' line will be assured
If good luck lends a hand.
Each generation comes and goes
As if it were the first,
Until extinction overthrows
And then it does its worst.
Endangered species may survive,
If Nature takes its course...
Yet if protected, they will thrive,
According to God's laws...

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Indian Princess'.

More Stephen Gayford poems here:
denis-martindale-dot-blogspot-dot-com

Denis Martindale

Menacing

White tigers roam where Man permits,
Endangered even now...
That's why they have to use their wits
Before their final bow...
Extinction's waiting in the wings,
Another cat to claim!
While Man's still doing shameful things,
This world can't stay the same.
As time moves on, the cats die out...
And yet Man doesn't care!
He's menacing without a doubt,
He's this world's worst nightmare!
The tigers look like pussycats
When they're compared to him...
He treats all life like welcome mats,
Whenever he acts dim...
A hundred years will soon pass by...
Survivors, who can say?
For now... look in the tiger's eye...
Today's the day to pray...

PoemHunter.com

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Menacing'.

More Stephen Gayford poems here:
denis-martindale-dot-blogspot-dot-com

Denis Martindale

Handsome

To think that the adult lion
Was once a tiny thing.
So his mother kept her eye on
This one who would be king.
She knew that he was full of life,
Vivacious, full of fun!
Yet he must learn to conquer strife
And fight until he's won.
No easy street, no gentle road,
No straight smooth path ahead...
For him, there was a higher code,
Just like a thoroughbred...
Each day would be a battlefield,
Pretenders for his throne,
Contenders waiting still concealed
Until they are full grown...
For now he was a handsome beast
With tiny hidden scars...
Aware that others never ceased,
He dare not let them pass...
He met each challenge with a sneer
And then a grisly growl...
Yet knowing he would win and jeer
And hear his loser howl...
It's Nature's way... it's raw, it's wild,
It's life and death, my friend...
No place for those so meek, so mild,
With no thought to defend...
This handsome lion knows his worth,
His offspring know it, too...
His mother knew it from his birth...
A winner through and through!

PoemHunter.com

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Handsome'.

More Stephen Gayford poems here:
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Denis Martindale

White Magnificence

Imagine one day, if you will,
In some far distant land,
You had to climb a giant hill
And on it there to stand...
Then all at once, you saw the beast,
As calm as he could be...
A regal lion to the east!
His royal majesty!

Exquisitely blessed by moonlight,
Within his robe and gown!
Adorned in pure albino white,
With snowflakes for his crown...
He needs no sword, he needs no shield,
He needs no sage advice...
With all that strength, he'll never yield!
His heart is cold as ice!

I'd watch my step, if I were you...
No sudden moves at all...
Yeah, right! I know what I would do!
I'd run and wouldn't stall...
I've only one life! He's got nine!
I'd soon be on my way!
At some things, I must draw the line!
Good evening and good day!

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'White Magnificence'.

More Stephen Gayford poems here:
denis-martindale-dot-blogspot-dot-com

Denis Martindale

Restful

White tigers haven't much to say,
When flat out on the chin...
'It's been a long, long, long, long day...
I'm pooped! It's done me in! '
So there he was, eyes almost closed,
Quite restful... dozing off...
And now no longer quite disposed
To act as if a toff!
Aristocrats must also sleep,
When into beds they climb...
To yawn again and breathe in deep,
When it's their beddy-time!
White tigers may be very rare,
But they can't beat the clock!
A tiger's eye can stare and stare
Till moonshine it must block...
Tomorrow's just another day,
Who knows what it might bring?
For now the big white cat must lay,
Like any other king...
I've never heard a tiger snore...
I'd never get that near!
But if I did, I'd shake his paw
And scarper, never fear!
By day, to him, I'd raise my hat
And meekly gently bow...
Good night, you furry fluffy cat!
You're not so mighty now...

PoemHunter.com

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Restful'.

More Stephen Gayford poems here:
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Denis Martindale

Serengeti Evening

Towards the end of one more day
The lion lays in wait,
As brilliant sunshine melts away,
God's night to recreate...
With eyes now quite accustomed to
The twilight that he sees,
Aware there's nothing he can do,
He lays there full of peace...

The distant creatures greet the night,
For some, no peace at all,
Eyes open, keeping things in sight,
As darkness comes to call...
For not all live to greet the dawn,
Another day to live,
That's why some greet the night with scorn
And all that comes therewith...

I chose to stay, take pictures still,
Of lions' silver eyes
And yet not for some morbid thrill
As some poor creature dies...
But just to take the story in,
Reflecting now and then,
When safe at home, with kith and kin,
Relaxing once again...

Denis Martindale April 2017.

A poem based on the magnificent Stephen Gayford
wildlife painting. Google search phrases
gayford prints and Stephen Gayford poetry
and also for Heaven and Earth Designs...
NB There is a tiger poem called Serengeti Evening, Too.

Denis Martindale

Back To Back

Back to back, there stood two meerkats,
Just staring into space,
As if they looked like scruffy brats
Who had no poise or grace...
Yet each meerkat found affection
And mutual respect,
To gaze off in each direction
With peace you can't neglect.
As they leaned against each other,
Just taking in the day,
Were these two father and mother
To little ones at play?
Perhaps they stood there tired out,
Without the strength to move...
Plum-tuckered out to run about
And now stuck in a groove...
Suffice to say, they made me smile...
Life's no long drawn out thrill.
Sometimes you need to rest a while
And just take time to chill...
It's nice to let the world go by,
Watch fluffy clouds sail past...
You'll never hear a meerkat sigh
Who's found true love at last...

PoemHunter.com

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Back To Back'.

More Stephen Gayford poems here:
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Denis Martindale

Eye To Eye

I like most elephants I've seen,
I like them, yes, I do...
I like it when they don't act mean,
I like how they swim, too...
I like the way that each one grins,
I like their tusks like nails...
I like their wrinkled leather skins,
I like their swishing tails...
I like it that they look so wise,
I like their marching troop...
I like the twinkles in their eyes,
I like their ears that droop...
I like the way they walk along,
I like their patient grace...
I like it most that while they're strong,
Thank God, they know their place...

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Eye To Eye'.

More Stephen Gayford poems here:
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Denis Martindale

Close Family

Time melts in magical moments,
As if within love's spell,
Each day we can share it with friends,
Before we say farewell...

The cheetahs shared a common bond
Borne of their company
And showed to all that they were fond
Of their close family.
It wasn't fear that brought them near,
But gentleness within -
With those held precious and most dear,
Yes, one's own kith and kin.
They found serenity that day
Beneath that soothing sun,
It thus became the perfect way
To find peace, one-on-one...
The blowing breeze caressed their cheeks
Upon that afternoon
And in that calm, their silence speaks,
Although this must end soon...
For now, they shared tranquillity,
No need for food and drink,
Just simple sweet civility,
Reflection, time to think...

Time melts in magical moments,
As if within love's spell,
Each day we can share it with friends,
Before we say farewell...

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Close Family'.

More Stephen Gayford poems here:
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Denis Martindale

Patience Is A Virtue (Forward Press)

Everything comes to those who wait,
If they wait patiently...
If not on time, it may be late,
But comes eventually.
Of course, I may be wrong on this,
Completely out of tune...
But wouldn't it be total bliss,
If something happened soon?
Time's getting on, it's flying by,
It's here and then it's gone.
In time, it's bound to make us sigh,
As it goes on and on...
A minute here, a minute there,
An hour fast departs!
That's quite enough to cause despair
And chill the warmest hearts.
I'd like to think that we've a chance
To get things right somehow...
Instead of this sad song and dance,
Why can't we get it now?
Is it too difficult a task?
So hard it can't be done?
Be patient! That's too much to ask!
Am I the only one?
Wake up! Get up and on the move!
Sort out this ghastly mess!
Unless we see that you improve,
How can we say, 'God bless! '
Snap to it! Please! Just sort it out!
There's no time for mistakes!
If you don't start, I'll scream and shout!
So that your patience breaks!

(Poem accepted by Forward Press, Peterborough, England)

Denis Martindale

Cheetah Vigil

The cheetah vigil first began
When hunters searched for game,
With rifles hanging from each man
Until they each took aim...
Then friends and foes were near to death,
As they fell one-by-one,
Upon the ground to fight for breath,
Before their lives were done...
The sound of guns would spook the birds
That settled in the trees.
The elephants were lost for words,
As death crept by degrees...
The orphaned remnant left behind
Escaped while they had time,
With grief still stirring in each mind
At such a ghastly crime.
What magic would men think of next?
What callous acts would come?
The cheetah paused, looked back perplexed,
Like others feeling numb...
Who gave these men the right to kill
For souvenirs not food?
To stand and fire guns at will
In this calm neighbourhood?
The cheetah sighed with great dismay
That chilled his very soul,
Yet kept his vigil through that day
With utmost self-control...
Tenacity can change the heart,
Turn good folks into bad,
These hunters came and wouldn't part
Till they'd got what was had...
From this day forth, the rules had changed,
The cheetah knew that well...
For now, no peace could be arranged
Within this newborn Hell.
The vigilant may yet survive,
Forewarned with time to hide...
To stay the fastest cat alive

Despite the grief inside...

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Cheetah Vigil'.

More Stephen Gayford poems:
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Denis Martindale

The Sentinel

As if he were a statuette,
The meerkat struck a pose,
Without a frown, without a fret,
Serene with upturned nose...
He was like some superhero,
Cape blowing in the breeze,
While he stood firm, looked high and low,
With no thought to appease...
The meerkat was the Sentinel -
The first to raise alarm,
Called on to be reliable,
So others could stay calm...
He was the Captain in control,
The General standing guard,
The Brigadier whose heart and soul
Kept vigil long and hard.
The Sentinel's experience
Helped others take their ease
And through maintained resilience,
He stood steadfast for peace.
One meerkat can make the difference!
A hero through and through...
If he can take a noble stance,
Then why on Earth can't you! ?

PoemHunter.com

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'The Sentinel'.

More Stephen Gayford poems:
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Denis Martindale

The Robe

'Behold the Man! ' and then decide...
The crowd then bid farewell,
To let God's Son be crucified,
As if His soul to sell...
The 'righteous' robe was gambled for,
As if a thing of worth,
While Christ above was aching sore,
The Saviour of the Earth...
Blood splattered here and scattered there,
From head and hands and feet
And soon descended dark despair,
As if the Devil's treat...
Yet in that darkness, faith still lived,
One sinner trusted Christ...
And thus received the Kingdom's gift
From Him whom God had prized...
The robe was won by casting lots...
At first, the winner smiled...
But when He saw Christ's crimson spots,
He felt himself defiled.
The guilt began that very day,
Indeed, that very hour...
And so his smile was wiped away,
His wretched soul turned sour.
If not for grace and God's great love,
His soul would stay depraved...
But God looked down from Heaven above
And helped him to be saved.
Think not that you don't need Christ, too...
Just pray the Sinner's Prayer...
Be glad that Jesus died for you...
Be glad that you weren't there...

Information on Easter film called 'The Robe'
found on the Internet Movie Database
so visit imdb-dot-com for cast and story

Denis Martindale

My Heart Is Ready

Be witness, good Gethsemane, great garden of My God,
Who fashioned this very body, its arteries and blood,
Who took the stars and made My eyes, put sunshine in My smiles
And now compels Me realise this world and Satan's wiles...

Be witness, good Gethsemane, great garden, day and night,
That I behold My Calvary, yet I must not take flight,
The coward's path has nought to gain, as faith bids Me to stay,
Till Judas sells My soul in vain before the end of day...

Be witness, good Gethsemane, great garden, truly blessed,
Where life still blossoms gracefully surviving every test,
For I am like the Tree of Life transplanted on a hill,
With fruits and flowers healing strife according to God's will.

Be witness, good Gethsemane, of Christ, the great I AM
And His triumphant tragedy, Good Shepherd and God's Lamb,
None other pleases Him to die, atoning for Man's sins,
Though Man himself cries, 'Crucify! ' and kills the Precious Prince...

Be witness, good Gethsemane, of life then death and more,
According to God's prophecy, appeasement to His Law,
One righteous act, one life, one soul, one duty to perform,
Till I have served this mortal role, My blood no longer warm...

Be witness, good Gethsemane, of all these truths to learn,
Yet mark My words, My destiny is that I must return,
For Death has feeble threads to hold the Holy Son of Man...
My heart is ready to unfold My Father's perfect plan...

Denis Martindale

The Stairway To Heaven

Defiant dreams begin at night
Before the brightest dawn,
As if one's soul was in a fight
So new hopes could be born...
And so it was, that this poor soul,
Began the upward climb,
Beyond both space and time's control
To Heaven's Gates sublime...
The hours passed and days passed, too,
As sun and moon decreed...
Regardless of my point of view,
Regardless of my need.
Starvation, thirst and peace of mind
All struggled side-by-side,
Yet I had left the world behind,
In Heaven to abide...
Christ promised me a mansion there,
How could I doubt His word?
I knew how deeply He must care
And faith within me stirred.
My arms and legs were tired out
And all my strength had gone...
Desparate prayers led to a shout,
For strength to carry on...
I stared on high and saw two wings
Come floating near to me...
Now I know why each angel sings
Throughout eternity...
I put them on, then flew above,
I soared like eagles can...
To Heaven's Gates, to meet my love,
My friend, the Son of Man...
We wept like babes, both truly blessed,
As trumps and harps now played...
Then we walked on, to meet the rest,
Who by their faith obeyed...

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Together

Two lions lounged without a care...
For neither had a qualm...
This was a moment they could share
And both enjoyed the calm...
This was a time when they could bond
Without the need to fight,
Without the need to hunt beyond
For creatures out of sight...
Two lions lounged, as time ticked by...
With other lions near,
Beneath the sky where eagles fly
And vultures may appear.
And higher still, the sun shone down
Upon the good and bad,
To make some smile, to make some frown,
Yet mostly light to add.
And higher still, God watched it all
Unfolding patiently...
A billion prayers He could recall
From folks like you and me...
Yet He observes the lions, too,
And grants each one a name...
He knows what life would make them do
As life goes on the same.
We only see through human eyes,
Yet God knows everything...
One of these lions will be wise...
He'll grow to be a king...

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Together'.

The Stephen Gayford poems can be viewed here:
denis-martindale-dot-blogspot-dot-com

Denis Martindale

Snow Cat

The tiger stirred from sweet repose
For hunger grew once more...
Despite the cool, cool ice that froze,
The pain began to gnaw...
His eyes now looked with stern intent
At creatures near and far,
Not one of these could be his friend,
For his sharp claws could scar...
He prowled along, with stealth, with guile,
His eyes like black night coals.
His hidden hunger would defile
His soul with evil goals.
He didn't pine for fruit or grass
Like other creatures would...
If he saw them, he'd merely pass
For he sought something good.
To him, that meant some meat to eat
And nothing else seemed right...
For this, he'd chase and he'd compete
With courage and with might!
He looked so sleek, so fit, so firm,
So proud and quite supreme...
Yet he must serve this Winter term
A prisoner to his dream...
The creatures feared him night and day...
They hid when he came close...
To him, they were his meat, his prey...
To them, his life he owes...

PoemHunter.com

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Snow Cat'.

The Stephen Gayford poems can be viewed here:
denis-martindale-dot-blogspot-dot-com

Denis Martindale

Sheer Comfort

The lion cub was awfully glad,
So was his mother, too...
Reflecting on the life they had,
Affection grew and grew...
The sun was shining on the trees,
The mountains and the plains...
And there was such a gentle breeze...
Life had no stress or strains...
Of course they knew this wouldn't last,
Yet this would do for now!
Sheer comfort till the moment passed,
Till God would disallow...
They both breathed gently side-by-side,
Contentment shared in time...
At peace, they stared, eyes opened wide,
Recalling sights sublime...
They shared no silver, owned no gold,
They wore no jewellry...
Yet they had wealth and love untold
To last eternity...

PoemHunter.com

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Sheer Comfort'.

The Stephen Gayford poems can be viewed here:
denis-martindale-dot-blogspot-dot-com

Denis Martindale

The Hole In The Wall Gang

The meerkats work as if a team,
Each one must play his part...
Each knows that life can get extreme,
So why be torn apart?
Together they've now formed a gang...
Each stands up for himself!
Why fight with claw? Why fight with fang?
Why risk your state of health?
Run like the wind! Get out of sight!
Go underground, be safe!
Don't give your enemy delight!
Don't face him! Don't be brave!
While he's up there, he's on his own!
He doesn't stand a chance!
You're underground because you've flown!
Your lifespan to enhance!
He'll soon get bored and wander off...
He knows you'll not get caught!
You'll join the gang, his plight to scoff...
Because it came to nought!
The gang's all here, not one was lost!
The hunter's far away...
Poor soul, he's learnt to count the cost...
'Good riddance! ' they all say!

PoemHunter.com

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'The Hole In The Wall Gang'.

The Stephen Gayford poems can be viewed here:
denis-martindale-dot-blogspot-dot-com

Denis Martindale

His Highness

To some, he stands a fiercesome beast,
Ferocious like a storm...
To some, he stands a royal priest,
With holy heart so warm...
This lion leads the way ahead
That others dare not go...
Yes, he has stood where few would tread,
How else to overthrow?
This lion lingers for a while
So everyone can see
Behind that smirk, behind that smile,
There's awesome majesty!
This lion is no easy mark,
No victim for the prey...
His passions need no match to spark
To stir him on his way!
This lion leaps ten feet and more,
With great agility...
To make you tremble to the core
At your fragility!
This lion rules his vast domain,
Without your sage advice!
Outlasting sorrow, pleasure, pain,
In truth, he's paid the price!
What have you done that could compare
With conquests that he's known?
This lion's earnt the lion's share...
It's his and his alone...

PoemHunter.com

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'His Highness'.

The Stephen Gayford poems can be viewed here:
denis-martindale-dot-blogspot-dot-com

Denis Martindale

Ice Babies

Life is a process to be sure,
A journey to express...
Polar bear cubs must first explore
While clothed in Winter dress.
Ice babies wrapped in righteous white,
Their so-called land to roam...
The frozen surface day and night
Is their eternal home...
Each grunt is like a belly laugh,
Yet life is not a farce...
The sun shines down and lights their path -
The moon glows mid the stars...
It's deadly cold and bear cubs need
Their mother's warm embrace
And wisdom helps each life succeed,
Yes, even in this place...
The stars look down on Earth below,
Mere twinkles up above...
They match their mother's eyes that show
Her constant sacred love...
Life is a process to be sure,
A journey to express...
These polar bears learn what life's for...
In sweet togetherness...

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Ice Babies'.

The Stephen Gayford poems can be viewed here:
denis-martindale-dot-blogspot-dot-com

Denis Martindale

Whiteout

A dainty little snowflake fell
Upon the tiger's nose...
It sounded like a warning bell
And suddenly he froze...
He bowed his head and heaved a sigh,
As if he had the blues,
Because he sensed that by and by
Another meal he'd lose...
'That's fine and dandy! Ticketyboo!
Oh, joy... it's back again! '
Yet there was nothing he could do,
Except count up to ten!
Through gritted teeth, he braced himself,
Against the coming cold...
As if life left him on the shelf,
Now he was getting old.
Don't think he was a scaredy-cat,
Some weakling on his own,
With wobbly jowls and flabby fat,
No teeth to chew a bone.
He was as sleek as he could be,
With muscles like taut springs!
Yet snow was oh so slippery
And when it lands, it clings!
The Autumn nights were cold enough
Without this added perk,
For snow could make life really tough
And cause him extra work...
A tiny tear fell from one eye...
And plopped upon the ground...
Just like God's diamonds from the sky,
The tiger to surround...

The Stephen Gayford poems can be viewed here:
denis-martindale-dot-blogspot-dot-com

Denis Martindale

Elephant Heaven

The sun was hot, the breeze was cool,
The day had just begun...
The elephant must find a pool
Where he could have some fun!
So off he went, his trunk held high,
Remembering the past!
With one huge twinkle in his eye
Till he arrived! At last!

The water waited patiently...
Warmed by the sun above...
The giant slipped in daintily...
His heart so full of love!
'This is the place! I'll stay awhile...
I'll rest and take my ease...'
He slurped the water with a smile,
'I'll do just as I please! '

With that, he splashed and thrashed around!
The fish fled for their lives!
They'd lost the sense of peace they'd found!
God knows how each survives!
The elephant then had a whim...
Submerging like a whale...
'I'll show these fishies how to swim! '
Flat out, he swished his tail!

The fishies looked enthralled, amazed!
Astounded he could float!
If men had seen this, they'd be dazed,
For he was like a boat!
The elephant went on his way...
Refreshed, revitalised!
At last, he bid them all good day...
Gob smacked... and still surprised!

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The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Elephant Heaven'.

More Stephen Gayford poems here:
denis-martindale-dot-blogspot-dot-com

Denis Martindale

Snow Child

The snow leopard mother and cub
Were resting for a while...
In their exclusive private club,
Yet neither raised a smile...
God turned the heat so low again,
That Winter sadness grew...
The Spring would come, yet, when, when, when! ?
But neither of them knew...

What leopard counts the passing days,
The suns and moons above?
What leopard's privy to God's ways
Or prays to Him with love?
The humans pray, for they've found faith...
They count the days and weeks...
They've learnt endurance to be brave
To wait until God speaks.

PoemHunter.com

For only then, will Spring arrive,
To melt the snows and ice,
So that the leopards who survive
Will think it Paradise!
At last, they'll see their sorrows melt,
As if they were a dream...
At last, they'll make their presence felt
And form a hunting team...

Their Winter bonds will grant them strength,
Uniting them as one...
The cub will grow another length
To blossom in the sun...
Each creature has its own domain...
Each leopard has its spot...
It needs no lecture to explain,
This life is all it's got...

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Snow Child'.

The Stephen Gayford poems can be viewed here:
denis-martindale-dot-blogspot-dot-com

Denis Martindale

Valentine's Day

If only I were a Time Lord,
Two hearts to love you twice!
Through my two eyes you stand adored!
You're special and so nice!
Your smiles warm me, like sunshine's beams,
Your laughter makes me glad,
Your face excites a million dreams!
How, then, could I be sad?

If I should lose my one true love,
This day or someday soon,
Would life itself still be enough
Without our honeymoon?
Would love continue throughout time,
If your love was no more?
Would I survive through faith sublime?
In truth, I'm not so sure!

You see, to me... yes, you're the one...
The one I'm meant to wed...
The one whose love outshines the sun
Both now and years ahead...
This is no easy love to bear...
No lightweight love to own...
For you stand out, my lady fair...
Yes, you, and you alone...

St Valentine's is here again!
What better time than this?
Proposing marriage, noble men
Prepare for married bliss!
That's why I'm here, on bended knee...
To give this diamond ring!
And asking, 'Will you marry me?
To me, you're everything! '

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Snow Spirit

The snow leopard crouched on the ground,
As silent as the grave...
And there he paused without a sound,
Another meal to crave...
His empty belly told him straight,
This was the perfect time,
Be vigilant, endure the wait...
No higher must you climb.
Beyond him was a subtle stone,
A boulder nothing more...
Yet shaped as though now not alone,
His camouflage felt sure.
The trap was set... his eyes alert,
His ears tuned in for clues...
His legs like springs to sprint and spurt
And chase away the blues.
An hour passed without a word,
No rustling on the breeze...
No song tune from a flying bird,
No buzzing from the bees.
Then all at once, quite sudden like,
A broken twig went crack!
He moved as if a lightning strike,
His brand new prey to track!
With leaps and bounds and sudden swerves,
The leopard lunged and pounced!
Yes, patience is a skill that serves
When hunger is announced.
Without new prey, the leopard dies...
The big cat feeds once more...
To some, this truth is never nice,
Yet such is Nature's Law...

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Snow Spirit'.

The Stephen Gayford poems can be viewed here:
denis-martindale-dot-blogspot-dot-com

Denis Martindale

African Monarch

Come, feast your eyes on royalty!
The Lion King and more!
As if God granted some decree
That all observe his law...
For who could doubt the lion lives
As sovereign lord of all?
His one loud roar as proof he gives!
Who can withstand that call?
It causes bravery to crack
And fears are swiftly stirred!
It sends a shiver down your back
The first time that it's heard!

All through his youth, he trains and trains,
Like one in search of prey...
To see him run across the plains
Would take your breath away!
I'd rather stroke a pussycat
Than cuddle close to him...
For if I got as close as that,
I'd be a dead pilgrim!
While it's true, some folks would quibble,
With one called royalty...
To keep a wide berth's sensible...
Quite logical to me...

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The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'African Monarch'.

Denis Martindale

Winter Snows

As he laid down his weary head,
The tiger heaved a sigh...
'Not snow again? ' he asked, then said,
'Oh, dear, please, tell me why.'
The snowflakes flopped upon his nose
And nestled on his ears,
On twitching whiskers, then his toes
And made him feel his years...
'I don't deserve this day-by-day
And even night-by-night...
It doesn't matter if I pray,
My world's a constant white.'
Depressed, he stayed, frustrated still...
Life's not as we would choose.
Sometimes the chill can make us ill -
That's hardly called good news.
His fur coat kept him warm at best...
He wasn't all that cold.
Yet snow north, south and east and west?
Oh, dear... he felt so old...
He used to climb the tallest trees
And bask beneath the sun!
Snow was slippery just like grease...
It simply wasn't done...
Yes, Winter snows tame tigers, too.
Like them, for Spring, we wait...
For now, there's nothing we can do...
I know, that's great... just great...

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale, copyright, January 2010.

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Winter Snows'.

More Stephen Gayford wildlife poems:

denis-martindale-dot-blogspot-dot-com

Denis Martindale

When God Breaks His Silence

Let young Earth tremble 'neath His feet while planets still align
And in one pathway, let them meet and represent His sign,
For just as Israelites converge, one nation to behold,
The Heavens, too, must one time merge, as prophecies foretold!
The faithful wise ones kneel and pray! The Bridegroom's at the door!
The Saviour King's sent on His way, of this, you can be sure...

Else why would Christ, God's Son, submit to death upon the Cross,
If not upon His throne to sit and burn the Devil's dross?
Then Israel, slow through disbelief, repents with earnest shame,
To learn they caused their Saviour grief, yet now call on His name...
What love is shared by God above? Like manna from on high!
Like snowflakes from the King of Love! Like melted tears men cry!

Rejoice all ears that hear God speak! Hearts happy now, dear friends!
God loves you strong! God loves you weak! Receive the love He sends!
The Holy Spirit once in Christ is shared with mortals, too...
Though bruised and pierced and sacrificed, Lord Jesus died for YOU...
Behold one day of righteousness like none the Earth has known...
When God speaks one almighty, 'YES! I AM HERE, YOU'RE NOT ALONE! '

Denis Martindale

Who Is Jesus Of Nazareth?

Who is Jesus of Nazareth? God's truth I'll tell you now!
A miracle by virgin birth blessed Mary would allow.
Through David's royal line this child was long since prophesied...
In Bethlehem, God reconciled each promise He supplied.
From Genesis, we learn of Christ, the title Jesus owns.
And from the moment He's baptised, He's led till He atones...
He's called the holy Lamb of God, He's called the Prince of Peace,
He's called to sacrifice His Blood to gain the Kingdom's keys!
He called Himself the Sinner's Friend! None else could pay the price!
Enduring all until the end, He is our sacrifice...
God helped Him to fulfil His goals! God tells us to repent...
No other name can save lost souls! No second Son was sent!
Made perfect through His suffering, God raised Him from the dead...
From solid rock recovering the life's blood that He shed!
He prophesied that this would show He was God's Son and more
And share God's Spirit here below, so Christians could be sure!
Yes, sure and certain, strong to save is Jesus, Lord and King
And blessed are those who pray with faith like eagles on the wing!
Disciples stand against the night! They preach of Calvary!
At times to pray with all their might, 'Lord, set sin's captives free! '
Eternity awaits us all, God wants each soul to live...
It's up to us to hear God's call, else He cannot forgive...
A billion here, a billion there... God knows we've misbehaved...
Lord Jesus, You've made us aware how much we must be saved!

The poem is written on hearing of Howard Conder's
Revelation TV programme, 'Who Is Jesus Of Nazareth? '
More info about Revelation TV and Genesis TV:
Please visit the website here: revelationtv-dot-com

Denis Martindale

The Solution Is Love

I dreamt a dream one lonely night when God revealed to me
A time of anguish, not delight, a time of agony...
The Spirit led me to a place my heart was loathe to go...
And there I saw the Saviour's face with blood that God let flow...
I saw a river trail away from that one source above...
And then I heard the Saviour say, 'Behold the One you love...'

I stood, then knelt, then bowed my head, acknowledging my Lord...
The One I knew would soon be dead so I could live assured.
For He would die, my soul to save, upon this day of days...
A righteous God my sins to waive and love me for always...
The Spirit led me here and now to view the world again,
To all the sins God must allow, committed by all men...

'Reflect on judgments God must send to shake the Earth below!
For they forsake the Sinner's Friend and watch each Easter go...
Still dead in sins, from king to prince, still proud and fancy free,
With hardened hearts as sharpened flints for all eternity...
Unless they love the Lord like you, what hope will they receive...
Unless one of the Chosen Few the day they first believe? '

'So I send you, like Brother Paul, like Peter, James and John...
Tell them the Good News meant for all, before their lives are gone! '
Then I awoke, revitalised, renewed with faith once more...
Now was the time to preach of Christ, His blessings to outpour...
Each day I pause, His Cross to see! I kneel and look above...
To hear His words He spoke to me... 'Behold the One you love...'

Denis Martindale, December 2009.

The poem was written on seeing
the Christian ministry work of
thesolutionislove-dot-com
on Revelation/Genesis TV here in the UK.

Denis Martindale

Perfection

I found perfection in her smile,
Her golden strands of hair,
Her peachy lips I'd kiss a while,
If we had time to spare.
I found her beauty matched her style,
The clothes she chose to wear...
Upon her heart, meant to beguile,
With love beyond compare...

I found perfection in her eyes,
Like twinkling stars of light...
And in the stirring of my sighs
And love's great appetite...
Yet most of all, I realise,
Beyond her teeth so white,
Her mouth speaks words so worldly wise,
That doubts in her take flight.

I found perfection in her heart,
She says beats now for me...
As if she's struck by Cupid's dart
And filled with ecstasy...
What mysteries love can impart
To spirits fancy free...
I found perfection from the start
And all eternity...

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale, copyright, December 2009.

Denis Martindale

Melissa The Model

She's got the look, the savoir faire,
The grace, finesse and style.
In my mind, she's beyond compare,
For who could match that smile?
How fabulous she looks today,
For all the world to see!
As if God placed her on display,
Right here on bid tv...
With golden hair and twinkling eyes
And smiles that cheer us all,
She helps us choose our new best buys,
To grab our phones and call.
She walks up close, she then walks back
And then gives us a twirl...
She looks so cute in red and black...
She's such a lovely girl!
Melissa's such a wondrous name,
It's sultry and sublime...
We'll miss her... Life won't be the same...
Please come back soon, sometime!

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Perfect Pair

Beneath the perfect warm sunshine,
Beneath the perfect sky...
The lion and his Valentine
Both shared the perfect sigh...
Love is both precious and perfect,
The maximum, the best...
The strongest love that could be checked
Could pass each trial and test...

The perfect breeze had calmed the air...
They rested, so serene...
And everyone was quite aware
The king had found his queen.
There was no doubt their love would last
The years until life's end...
For each had found how quick time passed
When with the perfect friend.

They gazed into each other's smile...
Like perfect lovers do...
The perfect pair stayed there a while...
Content, for love was new...
I envy them with all my heart,
For all the joy they've known...
You see, I live my life apart...
Unloved and all alone...

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Perfect Pair Two'.

The Stephen Gayford poems can be viewed here:
denis-martindale-dot-blogspot-dot-com

Denis Martindale

Anything Good On The Telly?

I was happier with one channel
A long, long time ago...
To watch, record and plan all
The programmes it would show...
Along came 2 and 3 and 4
And then came number 5...
And after that, Sky brought us more,
For me and for the wife...
We then got Virgin Media,
With TV, Broadband, phone...
And then my wife got greedier,
So we took out a loan...
I got a brand new aerial
And climbed up on the roof...
I fell off and the wounds won't heal,
I also broke a tooth...
At last we're getting Freeview
And so we cancelled Sky...
We dropped Virgin Media, too...
And one whole month passed by...
September's retune wasn't good
For neighbours in our street...
Now no-one in the neighbourhood
Gets Freeview, once so sweet.
We've all been told we must upgrade
From boxes that went wrong...
And throw away the ones they made
That didn't work for long...
So off I went to try again
For bargains I could find...
Some boxes were beyond my ken
And put me in a bind...
December's retune's on its way...
God knows what happens next!
I think I'll wait till Christmas Day,
So I won't get perplexed!
I might return to Sky, who knows?
I'll have to wait and see...
I could get lucky, I suppose...

PoemHunter.com

And win the lottery!

Denis Martindale

Mean And Moody

As leopards go, he's looking good,
But smiling's not his scene...
He thinks he owns the neighbourhood.
We mustn't intervene...
Mean and moody! Quite unfriendly!
In fact, he looks aloof...
He's staring quite intently,
As if with some reproof...
Well, good job, then, he's on his own,
Or he'd put up a fight!
I think we'll leave this guy alone!
Good afternoon! Goodnight!
Yes, goodbye, then, you sour puss,
So glad to see us go...
We weren't a threat so serious
As you would have us know!
We would have shared our sausage rolls,
Our bacon and our ham...
Instead, we'll leave you to your strolls...
And take the hint... and scram...

PoemHunter.com

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Mean And Moody'.

The Stephen Gayford poems can be viewed here:
denis-martindale-dot-blogspot-dot-com

Denis Martindale

King Cheetah

Untamed, he roams the world he owns,
This land of hopes and dreams...
Where every hunting skill he hones
With perfect-timing schemes...
Intelligence beyond the norm,
Instincts that serve as guide...
There's beauty in his face and form
That cannot be denied...
This cheetah's fast as lightning, too.
In seconds, flying fur...
A rocket barely still in view,
From head-to-tail, a blur...
Perhaps that's why I call him king
At everything he does...
He flies like birds upon the wing,
No hassle and no fuss!
To me, he's got an athlete's style,
Trimmed-back, machine-like grace...
He's fit to run that extra mile
For every single chase!
Such speed, of course, is rarely found,
That's why I'm so impressed...
Of all the big cats still around,
This king's one of the best!

PoemHunter.com

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'King Cheetah'.

The Stephen Gayford poems can be viewed here:
denis-martindale-dot-blogspot-dot-com

Denis Martindale

Cherished Infant

Hello, white tiger infant cub!
So cherished by the rest!
As if part of a private club
That thinks that it's the best!
Today, you're quite their golden boy,
Their firstborn, full of fun!
I guess you're now their pride and joy,
Their precious number one!
I bet they've got great plans for you!
They're grooming for success...
For now, you haven't got a clue...
Life's full of happiness!
But down the road, you'll earn your keep,
With teeth and claws to match!
Then your weak legs must learn to leap,
To chase... and track... and catch!
Today, you look so cool, so cute!
So sweet and debonair...
One day, you'll turn into a brute
Who simply doesn't care!
A cherished infant here and now,
An innocent today...
No furrowed lines upon your brow,
Just stripes that look OK...
So swish your tail and pause your paws...
Be thankful while you can...
One day, you'll be a tour de force,
A tiger feared by Man!

PoemHunter.com

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Cherished Infant'.

The Stephen Gayford poems can be viewed here:
denis-martindale-dot-blogspot-dot-com

Denis Martindale

Indian Gold

This tiger's stripes resemble gold,
In all its finery,
They're truly wondrous to behold...
What awesome majesty!
He strides across the land that's his,
With swaggers, to and fro...
At ease, exuding perfect bliss,
He puts on quite a show!
Let others cower from his stare
That twinkles golden bright...
He's not like those caught unaware
Before their final fight!
No quiet, humdrum life for him!
He's earnt his stripes, indeed!
His life is filled up to the brim
With wisdom to succeed...
As long as he stays number one
And he's the alpha male,
Then you can bet, he's having fun
With stories to regale...
In time, he'll father many more,
With gold stripes of their own...
Perhaps that's what God made him for
And why he's so well-known...

PoemHunter.com

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Indian Gold'.

The Stephen Gayford poems can be viewed here:
denis-martindale-dot-blogspot-dot-com

Denis Martindale

Sun Kissed

The chilled dark night had passed away
And daylight came with dawn,
Fresh warmth was born and chose to stay
And blessed a brand new morn...
Upon the craggy rock he climbed,
One white wolf, all alone...
And there he stayed, as if he timed
The hours on his own...
No clouds were sailing by above,
No birds that swirled and swirled...
With just the sun to show him love
Within his lonesome world...
That sun had been a faithful friend,
Warmhearted through and through...
For all the hours God could send,
Yes, credit where it's due...
It led him to his hunting grounds
To feed and thus stay strong...
And showed him places he could pounce
Before game strolled along...
It didn't judge, like men have done,
For centuries and more...
He hunted game, but not for fun
And didn't go to war...
The day went on and evening neared...
The cold began to bite...
And when the silver moon appeared,
He kissed the sun goodnight....

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Sun Kissed'.

The Stephen Gayford poems can be viewed here:
denis-martindale-dot-blogspot-dot-com

Denis Martindale

Catnap

The tiger looked with expert eyes,
Content to see for miles...
And in his own eyes he was wise,
His black heart full of wiles...
There was no doubt within his mind,
This was the time to choose...
A better time he wouldn't find
For him to have a snooze...
He stretched his awesome long legs out,
Then curled up in a ball...
Quite sure there was no-one about,
His catnap came to call...
His eyelids drooped, like weary tails,
Their blackness dead ahead...
And nothing short of fearsome gales
Could open them instead...
Deep breaths and he was on his way,
To where all tigers go,
When big cats' dreams they must obey
And this each one must know...
His whiskers flopped like withered strings,
No longer tight and taut...
So much for tigers thought as kings,
If by his dreams, he's caught...

PoemHunter.com

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Catnap'.

The Stephen Gayford poems can be viewed here:
denis-martindale-dot-blogspot-dot-com

Denis Martindale

Sudden Movement

The tiger's eye was on it fast!
A sudden movement seen!
Now on his feet, he stood at last,
His mind alert and keen...
His body leapt ten feet ahead
And landed with a crunch!
Of course, the reason that he sped
Was what he hoped was lunch!

The creature that he tracked was close,
Somewhere within the snow...
That's why he sniffed with downward nose
As low as he could go...
The creature stopped, no sound was heard...
A silence met his ears.
Then all at once, the creature stirred
And dashed to join his peers...

The tiger's eye was left and right
And saw the creature run
And all at once, the bird took flight...
And nothing could be done!
The tiger's sigh was long and drawn...
No lunch for him today!
When he laid down, he paused to yawn...
And there he chose to stay...

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Sudden Movement'.

The Stephen Gayford poems can be viewed here:
denis-martindale-dot-blogspot-dot-com

Denis Martindale

Arctic Sun

Wrapped up within his blanket fur,
The white wolf looks serene,
The arctic sun makes him a blur,
Pristine and oh so clean...
And while he's there, not here with you,
You're safe as safe can be,
To zoom in through your camera's view,
To see what you can see...

He looks like Lassie painted white,
Quite harmless, don't you think?
He looks refined and most polite,
But wait until you blink...
For in a moment, he can stand
And run from there to here...
And suddenly, he'll shake your hand
And shake your heart with fear....

Appearances deceive us all,
Sometimes you just can't tell...
It's only when you hear wolves call,
That beauty casts no spell...
It's then that Nature's rules enforce
Her laws by night and day...
To tell us, who has teeth and claws,
The hunter or the prey?

Denis Martindale, copyright, November 2009.

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Arctic Sun'.

Denis Martindale

Indian Sentinel

The tiger stared as tigers do
Across his own domain,
A remnant of the chosen few
On Earth who still remain...
When Winter comes and times are hard,
As hard as frozen snow,
The tiger's always on his guard,
No matter, high or low...
The seasons pass and daylight's short
And eyes must stay alert,
For any creature to be caught
And dangers that may hurt...
The tiger's seen these days before
And yearns for Spring's return,
Then Summer to appear once more
And sunshine's heat to burn...
For now, survival's game is played
And hunger takes its toll...
And though at times he looks dismayed,
He's brave within his soul...
Endurance and tenacity,
These strengths have served him well...
He hopes another year to see...
Yet of this, who can tell?

PoemHunter.com

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Indian Sentinel'.

The Stephen Gayford poems can be viewed here:
denis-martindale-dot-blogspot-dot-com

Denis Martindale

Indian Jewel

Up close, the tiger looks quite fierce,
He's in your face, just so...
He'll stare at you with eyes that pierce,
That's just to let you know...
He's no pushover, get that straight!
Don't twiddle with his tail!
Don't climb aboard or aggravate
Or he'll make you go pale...
Your blood will fall from brawn and brain,
You'll gulp to clear your throat,
You'll never be the same again...
Be warned and please take note...
A tiger's not a friendly pet
That you pat on the head!
In fact, on this, I'd take a bet,
You'd run away instead...
This Indian jewel like amber shines,
Black diamonds set the tone...
White pearls for teeth and whiskered lines
Tell us, leave him alone...
Majestic though he seems to be,
The tiger's rough and tough!
So right here's where I'll look and see...
My camera zoom's enough...

PoemHunter.com

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Indian Jewel'.

The Stephen Gayford poems can be viewed here:
denis-martindale-dot-blogspot-dot-com

Denis Martindale

Old Friends

So comfortable together,
They now marched side-by-side,
Though their hides were tough as leather,
They strode along with pride...
Their fiercesome tusks like scimitars,
Their eyes as dark as night,
With tiny twinkling nestled stars
Inside them, shining bright...
Their feet as tough as army boots
Sent trembling through the ground...
Like old friends, as if in cahoots,
Just swaggering around...
Defiant against any foe!
Just bring it! If you dare!
They'd fight them all, give blow for blow,
As if they didn't care...
The other creatures gave them space...
Why make the giants mad?
Why anger them, so they give chase...
And lose the life you had?
And so, the old friends swaggered by,
Like playground bullies do...
Bull elephants! Don't ask them why,
If you know what's good for you...

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Old Friends'.

The Stephen Gayford poems can be viewed here:
denis-martindale-dot-blogspot-dot-com

Denis Martindale

Sisters

The lionesses rested there,
Two sisters side-by-side...
Both breathing gently, without care,
Yet their eyes open wide...
The day was long, the air was still,
The sun was warm not hot
And clouds sailed by the distant hill,
While they stayed in their spot...
To some, these were of royal birth,
Princesses and revered.
To others, they possessed no worth
And nothing to be cheered...
Yet for each other, there was love,
Affection day-by-day...
A tenderness that proved enough,
No matter, come what may...
As tiny cubs, they'd fooled around,
Rejoicing playfully...
Receiving every sight and sound,
With thanks they'd been born free...
For them, the training ground must wait
Until another time...
The time was now, their adult state,
When they were in their prime...
Each day, their hunting skills combined
To grant them new success
And having dined, they now reclined,
Both comfy, more or less...
They lived their lives, as lions must,
In order to survive...
Ashes to ashes, dust to dust...
Or hunt to stay alive...

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Sisters'.

The Stephen Gayford poems can be viewed here:
denis-martindale-dot-blogspot-dot-com

Denis Martindale

Winter Perfection

They say the dog is Man's best friend,
His buddy, through and through...
You can depend he will defend,
So credit where it's due...
Yet from the wild wolf he was tamed
And brought into the home,
Where he plays free and unashamed,
Wherever he may roam...
To think, the wolf once crossed the globe,
The forests, plains and hills...
And every valley Man could probe,
The wild wolf hunts and kills.
Beyond the cities, Nature rules
The hunter and the prey...
When Summer dies, the Autumn cools,
Then Winter haunts each day.
The blinding snow falls to the ground
And freezes far and wide...
It's then the white wolf roams around
And has no need to hide.
His camouflage is perfect now,
Successful hunts ensue...
The truth is harsh, yet fates allow
The things the wolf must do...

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Winter Perfection'.

The Stephen Gayford poems can be viewed here:
denis-martindale-dot-blogspot-dot-com

Denis Martindale

On The Edge

The polar bear has lasted well,
Outliving those we've lost...
Some species merely stay a spell
And then they pay the cost...
Extinction takes its toll each year
And sometimes Man's to blame
And there's no doubt, it's crystal clear...
Let's bow our heads in shame...
Adopt a polar bear, some say...
Conserve what still remains...
We can postpone that final day,
If we just use our brains!
Resources come, resources go...
That's just the way it is.
We need to make their numbers grow...
Before things go amiss...
Their future's truly in our hands
And in our wallets, too.
How wise is he who understands
And does what he must do.
How blessed are those that say their prayers
For healing on this Earth.
God hears our thoughts for polar bears
Because they, too, have worth.
Yes, it's great, we've got the knowledge,
So we can change their fate!
If not, they'll die! They're on the edge!
Extinction! Gone! Too late!

PoemHunter.com

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'On The Edge'.

The Stephen Gayford poems can be viewed here:
denis-martindale-dot-blogspot-dot-com

Denis Martindale

Snow Leopard

The snow leopard stared intently,
At all things near and far...
While at times, he looked quite friendly,
You know how wild cats are.
A tiny cat can mew meow
And people say, how cute!
Yet time goes on, then fates allow
That cat to be a brute!

The snow leopard stood serenely,
His paws poised on the pulse...
With his eyes surveying keenly,
As in all leopards' skulls...
While his heart was beating slowly...
His mind was thinking fast.
Though his hunting skills weren't holy,
He didn't look downcast.

Survival favours those that eat
A hearty meal each day,
Enduring both the cold and heat,
Outwitting all their prey.
That's why the leopard had to learn
That patience is the key...
And why, he, too, must wait his turn,
For breakfast, lunch and tea...

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Snow Leopard'.

The Stephen Gayford poems can be viewed here:
denis-martindale-dot-blogspot-dot-com

Denis Martindale

Ever Watchful

As the ever watchful cheetah
Was resting on the ground,
She believed no-one could beat her
While listening for each sound,
Yet her eyes could see much further
Than pricked ears could relay
And so her eyes would serve her,
Protecting her each day.
A mother's love is diligent
And seeks the common good...
Her eyes are always vigilant
To scan her neighbourhood...
So watch out, fellow predator,
This cheetah's wide awake...
And be wise, don't seek to hurt her...
Your life could be at stake...
If left alone, her family
Will last for many years,
Yet ever watchful she must be,
Diminishing their fears...
It may be sunny overhead,
With gentle breezes, too...
Yet all God's creatures must be fed
And don't care what or who.
Compassion's limits she knows well,
Yet love still has its place...
If you look hard, then you can tell...
Her love shows on her face...

PoemHunter.com

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Ever Watchful'.

More Stephen Gayford poems here:
denis-martindale-dot-blogspot-dot-com

Denis Martindale

The Ultimate Sacrifice

When nations turn from peace to war,
Each soul must question why...
When Death itself is at the door,
To bring its long goodbye...
To think, that leaders lead us all,
To back them to the hilt.
It's then we see our heroes fall,
When each of them is killed...
When little children shake their heads,
Disgusted at such things,
It's right to pray beside our beds,
Condemning what war brings.
The need for guns and bullets grows
And even bombs are made -
Efficiently Man fights his foes
And in their graves they're laid...
Who knows the good they could have done,
If peace had been their lot,
Instead of wars that must be won,
When nations turn from God?
If only love lived in each heart,
We'd share God's Paradise,
Instead of this, new conflicts start
And blood's our sacrifice...
For some, the cost was loss of health...
For some, it's wasted time...
For some, the cost was death itself,
When they were in their prime.
Is this the wisest way to live,
With bombs and bullets, too?
Christ's sacrifice helps God forgive
The evil that men do...

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

The Window Of Opportunity

If God could grant me a window... a window into time,
With all of history then in tow, would that not be sublime?
To know events before they came, before their very hour,
Before nobody heard each name of kings to be in power?
To know each war yet to be fought and learn each reason why
The sons of men must then be taught of warfare and to die?
To sift the sands of time itself, to search for wisdom's dreams,
To discount thoughts of making wealth, in fear of Man's extremes?
To keep on track of what could be, perhaps to thwart its end,
To turn us from catastrophe, then find God as our friend?
To pick one moment from time's path, then pray it not to live,
So we won't write our epitaph and help God to forgive?
If I can't change the final fate of doomsday dead ahead,
This holy gift would be too late and fill my heart with dread!
To know it all, availing nought, my heart would pine away...
With every second deep in thought of Man's last Judgment Day...
But if God said, that I could change, the course of time and space,
With just one prayer to rearrange the things that could take place,
Then I would pray that mighty prayer to Heaven's Lord above,
Demanding everything I dare that He would spare with love...
In faith, to see the Saviour's smile, who grants my wish come true!
To spare us all that final mile... when He makes all things new...

Denis Martindale

Hidden Observer

The lone gray wolf sat still once more,
Next to another tree...
As if to tap his frozen paw,
In time, impatiently...
The snow had stopped, the breeze was cool,
He sighed another sigh...
And there he sat, as if a fool,
For something to pass by...
An hour vanished like the sun
That clouds had blocked from sight.
Yet there was nothing to be done,
Waiting in that twilight...
Starvation haunts the carnivores
When snow sets on the ground.
The lone gray wolf can't rest indoors
When there's no food around...
Then drooping ears pricked up at last!
A rustling sound was heard...
The lone gray wolf then ran so fast
To catch the helpless bird!
The ancient battle then ensued,
The hunter and the prey...
This time, the wolf had won the fued
And food was on its way...
The ancient rules must still apply...
For Nature's Laws must serve her...
That's why, beneath the twilight sky,
He's the hidden observer...

PoemHunter.com

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Hidden Observer'.

The Stephen Gayford poems can be viewed here:
denis-martindale-dot-blogspot-dot-com

Denis Martindale

Hunter's Moon

Beneath the silver-speckled moon,
That floated like the clouds,
The wild wolf smiled, for he would soon
Dispel all nearby crowds.
For he could howl, upon his hill,
Enough to chill your bones,
Enough to make a brave man ill
And fill his throat with groans...

This wily wolf could howl all night!
He sat still unafraid...
He grinned from ear-to-ear all right,
Then what a noise he made!
All ears for miles were tuned in now!
He sniggered, then he paused...
With one huge breath, he howled and how!
And, oh, what fear that caused!

Then three quick howls to pile it on!
Then silence, just for fun...
And just when folks had thought he'd gone,
He proved he wasn't done!
Beneath the hunter's moon above,
His body shook with glee...
He howled as they screamed, 'Lay it off! '
'You can't get rid of me! '

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Hunter's Moon'.

The Stephen Gayford poems can be viewed here:
denis-martindale-dot-blogspot-dot-com

Denis Martindale

Vantage Point

This tree was his, he'd staked his claim,
Yes, every leaf and twig...
The leopard watched approaching game,
No matter, small or big...
He circled round to catch the sights,
To memorise them all...
And while he savoured these delights,
Made sure he didn't fall.
His old tree wasn't quite as good,
This served his purpose well...
As he surveyed his neighbourhood,
Its magic weaved its spell...
This was a land he'd learnt to love,
The best that he could roam,
A palace where he'd rule above,
A kingdom near his home...
Yes, life was good, for him at least,
Yet not for those below...
For they'd learnt fast to fear the beast,
To count him as their foe...
The predator looked sleek, sublime,
Alert both night and day...
Yet from his vantage point, in time,
He'd take your breath away...

PoemHunter.com

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Vantage Point'.

More Stephen Gayford poems here:
denis-martindale-dot-blogspot-dot-com

Denis Martindale

Black Beauty

Behold the black panther's beauty!
That striking set of eyes!
Yet survival sets its duty -
To hunt until he dies...
So each night, he's slowly bidden
To stalk his prey once more...
Within that darkness he's hidden,
In silence, to be sure...
He treads the ground with gentle paws,
He sniffs the breeze for clues,
He hides his teeth, he hides his claws,
This untamed wild recluse...
The night is young, his turn will come...
His blood runs cold each time...
His heart is beating like a drum...
Yet onward he must climb.
The hours pass, yet he must wait...
The vigil must be kept.
No rest, he mustn't hesitate...
He mustn't be inept!
Was that a rustling dead ahead?
Was that his answered prayer?
Was that a creature that just fled?
All he could do was stare!
Here was the beauty and the beast...
The devil in disguise...
With hunger raging, unappeased...
Till something near him dies...
I pity him, his victims, too...
Is there no other way?
Each night they do what they must do,
The hunter and the prey...

PoemHunter.com

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Black Beauty'.

More Stephen Gayford poems can be viewed here:
http: //denis-martindale-dot-blogspot-dot-com

Denis Martindale

I Have Loved

It is true, I have loved,
About fifty times, I have loved
And each time I have loved,
The more I have loved...
And in you I have loved,
At the most I have loved,
At the best I have loved,
Because you are loved...
And if that isn't love,
As some would call love,
Then they don't know love
And may never know love...
Yet, for me, this is love,
For the one that I love,
For as long as I love,
Near the heart that I love
Of the sweetheart I love...
And you are my sweetheart, my love...

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Morning Star

MORNING STAR

It is true, I have loved,
About fifty times, I have loved
And each time I have loved,
The more I have loved...
And in you I have loved,
At the most I have loved,
At the best I have loved,
Because you are loved...
And if that isn't love,
As some would call love,
Then they don't know love
And may never know love...
Yet, for me, this is love,
For the one that I love,
For as long as I love,
Near the heart that I love
Of the sweetheart I love...
And you are my sweetheart, my love...

This is a love poem dedicated to
the character 'Morning Star'
in the western film 'Broken Arrow'.
Her thoughts blossomed with true love...
Her sweet heart and her beauty
will warm my heart forever.
Superbly played by Debra Paget:

More info here:
tinyurl-dot-com/broken-arrow-film
and here: debra-paget-dot-com

Denis Martindale

A New Dawn

This is a tribute poem, an alternative version
of 'A New Dawn' by poet Matthew De Gasperi.
It is shared here by his kind permission...

Imagine Jesus speaking to the multitudes.
I believe that this version is the sort of thing
that He would share with them, along the lines
of the Sermon On The Mount... Even so, it is
the rising of the Son at Easter that is the
most important New Dawn for Mankind.

A New Dawn

As the changing of the seasons gives rise to new life,
So the rising of the sun gives birth to a new day.
Free from the worries of yesterday,
A breath of fresh air blows across your face
And all things become new...
No regrets, only mistakes...
So forgive and forget.

Those haunting memories creep in at random,
Disturbing the moment,
Distracting, destroying what they may,
Yet in quiet reflection, be still...
For it’s only in the mind...
Learn to feel, not to react.

Patience... Time... Peace... Tranquillity...
Pain will diffuse, anger will dissipate,
Fear will disappear... and sadness will turn to joy...
So have faith,
For the things that are, will not always be...
They are temporary.

It’s simply said... but difficult to do...
It takes time... and patience...

Do not fear, for you, too,
Can experience inner peace.

Let the healing rain wash you clean...
Let the sun's rays illuminate your face
And feel the cool, cool breeze...
Watch the trees blow in the wind,
Feel the moist earth,
Look at the clouds passing by...
The song of the heart is full of overflowing emotions...
Sometimes lacking, yet still at peace...

Denis Martindale

Hope For The Future

The polar bear looked at her child,
The one she must defend,
The son who soon would face the wild,
The one who was her friend...
The tiny cub looked up above,
To see his mother there,
The one who filled his heart with love
And melted every care.
Their togetherness and gentleness
Remain a sight to see.
To those who share their happiness,
There's no great mystery...
For each shares hope, as days go by,
With bonds they share for life,
That help them bear and thus defy
The troubles and the strife.
If Nature didn't cultivate
The love that these two own,
Then each of them would face their fate
Unaided, all alone...
Through families, life perseveres,
For we know we belong...
Surviving through the passing years,
Resilient, ever strong.
Persistence and tenacity,
These strengths have proved enough...
Formed now in every family
With tenderness and love...

PoemHunter.com

More Stephen Gayford poems can be viewed here:
denis-martindale-dot-blogspot-dot-com

Denis Martindale

Deep Freeze

As the snow was going nowhere,
The tiger settled still...
Content that he saw nothing there,
He rested on the hill.
He looked to both the left and right,
From his high point of view
And all he saw was white, white, white!
And so, what could he do?

He yawned at so much tedium...
With nothing there to eat...
And coldness filled him to the brim
And gone all trace of heat!
Somehow, he felt he couldn't win!
'Why can't I fly like birds? '
'Why me? ' he asked, with such chagrin!
In short-clipped angry words...

Of course, we know, life isn't fair!
For some, it's way too cold.
Yet starving was so hard to bear...
And he was getting old!
He wasn't like he used to be,
So fast upon his feet.
'I'm getting on, that's plain to see...
Now things are not so sweet! '

And so he moaned, like old folks do,
About his aches and pains...
Stuck to that hill as if with glue...
Then suddenly, it rains...
'For pity sake! ' he groaned again...
'This really's not my day! '
And so he stood, right there and then...
And sighed... and walked away...

More Stephen Gayford poems can be viewed here:
http: //denis-martindale-dot-blogspot-dot-com

Denis Martindale

Keeping Watch

The zebras stood there in a line
And almost side-by-side.
Their eyes were staring for a sign
That could serve as a guide.
If dangers lurked, then eyes and ears
Would warn them when to run...
Their instincts helped them through the years,
Yet they must fight the sun...
For up above, it blasted down
With heat beyond belief...
To melt the blue, the green and brown
And linger like a thief...
Just one mistake and some would die
And so they stood and chewed...
And watched each hour pass them by,
In their long solemn mood...
No false alarms had happened yet
And so they stood their ground...
United in each other's debt
For anything they found...
A sudden stirring chilled their blood!
In seconds, they had gone!
Like cavalry, their hooves would thud,
As lions stood alone...
This battle won, the zebras lived
To see another day...
With vigilence their greatest gift,
They chewed and chewed away...

PoemHunter.com

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Keeping Watch'.

More Stephen Gayford poems here:
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Denis Martindale

Ready To Pounce

When every single second counts,
The cougar bides his time...
Above the rock, ready to pounce,
His skills are quite sublime...
He has no choice, it's Nature's way...
He starves or eats again...
This solemn truth he must obey
And has since God knows when...
His father did as he does now,
His son will do the same...
The hunt goes on and must, somehow,
In search of life to claim...
He can't escape what must be done,
For him, there's no way out...
The hunter waits, hid by the sun,
With hungry eyes that scout.
Is that his next meal over there?
Or must he starve some more?
The pain inside is hard to bear,
Yet soon he'll know the score...
Above the rock, ready to pounce,
His skills are quite sublime...
When every single second counts,
The cougar bides his time...

PoemHunter.com

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Ready To Pounce'.

More Stephen Gayford poems here:
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Denis Martindale

Indian Nobility

The tiger treads the trails once more -
They're all he's ever known...
Nobility he has galore,
Such dignity to own.
He strides across the ancient earth
As Nature's masterpiece...
With every step, he proves his worth,
As everyone agrees.
The tiger's trained himself to fight,
So he can stand his ground...
Not like a coward that takes flight
And then is seldom found...
He bears the scars upon his back,
His glories from his wins -
They're almost hidden in the black
And orange on this prince.
He stood the victor at the end,
The champion of each one...
The conqueror and not the friend,
When all's been said and done...
Who likes to lose, who likes to fail,
Who likes to quit in shame?
Behold him now, this alpha male,
His majesty, his fame...
He needs no crown, no royal ring,
No sceptre shining out...
You look at him and know one thing,
He's regal without doubt.
Who knows how long he can survive
This modern world he shares?
Yet every day he stays alive
Depends upon our prayers...

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Indian Nobility'.

More Stephen Gayford poems here:
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Denis Martindale

King Of Kings

Behold the son of royal birth,
Aligned by blood, no less,
To ancient kings who proved their worth
And ones God chose to bless.
Consider all that history
Has taught us through the years,
Each miracle, each mystery,
The laughter and the tears...
Consider how each king is raised
From birth to adulthood...
As if like diamonds, well appraised,
Superior not just good...
Reflect on posture that's portrayed
To signify his throne...
That tells you he must be obeyed,
For he is king alone...
Remember all his mighty power,
His strength and bravery.
For he is king and you should cower
At all there is to see.
That majesty, that dignity,
That stare that meets your eyes...
Should grant your soul some clarity
And help you realise...
That here he is, the king of kings...
Perhaps your friend or foe...
In either case, his underlings...
What more is there to know?

PoemHunter.com

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'King Of Kings'.

While this poem is about the lion painting,
the poem is written without any reference
to the lion at all. That's because of the
Christian symbolism of Jesus, the Son of God,
whose royal ancestors meant that He was
called the King of Kings and the Lord of Lords.

The poem ends with the realisation for each soul.
Are you a friend or a foe to the King of Kings?

More Stephen Gayford poems can be viewed here:
denis-martindale-dot-blogspot-dot-com

Denis Martindale

Elegance

The cheetah checked the path ahead
For prey and foe alike...
Yet all was calm, no need to dread,
No need to flee or strike...
No conflicts loomed, no burdens sensed,
No sudden terrors here...
At last his soul felt recompensed
For times he shook with fear.
On making sure that all took place
Without the need for fights,
He simply walked, with gentle grace,
Just taking in the sights.
This therefore meant the time was his,
To do with as he pleased.
Serenity transformed to bliss...
His muscle tension eased.

In moments, he was confident...
As if his heart felt blessed.
As if this day would be well spent...
Because it felt his best.
Taking in the sweet air's fragrance,
Its innocence felt good...
And he exuded elegance,
As if he'd understood...
That life is precious, so sublime...
Enjoy it when you can.
One third asleep, the rest gives time
To think ahead and plan...
And so he walked, to think of schemes,
To make his life worthwhile.
There's nothing wrong with dreaming dreams...
Of elegance and style...

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Elegance'.

More Stephen Gayford poems here:

denis-martindale-dot-blogspot-dot-com

Denis Martindale

Exhausted

To say the sun was way too hot
Was simply not enough.
To think, that tiny golden dot
Was burning bright above.
The lion cub had spent his strength,
Just playing with his friends
And now, he laid down, stretched full length,
Exhausted as day ends...
The adult lions stared amused,
Yet knew one day he'd learn.
To pace himself, for there's no boost
And there's no second turn...
The slightly older cubs still played,
While he laid motionless...
They'd learnt some wisdom and obeyed,
Without the need to guess.
The lion cub could hear them still
And gazed through weary eyes,
For he'd lost both the strength and will...
To join the other guys...
Plum tuckered out! All on his Todd!
He couldn't pounce or creep...
And since no-one gave him a prod,
He gently went to sleep...
'Poor thing! ' the adults all agreed,
Acknowledging their sorrow...
And promised they'd help him succeed,
'We'll feed him up... tomorrow...'

PoemHunter.com

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Exhausted'.

More Stephen Gayford poems can be read here:
denis-martindale-dot-blogspot-dot-com

Denis Martindale

Father Figure

The lion cub thought life was good,
While at his father's side.
Protected in this neighbourhood,
A member of the pride.
A social group of relatives,
Where each one plays their part -
Each makes mistakes and each forgives,
While love lives in the heart...
The father figure led the way -
He set the mood for all.
It didn't matter, night or day -
They listened to his call.

His mighty roar was heard for miles,
On land and air above...
Yet silent were his lion smiles
That helped him show his love.
The cub tugged on his father's tail
Then jumped upon his back...
Without a thought that love would fail
Or that he'd ever lack...
This was their way, to take their ease,
To nestle in the sun...
Father and son, both blessed by peace,
As if this must be done...

When wisdom splits the lion's share,
Then others, too, can eat.
If not, then let the weak beware,
As others feast on meat.
Humanity learns lessons, too...
It turns away from war...
Then gentle folk, like me and you,
Can help to feed the poor...
When wisdom leads to clarity,
We open up our eyes
And then donate to charity,
So one more soul survives...

PoemHunter.com

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Father Figure'.
More Gayford poems on denis-martindale-dot-blogspot-dot-com

Denis Martindale

Ravenous

The Panda cub was ravenous!
His eyes looked everywhere!
The bamboo shoots caused quite a fuss!
He didn't stop to stare!
He pounced upon them one-by-one
And sometimes two-by-two!
His feeding frenzy had begun,
Like it was something new!
He chomped and chomped upon each shoot,
With relish and delight!
As if each was a tough old boot
Deserving every bite!
I pity fools who intervened,
When he was in his stride...
He'd fight them off as if a fiend!
He'd never run and hide!
He saw them first! He owned them all!
The feast was his alone...
So he sat down and had a ball...
That's why he looks full grown!

PoemHunter.com

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Ravenous'.

More Gayford poems here:
denis-martindale-dot-blogspot-dot-com

Denis Martindale

Going In

The tiger's tail was piping hot
All the live-long day...
And that one tail was all he'd got
To swipe the flies away!
Its twists and turns were quite enough
To signal it was time
To find that place when things got tough...
The stream was so sublime...
So off he went in search of peace,
His own sweet Shangri-La...
Where all his tensions found release
As if it were a spa...
When going in, the soft mud feels
So squelchy there below...
Yet somehow that sensation heals,
As mud slips to and fro...
Now halfway in, with all legs wet,
He stands still there and then...
He loses every frown and fret
And he's refreshed again.
The final part to be revived
Must be his twisting tail
And just as soon as it's arrived,
It quivers without fail...
He's well and truly in it now!
He's cooling down a treat...
Yes, Mother Nature, take a bow!
This river's hard to beat!

PoemHunter.com

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Going In'.

More poems here: denis-martindale-dot-blogspot-dot-com

Denis Martindale

Sunset (Second Version)

The cheetah rested, there to stay,
So statuesque and still...
Just gently taking in the day...
To mellow and to chill.
Life isn't always running round,
All frantic, to and fro...
Sometimes it's settling on the ground
Or simply walking slow.
Sunset would soon be here once more...
The daylight dimmed to black.
The moonlight shining to restore
The golden glow we lack...
The cheetah watched the changing pace
The cooling breeze must bring,
Before each midnight from deep space
God's stars start sparkle-ing...
Staring skyward, the cheetah knew
The future that must be...
It doesn't matter what we do,
Each sunset sets us free...
Yes, some will sleep while others wake,
Yet each lives for a time...
Till something comes our lives to take...
Yet life goes on sublime...
Our children face the future fields
And they will question why
Another crop each grows and yields
And never seems to die...
Yet those that swim, fly, walk and run
All perish soon enough,
As if one task must yet be done -
To fall in love with love...
The cheetah rested patiently...
Appointments he had none...
He only felt tranquillity
Beneath the gentle sun...

PoemHunter.com

The version of the poem is based on the magnificent painting

by Stephen Gayford called 'Sunset'.
Gayford poems on denis-martindale(dot) blogspot(dot) com

Denis Martindale

Sunset

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The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Sunset'.
Gayford poems on denis-martindale(dot) blogspot(dot) com

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale

Rainforest Phantoms

The leopards listen to each noise
Of their surrounding sounds...
On steadfast feet they gently poise,
Resisting fearful bounds.
Perhaps it isn't time to run,
Like cowards fearing pain,
Or just like girls who love the sun,
Yet flee from falling rain...
The leopards like the spot they've seen,
It suits them to a tee...
They'll stay till others intervene,
Like phantoms on their tree...
The forest has its moody times,
Its fierce and frantic days,
Its pleasant passing sunny climes
And melting dew-dropped phase...
The sun shines through the trees above,
The clouds go gliding by...
And soon the moon will shine with love,
To grace the midnight sky...
The leopards lack for nothing now,
True friends in harmony...
Receiving what the Fates allow,
Like phantoms, fancy free...

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Rainforest Phantoms'.

Consider the UK Sky Digital Rainforest Rescue
charity appeal found on the UK sky-dot-com as
this explains how losing the rain forests destroys
the lives of those humans, animals and plants
in the name of progress for some, but not for all.

Denis Martindale

Eye Of The Leopard

Determination serves him well,
Tenacity and truth...
The leopard knows life's weary spell!
He's felt it from his youth.
He must not sleep! His eye must see!
There's danger all around!
This is the price of living free,
Undaunted and unbound.
The leopard loiters, sniffs the air,
His eye looks left and right...
Of every movement he's aware
Through instincts and insight...
Each day's the same, if he survives,
To tread the earth alone,
To hunt in search of other lives,
Because that's all he's known...
His hunger drives him on and on...
Relentless, still, of course...
He hunts until the hunger's gone,
Then feeds without remorse.
His eye has seen so many things
That swim and crawl and fly...
Above him now, a pair of wings
That glide across the sky!
The leopard sighs with envy at
The bird beyond his reach!
If he had wings, he'd make him scat!
What tricks that bird he'd teach!
The leopard looks, then walks his way,
Towards survival's end...
So he can hunt another day,
Unloved, without a friend...

PoemHunter.com

The poem is based on the National Geographic Wild HD details received from Sky Digital for the September 2009 programme called 'Eye Of The Leopard'. Fully featured on pages 20 and 21 of the September 2009 Sky Magazine!

I can well imagine wildlife artist Stephen Gayford painting this!

denis-martindale-dot-blogspot-dot-com

Denis Martindale

Contentment

The lioness paused and sighed and stayed,
Her hothead cubs in tow,
For now, they stopped, the cubs obeyed
And they were lying low.
The sun still laboured in the sky,
The day went gently on...
They stared and watched the circle fly
So calmly as it shone.
How could they know its flames of fire?
Its furies far away?
Its spurting streams ascending higher?
Its passions night and day?
To them, the sun was like an eye
That witnessed good and bad...
And punished them and made them fry
And thirst till they went mad...
Yet mercy fell from Heaven, too...
Like raindrops and like tears...
And new days came with morning dew...
That melted all their fears...
And so, by faith, contentment flowed
As long as rivers lived...
To such as these their lives were owed
And life is no small gift...
The waters helped the trees stand tall,
Reach out and offer shade...
The lioness observed it all...
The way such things were made...
Yet only we can give God praise
For all that He has done...
Contentment comes... Contentment stays...
When wisdom's work is done...

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Contentment'.

Denis Martindale

Waiting For Nightfall

Lionesses waiting for nightfall...
Time slipping by... so slow...
Twilight beckons them, with its call,
Bidding them soon to go.
'Come, my ladies, our time draws near,
When yonder sun must part
And silver moon must then appear,
The midnight dance to start...
Enchantments wait in shadows still,
When spirits roam the land...
Yet none of these can share the thrill
Of what tonight has planned...
This evening's sky will say goodbye
And darkness rules once more...
Then silvered twinkling eyes will spy
The truth behind each roar!
Behold the night! The fearsome thing!
When Nature's secrets hide
And creatures that can bite and sting
Won't sleep until they've tried...
Come, my ladies, our time is close,
We hunt for food in pairs...
If not, we starve, death overthrows
And ends our night affairs...
Our solemn business soon begins...
Our partnership persists...
May God forgive us for our sins...
As long as each exists...'

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Waiting For Nightfall'.

Denis Martindale

Elvis Aaron Presley

Elvis was lucky... He deserved to be lucky...
And somehow I think we were lucky, too...
So many songs, so many shows, films, articles...
So many good things to remember him for...
So many beautiful, handsome photos of years gone by...
So many happy-go-lucky smiles and, in time, so many tears...
But when our tears subside... all that should be left is joy...
This is how I wish to remember Elvis...
For me, there could be no other way...
To know him, was to love him... to thank God for him...
He had a love of life... he revelled in its twists and turns...
This love made him want to sing and to dance...
He loved Gospel music and the hope and the peace it gave...
He wasn't ashamed of the Gospel of Christ...
God's blessings were there, if you only looked for them...
But the greatest blessing is in the sharing of blessings...
It is this sharing that is the greatest legacy of Elvis...

Not only was he a son, he was a star...
Not only was he a gentleman, he was a king...
Not only was he a friend, he gave of himself...

Not only was he a seeker, he was a preacher...
Not only was he a singer, he was the voice...
Not only was he a dancer, he was the dance...

Not only was he an actor, he was the story...
Not only was he a performer, he was the event...
Not only will he be missed, he will be forever loved...
You see, God only made one Elvis...
And then He blessed him...

Denis Martindale

Young Hopeful

There comes a time when tigers sense
A pattern in their lives,
Of being born, of making friends
And adulthood arrives.
From that day on, life's journey turns
To take on one more quest...
When everything inside them yearns
To always do their best.
The playful games seem foolish now...
They feel so out of touch...
To them, they bid a final bow,
Though they were loved so much.
It's time to stand, eyes open wide.
It's time to learn to track.
It's time to hunt at father's side.
It's time to watch his back.
It's time to know what teamwork means
And not just running fast...
That's why this tiger looks alert.
He's found his place at last.
Young hopeful, who knows what's ahead?
Life grants no certainty!
For now, give thanks each time you're fed...
Enjoy your family...
One day, perhaps, you'll find a mate,
With offspring of your own...
And with her you can celebrate...
The greatest joy that's known...

PoemHunter.com

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Young Hopeful'.

Denis Martindale

Royalty

Consider creatures great and small
That live upon this Earth...
In fact, we cannot count them all
Or estimate their worth...
Yet here they are, they have their place,
Like birds that fill the skies!
Like fish that swim with gentle grace,
In tropic seas so nice!
On land, we find the lion rules,
A true majestic lord!
We learn of him within our schools...
How can he be ignored?
Untamed, unchanged, defiant still,
His roar sounds far and wide!
It makes the bravest hearts to chill,
That cannot be denied...
He always keeps us pondering,
The second he is seen.
This creature has been called a king...
The lioness, his queen...
As long as lions have their place,
His kingdom carries on...
Until we can no longer trace
These big cats... then it's gone...
It must be said, he looks the part!
Behold his majesty!
So bold he looks a work of art!
Like proper royalty!

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Royalty'.

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Wistful

The wistful tiger wondered why
Some leaves were making noise...
He watched them slowly moving by
Yet knew they had no choice...
Something alive was very close...
And yet what could it be?
There was no scent that reached his nose...
It stayed a mystery...
Then all at once, as if by chance,
He saw some ants below...
They made those tiny leaves to dance
As onward they must go.
The wistful tiger humbly praised
The strength they all possessed
And marvelled as he stared amazed,
For teamwork made them blessed!
From them, that's how his hunting plans
Formed in his mind that day...
Wise is the mind that understands
That there's a better way!
From that day on, his thoughts evolved,
To copy Nature's friends,
Who worked things out till they were solved!
On this, success depends!
Mankind has learnt this lesson, too...
He's learnt to swim and fly...
He's made some profit from each clue
That Nature's friends supply.
From submarines to aeroplanes,
Cows' milk and bees' honey,
From small machines to awesome trains!
Wisdom helps make money!
Inventors test their patents out
In countries far and wide!
So like the tiger, look about!
Let Nature be your guide...
You might get rich someday, real soon
And live life like a king!
If Nature's friends grant you a boon,

PoemHunter.com

Who knows what Fate may bring?

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Wistful'.

Denis Martindale

Cooling Down Time

The tiger touched the water's edge...
What wonderment he felt...
As if cascading from a ledge,
His tensions seemed to melt...
The sun was not as harsh or fierce,
His coat was not so warm...
When hearts feel good, each burden clears
And gentle dreams take form.
His tender toes walked on soft mud...
His muscles eased once more...
The water helped to cool his blood,
So why should he explore?
Heavy's the head that wears the crown,
In charge of everything...
That's why he stayed and settled down...
Relaxing like a king...
Blessed by water he loves so dear,
Beneath the shady trees...
A wise man won't approach him here...
Not while he's found some peace...

PoemHunter.com

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Cooling Down Time'.

Denis Martindale

Triple Trouble

Two tiger cubs were laying low,
Until he came along...
Like someone you don't want to know,
Who's always doing wrong!
He cosied up, then he attacked!
He caught them unawares!
The scaredy-cats had to react,
Because they hated scares!
They pounced on him and bit his ears!
They squashed his swishing tail!
Their mother watched her little dears
As each one gave a wail...
Three tiger cubs in one mad fight!
She'd seen it all before...
And though she knew this was her plight,
She soon laid down the law!
The cubs submitted, just like that!
Went quiet... for a while...
The two cubs jumped and made him scat!
And showed they still had guile...
Cub number three, would strike again!
He'd catch them from behind!
He'd find another moment when
Revenge was on his mind!
He licked his tail, his twisted tail,
His poor tail hurt him so...
'Next time! ' he said, ' I must not fail...
I'll match them blow for blow! '
The rogue male never learnt to love...
He learnt to live alone...
He learnt to live life in the rough...
His heart had turned to stone...
Don't be like him! He lost his way!
He thought that he was cool...
Remember always, when you play...
Be kind and never cruel!
If every one would seek the good,
There'd be less pains that sting!
If only siblings understood

PoemHunter.com

What purr-fect peace can bring...

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Triple Trouble'.

Denis Martindale

The Wise One

Behold him! Bold, resilient,
The biggest of them all...
The wise one called the elephant
Who deafens with his call!

Behold the ears that span an arm,
The trunk that's like a snake...
The way he walks with gentle calm,
Yet swims across a lake!

Behold the tusks that help him fight,
As he defends the herd...
The twinkling eyes that grant him sight,
To see when danger stirred!

Behold the skin that hides his bones,
Like wrinkled leather slits...
The twisting tongue the wise one owns,
As in his mouth it sits!

PoemHunter.com

Behold the awesome majesty,
This giant God has made!
His loss would be a travesty,
If hunted and betrayed!

Behold the challenge Man must face,
To keep each wise one safe...
For none of us can yet replace
The life that God once gave...

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'The Wise One'.

Denis Martindale

The King

Sometimes a lion likes to pose,
To show off now and then...
You see, he's learnt to fight his foes
And knows he's feared by men...
He's seen them run like little girls
And trying not to fall!
It doesn't matter, lords or earls,
He knows he's king of all!
Sometimes a lion likes to stare,
As if he's deep in thought...
Or simply just to say beware,
'You may get caught for sport! '
He can't ignore the way he acts,
Pretend he's like a lamb...
He knows the whole world's learnt the facts...
'Yes, that is how I am...'
Sometimes a lion likes to smirk,
Like victors often do...
When sad defeated lions lurk,
That smirk says, 'I beat you! '
No need to growl, no need to roar...
No need to run for miles...
One grin, that's all it takes, no more...
A lion rarely smiles...
Sometimes a lion likes to flirt,
The ladies to impress...
It's then he plays the extrovert,
In search of happiness!
Imagine him... his lady fair...
A twinkle in his eye...
The King needs tender loving care...
It's time to say goodbye...

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'The King'.

Denis Martindale

The Brothers

The cheetahs sensed that danger lurked
And so they stood, eyes right!
United here, few foes were shirked,
Why run when you can fight?
Though cheetahs can speed up and dash
Like lightning on the ground,
They knew that sometimes they would crash,
Spin forward, round and round!
If injured, then, how could they win?
So they remained alert...
If challenged, they would not give in,
Although they may get hurt...
To stand and fight is sometimes strong -
Each foe must be assessed!
To stand and fight is sometimes wrong -
Yet each must do his best!
The brothers brooded 'neath the sun -
No panic where to hide...
Not knowing yet what must be done -
Eyes staring side-to-side...
Both lean and mean, with strength to spare!
Defiant heartbeats raced...
Courageous cats beyond compare!
So seldom found when chased...
Yet who could say if they got caught?
Would this day be their end?
They lived their lives as they were taught,
Each had no better friend...
The brothers heard no further noise,
They felt that they were safe...
And though a false alarm annoys,
They found each other brave...

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'The Brothers'.

Denis Martindale

Forever Friends

Oh... how could I forget you guys?
My joy on you depends!
In fact, you two have been so nice,
Let's stay forever friends!

Through thick and thin, through fast and slow,
Through here, there, everywhere,
Through every day God lets us grow,
You're in my every prayer!

That's how it was for these guys now,
Three elephants who knew
The joy that comes when folks allow
Those three words, I LOVE YOU!

They shared a bond, a partnership,
As they stood side-by-side...
And interlocked, their trunks would grip,
Like handshakes full of pride.

PoemHunter.com

The adults watched these three at play...
In this, their neighbourhood.
You know, I think it's safe to say,
They made their hearts feel good...

Togetherness is love's reward,
If we invest the time...
Like when we're praying to the Lord,
His presence is sublime...

God blesses those who learn to love...
Through faith that never ends!
His precious ones are known above
As His forever friends...

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Forever Friends'.

Denis Martindale

Enigmatic

The leopard lingered all alone,
At rest for all to see.
With curled-up tail, in mid-air zone,
That stayed there playfully.
Sometimes a leopard finds a spot
Where all seems quite serene...
A wistful part he likes a lot,
To melt into that scene...
Thus time itself slowed down as well,
Life settled to a pause...
In fact, there was no way to tell,
Except the sun, of course.
You see, the sun is prone to move
Across the pale blue sky...
As if it had something to prove,
Yet leopards know not why...
This leopard knew that sleep was near,
He felt it in his bones.
He sensed the sun would disappear,
Replaced by darkened tones.
Then shadows bring old dangers back
And predators that pounce...
When hunters prowl in midnight black,
Survival's all that counts.
For now, the sunshine was his friend...
If he stayed here, static...
That's why his mood was confident,
Cool and enigmatic...
Sunbathers know the peaceful glow
The sun was meant to share.
Why not let go? Just take things slow...
Forsaking every care...

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Enigmatic'.

Denis Martindale

Cautious

The white wolf wasn't all too keen
To challenge anyone.
He heard a noise, his heart turned mean,
Beneath the fading sun...
When cautious instincts made him wait,
His eyes scanned high and low.
In seconds, he would learn his fate...
To stay here or to go...
The lone wolf listened for some clues
Of movement left or right.
Another noise was more bad news...
Yet he was born to fight!
The minutes melted silently...
Yet nothing more was heard...
Now drained of curiosity,
He took a chance and stirred.
With leaps and bounds, he crossed the plains,
Escaping dangers there.
The cautious white wolf broke the chains
That he was forced to bear.
The path ahead was open wide
And so new life begins...
New confidence helped him decide,
Throw caution to the winds...
His heartbeat calmed beside the stream...
He drank his fill... time passed...
In time, this day would seem a dream...
For now, he slept... at last...

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Cautious'.

Denis Martindale

Adorable

The white tiger cub had blue eyes!
He looked adorable!
The sight of him was some surprise,
The day he came to call...
He had a swagger in his stride,
A special confidence!
Just like a lion full of pride,
This tiger had few friends!
The other tigers envied him!
You see, he looked too cute!
Filled up with beauty to the brim
And his horn first to toot!
'Hey, look at me! ' He seemed to say!
'Admit it, I look cool! '
That made the tigers walk away...
And he felt such a fool!
When wisdom slowly filtered through,
He quickly changed his style.
And stopped the things he used to do...
He didn't even smile...
Now humbled, he walked all alone...
Unloved, unliked, unsure...
Nobody even shared a bone...
It shook him to the core!
One tiger showed him pity, then...
His loneliness to end...
Humility's the moment when
You're thankful for a friend...

copyright, Denis Martindale.

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Adorable'.

Denis Martindale

Lazy Day

That's it! I'm pooped! Let's sunbathe here!
Let's crash! Let's slump! Let's flop!
We've got all day, no need to fear!
I think we'd better stop...
My paws are throbbing! Life's not fair!
Your poor Mum's had enough!
The two of you don't seem to care!
Is it too hard to love?
Explore some more? You cheeky cubs!
You're always on the go!
Lie on the floor! Forget your snubs
And just go with the flow...
Behave yourselves, or I'll get cross!
Watch out while I'm asleep...
I know your Dad thinks he's the boss!
Illusions he can keep...
Us lionesses take our time,
One yawn and off we jot,
To find a peaceful place sublime,
A purr-fect resting spot...
So, keep a lookout, there's good boys...
A vigil you must keep...
Don't wake me till you hear... some... noise...
I... need... my... beauty... sleeeeeeeeeeep...

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Lazy Day'.

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

White Prince

White lions are a rarity,
You won't see one each day...
Your eyes will stare till clarity
Assures you it's OK...
And there he is, this pure white prince,
This diamond in the rough...
He's looking cute with winsome grins,
As if something to love.
Yet he has teeth and he has claws...
And soon his hunger starts...
And then you find he breaks all laws
And disappoints our hearts.
Don't stand too close! Don't stroke his ears!
Don't look him in the eyes!
Or else your smiles will turn to tears...
You won't find him so nice!
He doesn't dance! He doesn't sing!
No cartoon cat is he!
This prince won't be your underling...
This lion was born free!
As long as you stay out of sight
And he stays on his own...
Purrhaps you might live till tonight
And then walk home alone...
The wise man knows that lions run
Much faster than he does!
Likewise, it's hard to catch someone...
Way over here.... like us!

PoemHunter.com

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'White Prince'.

Denis Martindale

High Spirits

High spirits made the zebra leap,
For joy within his soul
Was something precious he could keep,
If he let slip control...
Within a crowd, where he felt safe,
No tension spoilt his day...
And in these moments, living faith
Cast all his doubts away...
Now like a child, he kicked up dust!
His front legs rode thin air!
Safety in numbers caused such trust,
So he shook off each care!
The zebras laughed like zebras do...
They cackled one-by-one...
Although this wasn't something new,
Unshackled fears brought fun!
Some others copied what he did!
Like each of them agreed...
With joy of life no longer hid,
Their joy was joy indeed!
If only we could imitate
The zebra now and then,
We'd learn life's here to celebrate,
For death comes, who knows when?
It's why we often hum a tune
With half-remembered words...
Or stare at stars beyond the moon
Or whistle back at birds...
High spirits come and go, my friend...
It's not as if they're planned...
But when they come, on this depend,
You'll love Love's Wonderland!

PoemHunter.com

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'High Spirits'.

Denis Martindale

The Guardians

A new babe joined the elephants
And they were standing proud!
Another life that would enhance
Their pleasant nomad crowd.
Another chance lo learn life's choice,
Its ups and downs as well...
To face each foe with all his ploys,
Yet victories to tell...
The elephants were guardians,
Defiant to the end...
Resourceful with resilience,
Their small one to defend.
They formed a wall on either side,
A challenge to be faced...
And like a shepherd each would guide
This child that they embraced.
They had love's language all their own...
Their tender touches, too.
For by these acts and kindness shown,
Each soul says, 'I love you! '
A father knows, a mother knows,
Such bonds cross centuries...
They blossom boldly like a rose
Whose perfume sails the breeze...
Such tenderness we'll not forget,
Of that, there's just no chance!
There's one sure thing that you can bet,
God loves these elephants!

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'The Guardians'.

Denis Martindale

Intensity

The leopard looked with dark disdain
And ever-growing dread.
He sensed this day would bring him pain,
With trouble dead ahead.
A broken twig changed everything!
Of fear, he wasn't fond...
Who knows what fickle fate may bring?
Some creature lurked beyond...
He stared with great intensity,
Alerted and alarmed...
No longer strolling fancy free,
No longer feeling calmed...
How big and bold the danger was
As yet he couldn't guess...
And yet his heart went cold because
One fight steals happiness.
Reverse and run? Too soon to say...
New courage made him wait...
Perhaps this was his finest day
And he would celebrate.
If not, then death was way too close...
For tensions filled the air.
Two predators are vicious foes,
Like devils who don't care...
His claws were poised like daggers gripped,
Outstretched, the fight to win...
Death laughed at him, as from its crypt,
Yet leopards don't give in!
The fight begins! Not one relents!
The fur flies to and fro!
The leopard wins through violence!
His foe turned tail to go...
Alone, the leopard stood his ground...
With such intensity...
And with no other creature round,
He savoured victory!

PoemHunter.com

The poem is based on the magnificent painting

by Stephen Gayford called 'Intensity'.

Denis Martindale

Forging Ahead

Places to go! Places to see!
The tiger started well.
Life's journey was a mystery!
What next? He couldn't tell!
The water was his challenge now...
So slip-purr-y below...
He was forging ahead somehow...
Where to? He didn't know!
His paws were muddy, yet he tried
To reach the other shore...
Onlookers thought that he could glide
And watched him even more...
He told himself he mustn't slip!
That's why he did his best!
He coasted gently like a ship
That sailed from East to West...
Forging ahead! Some progress made!
The distant shore drew near...
By faith, he'd stepped in unafraid!
That's how he'd made it here...
Then suddenly, in waters deep,
The tiger had to swim...
And forward motion had to keep,
With him no longer slim!
Stiff upper lip and all that stuff!
He paddled, plodding on...
While the going was getting tough,
His strength was not yet gone!
He made it! Yes, success was his!
He sniggered, full of glee!
And in that time of purr-fect bliss,
His joy was plain to see...
He swaggered cross the sands beyond,
As if a thoroughbred!
Like every tiger who is fond
Of always forging ahead...

PoemHunter.com

The poem is based on the magnificent painting

by Stephen Gayford called 'Forging Ahead'.

Denis Martindale

Tiger Fury

The image of the pussycat,
So playful, without care...
Was gone in seconds, just like that,
When fury made him stare...
And all at once, the mood had changed
And tension killed the calm...
The trembling tiger looked deranged,
Intent on deadly harm.
His body language said it all -
You've stepped across the line!
How dare you think that you're so tall
That you can take what's mine!
Your very life hangs by a thread!
For you, there's no escape!
I'll scratch you till your blood has bled,
Then crush you like a grape!
You'll never see the stars again,
Nor silver moon at night...
For I'll teach you a lesson, then
You'll feel one final bite!
My fury takes my fear away...
I'll win with no remorse!
If I were you, I wouldn't stay,
But you must stay, of course!
For fury echoes in your heart
Enough to match my own -
You've too much pride, you won't depart,
Yet soon I'll stand alone...
Yes, one must live and one must die...
The countdown tracks the time!
Two furies fight and fur must fly...
Till one fury lasts sublime...

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Tiger Fury'.

Denis Martindale

Her Ladyship

The lioness stayed, the sights to see,
As life continued on...
She knew one day, with certainty,
Her life would soon be gone...
Though now she was within her prime,
The peak years of her youth,
Those precious years would pass in time,
Towards the final truth...
Her ladyship looked quite refined
When seen both near and far...
Though many suitors she declined,
One day, she'd find her star.
Her special one, her lion lord,
Her regal Romeo.
The one her beating heart adored,
The one she'd not let go...
Togetherness is like a rose
That stirs from bud to bloom
And love is like a stream that flows
To wash away the gloom...
Her ladyship surveyed the land,
In search of one true friend...
Awaiting what their fate had planned,
Before she met her end.
Their cubs would learn their lessons well...
To stand as she stood now,
To see life's magic cast its spell,
Before one final bow...
Survival stirred her valiant heart,
Beyond death's cold embrace...
To live anew in cubs that start
Their lives and thus replace.
Behold life's grim mortality...
Let wisdom conquer dread.
Like her, you, too, can be born free
The day you plan ahead...

The poem is based on the magnificent painting

by Stephen Gayford called 'Her Ladyship'.

Denis Martindale

African Sun

African sun, behold him there...
One lion, nothing more.
He's lying down without a care,
No yearning to explore...
Perhaps his paws are hot as coals
And he's plum tuckered out...
Exhausted by his long patrols,
He just can't move about...

It's all your fault! Yes, you're to blame!
You've paralysed a king!
You might have well have made him lame!
Now he can't do a thing!
No longer can he stalk or creep
To quickly catch his prey!
I bet he'll soon be fast asleep
Until the end of day!

For shame, I say! Have pity soon!
He hasn't even roared!
In minutes, it will be high noon,
Please let him be restored...
If not, I'll have to pray for rain
And then he'll get upset!
He hates damp grass across the plain,
His fur all soaking wet!

Of course, I'll leave it up to you...
God help you to decide...
Five minutes more! Then say, 'Adieu! '
Let conscience be your guide!
I bet his eyelids weigh a ton!
I bet you're proud of that!
African sun, look what you've done!
He's like a pussycat!

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The poem is based on the magnificent painting

by Stephen Gayford called 'African Sun'.

Denis Martindale

Eyes Of The Forest

When tigers pause, their eyes stare deep,
Across each forest scene...
To scan for creatures that can creep,
No matter, mild or mean...
This tiger searches high and low,
His eyes pan left to right...
And as they wander to and fro,
The tension starts to bite!
In seconds, everything could change,
A false alarm or what?
A broken twig or something strange
To put him on the spot?
That's why his paws are prone to pause,
Sometimes to poise mid-air...
Until his eyes have learnt the cause,
They'll dangle, dainty, there...
Those precious paws hold claws within,
So he can hold his own.
If he must fight, he won't give in...
His heart is cold as stone!
The gentle cub is long since gone,
This adult heart beats now...
Survival instincts carry on,
To them, each soul must bow...
He knows that one mistake and then,
They'll write his epitaph!
Now safe, he treads the ground again...
And carries on his path...

PoemHunter.com

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Eyes Of The Forest'.

Denis Martindale

African Giant

Across the plains of Africa,
Elephants come and go,
There lives this mighty superstar,
That most have come to know.
This is no small thing that you can pet
Or treat as if a child...
For he's as tall as you can get
And sometimes he gets wild!

If he runs at you all at once,
Don't stand there, waiting, friend!
Don't wave to him and act the dunce,
For soon, your life will end!
This creature's one you won't forget!
He'll dance upon your grave!
To run away, that's your best bet,
If you your life would save!

African giant, please stay there!
Let's keep things peaceful now.
You're big enough to show some care,
To let me live somehow...
I won't approach your giant frame
Or challenge you to fight...
Let common wisdom be our aim
And please, let's stay polite!

The plains are big enough for us...
The sun is way too hot...
And running's such an awful fuss
Aand in the end, for what?
You'd be upset! I'd be upset!
And each would look the fool...
No need for us to build a sweat...
Let's choose to play it cool.

Relax! Calm down! OK, alright!
Breathe in and out. That's good.
You're doing great! It's out of sight.

You see, I knew you could!
I'm not the kind to hurt a fly...
Let's settle down, OK?
Let's watch each moment pass us by...
Let's both enjoy the day...

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The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'African Giant'.

Denis Martindale

African King

It's rare to see your lion face
For most would stay away,
Yet if you don't give me the chase,
I'd see your mane like hay...
Ten thousand strands of fine-formed fur
Adorn your majesty...
Gold ribboned bands that somehow stir
My sense of chivalry.

Yes, royal blood flows through your veins,
Enough to warm my heart...
Till I recall what vicious pains
As sovereign you'll impart.
African king, yet savage beast,
You rule your world with fear.
While in your eyes I seem the least,
I'm not all I appear.

For I'm a hunter, born and bred,
A carnivore like you.
I'll throw my spears till I get fed...
Most times, my aim stays true...
I've seen your glowing eyes at night,
Your silhouette so close...
I've seen the fearful birds take flight,
As tension overflows...

As long as I respect your space
And you respect what's mine,
We'll each survive by God's good grace
And we'll both get on fine.
There's room enough and game enough
To live our whole lives through...
So if you let me do my stuff,
I'll keep away from you...

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The poem is based on the magnificent painting

by Stephen Gayford called 'African King'.

Denis Martindale

Intimidation

The lion looked with such a look,
That's called your deepest fears...
And with your courage that he took,
Bravado disappears!
Have you the strength to move your hand?
Or lift your arm above?
Or is your movement slowly planned,
As timid as a dove?
Have you the power left to run,
The stamina to flee?
Or is the battle lost not won
And his the victory?
So many questions fill your mind...
The lion gives you time...
Just think of what he has outlined,
This super cat sublime...
He licks his lips while you're perplexed,
This prince of past pursuits
And thinks of what will happen next,
While you shake in your boots!
Intimidation, that's his game!
It's how he gets his kicks!
He lacks all conscience, knows no shame
And you've run out of tricks!
It's time to pray! God knows your need!
Ask Him as Daniel would...
For God helped Samson to succeed,
To do the feats he could.
A humble plea's more powerful
When God is on your side!
Let God grant you a miracle!
His arms will open wide...

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Intimidation'.

Denis Martindale

Portrait Of A Prince

Behold the tiger's face up close,
With all its deep-etched lines.
Like charcoal ridges by his nose,
How clearly each defines.
Behold the tiger's ears erect,
Aware of all that breathes,
With mental filters that select
The rustling of the leaves.
Behold the tiger's eyes that stare,
As if right through your soul,
To challenge you, be wise, beware,
Take care who's in control...
Behold the tiger's nose below,
It tells him distant facts,
Though out of sight, he's in the know,
So watch out if he acts...
Behold the tiger's tight-lipped mouth,
He hides his daggers well...
His top set north, his dropped set south,
What tales those teeth could tell.
Behold the tiger's neck so still
And poised with regal grace,
Portraying here the prince's will,
Despite the human race...
Behold the tiger's sovereign style,
His sense of who he is...
His wicked ways, his covering guile,
His final parting kiss...
Behold the tiger's treachery!
Flee from his handsome grin!
For in a race, I think you'll see,
That tigers always win!

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Portrait Of A Prince'.

Denis Martindale

Siblings

The cheeky cheetah cubs looked calm,
Until they heard a sound...
Then they looked up, alert to harm,
For dangers to be found.
The world was not a friendly place
Where everything went well.
The cubs stared straight, this truth to face
And nought could break the spell.
Transfixed like statues borne of stone,
As cold as marble now...
They searched for new clues, all alone,
So they'd survive somehow.
Like cuddly kittens, side-by-side,
Their battles must be picked.
Sometimes to fight, sometimes to hide,
Or maybe they'd been tricked...
Breathe easy, lads, the coast is clear...
No need to wear a frown.
You scaredy-cats! No need to fear -
You're safe, so settle down...
Their trembling whiskers twitched away!
Their tails swished to and fro!
Then one long sigh as if to say,
'Well, how were we to know? '
One day must come when they'll stand tall,
Full grown as adult males,
So everyone can hear them call
As they explore new trails.
They'll run like shooting stars above -
Two brothers, siblings still...
United in their lifelong love,
With every hunting skill...
Their common destiny awaits -
Who knows if they'll be blessed?
We only know that God creates...
Yet each must do his best...

PoemHunter.com

The poem is based on the magnificent painting

by Stephen Gayford called 'Siblings'.

Denis Martindale

Curious

The chimpanzee could not believe
The mirror that he saw...
It had some magic to deceive
And trick him once before...
The chimpanzee reflected on
The one who made no noise.
The copycat, the clever con...
The one so full of ploys.
How does he copy what I do?
He moves left just like me!
As I move right, then he does, too!
He does it so quickly!
If I jump up, or I jump down,
Or wave my arms about,
Or show my teeth, or snarl, or frown,
He somehow works it out!
I walk away then I run back!
He meets me face-to-face!
I'd like to give him such a smack,
Yet one who's hit repays!
I offer food and so does he!
We watch each other eat...
I stare at him, he stares at me...
We touch each other's feet!
It's sometimes said we only get
The friends as each deserves...
I must confess, it makes me fret!
He's getting on me nerves!

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Curious'.

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

His Majesty

Behold the lion first to feast...
Behold his majesty!
This is no timid, gentle beast,
No coward soul has he!
His golden mane adorns his form
As he surveys his land...
And it does more than keep him warm,
It helps us understand...
This alpha male, this awesome king,
This sovereign meant to rule.
This titan feared by everything
That's wise and not a fool...
This monument to grand design,
This creature cruel and kind...
This legend will forever shine
Inside each heart and mind.
His growls are fierce and frightening,
They pierce us every time...
With nought held back, like lightning,
Courageous and sublime!
Behold the beast, so widely famed,
Triumphant to the end...
With strength increased, he stands untamed,
On that you can depend!
Don't stand too close! Those sharp teeth bite!
Those claws are meant to scratch!
How few are those who want to fight!
They know they've met their match!
If you're not Samson, run and hide...
Survival is the key...
With all the wisdom God's supplied...
Avoid his majesty!

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'His Majesty'.

Denis Martindale

Jungle Gentleman

He bears a grace that few may own,
A regal quality.
Distinguished though he walks alone,
This tiger that I see.
Behold the fellow as he strolls,
Without a single care...
As if he has no urgent goals,
No burdens to beware.
He doesn't crouch as if to pounce...
He doesn't crawl the grounds.
He walks as if he weighs an ounce
And not two hundred pounds.
He's like a dancer, fleet of foot,
Yet this is his day off...
In simple words and humbly put,
He acts as if the toff!
He swaggers, struts and looks so cool
In orange, black and white...
As if he'd stepped out from a pool,
Refreshed and sparkling bright.
His whiskers bristle in the sun...
His twinkling eyes aglow!
This tiger's out to have some fun!
He's going with the flow!
When life is good, when life is great,
Don't let the moment pass!
Take time so you can celebrate!
Don't hide behind the grass!
Come out to play and strut your stuff!
Rejoice in what you are!
Who knows? Today you may find love!
Good luck, 'cos you're a star!

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Jungle Gentleman'.

Denis Martindale

Somebody Loves You!

They say somebody loves you,
No matter who you are
And loves you with a love so true
They wish upon a star.
They wish that they could tell you straight
Without a single fear,
With hopes that they could celebrate
This year and every year.

But some are shy, with words unsaid,
Locked up in hearts of gold.
Locked up like dreams inside the head,
Unspoken thus untold.
If only timid hearts grew brave
And chose to take a chance,
They'd not delay the gift God gave
That makes us sing and dance.

True love is famous for extremes
To catch us unawares.
True love exceeds our hopes and dreams
And all our noblest prayers.
Somebody loves you, tenderly,
With winsome prayers so nice.
In love for all eternity,
For you're their Paradise...

My poem was read out on UK TV by bid.tv presenter Peter Simon!

Denis Martindale

The Survivor

The cold white wolf cautiously crept,
Feeling starvation grow...
The crisp white snow crunched as he stepped,
That's why he moved so slow...
Conserving his energy, waiting,
Sometimes slipping along...
His dark eyes anticipating
The things that could go wrong.
A rock that blocked his hunting path,
A hole that gave escape...
Each one could be his epitaph,
The final sour grape...
His empty belly warned him still...
The time for games had passed.
For soon, in hours, he'd be ill...
Perhaps to breathe his last.
He gulped saliva, nothing more...
He walked with heavy heart.
The ache inside began to gnaw...
And stabbed him like a dart.
Yet on he searched, 'twixt life and death...
'Twixt this world and the next.
Aware that every passing breath
Caused him to be perplexed.
What was this hell? What use was snow?
Was this his time to die?
To tell the truth, he didn't know.
There seemed no reason why.
His instincts led him to his prey...
He heard a scratching sound.
In seconds he was on his way,
To find it underground.
He chased it hard and off it ran
Across the land ahead...
And pretty soon, by Nature's plan...
One lived and one was dead.
The wily white wolf played the game
That helped him to survive...
To us, it's still a crying shame...

PoemHunter.com

Yet don't begrudge him life...

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'The Survivor'.

Denis Martindale

The Penguin

I've seen the beautiful penguin
And what a sight it is!
It's very cute, you're bound to grin -
It's next to perfect bliss!
The way it waddles side-to-side,
Its webbed feet on the go
And at full throttle, open wide,
It still moves kinda slow...
It reminds me of a beaver,
The water is its home,
Yet it likes to take a breather,
As onward it would roam...
It's virgin white on waiter black,
A costume ready-made...
The water's surface starts to crack -
It dives in unafraid!
I'd like to stroke a penguin's front
To see if penguins smile...
I've not been on a penguin hunt
In quite a long, long while!
It must be great to have such fun,
To swim and swirl below,
Inside wet water, 'neath the sun,
Fluorescent, all aglow!
Forget about a Teddy Bear!
Its fur is way too rough!
I'd rather be at home and share
A penguin I could love...

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Penguin Paradice

Each penguin's such a precious thing,
Content to honk all day!
Each wide-webbed foot, each floppy wing,
To them, they're quite OK.
The water's cold! They walk on ice!
Do you hear them complain?
To them, this place is Paradise!
They say, 'No p.p.p.pain, no g.g.g.gain! '
You won't catch me in ice cold sea
And gobbling ice cold fish!
They'd soon lose all their novelty -
They're not the ideal dish...
The easy life, that's all I want -
Not fish day in, day out...
My choice in every restaurant!
Yes, that's what life's about!
And central heating suits me fine
And clothes and jewels, too...
Some champagne or some fancy wine
And then I'll muddle through.
But fish, fish, fish would drive me mad!
I'd soon curl up my lips!
With no potatoes to be had,
There'd be no fish and chips!
No telly and no radio,
No papers to peruse...
Live as a penguin? No, thank you!
This human life I'd choose...

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Penguin Paradise

Each penguin's such a precious thing,
Content to honk all day!
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No telly and no radio,
No papers to peruse...
Live as a penguin? No, thank you!
This human life I'd choose...

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

The Lovely Lisa

The lovely Lisa has a smile
That brightens up my day.
Besides her beauty and her style,
Our Lisa loves to play.
To her, life seems to be a game
For every girl and boy.
Although we know life's not the same,
God's gifts we still enjoy.

The heart is where emotions rule...
The head is slow to change...
We can stay wise or play the fool
And some may think that strange...
But lovely Lisa loves to grin!
She's likes to take a chance!
When she decided to join in,
She learnt to sing and dance!

In youth, we learn new skills in time.
It's how we all progress.
Imagine skills that reach their prime
And grant you happiness!
The lovely Lisa now stands tall...
She's where she's meant to be...
To share her smile with one and all
Each day on bid tv!

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

For Michael Jackson Fans

In a changing world, his face changed, too.
The boy became the man.
He changed the world, its point of view,
As each became a fan.
He danced his way across the world,
His albums played and played...
And he stood tall, with arms unfurled,
Triumphant, unafraid.
The world moved on and so did he
With every day and night.
He faced it all and danced with glee,
Precision, feather-light.
He thrilled his worldwide audience.
He mesmerised each crowd.
His soared high with resilience
In all that God allowed.
He smiled as sweetly as he could
When things were getting rough,
Yet when condemned, he sought the good
And prayed to God with love.
Both saint and sinner, king and fool,
Both wise and innocent,
He clinged to youth, as if in school
And welcomed each new friend.
To those who care about him still,
Now that my friend has gone...
I pray his music always will
Grant joy though he's danced on...
May God grant mercy to our hearts
And bless our tender tears...
As Michael, Champion of the Charts,
Leaves Earth and disappears...

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Tiger Stare

Intimidation is the game, as any tiger knows.
Infuriation is the aim, before it comes to blows.
The tiger stare, with ears erect, the lowered jaw in tune,
The teeth to bear, for bold effect! All say, 'I'll fight you soon! '
If not, the tiger stare is used to focus on the prey...
Before all energy's enfused and it gets clean away...
Or else a future mate is seen, with him truly smitten...
Wide-eyed, the alpha male is keen to meet the little kitten...
If not, some new scent's in the air... his basic instincts rise.
He breathes in deep... his nostrils flare... as danger he defies.
He bides his time before he acts, while time is on his side,
But come the time he finds the facts, no conscience comes to guide.
Sometimes a tiger stands alone! It's him against the rest!
Gone are the brothers he has known, now he must do his best!
No more the tiger cub of old, no more the little one...
He's seen the seasons which unfold beneath the golden sun!
The tiger stare is what he does... portraying who he is...
Who knows what it will mean for us? A quick death or a kiss?
And yet we stare, breathtaken, too, till fear has been increased...
At just how big this big cat grew.... at beauty and the beast...

PoemHunter.com

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Tiger Stare'.

Denis Martindale

Lazytown!

In LazyTown in TVLand
They're always on the go.
The colours there are mighty grand,
A vibrant rich rainbow.
The Superhero's really fit -
He leaps across the screen.
The Villain mucks things up a bit -
He gets kicks being mean!
The dainty damsel in distress
Is perfect for the part.
She always shares her happiness
And sings with joyful heart.
She likes to dance from left to right
And also up and down.
Without her smiles so pearly white,
Some folks would wear a frown!
Her friends are noble, just like her
And what a team they make.
Whatever mishaps may occur,
It's action that they take.
The Villain will not win the day -
Although he tries his best.
While Robbie Rotten shouts, 'Hoorah! ',
His schemes will be suppressed!
The hero's airship floats above,
Amid the clouds on high,
Until the damsel calls with love
To solve things gone awry.
In LazyTown in TVLand
The good guys always win -
The Villain's always underhand,
But heroes don't give in!
That's why we like to watch what's new
And how they're getting on
And why we're always feeling blue
The moment that they're gone.
So hurry back! Your show's first rate!
Vivacious fun to boot!
That Sportacus, he's really great

PoemHunter.com

And Stephanie's so cute!

Denis Martindale

Lookout Post

The meerkats stood on tippy toes,
For danger was afoot!
Where it would strike, nobody knows
And yet they must stay put!
So one looked left and one looked right
And one looked up and down!
To some, the meerkats looked a sight,
With each one, Nature's clown!
But times were hard and foes were fast!
So fast, they were a blur!
While unwarned victims were aghast,
The wise were quick to stir!
They didn't hang around and say,
'Ooh, look! That's not so good! '
They scarpered quick, got clean away
And left the neighbourhood!
Forewarned, forearmed, four feet, then gone...
To snigger underground!
To safely hide from light that shone,
No longer to be found!
The game went on to their delight,
For hours at a time...
It's very hard for foes to bite
A meerkat in his prime!
United they stand! Together!
Survivors to the end!
Yes, meerkats are very clever!
Just try to catch one, friend!

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Lookout Post'.

Denis Martindale

The Gifts That Say I Love You (Price-Drop.Tv)

As long as love exists on Earth
And stars in Heaven shine,
As long as love can prove its worth
And there's a Valentine,
As long as there's a single prayer
And rainbows in the sky,
I'll honour her, my lady fair,
With jewels that I'll buy.
I'll cherish her, my whole life through,
With golden gifts each year,
Adorned with gemstones red and blue
And diamonds crystal clear.
They'll never match her sparkling eyes
Or pearly teeth so white
And yet in all, they're my best buys,
To bring her such delight.
Thank God that craftsmen fashion rings
Exquisite as can be
Such that they're fit for queens and kings
Then sold on price-drop.tv!

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Tiger Pursuit

To some, the tiger looks so cute,
With so much feline charm...
But when the tiger's in pursuit,
Who knows who'll come to harm?
Although the tiger's face looks sweet,
It hides sharp teeth that bite!
He's not a cat to meet and greet
Or bravely choose to fight!
It's true, the tiger loves his friends
And welcomes them with glee...
And yet, that's where all friendship ends -
So I'd prefer to flee!
I'd soon be off, if he were close!
Too close for comfort's sake!
I'd soon be standing on my toes -
I'd run, make no mistake!
Perhaps the tiger could be tamed...
Fried chicken, bacon, chops?
I'm out of those! I could be maimed!
Too late to call the cops!
I'm on my own! I'm on my Todd!
I'm off, without a doubt!
Quite frantic, friends, I'd pray to God!
'Dear Lord! Please help me out! '
I'd not be praying on my knees
Or talking politics...
I'd not be swapping recipes
Or teaching tiger tricks!
I'd not attempt to stroke his fur
And smile with winsome grin!
My little legs would be a blur!
I'd scat to save my skin!
I've never been where tigers hunt
Or sunbathed where they roam!
And frankly, friends, to be quite blunt,
Scared stiff, I'd stay at home!

PoemHunter.com

The poem is based on the magnificent painting

by Stephen Gayford called 'Tiger Pursuit'.

Denis Martindale

Elusive

Elusive is his middle name...
He is so hard to catch.
In fact, this is his claim to fame,
That few big cats can match.
You may find one, or maybe two,
Or three, or four or more,
If you can search the whole day through
And you can bear the chore...
Yet this is when the magic starts,
But then it takes control
And burns a memory in men's hearts,
Each spirit and each soul...
Find your spot, then keep safe distance...
To see him in his prime,
As if he were a noble prince,
With whom to share your time.
Beyond the beauty Nature gives,
Add speed and strength and style.
Once you have seen the way he lives,
Add to these, grace and guile.
Behold his features, how he moves,
The way he interacts,
His hunting skills, as he improves,
According to the facts.
Consider quickly, while you can,
For soon he will be gone...
He does not live as long as Man,
Whose legacy lives on...
Elusive creatures do their best,
Surviving day-by-day...
If what he does, leaves you impressed,
Leave him to live... OK?

The poem is based on the magnificent 'big cat' painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Elusive'.

Denis Martindale

Devoted Mother

The tigress took her time this day...
Her cub was close at hand
And that was how they chose to stay,
As though it had been planned.
Togetherness brings tenderness,
Life-bonding to and fro.
Togetherness means gentleness
And friendship that can grow.
Together now, not separate,
As if it couldn't end.
For now, the cub looked delicate,
A fragile, feline friend...
The sun looked on with watchful eye,
To glide past up above.
The tigress seemed to pause and sigh,
To signify their love...
Today's the day these two must bond,
Forever, from now on.
To think of now and not beyond,
When peace has come and gone...
Devotion forms a daily gift
That hovers from the heart
And gives another's heart a lift,
And yet that's just the start...
For love endures, though seasons fade,
As months melt into years...
Love steers the course of plans we've made,
Beyond our doubts and fears.
The tigress tries to do her best -
In all things, she's superb.
If by her love, you've been impressed...
Stand back... and don't disturb...

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Devoted Mother'.

Denis Martindale

Awesome

The awesome tiger walked close by, without a single clue,
For I was hidden, safe and dry and there my wonder grew.
This spectacle that few have seen and lived to tell the tale,
Was so majestic, so serene, perhaps an alpha male...
He strode this Earth as though a king, as if to be obeyed...
As if some tribute I should bring, his wrath to be outweighed.
As if the champion of the chase, instead of random chance,
His every move exuded grace, as if life were a dance.
His stripes were like Venetian blinds, like slit slats on his fur.
Up close, they were like warning signs, my death could soon occur.
My body, like a statue, stayed, immobile, locked in time...
The deadliest game I ever played was awesome, quite sublime.
He was the cat, I was the mouse... existing side-by-side.
The aim, of course, was just to browse. My eyes browsed open wide!
His body passed beyond my gaze, his tail swished left and right...
And with that parting of our ways, my heart filled with delight...
It was as if Death knew my name, yet couldn't claim me then!
I know I'll never be the same! Halleluyah... and... Amen!

PoemHunter.com

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Awesome'.

Denis Martindale

White Menace

The bright white tiger stood his ground,
Surveying here and there...
His forehead looked as if he frowned,
So tense and full of care.
Like Indians with warpaint on,
His face was one to fear.
Like fur with tattoos etched upon,
He'd won his stripes, my dear...
This wondrous creature made me pause...
As if to memorise...
As if forgetting teeth and claws
And only seeing eyes...
Those eyes, like circles of the soul...
Like marbles of the mind...
Those eyes, like sapphires, dark as coal...
And yet what lurked behind?
While beauty glorified this beast,
I knew his nature well.
I'd seen him hunt, I'd seen him feast...
The tales that I could tell!
For now, I watched him silently,
Because he didn't know.
If he found out, then certainly,
That was the time to go.
How long would tigers like him last?
So wondrous to behold!
Ferocious, feisty and so fast,
With callous heart so cold.
Not one of us is meant to stay...
We're born, we live, we die.
To live and let live, that's my way.
Let others judge, not I...

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'White Menace'.

Denis Martindale

Safe Crossing

The elephant was very hot and needed to cool down.
The water's edge was very soft, like clay and muddy brown.

The creature comforts looked divine beneath the boiling sun
And so he chose not to decline and start to have some fun!

The water welcomed one and all, to visit anytime.
As if to say, no need to stall... I'm here and it's sublime...

But danger, still, was ever near, as others rightly know.
For some are known to disappear! They simply come... and go.

The elephant has giant eyes, enough to see what's what
And yet temptation leads to sighs, especially when hot...

The gentle giant waded in, upto his trunk and more...
He swam across, with cheerful grin, to reach the other shore...

A lot can happen in a month, with many things to learn!
So he raised his trunk in triumph! Rejoicing in his turn!

The sun still shone, the heat endured, yet he was cooler now...
He felt elated, self-assured, revitalized somehow...

Safe crossing isn't guaranteed, yet when some find success,
It's great to see they can proceed and find new happiness!

I'm far too scared! I'm filled with fear! I'm not exactly brave!
I think I'll stay safe... over here. I'm not too keen to bathe...

I'll find some shade beneath a tree... Let others splash around.
Safe crossing! Great! But not for me! I'm staying on firm ground!

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Safe Crossing'.

Denis Martindale

Alpha Pair

Two wolves waited, no plans as yet, just watching time go by...
No enemies, no food to get, no need to fret or sigh...
The best of days that's ever been... thus they felt inspired.
The day seemed tranquil, calm, serene... all their hearts desired.
It was as if the alpha pair were blessed beyond belief.
As if true love was in the air, the air they two could breathe...
There were no fears in either face, no doubts in either mind.
Affection somehow took their place, all troubles left behind.
Two wolves fated, that they would meet, unite and learn to love.
To lead the pack as they compete to prove themselves enough.
For them, this world was all they had, they hunted to survive.
It's true, some thought of them as bad, yet they must stay alive.
It's Nature's way, the strong endure, outlasting all the weak...
It's live or die, by tooth and claw, eternal hide and seek.
The hunting game goes on and on, relentlessly, my friend...
It stays the same, it's never gone, each lives until life's end...
No wonder, then, that days like this are cherished one-by-one.
A perfect sky, a savoured bliss, both soothed beneath the sun.
It's not the time to intervene or taunt the alpha pair...
Leave well alone and don't be mean... or else you must beware!

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The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Alpha Pair'.

Denis Martindale

Stealth

The tiger's tail swished left and right, to signal his concern.
The easy prey was in his sight, if startled, it would turn...
The tiger's whiskers twitched as well, with tension-troubled verve.
He stood transfixed, as in a spell, as if he'd lost his nerve.
By stealth, at first, the hunt began - his wild eyes stared ahead
And step-by-step, he formed his plan, in case his victim fled.
Escape routes noted, here and there, the obstacles nearby...
The times to leap up in the air and for a short time fly...
All his skills and his behaviour meant conscience was denied...
All the odds seemed in his favour. The fates seemed on his side.
He stood alone, no-one to blame, his burden, win or lose...
His heart was stone, his eyes aflame, the moment, his to choose...
The time was near, one minute more, the countdown now in force...
His every heartbeat keeping score, like tremblings in his paws...
What happened next was just a blur... A total pantomime...
All he could do was simply grrr! 'Cos he messed up, big time!

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Stealth'.

Denis Martindale

* Stephen Gayford

Masterpieces for the masses!
Loved lithographs! Sweet prints!
A treasure trove of canvasses
With wondrous shades and tints.
Consider how this painter hopes
To capture all he can.
Reflect on how he always copes
And stays the artisan.
With finite detail to control,
To share his point of view,
This artist has a special soul,
A noble spirit, too.
Rejecting basics and extremes,
Perfection to create.
Respecting quintessential dreams
And so encapsulate...
It's finished, no more need to fuss!
What glory this achieves!
Rejoicing in what's done for us,
That each, in time, receives.
There's joy as we anticipate
This craftsman's artistry!
Yes, all things come to those that wait...
Yet patience is the key...
How many paintings Stephen's done,
In truth, I cannot say,
Yet he portrays a sense of fun
At work, at home, at play...
If you're like me, you've got a few
To beautify your home...
So, Stephen, thank you! God bless you!
Wherever you may roam...

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Denis Martindale

God's Destiny For Me

Within the womb God chose for me, I waited so forlorn...
I didn't know my destiny or when I would be born.
I didn't know the words to speak, I only had one thought...
I knew that I was quite unique, without me being taught.
I sensed that there was so much more than one great beating sound
That was my mother's heart, so pure, I felt love all around...
The months crawled by and so did I, content within her form...
There was a peace no man could buy, so tender and so warm.
Then came the day she gave me birth, to lay within her arms...
She told me that my life had worth and quoted from the Psalms.
My father held me to his heart and welcomed me as well.
In time, my parents would impart the truths that they must tell...
And so I learnt of Jesus Christ, the Saviour of my soul!
The Lamb of God once sacrificed, whose blood would make me whole!
God called me near, by name, that day and promised Heaven's bliss
And so I humbly knelt to pray - to enter into this...
I saw a feather quill on high fall from God's holy dove,
'By faith, write poems till you die, to save the lost with love.'

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale

Psalm Of Salvation

Consider the sacred destiny of Mankind
And the splendours of eternity...
Reflect upon the supreme majesty of Christ
And His purposes for humanity.
Take hold of His holy prophecies
And take comfort in all of His promises.
Learn well the mysteries of times gone by
And rejoice in their wholesome revelations.
For Man is not hidden from God's sight
And all the prayers of the saints are heard.
The children of the Lord are adopted into love,
For the Father's family must be as one.
Consider how the rose blossoms in the sunshine.
Its perfume permeates the surrounding air.
The breeze spreads across the entire earth.
So it is that love blossoms and increases.
In time, the whole earth is blessed by love.
The Holy Spirit is known across the world.
His guiding light is triumphant truth.
The Saviour of the world taught us to pray.
The Lamb of God taught us to love as He loved.
Oh, that we might learn more of love.
What use would Heaven be without love?
Would the angels deny us this blessing?
Would they oppose us receiving salvation?
We know that they seek our restoration.
If only we could hear their songs of praise.
If only we could hear their harmonies.
Though we may desire the wings of angels,
God desires that we walk with humility.
So it is, that we live day by day in His care.
His truths transcend time and space.
His promises outlive us all.
We were born to know the Heavenly Father.
We were born again to know the Saviour.
We live forever to be blessed forever.
For what is love without life and life eternal?
Therefore cherish your portion of love.
Savour it as though it were a noble feast.

Share your portion of love, dear saints...
For love is all that we are...

Denis Martindale

On The Move

The elephant was on the move,
Vivaciously, of course,
As if he had something to prove,
A legend to enforce.
With ears as big as suitcases
And tusks like scimitars,
He looked fierce at all those faces
That stared from jeeps and cars.
The tourists on safari
Could scarce believe their eyes...
This giant was a sight to see...
So ancient and so wise...
Their cameras clicked and clicked again,
As if a strategem,
To overcome their fears right then,
As he looked down on them.
A sudden move and he would charge,
Unchanged, untamed, born wild.
A raging bull, unleashed, at large -
He cared not if they smiled...
He was no dog that they could pet,
No gentle pussycat...
For he could make a cool man sweat
And make a brave man scat!
I've seen him run and then gain speed,
I've felt the trembling earth
And though you may think I'm a weed,
I ran for all I'm worth!
I left my camera somewhere...
It fell upon the ground...
God heard me pray the fastest prayer
Or I'd be Heaven-bound!
I've kept my distance from that day
And that's the Gospel Truth!
Keep out of the elephant's way,
Each time he's on the move!

PoemHunter.com

The poem is based on the magnificent painting

by Stephen Gayford called 'On The Move'.

Denis Martindale

Morning Glory

Before the sunshine starts to boil,
The creatures greet the day.
Though sunshine makes night eyes recoil,
Their sleep must melt away...
A new day dawns, a billion yawns
And weary legs arise...
Each antelope then swings his horns,
Each crocodile then cries...
The insect armies rally round,
For new food must be sought
And many stir beneath the ground
Where battles must be fought...
The lions rise up from their sleep
With focused eyes once more,
A constant vigil now to keep,
As if they're keeping score.
Gaze now upon each noble face
That lions wear with pride,
The grace we see can quite amaze,
Despite our fears inside!
The big cats mesmerise us all,
With utmost majesty!
When they stand up, they're six feet tall
And that's too tall for me!
Like us, the lions live on Earth
Beneath the sun and moon,
Each generation has its birth,
Replaced by others soon...
But while we're here, our turn to live,
We seek the common good.
Our stewardship helps us to give
And do the things we should.
The lions share their portion, too...
Each lion has his story
And to conclude, I say to you,
Let's share the morning glory...

PoemHunter.com

The poem is based on the magnificent painting

by Stephen Gayford called 'Morning Glory'.

Denis Martindale

Young Explorers

Two young lions surveyed the land
And paused to take it in,
As if the future could be planned,
So they would always win.
With hiding places here and there,
Shade from the burning sun
And danger spots they must beware,
Yet spaces they could run...
Life wasn't always hide and seek,
Life wasn't always bright...
For soon the day would pass its peak
And fade into the night...
Two young lions with lots to learn,
Exploring now and then.
When hunting, they must twist and turn
To help them catch again.
For now, they stood with dignity
And with a sense of pride...
Majestically and mightily,
As brothers, side-by-side.
Two young lions must carry on
The legacy of life,
Aware, they, too, will soon be gone,
Though battling to survive.
Their journey started years ago
When they were cubs at play...
Not knowing who was friend or foe,
Until they found their way...
Two young lions, aware, astute...
At one with Nature's Laws...
To children's eyes, they may look cute,
Yet watch those teeth and claws!
The young explorers hold no grudge
When things are fair and square.
Most of the time, they don't ask much...
They'll take the lions' share...

PoemHunter.com

The poem is based on the magnificent painting

by Stephen Gayford called 'Young Explorers'.

Denis Martindale

Brothers In Arms

Two young tigers stood side-by-side,
Facing the world assured...
With both their jaws now open wide,
With pride, the tigers roared!
The hunters snarled like angry kings
To all in their domain,
As if the rest were underlings
They must remind again...
They shared a sense of destiny,
Born free and yet what for?
To take their part in history!
To fill the world with awe!
To stand united, unafraid,
If challenged, not to fail.
Like living legends, undismayed,
Determined to prevail!
Like champions, to stand their ground,
Defiant to the end...
Two young tigers, the best around
And each the other's friend...
Brothers in arms and warriors,
Tenacious day and night,
Miraculous and glorious,
Both valiant inside.
Two sets of eyes, two sets of ears...
Two hearts that beat as one...
Their loyalty outlasts the years,
Through all that must be done...
Life's sometimes good, life's sometimes bad,
Life's sometimes in-between...
For them, the future's ironclad...
If we don't intervene...

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Brothers In Arms'.

Denis Martindale

Cool Refuge

At last, a place to hide away, cool refuge from the sun...
Some solitude, a chance to stay, where nothing much gets done.
A perfect spot meant to beguile the busy beasts on Earth,
No more to worry for a while, for what is worry worth?
The sun was fierce and in his face. Too close for comfort, friend.
The tiger tried to slow the pace till he was on the mend...
And once his ears heard nothing new, he slowly closed his eyes
And lowly breathed and time just flew and caught him by surprise.
The sun had moved across the sky, now tired, in retreat.
The tiger didn't question why the sky eye lost its heat.
Enough to know his cool refuge would soon be cooler still...
His change in mood would then be huge and end this passing thrill.
The tiger tarried in repose with great tranquillity
And gently scratched his tickled nose with tingling ecstasy...
One final hour in the shade... his refuge then grew cold.
The sad decision must be made, now that the day grew old...
So up he stood, with strength renewed, recharged and vibrant now
And thankful for this interlude, vowed to return... somehow...

PoemHunter.com

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The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Cool Refuge'.

More Stephen Gayford poems here:
denis-martindale-dot-blogspot-dot-com

Denis Martindale

Cheetah Haven

The mother cheetah settled there,
With two cubs still in tow.
This was the time to shed her care,
Her tension and her woe.
The cubs looked timid, as did she,
Yet danger wasn't near.
In time, they found serenity
And lost all sense of fear.
Their hearts were beating gently now...
They nestled, sunshine-blessed...
Content to be at peace, somehow,
And thankful for the rest...
Togetherness makes life complete,
A morsel to enjoy...
A portion that makes life more sweet,
If wisdom we employ.
For life deserves a change of mood,
Not busy, draining power.
What creature always hunts for food
With every passing hour?
That's why the cheetahs found this place,
This haven in the sun,
This miracle they could embrace
Until the day was done...
Let others run and swim and fly,
Let others walk or crawl...
The cheetahs watched the day go by,
Spectators of it all.
The cubs were pleased, the day went well,
They must do this again...
This secret they must never tell...
Just visit... now and then...

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Cheetah Haven'.

Denis Martindale

The Vision Was Quite Clear

The vision was quite clear.
At first, it began with a map.
I was walking in a forest.
I was holding the map in my hands.
Then a wall appeared in front of me,
Stopping me abruptly, halting my journey.
Another wall appeared to my left.
Another wall appeared to my right.
Another wall appeared behind me.
I was trapped and without help I would die.
Above me, I heard something.
An angel flew overhead.
'Help me out of here! ' I asked.
He smiled, 'You do not understand.'
It seemed I must stay awhile.
A few days passed by without release.
I was so hungry yet all I had was the map.
The angel suggested I eat the map.
'How else will you stay alive? ' he asked.
But I knew God gave me the map.
I must not eat it for it still had worth.
'I will wait upon the Lord to deliver me! '
The angel smiled and then came the miracle.
Both his wings fell off and fell to me.
'Put them on! ' said the angel.
'You have passed the first test! '
I put the wings upon my back.
I flew upwards to thank him.
The angel accepted my thanks.
In seconds, he disappeared.
I was alone, yet now I could fly.
I flew to the top of the mountain.
I built an altar and worshipped the Lord.
A white cloud appeared above me.
Lightning flashed and burnt my wings.
I was merely a man once more...
Yet I was happy being so close to God.
Knowing I was loved was enough.
Knowing I still had the map for my journey.

PoemHunter.com

Then I heard the voice of God.
'Visions and prophecies, wisdom and love.
All these I will give unto you.
You are My child, adopted forever.
Obey Me and I will bless you... forever...'

Denis Martindale

Aristocrat

Behold the lion, the noble cat,
Defiant all day long.
The perfect, great aristocrat,
Majestic and so strong.
Profound provider for the pride,
Tenacious and extreme.
A fierce some creature! Run and hide!
Don't stare as in a dream!

Adorned, he stands, with golden mane,
So regal and refined!
Up close, he snarls with bold disdain!
Why should he fear Mankind?
Perhaps you've studied in College
And learnt a thing or two...
Survival skills give him the edge...
He'll get the best of you!

Yes, courage is his middle name,
His bravery's well-known,
Each eye is like a fiery flame,
Each tooth is hard as stone.
Each claw extends as tension grows,
As instincts change his mood!
It's then the lion truly knows,
It's time to hunt for food...

Like him, I think I'll stay alert...
I think he'd understand
That I won't risk my getting hurt...
I'll never shake his hand!
I won't approach and stroke his fur
Or pat him on the head...
The only thing that would occur,
Is that I'd end up dead!

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The poem is based on the magnificent

wildlife painting by Stephen Gayford called 'Aristocrat'.

Denis Martindale

Hanging Around

The leopard leapt and climbed the tree
He spotted on his way,
Up there, the whole wide world to see,
Time passing, come what may.
The world was hot, too hot to care,
Too hot to walk or run...
The leopard stayed, content to stare,
Now shaded from the sun...
No point in all that stifling heat
Which makes it hard to breathe...
It hardly made his life complete,
As one would first believe.
The leopard paused and settled down
And heaved a weary sigh...
Forgot his speed of great renown,
Fixed on one spot to lie...
Oh, yes, he could get used to this!
Tremendous, quite refined!
He'd twigged this would be perfect bliss,
Outstretched and now reclined!
The leopard looked for miles and miles,
Surveying all he could,
Upon this world of tests and trials
And on his neighbourhood.
To some degree, he ruled it all,
No matter, day or night...
So many heard and feared his call,
In seconds to take flight.
Oh, yes, the leopard knew his place...
The way things had to be.
For now, this peace he would embrace...
Just hanging around, you see...

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Hanging Around'.

Denis Martindale

The Happy Couple

There was no better time than this
To share one sweet embrace
And close in gently for that kiss
They both knew must take place.
That's why they danced that very night,
Lost in each other's eyes,
Forwards, backwards and left and right...
Within Love's Paradise!
When they sat down, they sipped their wine,
The best they'd ever known.
That night, each other's Valentine,
The second love was shown.
He held her hand quite tenderly
And softly spoke her name,
As if this love was meant to be,
With both their hearts aflame...
He offered her a diamond ring
If she would be his wife...
To him, this girl meant everything,
The reason for his life!
When she said yes, he kissed her lips...
He danced with her again...
Now tingling to his fingertips,
The happiest of men!
He took her home, the good news spread,
She told her Mum and Dad...
She prayed before she went to bed
And even God was glad...
She dreamt of when she'd be a bride!
The Wedding Day went well...
So many happy people cried,
All captive to Love's spell...

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Somehow, Some Day, Some Time

Each time I look upon her face,
I still see something new...
Another wisdom to embrace,
Another point of view...
Her eyes still twinkle now and then
To take my breath away,
Yet when I try to speak again,
I can't think what to say.
I blurt things out quite suddenly,
The silences to break...
That's when she really stares at me,
As if there's some mistake.
I didn't ask to be this shy,
So awkward when she's near...
What magic potion can I buy
To finish off this fear?
Perhaps she's not that special one,
Or is that some excuse?
Another lie that's newly spun,
Like those who sing the blues?
And yet I feel there's something more
If I just played it cool...
And yet it's hard to know the score,
When love makes you a fool.
Each time I look into her eyes,
My heart begins to sigh...
As if she were the perfect prize,
And losing her, I'd die...
If that's not love, I'll let her go.
I'll crucify my heart
And let my feelings overflow...
And watch them all depart...
If that's not love, let courtship end,
Let all my hopes subside,
No more to call her my best friend
Or hope she'll be my bride...
But if it's love, forever true,
Exquisite and sublime...
God help me tell her, 'I LOVE YOU! '

PoemHunter.com

Somehow, some day, some time...

Denis Martindale

Eagle Watch

The morning came, the eagle stirred, one leap to fly again.
The tourists smiled to watch this bird, the envy of all men.
For who has not at one time slept and sometime in the night,
Believed that if they also leapt, they, too, could rise in flight?
Within one dream, atop a hill, I ran and ran and ran...
And all at once I felt the thrill when my first flight began!
I left the hill, I left the Earth, to glide upon the sky...
It was as if my soul gave birth to something that could fly!
No holding back, I had to hurl myself upon the wave!
Like Superman and Supergirl, I flew as if by faith!
I knew just how the eagle felt, designed for higher things...
A better hand I had been dealt, transforming hands to wings!
Each time I see an eagle soar to heights beyond my eyes,
I realise what dreams are for, to simply mesmerise.
Today, each pilot flies above, content to do his best...
Just like the eagle that I love... God help them to be blessed...

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Eagle Watch'.

Denis Martindale

A Water Melon's Truth 2

Roving back through the wild centuries,
At both rust and ripeness time,
To land blood-wet, with martyrs fed,
A water melon still conceives
What alone bears peace - a sweetheart,
Storing Summer's blood, with its timber-scent...

Each slice is meant for your lifetime sweet,
Munch as you would grapes or savouring kisses.
Her only hope: wish for nothing on earth,
Save eternal be her internal love's season,
So that every man wishes
He were in her place.

This is a variation on the poetry
by Yoonoos Peerbocus on poemhunter-dot-com
'A Water Melon's Truth', copyright 2009.

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Indian Sanctuary

The tiger rested in the sun
Without a single care...
Without the need to hunt or run,
This sense of peace was rare.
The tiger wasted none of this,
It just went with the flow...
Partaking of its share of bliss
And in its afterglow.
The afternoon was on its way,
No danger and no qualm.
No enemies to keep at bay,
No reason for alarm.
The tiger didn't understand
This sudden change of pace,
This Shangri-La, this Wonderland,
This blessing or this grace.
Why question what seemed meant to be?
Why fret when all goes well?
Be thankful for serenity,
Enjoy it for a spell.
The tiger's heart was tranquil, too.
Its rhythm matched the mood.
As if in safety in a zoo
Where Man provides the food.
You could call this a sanctuary,
A dream within a dream...
A pleasant place that's fancy free
Where nothing is extreme...
The tiger thought it Paradise
It knew it couldn't keep...
And so it simply closed its eyes,
Thanked God and went to sleep...

PoemHunter.com

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Indian Sanctuary'.

Denis Martindale

The Aliens Are Coming!

Yes, I know I'm just a poet and yet I'm quite sincere -
Just in case you didn't know it, the aliens are here!
I saw them leaving their spaceships, just like the Twilight Zone!
That's when they went on searching trips for me and me alone!
Of course, I ran when they saw me! I didn't stick around!
I didn't hide inside a tree - I hid beneath the ground!
Within a cave, where few have trod, I struggled to be safe...
From there, I prayed, in fear to God, somehow to make me brave!
I didn't feint, as some would do... and soon they went away...
So I was glad, I'm telling you, to live another day!
I told my Doctor who sat still and listened with a smile.
But then prescribed a purple pill that calmed me for a while.
The Mental Home has proved so nice... I've made so many friends.
I've met some aliens in disguise! More pills! It never ends!
My M.P. doesn't give a damn! It's time that he was sacked!
He's such a horrid little man! He also thinks I'm cracked...
My wife has been the worst of all! She sold the house last year!
While she's having herself a ball, the aliens love it here!

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale

If Not For Love

If not for love, who would be kissed?
Romance itself would not exist.
A billion songs would not be penned
And poetry would have an end.
The arts that we enjoy right now,
Would fade away in time somehow -
For who would sculpt and who would paint
Without the patience of a saint?
And what's a saint without a heart
That's full of love it would impart?
If not for love, no child would smile.
No queue would stand in single file.
No please, no thanks or God bless you!
No promise kept, no credit due,
No holding hands or soft caress,
No hope, no peace, no happiness,
No fervent prayer would reach God's Throne...
We would feel lost and so alone...
The world would spin and time would pass,
But life would be a foolish farce...
Not one of us would find life safe
Without strong heroes to be brave.
We know that emptiness within
Brings apathy that leads to sin.
There comes a parting of the ways -
There always is, if no-one prays...
If not for love, no rose would grow,
Because each rose would somehow know
If love had died, what use to live?
For who would buy and who would give?
If love left Earth and we lived on,
How soon before we sensed it gone?
An hour, a day, a week or more?
To tell the truth, I'm not quite sure!
For no-one wants to hold my hand
Or kiss my lips as I had planned...
In fact, upon my funeral...
I wonder who would care at all...

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale

There Must Be Another Way!

The dream began... I stood alone
Inside a hotel room...
Outside the window, bombs were blown,
Atomic, I presume.
Too late to change, too late to stop,
The distant death drew near.
More bombs above and then to drop,
No place to hide my fear.
I looked away, no time to run,
No chance that I'd survive.
So I stood still, for death had won -
No soul would stay alive.
The second dream... another place...
At home, with family.
The midnight hour and more disgrace...
More bombs that night to see.
Both dreams foretold our worst nightmares.
Defenceless day and night!
To live on Earth where no-one cares,
Yet each side thinks it's right!
Some say that World War's on the brink!
Destruction's aftermath!
How low can Mankind truly sink?
Behold our epitaph!
Unless God opens up our eyes,
Hell-bent we'll surely be!
While God alone is truly wise,
Our folly's plain to see!
Atomic bombs! We must be mad!
It's genocide not war!
We don't need school to show we're bad!
We're rotten to the core!
That's why we must be born again...
Repent, believe and pray!
Before Christ comes, we know not when,
THERE MUST BE ANOTHER WAY!

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Never Give Up!

The river seems uncrossable, the mountain seems too high,
The problem seems impossible, enough to make you sigh...
The challenge is too great a task, the waters are too deep,
The question is too vast to ask, enough to make you weep...
The burden is too hard to bear, the worries never end,
The sorrow seems too sharp to share, enough to spare your friend.
The heartaches make you wear a frown, the future looks so bleak,
The life you live still gets you down, enough to make you weak.
The battles offer fragile hope, the world wars cost too much,
The conscience mourns and tries to cope, enough to stay in touch.
The spirit yearns for something more, the sad soul yearns it, too.
The pilgrims pray at Heaven's Door, enough to see things through.
The demons rage against the light, the angels strive to win,
The Lord Himself will lead the fight! God knows He won't give in!
The passage through eternity, begins with steps of faith!
Never give up! Through Calvary, our God is strong to save!

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Arctic Beauty

The wily wolf deserves respect.
Some children think it's cute...
But most of us, I would suspect,
Are somewhat more astute!
The wolf is wild, no fast-formed friend,
Untamed by modern man.
It doesn't seek to comprehend
What humans want to plan...
The wolf is wary all the time,
To every sound it hears.
Its instincts are, of course, sublime,
Whenever danger nears!

The wolf survives cold Winter's spell...
Determined day-by-day...
To bide its time, then howl, 'Farewell! '
When Spring is here to stay!
The wolf delights in Summer's heat
With all that this entails -
For then, its speed is hard to beat,
In fact, it rarely fails.
The wolf is known to howl at night,
To serenade the moon...
This wailing noise can cause us fright
And some of us to swoon...

The wolf won't change to suit Mankind...
It's lived without his aid.
A wilder creature's hard to find.
The legends never fade.
The wolf is callous to the core,
Like any hunting beast.
Each bloodied tooth, each bloodied claw
Proves hunting hasn't ceased.
The wily wolf has cubs to feed,
The future to preserve...
It doesn't kill for hate or greed...
Just life upon this Earth...

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The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Arctic Beauty'.

Denis Martindale

The Prowler

The prowler lurks, the prowler stalks, the prowler softly treads.
The tiger smirks, the tiger walks, the tiger tension spreads.
The forest king intently stares... he feels the prey is close.
With every step, he shows he cares, for suddenly he knows.
It's time for him to concentrate, to focus with his mind.
For soon he must accelerate, to catch up from behind.
His muscles poised, his eyes alert, his ears now tuning in.
In seconds, he may quickly spurt, to race and then to win.
His heart beats wildly for the chase his instincts have foretold.
His prey will feel his warm embrace and yet it's cruel and cold...
He salivates for memories now come to his recall.
They torture him as if they tease, for who knows if he'll fall?
He doesn't always win the game that Nature makes him play.
Each hunt's unique and not the same, sometimes they get away...
He's hungry now... the forest king, the prowler on the path...
The ruler not the underling, who kills on his behalf.
Beware this mighty fiercesome one, he's not afraid of you...
If you see him, it's time to run... I know that's what I'd do...

PoemHunter.com

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'The Prowler'.

Denis Martindale

Beauty Beyond Belief!

Behold the beauty of her face, the twinkles in her eyes,
Her smile, her style, her noble grace, her countenance so wise.
Behold the beauty of her hair cascading left and right,
The way it shines beyond compare, so debonair and bright.
Behold the beauty of her lips like effervescent wine
And how genteel the lady sips when she decides to dine.
Behold the beauty of her neck, the pendants that she wears,
The choicest gems we're meant to check as she attracts our stares.
Behold the beauty of her form that stands out from the crowd...
Defiantly beyond the norm, she holds her head up proud...
For she's no timid little miss content that she's called cute...
For she's aware of all she is and seeks to stay astute.
In this old world, where youth excels, opportunity knocks...
It has been said that beauty sells as fast as diamond rocks.
To me, she's sweet, as good as gold, as fine as filigree.
When God made her, He broke the mould, for she's a sight to see...
From head-to-toe, beauty above and beauty underneath...
She's the reason I fell in love... Beauty beyond belief!

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Denis Martindale

The Children Of The Lord

From the beginning, it was decreed
That love in itself does not create life.
For love, even in its own form of life,
Has no power to create anything new.
Love is not God, but God is love.
It is He alone who brings forth life.
The human soul is bonded to its body.
From the creation of life, it is eternal.
Even after death, the soul goes on.
It is no light thing for consideration.
We do our part and the Lord does His.
Not all are granted an inheritance.
Even the righteous have no guarantee.
Even the redeemed have no certainty.
But to those who receive a child,
God looks upon the hearts of men and women,
Knowing the future as well as the past.
To Him, no secrets are Hid from His eyes.
Blessed are the ones who find His favour,
Yet do not boast and offend others.
Rejoice in your inheritance from the Lord.
It is your portion, now and for eternity.
Yet know this, love is patient...
A child is a fragile thing and slow to learn.
To teach a child is a great honour.
To love a child is a noble joy.
Be proud only in God's teachings.
They were not given in vain,
Nor without the sacrifice of Christ.
Prepare each child for the journey of life.
For what lies ahead is no easy path.
Money is a small gift compared to time.
Pity the child who has money but little love.
The children of the Lord learn to pray.
May they bring healing to their parents' hearts.
May they honour them and respect them also.
May they help around the happy home.
For what is love but a helping hand?
And what is love without a faithful spirit?

The Lord of Heaven knows us deeply.
His patience and longsuffering seek perfection.
Search yourselves to see the faults within.
Strive not for a better world, but a better you.
For the Lord created children for His glory.
May they sing the holy hymns and praise Him.
Teach them of the Teacher, Jesus, the Son of God...

Denis Martindale

Something Stirred

Something stirred and it stopped him still...
Tiger ever ready.
For him, this was no pleasant thrill...
Ears alert and steady.
Survival starts inside the heart...
Dramatically it screams!
Impulsive thoughts then shout, 'Depart! ',
To flee as fast as dreams!
For now, he waits a second noise,
So he can find its source.
He seems defenceless, without choice,
But he's a tour de force!

A single leap, then he'll be gone!
Try then to track him down!
His camouflage goes on and on,
Those stripes of great renown...
His eyes stare out like focused fire,
Like lazer beams ahead!
To any beasts that would conspire
To plan to see him dead!
Something stirred and his stripes must stay,
Exactly where he is...
It's not the time to run away,
As if life's hit and miss.

His instincts, raw as rattlesnakes,
Tell him to stand his ground...
He doesn't care how long it takes.
He waits that second sound!
Then, suddenly, it's to his right!
He leaps towards escape!
And all at once, he's out of sight!
No more a solid shape!
As fast as lightning cross the sky,
The tiger speeds away!
The wily one has passed Death by...
To live another day!

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The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Something Stirred'.

Denis Martindale

Why Poetry Matters

The English teacher spoke at length
To stimulate the class,
Still hoping they'd recall a tenth
Before the day must pass!
He mentioned poets long since dead,
Yet with a sense of awe.
The students had a sense of dread...
They'd heard it all before.
He mentioned Shakepeare and they groaned
At all those thees and thous.
He mentioned Milton and they moaned
For he was for highbrows.
He mentioned Mister Milligan
And read some funny verse...
But when the teacher thought he'd won,
It made the matter worse.

He told them straight, 'It's poetry
That teaches us anew...
It's magic and it's mystery
And each line has some clue.
If we unravel what each reads,
What wisdom will we find?
What treasure troves, what noble creeds,
What stories will unwind?
What insights does the poet know?
What revelations share?
What rhythmic words will overflow? '
They said, 'We just don't care! '
That's why the English teacher left,
Resigning that same day!
He emigrated, quite bereft...
But then earnt twice the pay...

The poem was written just before the TV programme.
Griff Rhys Jones explores the theme, 'Why Poetry Matters',
Broadcasted on BBC2 (UK) TV,20th May 2009...

Shakespeare, Milton and Mister Spike Milligan were featured on this splendid show as part of the BBC's Poetry Season...

Denis Martindale

Perfection! Absolute Perfection!

As soon as I laid eyes on her, I couldn't say a word!
The reason for that to occur? Romance within me stirred...
I couldn't move as we stood there, to offer her my hand,
Because my heart was deep in prayer! In Love's sweet wonderland!
'Hello, ' she said, 'Are you OK? Another lost in space! '
But still I stood, no words to say... still gazing on her face.
'Oh, no, it's happening again! You're smitten like the rest!
Hearts and flowers! Romantic men! So easily impressed!
A whiff of perfume and you're gone! Some blonde with silky hair!
Why can't you see it's all a con and that you should beware! ? '
But she was perfect! Without doubt! The best I've ever seen!
The evidence was all about! No wonder I was keen!
I told her straight, 'You're wonderful! The perfect Valentine!
To me, your lips are lovable, as sweet as newmade wine.
To me, your eyes are precious pearls, like sapphires in the sun.
For me, there'll be no other girls... for you're my perfect one.'
She sighed as if she'd heard it all, a thousand times before.
I sighed because I'd heard Love's call and couldn't want for more.
She walked away. She left me there. Still doting on her now...
Until I knew she didn't care... Could never care somehow...
I'll not forget her perfect smile before she spoke to me...
I'll dream of her a long, long while, until Love sets me free...

Denis Martindale

Making Waves

At last, I've made it here again.
I'm making waves once more!
How long it's been, I can't say when
Because I'm not quite sure...
Us tigers like to strut our stuff,
To wander fancy free...
Enjoying life, enjoying love!
I think most would agree...
As tigers, we can live like lords,
No matter where we are.
Whether it's crossing streams or fords,
We're nobles, near or far!
That's why I'm here, to make it known,
Not hiding out of sight.
I'm not afraid, no need to groan,
No reason now to fight.
I'm making waves, let others stare,
It's time to have some fun!
It's time to show I just don't care...
Perhaps it's too much sun...
When water looks as cool as this
And sparkles crystal clear,
I tell you that it's perfect bliss,
Pure paradise, my dear!
I'm making waves, I'm feeling great,
I'm here to seize the day!
Before the streams evaporate,
Let's take the time to play...
We may not be so blessed next time.
Find time for fun, somehow!
Life needn't be an uphill climb...
Let's take advantage! NOW!

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Making Waves'.

Denis Martindale

The Lion King

Two lions fought beneath the sun...
Their teeth as sharp as nails
And when their fight was truly done,
One lion tipped the scales.
The other lion fled the scene
And no more would return.
Though savage, wounded, no more keen
The mightier to learn.
The undefeated lion stood
And watched the loser leave.
He didn't think himself as good
And yet he didn't grieve.
This was their way for centuries,
Their ancient remedy.
Their battles for supremecies
Would end each mystery.
They'd never choose alternatives,
Their code they'd never flout.
No matter if one dies, one lives...
They'd fight to end the doubt.
Thus courage burns within their veins...
Volcanoes borne of rage.
Only the winner truly gains
The right to centre stage.
In truth, the winner takes it all.
The loser has no pride.
Although once mighty, doomed to fall,
Then to be cast aside.
Two lions fought beneath the sun...
For them, it was too late,
For soon, there'd only be the one
Who'd live to celebrate.
Each battle scar that's brought to mind,
Reminds him of this day...
The courage he was forced to find...
The price he had to pay...

The poem is based on the magnificent painting

by Stephen Gayford called 'The Lion King'.

Denis Martindale

Silence Is Golden

With midnight gone, the soldier prayed...
No sign of self-control.
For war was here and faith had strayed
And he was in a hole.
Alone in battle like a lamb,
That's lost as lost can be,
The soldier sought the great I AM
And Christ and Calvary...
He had this fear, this mortal dread,
This heightened sense of death.
This time, he needed Christ who bled...
Jesus of Nazareth...
The soldier held his rifle tight
And listened to each sound
And yet he prayed, with all his might,
For angels all around.
By faith, he claimed them for his own,
Assured that they were near.
For suddely, his faith had grown,
No longer did he fear.
The rifle rested gently now,
No longer gripped so hard.
The soldier wiped his fevered brow,
Now angels were on guard...
The enemy were everywhere...
They searched and yet he stayed.
He sensed that God had time to spare...
Why should he be dismayed?
The enemy advanced no more,
For God had other plans.
It didn't matter, peace or war...
This world He daily scans.
'This far, no further shall they go.
This far, then to retreat.'
For God is always in the know,
Thanks to His Mercy Seat.
God's Throne is where our prayers ascend.
Where He alone is Judge.
Where God alone, the Christian's friend,

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Stays firm and shall not budge.
He may seem silent as the grave,
When Death stalks all about,
But God is always strong to save
And enemies to rout...

Denis Martindale

Winter Sunbather

The tiger yawned as he walked on...
The snow had slowed him down...
He'd wait it out till it was gone,
For now, he wore a frown.
The sun reflected in his eyes.
He squinted now and then.
Conserving strength was very wise...
And so he stopped again.
With paws outstetched, his mood soon thawed...
He settled in one place.
No longer was he overawed.
The sun he chose to face...
Another yawn... his eyelids closed,
As if this were the norm,
Yet not so bad as he supposed...
His coat would soon be warm.
While most would sleep contentedly,
This tiger kept his cool.
His head held high for all to see,
He proved he was no fool.
His claws retracted 'neath the fur...
His heartbeat soothed within...
And so he stayed and wouldn't stir,
Until the sun gave in...

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Winter Sunbather'.

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Splash!

The tiger strolled quite merrily,
As if without a qualm
And those that watched could plainly see
That he was mighty calm.
It was as if the stream was his,
To do with as he pleased.
It was a sight no-one should miss,
As tiger tension eased...
So there he was, content to play,
As kittens often do
And suddenly to splash away,
As if this game were new.
The fish were off, they scattered fast,
They had no furry friends.
The tiger didn't feel downcast,
Why should he take offence?
The day was young, he was there first,
The others had to wait...
This was his time to quench his thirst...
Next time, they won't be late.
Splash here, splash there, splash everywhere.
Who cares if it annoys?
As long as he had time to spare,
The pebbles were his toys.
He moved them left, he moved them right,
He flicked one so it flew.
Some birds above him soon took flight,
For all at once fear grew.
The tiger grinned to see such fun.
He knew they were perplexed.
That's when he flicked another one,
Amused that they were vexed.
He strolled along then slowly drank...
He sipped it like champagne.
Then in deep waters slowly sank
Till he was clean again...
When he was through, he left it all...
The sun would dry him soon.
Then through the tall grass he would crawl

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And hunt that afternoon...

The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Splash'.

Denis Martindale

Forest Stream

The lonesome tiger waded through
The forest stream one day.
I'd watched him, though he had no clue,
With equal stealth to stay.
I saw the tiger tread his path,
Suspecting everything.
This was no peaceful, joyful bath...
Who knows what life can bring?
The hunter knows what trees can hide...
He dare not make mistakes.
And so he stares, eyes open wide...
When crossing streams and lakes.
His ears are scanning left and right...
His life depends on these.
He needs them every day and night,
With sudden noise he'll freeze.
His senses span the spectrum's range
And profit from their news.
Detecting every second's change,
Exchanging points of views.
Reflexes spark the sudden chase,
When prey seeks to escape.
When all at once, it's one mad race
And then the hunt takes shape.
For now, the tiger wades the stream,
Defensive at this time...
For me, it's like I'm in a dream...
To see him in his prime...

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The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'Forest Stream'.

Denis Martindale

Prove Your Love!

The rarest gemstones found on Earth
Are treasured everywhere!
As if they symbolise the worth
Of sweethearts that we share!
She may be special, just to you...
The apple of your eye!
Who brings you joys forever new,
Each year, as time goes by...
What is her ring size? Do you know?
Does she like diamond rings?
Is she excited by their glow
Or long for other things?
Does she like necklaces of pearls?
Or rubies, garnets, quartz?
Maybe she's not like choosy girls,
But merely likes all sorts!
She may have handbags by the score
And shoes you've never seen,
Yet may like sapphires even more
And emeralds ever green.
But most of all, it warms her heart,
To look her best for you!
But first, it helps to do your part,
To prove you love her, too!
Some wise guys know what women want!
Romantic gifts with style!
Presented in a restaurant
With love to make them smile...
So prove your love each day, each week,
Each month and year-by-year!
She's good as gold! She's quite unique!
Tell her, 'I LOVE YOU, DEAR! '

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

The Day I Died

Yes, it was just another day -
The sun rose once again
To send the night upon its way
And light the world of men.
The children woke to go to school,
While I slept on in bed.
Old men feel tired as a rule,
So I dreamt on instead.
At ten o'clock, I got up, too.
I got dressed as before.
I did the things I had to do,
Although they were a chore.
I opened letters, read them all
And put the TV on.
The cup I held began to fall...
My balance now was gone.
I hit the floor quite suddenly,
Confusion then set in.
The ceiling stared right back at me.
I knew I couldn't win.
So there I was, with nervous breath,
My hand upon my heart...
Aware, above all, facing death -
Expecting to depart.
I lay there, waiting on the Lord,
My Saviour and my King -
To whom I turned for each reward
And every blessed thing.
I heard no voice, no angel came,
No vision at that time
And yet, by faith, I spoke Christ's Name,
With hope that felt sublime.
My spirit left my body there
And left my world behind...
I rose to meet Christ in the air,
The Saviour of Mankind.
Eternal life had been bestowed
The second I believed.
My spirit felt no heavy load,

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For I no longer grieved.
The day I died, no more to roam,
Was just a stepping stone...
The precious day Christ called me home...
To kneel before God's Throne...

Denis Martindale

African Evening

'Isn't this nice? ' the lioness said,
'A summer breeze and day near dead
And crystal clear enough to search,
To hunt again, if I've the urge.
Of course, I might just have a snooze...
For now, I'm fine, nothing to lose.
No cubs to crush this quiet time...
The day's gone well, in fact, sublime.
So belly down and front paws stretched,
To watch the sky this day has sketched...
To gaze serenely without cares
And look at clouds pass by in pairs.
Life's not so bad, still lots to learn.
I'll find a mate, when it's my turn.
There's no rush yet - this year, next year.
I'm quite content just lying here...
I've got no stomach pains today -
No cause to kill or hunt new prey.
No need to see death haunt the eyes
As suddenly my next meal dies...
For now, it's peaceful as can be -
There's no sign here of misery...
There's just the sun... and clouds above...
And, somehow, these things seem enough.
No thirst have I, as evening calls,
No lions here, no evening brawls,
No lions roaring back and forth,
Just nothing south, east, west and north.
This land is mine and mine alone -
A greater peace I've never known.
I'm getting sleepy in this sun,
Yet glad to know my work is done.
So sleep it is... just lying down...
To rest again, take off the crown,
To put aside one's majesty...
To savour life, as one born free...'

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The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'African Evening'.

Denis Martindale

High And Mighty

The lion lives another day
And soon it will be night.
He doesn't care, for come what may,
He taught himself to fight.
His jaws spring open! Hear him roar!
'Beware! ' he says, 'Beware! '
High and mighty in tooth and claw,
To claim the lion's share!
Stand clear, if you love life at all!
Stand clear and let him pass!
The lion's strength helps us recall,
He's in a different class...
God gave him claws, God gave him teeth,
God gave him hunting skills.
Let others stare in disbelief,
As savagely he kills.
His thoughts are his, his actions, too.
Let others dare to judge.
Let each one hold his point of view...
From his, he will not budge.
High and mighty and taking pride
In all that he surveys.
In all the dangers he defied
And conquered nights and days.
To weather storms and yet survive...
To hunt before death strikes...
To drink again, when rains arrive...
To wander as he likes...
To live and love the mate he chose,
New life to carry on...
For even life comes to a close
And he, too, will be gone.
For now, he stares on his domain,
Its sovereign, lord and king...
His like will never come again
In any living thing...

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The poem is based on the magnificent painting
by Stephen Gayford called 'High And Mighty'.

Denis Martindale

The Furst Poem

This is me fairy furst poem
Wot I effer rote
So I arsk pleez pay attenshun.
Rite now and pleez take note.
Its true I avent got a clue
But I will try me best
Yule sea if I can sea it throo.
May be yule be imprest.
I hope you share it wiv yor frends.
Its gud too av a go.
I like too keep fokes in suspence
Too reed lions too and fro.
Frum left too rite and bak agin
Not knowin wot cums next.
Yet ware it ends I know not wen.
Like you Im sumtimes vext.
Im aving fun wiv rimes like thees.
Ive writen me furst harf.
Ill reech the end by slow deekrees
And may be make you larf.
Hour teecher says Ive got a gift.
I'm kwite the laidees man.
And may be soon she mite get kist.
Thats allways been me plan.
Ill share this soon and then wheel sea.
Purrhaps ten out off ten.
If less than five no moor frum me.
Ill neffer rite agin!

Denis Martindale

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The Longest Poem In The World

The longest poem in the world
Went on and on and on...
So much that when it was unfurled,
Rolled on and on and on...
Folks were entranced when first they read,
Yet none could see it through.
For soon they had to go to bed
And sleep as sleepers do.
The fastest speakers had their turn,
Attempting what they could,
Yet they grew hoarse to likewise learn
That it did them no good.
Computer geeks were rallied round,
Translating text to speech.
It wore the geeks into the ground,
Too far beyond their reach.
God called His angels to His Throne
And asked for volunteers,
Yet when the poem's length was known,
They knew it would take years!
Despite this fact, God's Son stood proud
And said it was sublime...
And solemnly that day He vowed
That He would spare the time.
So God agreed and Jesus left
And read the poem through...
God missed His Son and felt bereft,
Yet time in Heaven flew.
God's Son returned with His report,
The poem to explain...
He shared the poet's every thought,
The power of his brain...
The angels listened patiently
And when Jesus was done,
They praised the Lord in ecstasy
And thanked God for His Son!
The longest poem to recall!
From the oldest man who lived!
For Christ alone had read it all -

Methusaleh's greatest gift!

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Denis Martindale

The Rapture, My Father And I

'Son, follow me up the mountain! ' my Father said to me.
'The Rapture will occur this day, today, just wait and see! '
He led the way and I stayed near, to make sure he was safe
And all the while he shared the truth that helped explain his faith.
I listened first in wonderment to learn he'd been baptised.
He'd never told me this before or when he trusted Christ.
'He comes again to snatch away the ones He gave new birth.
So please believe! It's not too late! It's time to leave this Earth! '
I smiled, pretending to agree, as we walked upward still...
With him convinced we'd soon be gone, according to God's will.
The sun was shining, all was clear. There was no sign of gloom.
No flash of lightning cross the skies and no portent of doom.
My Father raised his hands on high. He said, 'We're ready, Lord! '
And in the twinkling of an eye, God judged me as a fraud!
My Father vanished suddenly! His clothes fell to the ground!
I stood alone and wept and wept... Nobody else around...

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

The Gifts That Say ' I Love You! '

As long as love exists on Earth
And stars in Heaven shine,
As long as love can prove its worth
And there's a Valentine,
As long as there's a single prayer
And rainbows in the sky,
I'll honour her, my lady fair,
With jewels that I'll buy.
I'll cherish her, my whole life through,
With golden gifts each year,
Adorned with gemstones red and blue
And diamonds crystal clear.
They'll never match her sparkling eyes
Or pearly teeth so white
And yet in all, they're my best buys,
To bring her such delight.
Thank God that craftsmen fashion rings,
Exquisite as can be,
Such that they're fit for queens and kings
And then sold on Sky tv!

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Prejudice In The Last Days

Another soul, it's not your own... and yet you get a thrill,
As you stand proud and cast a stone, perhaps new blood to spill...
With wicked words, watch evil spread and escalate some more...
And without love, you count the dead, as peace descends to war.
Behold the glory of your hate as terrors are unleashed
And call it Destiny or Fate, your soul is like the Beast.
For he seems noble from the start, yet spirits guide his path...
And he will spare no broken heart, but write their epitaph.
Consider this, before life ends, for God who rules above,
Demands of us that we make friends and conquer hate with love.
With prejudice, God's Son was slain, yet what on Earth was gained?
That's why God raised His Son again with multitudes retrained.
Beatitudes that Jesus teached have crossed the whole world wide,
In every precious sermon preached about Christ crucified.
Let God be God and Man be Man. Let hatred be cast out.
Togetherness observes God's plan and tempers every doubt.
When nations seek the ways of peace, in preference to war,
God's wonders, then, will never cease and who could want for more?

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Denis Martindale

The Beautiful Kate!

Black sapphires nestle in her hair
And in her eyebrows, too.
Her gentle smiles, so sweet to share,
Are blessings ever new.

So statuesque, with noble grace,
Each pose a memory...
She draws us near with just a gaze...
She's such a sight to see.

Her hair cascades like waterfalls
And glistens now and then...
And suddenly my heartbeat stalls,
Then starts I know not when.

Yet in those moments, time stood still,
When love was in the air...
When all at once I felt a thrill,
That seemed beyond compare.

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God blesses those who seek to please,
Who dress their best each day,
Who radiate a sense of peace
In all they do and say.

So I'll be thankful for each twirl,
So cheerful, chic and great...
Who is this truly lovely girl?
She's the beautiful Kate...

Denis Martindale

* The Cross Of Christ

The jeering crowd like jackals stood,
To see what must be done.
Though once they thought this man was good,
They didn't see God's Son.
They called Him Rabbi, Teacher, Lord,
Yet now He was Rome's slave.
So all His claims were now ignored,
For who was He to save?
The nails were driven deep inside...
More drops of blood soon fell...
Once lifted, hoisted, crucified,
His life was just like Hell.
Torment and torture lay ahead.
Excruciating pain.
His scourged back stung and bled and bled
As briars bruised His brain.
His mother wept each passing hour.
'Dear God, have pity, please! '
And yet there came no sign of power,
No rescue, no release.
The soldiers gambled for His clothes.
One wash and they'd be clean.
His life and death the Father chose,
Thus stays the Nazarene.
'It is finished! ' the Saviour screamed
With one great final sigh...
Though not defeated as it seemed,
For Jesus had to die.
To think, the Holy Spirit shares
Forgiveness in His Name!
No other man on Earth compares.
Not one could do the same.
For all have sinned and gone astray
Like sheep in darkest night.
But blessed are they that find the Way
And walk within His light...
He died for you. He died for me.
God's Son fulfilled God's plan.
From Calvary came clemency!

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Behold the Son of Man!
Behold the blood! Behold the Lord!
For this man was the Christ!
The Lamb of God! His heart outpoured!
The Saviour sacrificed!
Not one could count the sins Christ sees
That Jesus suffered for!
Behold the precious Prince of Peace,
The King of Love and more!

Denis Martindale

Lauren And The Lord

The choir sang, I saw her face,
Her teeth as white as pearls,
As she personified God's grace,
Adorned with pure blonde curls.
Her hair was golden like the sun
That spreads its warmth above,
As if like threads, her hair was spun,
To radiate with love.
Her faith in God was at its height...
No greater could it spare.
Her sacred song a true delight,
If only we would care.
The Gospel truths lived in her heart,
Her spirit, mind and soul.
Her precious purpose to impart
God's way to make us whole.
Forgiveness and eternal life!
Salvation here and now!
New birth, not merely to survive,
But to fulfill God's vow!
If only I could sing like her,
So glad that Jesus came -
Foretold by Moses and Micah,
For sins, Christ took the blame!
What did she know? What secret truth?
What made her look so blessed?
Beyond her beauty and her youth,
What made me so impressed?
The words she sang that very hour
Brought joy I've never known!
God shared with me the Saviour's power!
What favour I'd been shown!
To think, Christ went to Calvary,
Our sins to take away...
To die for you... to die for me...
It makes me want to pray...
Perhaps in time, I'll stand up proud
And like her join the choir...
With head held high! To sing out loud!

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For Jesus! The Messiah!

Denis Martindale May 2009.

GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

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Denis Martindale

* Here Is My Incredible Invisible Poem!

Denis Martindale

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Water Miracle!

Two gases gelled and fluid formed and flowed on planet Earth.
A billion droplets swiftly swarmed, the oceans to give birth.
The fish were scattered here and there and dolphins added, too.
Above them, rainbows would appear, to glorify the view.
The vapours rose upon the breeze that circled far and wide.
Then storm clouds buzzed, like bothered bees, alive, electrified!
As lightning bolts streaked up and down and to the left and right,
Like miracles of great renown, they made Man fear the sight!
The storm subsided, life went on. Man's tears mixed with the rain.
When Winter came with Summer gone, God sent us snow again.
Thus snowmen melted slow, sublime, with carrots on the ground.
Forgotten soon when Father Time another New Year found...
The April showers came to call... the daffodils rejoiced.
Whenever raindrops choose to fall, the dry earth becomes moist.
It stores the streaming far below, where most men fear to tread,
For God the Father's in the know and plans for what's ahead...
Yes, He's got water on the brain! All things are in His hand!
The miracle of latter rain awaits the Lord's command!
It's elementary, my dear! Two gasses now combined!
Be glad for water, crystal clear, beloved by all Mankind...

Denis Martindale

An Aspect Of Water

An aspect of water
Is that it owns all, yet possesses nothing,
That it is service-bent, yet never spent...
It is the revered ancestor of all living things...
It steams upward, with its heat held glorified,
As a newborn streaming stretching body of the sky...
To draw down from heaven... both beauty and grace...

Shower-made, it falls fast and thin
Upon the oldest survivor, Earth...
All ears, listen through the ear
To each drop's eternal music,
Whose separate consciousness
Dances to the rhythms of the waves...

(This is an edited version for comparison only...
The original poetry is by Yoonoos Peerbocus
Use the Poem Search to find the title itself...)

http: //www.poemhunter.com/poem/an-aspect-of-water/

Denis Martindale

Son Of Perdition

Behold the stars that shine above and on the beast newborn.
Behold the man who knows not love, just bitterness and scorn.
Behold the man of ill repute - his smiles that gleam and gleam.
Behold the man behind the suit - his hatred is extreme.
Behold the answers that he shares, his miracles and gifts.
Behold the economic scares and problems that he lifts.
Behold the dark tools of his trade, his sorceries and spells.
Behold the blasphemies displayed as if from poisoned wells.
Behold the leaders in his thrall, the slaves and armies, too.
Behold the devils at his call and what he made them do.
Behold the billions he controlled like puppets on their strings.
Behold the billions in his fold and kings his underlings.
Behold the horns upon his head to match his demon heart.
Behold the souls that he misled, the lives he tore apart.
Behold what God will send to Hell! Unsaved! No remission!
Behold what prophecies foretell... Lost son of perdition...

Denis Martindale

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Messiah: The First Judgement

++++++++++++++++++ INTRODUCTION ++++++++++++++++++
+++++++++++++++ Who of this Earth is higher +++++++++++++++
+++++++++++++++ Than Jesus the Messiah! ? +++++++++++++++
++

When God breathed life in Adam's form, He poured His Spirit there
And in his life's blood, red and warm, He made Man self-aware.
Thus Adam knew what sin had done when from God's tree he ate,
Yet one day God sent us His Son to face an awful fate!
When Mary knew the Lord blessed her, she said, 'May it be so! '
When Joseph at first addressed her, his doubts began to grow...
Within a dream, the Lord revealed that he must act with faith.
Reluctantly he had to yield and so God's Son was safe...
In Bethlehem, where Christ was born, some shepherds came to call.
For to His manger they were drawn and at His feet to fall.
In time, the child became a man, a preacher to the lost.
In time, to die, to serve God's plan, but first to count the cost!
The Teacher left Gethsemane - He knew the Father's will.
He bled His way to Calvary and climbed Golgotha's hill...
And there He agonised and died, Jesus of Nazareth!
And though the Lord was crucified, God raised His Son from death!
Behold the Saviour! Praise the Lord! Believe and be baptised!
Accept God's Word and be assured! Hosanna in the highest!
The Rapture waits its godly time - so preach God's Word anew!
Salvation's truths are quite sublime: Christ died for me and you!

Denis Martindale

The Glory Of God's Creation!

Who has not felt calmed by the passing
of a solitary cloud across the heavens?

Who has not felt inspired
by the starry night above?

Who has not felt a debt of gratitude
for all that we have been given
on this solitary planet called Earth?

What beauty surrounds us in the Summer season,
when we take stock of the glory of Creation
and revel in its myriad fashions and forms.

Together, with the miracle of sight,
we behold spectacle after spectacle -
from a full-grown man to a fragile blade of grass.

Our senses are alive to the Universe,
as we behold the majesty of the sizzling sun above.
Is it any wonder that Man is humbled by it all?

It is for this reason that we know
there really is a God
who loves us dearly...

The Psalms celebrate Creation...
and so should we... together...
For we are humanity,
fearfully and wonderfully made.

Created for a purpose
and an eternal destiny.
Created to praise the Creator,
the King of Love...

Day follows day,
night follows night,
weeks turn into years.

Let us give thanks today...
for now, this is all we have...

Denis Martindale

The Fall Of Lucifer

God the Spirit beheld the void,
Unformed without a land...
With all the wisdom He employed,
Envisioned what He planned...
And then before the birth of space
And time and life and thought,
He saw the Universe take place,
Yet not as some are taught.
When angels worshipped God above,
They looked on Earth with awe...
As God made Adam with true love,
Yet what was Adam for?
Thus angels asked what destiny
Awaited human flesh...
Condemned by curiousity,
Distrust was born afresh...
Archangels pondered just the same
When Eve from Adam's rib
Prevented praises of God's Name,
For silence stilled worship!
Confusion reigned and God cast out
The rebels Satan led!
Thus Lucifer, the Lord of Doubt,
Cast doubts in poor Eve's head...
When Adam followed in her sin,
God punished all Mankind -
Yet Lucifer did not give in...
Forgiveness was declined!
The Devil's doomed to crawl in Hell...
For all eternity...
As all God's prophecies foretell
That follow Calvary!
Billions live on Earth today.
So few alive to God...
In Jesus Christ, some know the Way!
Each soul bought by His Blood!
The rest are lost in grievous sins
And Hell they all deserve...
I'd rather love God's precious Prince

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Who gave us life on Earth...

Denis Martindale

Created In God's Image

God's spirit yearned to recreate
Himself in human form...
He fashioned Adam to be great
With living blood so warm!
Five senses ruled his waking hours
Before his dreams were born,
But Lucifer, with jealous powers,
Looked on with mounting scorn!
'Is flesh to be eternal now? '
He pondered questions new...
'There must be more to this somehow!
Yet what am I to do?
This must not be! It can't be right!
I'll fight with my last breath! '
And so his spirit, black as night,
Grew plans for Adam's death!
When Eve awoke at Adam's side
For all eternity,
The Devil's eyes were opened wide
And fixed on trickery!
'She's weak as water, soft as clay,
As fluid as the sea...
With doubts I'll lead her trust astray -
Then she'll belong to ME! '
With words as subtle as a snake,
He slithered in her mind...
'Forbidden fruit! ? It's yours to take!
What secrets will you find?
What wisdom waits? What blessings there?
How can your heart ignore?
Discover truths God hates to share!
They'll shake you to the core! '
When Eve devoured all she could,
She laughed and Adam heard.
He, too, believed the fruit was good
And disobeyed God's word!
And so began mortality...
The Earth knows that full well!
While Satan's set for agony,

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Please don't join him in Hell!
Lord Jesus died lost souls to save
And Mankind to restore...
Beyond this life... Beyond the grave...
Salvation evermore...

Denis Martindale

Linnea

THE LOVELY LADY LINNEA

A winsome lass I spied one day
Who cared not for herself.
As she went on her winsome way,
She thanked God for her health.
From street-to-street and road-to-road,
She raised funds for the poor
And so her blessings overflowed
As she knocked door-to-door.
With total love her foremost thought,
Her soft voice spoke to me.
I told her of the things I'd bought
Supporting charity.
I passed them to their High Street shops,
Where they'd be sold anew
And so the blessing never stops,
As I bade them, 'Adieu! '
To hold things back, while others starve,
Is cruelty indeed.
The world is one big cake to carve,
Yet still, some pray in need.
She made me think of years ago,
When charities helped me,
When savings were so hard to grow -
Ask any family...
When I looked back, my heart gave thanks.
I promised that I'd give
And as before, from out my banks,
My money helped some live.
Though I may never know their names,
I've helped fulfill God's plan.
Like Jesus, Peter, John and James,
I've helped my fellow man.
The winsome lass continued on...
Another street to bless...
And in a moment she was gone...
With smiles of happiness...

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GOD BLESS YOU AS YOU BLESS GOD!
DO SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR HIM...

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the Christian channel on UK Sky TV 581
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Denis Martindale

The Lovely Lady Linnea

A winsome lass I spied one day
Who cared not for herself.
As she went on her winsome way,
She thanked God for her health.
From street-to-street and road-to-road,
She raised funds for the poor
And so her blessings overflowed
As she knocked door-to-door.
With total love her foremost thought,
Her soft voice spoke to me.
I told her of the things I'd bought
Supporting charity.
I passed them to their High Street shops,
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Denis Martindale

Eternal Legacy

The dream began with distant stars, the sun and moon in view.
I looked at Venus, then at Mars and then I saw Earth, too.
Then suddenly they disappeared! No longer in my sight!
What meant the vision that I feared? For all went black as night!

I heard a voice! It stopped my heart! It filled my soul with grief!
Tranquillity was torn apart to question my belief!
I sensed this was the King of Kings, Jesus, the Lord of Lords!
The One of whom each angel sings, the bringer of rewards!

'What's your eternal legacy? ' The Saviour asked me straight.
I showed no sign of certainty and had to make Him wait.
I thought of every noble deed that I had ever done
In answer to the Holy Creed in service to God's Son.

'You know the good, You know the bad! The future's yet to be!
What more have I that's left to add? What extra legacy?
Beyond the property I leave, upon my final breath,
What more on Earth can You receive that follows from my death? '

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Then Jesus said, 'Pray for the Jews! Pray for Jerusalem!
Pray for lost souls so they may choose the blood I shed for them!
Ask God to guide your daily path, for light to lead the way,
Before men read your epitaph, save souls from Judgment Day! '

With that a silence followed on... I rose to greet the morn...
The truths He shared have never gone... they meet me every dawn!
I'll not forget the way He spoke that time I lay asleep...
For in that dream, before I woke, I heard my Saviour weep...

Denis Martindale

Adam And Eve And Jesus

I wonder how beautiful Eve was. Was she so beautiful
That Adam was swayed by her beauty?
Or was it like an echo of doubt within his own heart?
Or did he believe that Eve was sent by God
As if to say, 'Don't worry about what I said before...
It's OK, go ahead, eat the fruit. It's just fruit.
It can make you wise, but don't worry...
You won't really die...'

Was Eve already pregnant before she ate the fruit?
Was this fruit like a pregnant woman's craving
For something illogical?
Or was it that she was jealous of Adam
Naming the animals and even her as well?

For whatever reason she ate the fruit,
Remember, she was still alive. She didn't fall down dead.
She was still within that same day.
So Adam should have had a brain in his head that said,
'I'll wait till tomorrow! If she's still alive then,
I can consider God as telling us a lie...'

In that same day,
Sin in its wretched contamination perverted Mankind.
Here, in Genesis,
We learn that God would send a Saviour.
Throughout the Old Testament,
We learnt more and more of God's plan.

The passion of the Christ shows us
The courage it takes to be a Saviour.
But how many would pray
And intercede for torturers and sadists?

Throughout the centuries since, we have a Saviour.
He is the King of Love and the Prince of Peace,
The Good Shepherd and the Lamb of God,
The Friend of Sinners yet the Justified Judge.

His name is Jesus and He is truly unique, special, holy.
No wonder billions honour Him every day,
For they, too, have known of Genesis
And seen the revelation...

Denis Martindale

From Genesis To Revelation

When Adam named each living thing, as he was told to do,
He saw that some could fly and sing. 'Why can't I do these, too? '

He saw some creatures burrow down beneath the earth below
And this new puzzle made him frown, 'Where do such creatures go? '

He saw the sun, he saw the moon and stars that filled the sky.
'Why does the sunshine go so soon? ' Such riddles made him sigh.

So many questions filled his head when he was all alone.
He closed his eyes and dreamt instead with answers still unknown.

When Eve arrived, he saw her face and welcomed this new start.
This miracle had proved God's grace for prayers within his heart.

But Eve, beguiled by Satan's lies, led Adam's heart astray
And from their Earthly Paradise, these two were led away.

The Bible says that all have sinned. We live, but then we die.
For by God's laws each soul is pinned unless God's grace comes by.

Thus Jesus died as Easter shows - His life's blood sacrificed.
His righteousness pays what each owes and so we trust in Christ.

Believers preach what we've been taught. God blesses every word
That says how Jesus Christ has brought new life as our shepherd.

God's revelation comes to you - like prayers that fly to Heaven!
The most important thing to do - believe, so you're forgiven!

God blesses those who turn in faith and trust the King of Love!
He promises each soul is safe, forevermore above...

Denis Martindale

Jesus Or Barabbas?

Barabbas stood before the crowd,
Then Pontius Pilate spoke,
'One freed prisoner I'm allowed! '
And yet it was no joke.
The King rejected was Jesus,
Still crowned with bloodied thorns.
Then they selected Barabbas,
From whom all hatred spawns.

The Nazarene was led away,
To climb Golgotha's hill...
Barabbas didn't choose to stay
To watch another kill.
He'd seen enough of Roman death
And vowed revenge and more
And yet Jesus of Nazareth
Was so hard to ignore...

A trail of blood led to the Cross...
And there God's Son was nailed...
And though divine, He stayed because
God's faith in Him prevailed.
His Mother, Mary, mourned and mourned
As hours slowly passed...
And while the wicked scorned and scorned,
The sky was overcast.

In twilight now, as darkness fell,
A faithful thief thought twice.
When Jesus rescued him from Hell,
He promised Paradise.
That very day, as Jesus said,
Both souls would soon depart
And just to check if Christ was dead,
They pierced Him through the heart.

But God was faithful to His Son...
Christ left His shroud behind!
Through Easter, we know Christ has won

Salvation for Mankind!
Forgiveness granted through God's plan!
Christ's blood has proved enough!
Behold the Cross! Behold the Man!
Behold the King of Love...

Denis Martindale

The Girl With Lovely Lips

So sweet of face was she to me, with eyes like sapphire stones!
Her voice a softened harmony, just like an angel owns...
Her song was music to my ears, a Spirit-filled embrace...
And I'll recall, throughout the years, a miracle took place!
In seconds, she had drawn me close - in minutes, I was hers.
How long I stared, God only knows, yet that's how love occurs!
Each chorus made my heart to melt, like sunshine warms the ice...
For deep inside, that's how I felt - because she looked so nice!
Her lips like garnets gently smiled, beneath her cheeks so pink -
Her countenance, so meek, so mild, I didn't want to blink!
To think, I didn't know her name, her age or her address,
Yet knew I'd never be the same or find such happiness!
I'll pray for her! May she be blessed! As blessed as I feel now!
Because, to me, she was the best God's mercy could allow...
If she were mine, my fingertips would reach to hold her hand...
I'd gently kiss her lovely lips and hope she'd understand.
Each lover knows this magic spell may fade away in time...
God bless her heart, for I can tell, she's lovely, sweet, sublime...

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale

Ask Not For Whom The Bell Tolls

It is a matter of life and death.
We sense our mortality in the destiny of another.
This isn't easy for us to confront.
We seek ignorance of such final thoughts.
Only those who have been made aware,
Can truly face death.
We look at its empty eyes and see nothing.
At first, we are afraid.
This is our human existence at stake.
If we were merely mortals, then this would be normal.
However, humans are not merely mortals.
Every single word within us cries out against the waste.
I am unique. So are you.
There is an expression,
'We will never see his like again.'

Even so, Easter has taught us
That God preserves the life force beyond death.
It is the hope of resurrection
That sustains us in this life.
Those that have this faith in God,
Believe in the past, the present AND the future
And we therefore spend our lives
In prayer and good works.
No matter where we are,
While there is a single thought left within us,
We can still pray.
This is life.
Not the striving for more and more things,
While others starve to death.

Let's be more sympathetic
In regard to complete strangers,
Men, women and children
Facing terrifying squalor, disease and persecution.
It's easy to feel sorry
For the good old Georges of this world,
Because they are the good ones we don't want to lose.
But what about the tiny babies

Who haven't the strength to lift a finger
To do any good works?
They are more deserving if left to live a full life
Than the ones who have already lived for decades...
Many of these have never seen a shoe...
And they don't even know that each one of them
Has an eternal soul...

Denis Martindale

Marching To The Beat Of A Different Drummer

While music soothes the savage beast
Like hymns and psalms soothe Man,
Soothsayers say that God is pleased
When we observe His plan.
The Bible prophets speak the word,
The Universe obeys,
When faith declares and truth is stirred
Like now, without delays...
How else could Jesus heal the blind,
The deaf and dumb as well?
How else could Jesus heal Mankind
And save lost souls from Hell?
In Genesis, when Adam lived,
With Eve close to his side,
God prophesied a future gift -
The Saviour crucified!
The battle's raged from that day on,
When Satan knew God's Laws
That teach us till all doubt has gone,
We're trapped in Satan's claws!
The Son of God was sent below -
A sign we can't dismiss!
His love and blessings overflow -
Eternal life and bliss!
He beats His drum for us on Earth
Within each Bible verse,
To prove to us each soul has worth,
Despite the Devil's curse!
Accept, believe, receive, repent!
Find out and be surprised!
The Israel Tour shows Jesus went
To prove He was the Christ!
The passion of the Christ declares
That He's unbeatable!
His drum still beats in all our prayers!
His heartbeat's wonderful!
No other heart was pierced like His,
Such that His blood poured out!
Thus devils fear God's great promise

When Jesus walks about!
The different drummer bangs His drum!
He begs us to be wise!
One day, we'll see His kingdom come -
Prepare for Paradise!

Denis Martindale

Sophie The Trophy?

Just because a man says he loves a woman,
He must not stand in her way if she chooses another.
To choke another is not showing love
For what that person is prepared to do.

We can't hold on to those who reject such a hold on them.
They are not fish we can take home and put into display cases
Or dead body trophies to hang on a wall.
They each have feelings with their own special blessings
Reserved for the ones they choose to live their lives with.

Unless two are in agreement, they cannot walk together.
Unrequited love is an exquisite torture.
Usually, the love fades away and we fall in love again,
Like Romeo fell in love with Juliet, the love of his life.

So it isn't always for the best or for the worst.
It's just life, random chance, a woman's right
To change her mind... and move on...
It's called freedom and as we know,
Freedom comes at a very high price...

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Where Was Love?

The maiden mourned within her heart
Where all our best dreams grow.
She knew life had a missing part,
For love she didn't know.
She'd never met a likely lad,
With twinkles in his eyes...
No wonder that she felt so sad
And pondered full of sighs...

Her life continued day-by-day,
No-one to hold her tight.
No-one with sweet words meant to say,
'You are my one delight! '
And so her sighs turned into tears
That fell on stony ground...
And weeks turned into months then years
And little joy was found...

Of course she prayed, yet God remained
As silent as could be.
And so dismayed, with nothing gained,
She always looked lonely.
But God had heard her precious prayer...
And thought it wonderful.
He searched the Earth for one who'd care,
Someone incredible!

The likely lad was introduced...
Romance lit up his smile!
The maiden stood there quite amused,
Confused and in denial.
God saw them both and smiled above...
As smiles between them passed.
Because she knew her one true love
Was here, right now, at last!

Denis Martindale

Rome-Me-Owe

The first time that I saw you smile, I paused to catch my breath.
I lost my senses for a while, no thought of life or death.
I tried to hear the words you said, but nothing filtered through.
I couldn't plan that far ahead at our first rendezvous.
My heart was racing way too fast. I stood there like a fool.
I saw my whole life flashing past while trying to look cool.
The tingling in my fingertips had caught me unaware
And suddenly I kissed your lips and felt you stroke my hair.
What happened next I couldn't say, I'd lost all track of time.
I took you home without delay, as though it were a crime.
Yet now I want you even more - no other girl's enough...
I've found out what my life is for... to simply show you love.
I want to be my very best to make you proud of me,
So that together we'll be blessed throughout eternity.
It's early days and early nights, too soon to understand
Beyond these gentle touch delights, like when I hold your hand.
I know that some are bound to scoff. Who knows how far we'll get?
A wedding dress? That's so far off, but don't dismiss it yet.
Let's see how well we act the part, within this new romance,
Without you calling me sweetheart, so your Mum's making plans!
I'm scared enough for both of us - let's take it nice and slow...
It's not wise now to make a fuss - true love takes time to grow.
I've got no plans to buy a ring or gems or jewels as such.
Although I can't afford a thing, I love you very much!
To me, you're quite incredible! I'd like to buy you lunch...
But can't afford it, beautiful... It's called the Credit Crunch...

Denis Martindale

Patience Is A Virtue

Everything comes to those that wait,
If they wait patiently...
If not on time, it may be late,
But comes eventually.
Of course, I may be wrong on this,
Completely out of tune...
But wouldn't it be total bliss,
If SOMETHING happened SOON! ?
Time's getting on, it's flying by,
It's here and then it's gone.
In time, it's bound to make us sigh,
As it goes on and on...
A minute here, a minute there,
An hour fast departs!
That's quite enough to cause despair
And chill the warmest hearts.
I'd like to think that we've a chance
To get things right somehow...
Instead of this sad song and dance,
Why can't we get it NOW! ?
Is it too difficult a task?
So hard it can't be done?
Be PATIENT! ? That's too much to ask!
Am I the only one! ?
Wake up! Get up and on the move!
Sort out this ghastly mess!
Unless we see that you improve,
How can we say, 'God bless! '?
Snap to it! Please! Just sort it out!
There's no time for mistakes!
If you don't start, I'll SCREAM and SHOUT!
So that YOUR patience breaks!

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

All-Singing, All-Dancing

I saw her sing, I saw her dance - with eloquence and style.
She had the talents to entrance, bewitch men with her smile.
She had such beauty, men would stare, transfixed as time went on -
Until the second they'd despair, when suddenly she'd gone.
The stage was lonely, just like me, when magic must depart...
It's so hard to take it lightly with such a lovesick heart.
I know I'm not the only guy to love her to the hilt,
In time, a diamond ring to buy, through trust that's gently built.
I see her, sometimes, in my dreams. She's just like Supergirl.
She's so much more than first she seems, more precious than a pearl.
A billion pearls just aren't enough. The world has nought to trade
For just one kiss to show my love... God knows how much I've prayed.
Till then, let angels help her sing, their wings inspire dance,
So that she can do anything - her beauty to enhance.
For beauty blesses one and all, with wonders that astound.
Yes, love is God's great miracle... Love makes the world go round...

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

The Beauty Of My Daughter

My daughter is God's gift to me,
Her father in the Lord.
She's my great joy, my ecstasy,
My loving God's reward.
She stands alone in her own faith,
The gift God gave to her,
From Christ the Saviour, strong to save,
Our Jesus, Yeshua...

My daughter prays by day and night,
Although some choose to laugh.
For me, such prayers are my delight
And may God light her path.
I've seen my daughter grow and grow,
This rose before my eyes.
I thank God for each truth she'll know
From God alone, who's wise.

She trusts God's Son once sacrificed...
Round to its point of view.
The Spirit who was once in Christ,
Lives in my daughter, too.
My daughter's taught God's prophecies
Are true in every part.
She's learnt that life's great mysteries
Are found within Christ's heart.

She's born of God, she's born again,
She's living in His grace.
She walks in light before all men,
Yet always seeks His face.
The Way of the Master blesses!
So many souls are won!
More blessed if each confesses
Salvation in God's Son!

Through discipline, disciples teach.
We train a child with love.
My daughter's love helps her to preach

And reach out like a dove.
I'm proud of her! She seeks the lost!
She witnesses worldwide...
The Bible matters! Count the cost
When Christ was crucified...

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Denis Martindale

God Made Your Lips

God made your lips for me to kiss. Your hands for me to hold.
God made your smile for me to miss and treasure more than gold.
God made your ears so I could tell how beautiful you are.
God made your eyes to cast a spell, no matter, near or far.
God made your arms to hold me tight each time before I leave.
God made your legs to stir delight like Adam saw in Eve.
God made your doubts to fade away, for years have come and gone.
God made your joys thank Him each day our love goes on and on.
God made your heart a lot like mine - hold fast to what God says.
God made you my sweet Valentine, you're always in my prayers.
God made your mind, your memories, your dreams and all you're worth.
God made you precious so you'd please the luckiest man on Earth!
God made your blessings one by one and when I look at you,
I wonder what great thing I've done that you should love me, too.

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Resurrection

The darkness ruled inside the tomb where Jesus had been laid,
Like when within His Mother's womb, the Saviour child was made.
The sombre callous death was done when Christ was crucified...
The Lamb of God, indeed the One, who bled, arms open wide...
For now, He served His God in death, as He had served in life -
Until He took His final breath to finalise His strife.
The body laid in Death's embrace, inside a morbid shroud...
No Halleluyah word of praise and no Hosanna loud.
The silence ruled inside the rock where Jesus had been left.
Beyond this realm, His Mother's shock, had made her quite bereft.
She wept her tears, like Mothers do, surrounded by His friends...
A small group called the chosen few, brought low by these events...
The hours passed and nothing stirred - Christ's body stayed serene.
For God had not yet said the word to raise the Nazarene.
The angels waited silently with faith no mortal shared.
God's Son had conquered Calvary - from Death, He must be spared!
The Spirit who was once in Christ returned to Him again -
Restoring what was sacrificed and bled before all men!
He left behind His death, His tomb, His shroud and darkness, too...
Outshining every rose's bloom, Lord Jesus rose... for you!

PoemHunter.com

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The Chessboard Of Life, November 2009.

Denis Martindale

The King Of Love My Shepherd Is...

True love is like a lantern's light that guides by night and day.
It's fancy free, it's bold and bright, it's there to lead the way.
True love is like the falling snow that settles on the ground...
To shed abroad its magic glow, both here and all around.
True love is like a rainbow's arc that follows Summer's rain
And in our hearts it leaves its mark - God's promise once again.
True love is like a newborn star, the Universe to bless -
Its shining shimmers near and far, God's glory to express.
True love is like a dolphin's grin that's full of joys sublime,
That's free from sorrow, pain and sin, content to take its time...
True love is like a lightning strike, a spectacle and more,
A dynamo upon a bike with power still in store.
True love is Christmas, Easter, too... It's Pentecost and now.
True love is me! True love is you! Let's show God's love somehow!
True love is like your sweetheart's smile and in the laughter shared,
In twinkling eyes meant to beguile each time you stopped and stared.
True love is like a gentle breeze that softly passes by
And in that passing, grants you peace, then leaves you with a sigh...
True love is like God's warm embrace, as soft as angels' wings.
If you love God, receive His grace: Lord Jesus! King of Kings!

Denis Martindale

The Visitor

It may start as another day, when love pays you a call...
To point out someone on your way to whom to give your all!
Your heart is taken like a bird that flies upon the wing,
When suddenly romance is stirred and love means everything!

The moment that your eyes have met, you stand with feelings mixed.
Then all at once the mood is set with both your hearts transfixed!
You breathe again! You live again! You think of words to share...
You stumble blindly now and then, for love's a mad affair!

Yet seconds later, through love's spell, the magic moments start...
Until the time you say farewell, then leave your new sweetheart!
Alone, your mind begins to think, 'Is this the one I'll wed?
Is this true love, the missing link, the joy that lies ahead? '

You think of diamond rings and such... to symbolise your sighs.
When ecstasy's the merest touch and kisses paradise!
It may start as another day, yet miracles are real
And blessed are those that pause to pray, God's wisdom to reveal.

While love is like a visitor, God's love is always near...
And prayer is our inquisitor for those that we love dear.
You'll find God's wisdom quite enough... Love opens wide the door!
So reach out to the Lord of Love, the King of Love and more!

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Denis Martindale

The Oyster's Treasure Trove

Beneath the waves, beneath the stars,
Beneath the sunshine, too,
We'll find the raging tidal bars
That fill the oceans through.
In yonder depths, the oyster's shell
Holds fast its prize within...
For there it rests, content to swell,
Its wonders to begin.

The pearl exists without a care
Inside its Mother's arms...
Engulfed in softness, time to spare
And safe from Nature's harms.
And so it grows, till divers swim
The depths that air departs...
For there, where light itself must dim,
Are secrets that bless hearts...

The oyster rises to the sun
Where Man is known to live.
The pearl is prized out by someone,
Its special home to give.
Sometimes in silver it's been set...
Sometimes it's blessed by gold.
If so, it's lost all past regret...
What beauty we behold!

Across the world the ring is flown
Within its precious case.
It's sold on TV where it's shown
Exquisitely with grace!
A husband buys it for his wife
To celebrate their love
And so she wears it through her life
With thanks to God above...

Denis Martindale

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The Quest For Beauty

I searched for beauty high and low
As if it were my quest,
For deep inside, I had to know,
Who really was the best?
Brunette or blonde, short hair or long?
Tomboy or catwalk queen?
From Honolulu or Hong Kong
Or somewhere inbetween?

Celebrities are often thought
To be ten out of ten...
For these, big diamond rings are bought
By fascinated men!
Some girls have smiles that light a room!
Love follows them around!
They're like red roses in full bloom,
Yet few of these I've found!

The girls I've loved caused joy and pain,
Both in equal measure,
Yet if I had my time again,
Each of these I'd treasure.
Of all my loves, who was the best?
Was she the first or last?
I only know God blessed my quest,
Except time's gone so fast!

True beauty lives in memories
And hopes of what could be -
Enough to fill eternities
Beyond this world we see.
For now, I'll only dream of you,
The girl that I adore!
If you love me, my quest is through...
No man could ask for more...

Denis Martindale

Cherish Her

If she's the one you love and trust,
Who lives within your heart,
Then cherish her, for this you must,
Your true love to impart!
For love compels us to respond
To all we're meant to be,
Not just today, but far beyond,
For all eternity!

That's why God wants us at our best,
Not coasting throughout life...
And if a man seeks to be blessed,
He cherishes his wife...
Forgiveness heals the burdened soul,
To free it from despair...
And yet more blessed is self-control
And when two hearts can share.

Togetherness brings happiness
And riches more than gold,
Such that contented souls confess
The joys they have and hold.
So cherish her, your other half,
Who makes your life so sweet!
With every smile and every laugh,
She makes your life complete!

Let others envy, near or far,
The beauty in your lives
And let your marriage set the bar
For husbands and their wives...
Not all are married happily,
We strive to make it so...
God tells us daily, love's the key...
The rest is ours to know...

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Shrouded In Mystery

A haunting feeling filled the crowd
As from His cross He left.
God's Son was wrapped within His shroud
By friends who were bereft.
Who knows how many teardrops fell
From family and friends?
For them, this day was their farewell
And where His story ends.
How could they know He would return?
They saw Him crucified!
They saw His body twist and turn...
His last breath when He died.
They saw Him pierced, then speared as proof
That He was dead indeed...
They sadly mourned the tragic truth
For that's how dead men bleed...
The tomb was guarded day and night,
To thwart the prophecies.
There was no miracle in sight,
Just morbid memories.
But God was faithful to His word!
The world changed there and then!
New life within Christ's body stirred...
Like He was born again!
Think not that God despised His Son
Who suffered shame and loss!
In death, Christ proved He was the One
Made perfect through the cross!
Salvation's love like blood poured out,
So we could go to Heaven!
Through Jesus Christ, have faith, not doubt!
YOU, TOO, CAN BE FORGIVEN!

Good Friday 2009.

Denis Martindale

Night And Day

It's like I'm hit by Cupid's dart -
Are romantic words enough?
I wish I were your sweetheart
And your trusted one true love...

To me, your smiles are sunshine
And to me, your tears are rain...
If you were my Valentine,
Then you'd not hear me complain.

I wish I were your hero,
Your champion till life's end -
He who fought against the foe,
Defiantly as your friend.

I wish I were a painter,
An artist of great renown,
To me, there's nothing quainter
Than to paint you in your gown.

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I wish I were a sculptor,
Like a craftsman with my hands -
Somehow to capture rapture
That each lover understands.

I wish I were a singer,
Like some brilliant baritone -
So I could be the bringer
Of great love songs yet unknown.

I wish I were a poet,
All your beauty to convey.
I want the world to know it,
Like I know it... night and day...

Denis Martindale

The Latter Rain

Behold how the atomized droplets of the ocean
Are sun-powered and airlifted to the waiting clouds,
There to be electrified by God's thunder and lightning.
Hear how they break the eternal silence of infinite space!
Blessed from above, rain falls without fully falling,
As if its awesome immensity taps at our life -
Either as God's celestial shower of magnanimous mercy
Or worldwide cascading waterfalls of life's existence,
Revitalised rain emptying itself so that the world below survives!
Mankind's cleansed of its failure or excess, all is derailed...
What's ours by our birthright is creation in its wholeness.
Behold the rain, its service is free to one and all...
Its faith is in our universal humanity -
Ever bent by sin yet seeking that same level with Heaven,
We are like the rain, nourishing the weary Earth once more
With the repeated rapture of this wondrous redeeming desire.

Denis Martindale

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A Real Gem

A classic beauty met my eyes
As if from Roman years
And there she was, so worldly wise,
Adorned with pearls like tears.

With jet black hair to match her dress,
She smiled on my TV,
Exuding humble happiness
For all the world to see.

I watched enthralled yet not at gold
For necklaces and rings,
For she was winsome to behold,
Outshining all these things.

God bless her gently day-by-day,
This girl with twinkling eyes.
I hope God hears these words I pray
Because she's really NICE...

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Denis Martindale

The Last Man And Woman On Earth

And it came to pass, in the last days,
That the world saw less of Mankind.
As the numbers fell, and weren't replaced,
The last generation walked upon the Earth.
Fewer and fewer, until just a few...
Famines, plagues and wars, they all took their toll.
Then, one day, there were only two souls left.
One man and one woman remained.
They weren't even in the same country.
As they wandered across the globe,
A sense of expectancy filled them.
Hope, faith, something driving them on.
They crossed mountains and rivers.
Years passed and the belief stayed with them.
There was another human somewhere.
Driven into a desert no mortal man should go,
They saw each other in the distance...
So tired they couldn't run, they walked on.
Finally, they could see each other's faces.
One man, one woman, one burning sun.
The humans stood, on the brink of fatigue.
They looked deep into each other's eyes,
Saw the pain of the previous years,
The memories of countless deaths,
Billions of tears and unanswered prayers.
A multitude of sins deserving judgments,
Now called to mind and condemning them still.
Fear scarred their thoughts of restoration,
Revival of the remnant meant nothing,
They were truly the lost souls they seemed to be.
It wasn't that they were unattractive or plain,
It wasn't that they couldn't start over...
It wasn't that they were infertile, unable to conceive...
It was just so futile, so pointless, so deadly.
They literally couldn't bear to be reminded,
Reminded of the madness that was Mankind.
How long would it be before their children killed?
How long would it be before another war was born?
The last man looked at the last woman.

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The last woman looked at the last man...
And passing each other by, they kept walking...

Denis Martindale

First Kiss Blues

Oh, the beauty of that sunny day!
How wonderful, just to be with you!
A short and sweet picnic in the Park.
Not a care in the world.
There you were, stunning yet serene.
I reached forward to touch your hand.
You caressed my cheek.
I wanted to kiss you then.
A silent sigh swept over me.
I rested my head on the grass.
We looked up at the clouds together.
Two clouds coasted across the sky.
'Do you think they're in love, too? '
We made our way across town.
The streets as busy as they ever were.
'I've got to go to classes! ' you said...
And suddenly it happened...
You kissed me, instinctively.
I kissed you back, longingly.
It was so sudden, almost perfect...
With a bit of planning, it could have been.
But that first kiss only happens once...
In a second it was done,
Never to be repeated.
Yet with it comes the hope for seconds...
'See you tomorrow! ' you said...
Leaving me to live
The loneliest day of my life,
Without you...

Denis Martindale

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The Beauty Of Her Precious Lips

The beauty of her precious lips
Can take my breath away -
I tingle to my fingertips
And can't think what to say!
I blurt out words that don't make sense
And folly breaks love's spell!
Perhaps one day we can be friends,
But only time will tell...
I pray to God for some advice -
I can't do this alone.
Although I've got to break the ice,
Such skills I've never known.
To say, 'I LOVE YOU! ' right out loud,
That's quite beyond me now!
I've never stood out from the crowd,
So God must help somehow!
The beauty of her precious lips...
Yes, I know what bliss is!
In my romantic daydream trips,
She's the Queen of Kisses!
I know I'm not the kind of guy
To sweep her off her feet,
But love deserves a second try
With someone who's so sweet...
If she's the one I'm meant to wed,
I'd like God on my side
Until our Wedding vows are said,
When I may kiss my bride...

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Mother's Day

Upon the day that I was born, my Mother gave me life -
A fragile baby so forlorn unused to pain and strife,
Unused to light that shone above, unused to all the glare...
I was her pride and joy to love, forevermore to share...
Upon the day she took me home, she held me by the hand.
It didn't matter where we'd roam, for God had something planned.
When Schooldays took me far away, each evening I returned.
She helped me every single day beyond the facts I'd learned.
She was a rock, a face that smiled, a great encouragement.
She gave her best to help her child as through the years we went.
The decades passed and she grew old till Jesus said, 'Be brave! '
To me, she was as good as gold till laid within her grave...
The tears still sting upon my eyes and fall upon my cheeks...
Memories share a love so nice and through these, she still speaks.
Each Mother's Day, I pause to pray, remembering her love.
She's now with Jesus every day... In Heaven, blessed above...

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

True Love Is When Your Heart Says, 'Wow! '

True love is when your heart says, 'WOW! '
When other words won't do...
When, suddenly, you sense it's now
God's given you a clue!
Look deep within those twinkling eyes
And follow every word...
Be winsome, gentle, oh so nice...
Till romance has occurred!
Flirtatious thoughts are sometimes shared
With hints of future joys...
Then precious gifts to show you've cared,
Not bribes or selfish ploys.
Love surely grows when lips anoint
The thresholds of your souls.
At night, your dreams can coyly point
To wholesome schemes and goals.
Who knows if Church-blessed marriage waits?
Propose this very week?
The cautious wise man hesitates
Before he dares to speak.
Then, suddenly, the secret's known -
You must propose and soon!
For no man plans to be alone
Upon his honeymoon!
True love is when your heart says, 'WOW! '
And when two hearts agree
To honour every wedding vow...
In holy matrimony...

Denis Martindale

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Without Memories, The Heart Is Nothing

At the heart of my memories, there you are,
Shining like the centre of a star,
Like a diamond set on fire,
A soul I can admire,
I'm dazzled by your beauty, near or far.

No angel looks like you upon this Earth...
I'll love you from now on for all I'm worth,
No other love to own,
Just ours and ours alone,
As if we're now as one, assigned new birth.

Transcending wisdom, power, time and space,
Love can span the measure of your face,
Love can prove supreme,
In life and in a dream,
Yes, life can change the moment love takes place.

I'll treasure you each second left to live,
Togetherness and kindness both to give,
While there's God's air to breathe,
I promise not to leave...
For you're that heart my heart longs to be with...

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

The Baptism Of Faith

Imagine Heaven, full of grace,
Beyond the Pearly Gates.
Where angels see the Saviour's face
And each one celebrates!
Imagine holy seraphim,
Archangels on the wing
And also joyful cherubim
With wondrous words to sing!
Imagine creatures still unknown
To saints that dwell on Earth,
Who worship God before His throne,
Who truly know His worth!
Imagine prophets puzzling still
As they explore God's realm
And hoping they can learn God's will,
Though that can overwhelm.
Imagine relatives and friends
God's welcomed there with love.
For them, the future never ends...
Eternity's above.
Imagine Heaven day and night,
Yet that won't get you there!
For that, you need God's Holy light
To make you self-aware...
Imagine every sin that's yours
That keeps you from God's side!
Yet Jesus kept His holy laws
When He was crucified!
Imagine Jesus bled for you...
Salvation's gift today...
Blessed is the soul that knows it's true...
Whose sins are washed away...

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Six Point Seven By Lee Crowell

Six point seven billion illusionists today on this globe
Seeking consensus of the senses,
Declaring the colors reflected by the eye to the brain
Are actually on the canvas... and the illusion of art continues:
Sifting vibrations through ear canals,
Mimicking back out the nice ones -
To deliver a wondrous sound and the illusion of music resonates.
Labeling objects by creating words,
Creating categories by building language
And the illusion of literature swirls in the air,
While the illusion of science arranges the pieces on the ground.
Six point seven... growing... no major train wreck in sight...
Such is the consensus of the illusory senses tonight...

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

The Perfect Woman

The perfect woman is out there!
Who knows, she may be near!
I know that she'll have stunning hair...
A smile from ear to ear!
I know her teeth will be so white,
She'll shine like stars above!
Her laughter will bring such delight...
Her lips will teach me love.
Her arms will hold me tenderly...
Her heart will draw me close.
Together, we'll find ecstasy,
That tingling in our toes!
We'll dance as if within a dream,
Twirling for all we're worth!
We'll sense that love can be supreme,
Like nothing else on Earth!
The perfect woman is out there!
Her kisses warm, divine...
And when I find her, this I swear,
Perfection will be mine...

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Denis Martindale

Triumph Over Tragedy

Darkness descends upon the Earth
And souls are lost like sheep
And evil's spawned from death to birth,
Its destiny to creep.
The ancient stars bear witness to
The prophecies of old
And in one twinkling share a clue
Of what will yet unfold.
The brazen man with magic hands
Condemns the souls unsaved,
Such that each mind misunderstands
How Mankind's sins are waived.

Rejecting every golden truth,
The blindness grows inside
And though this wretch seems but a youth,
His heart's crammed full with pride.
His coldness freezes every thought
That God could thus inspire
And so this smiling fool gets caught
Within the lake of fire.
He rules the Earth, yet he's the king
Of cruelties and more.
They chant his name and praises sing
And yet he breaks God's law.

Darkness descends and blood must flow
As war leads men astray,
Till lightning stretches to and fro
And God's sheep fly away.
The deadly years must run their course
Till God's grace intervenes -
To bring new light through opened doors
With holiness that cleans.
It's then that love creates new friends,
Forgiven one by one,
When every soul on Earth depends
Upon God's chosen Son...

Denis Martindale

The Quest

I dreamt a dream like none before.
It stirred my very soul!
It started with an open door
Through which I chose to stroll.
Then, once inside, that room beyond,
My heart was filled with fear!
Yet how else could my heart respond?
I sensed that God was here!

Then, suddenly, I heard Him speak
As He called out my name...
I trembled and my legs grew weak.
My conscience brought me shame.
'Fear not! ' He said, 'We meet this night
To put you on a quest! '
'What for? ' I asked without delight...
No way did I feel blessed!

'You've prayed a lot! ' the Lord replied.
'A woman you desire! '
I've heard you when you've sighed and sighed!
Yes, you're quite a sigher!
Your quest, My son, is search and find
One woman for your wife!
One woman with a holy mind
To live with all your life! '

Then God was gone and I awoke,
Still trembling, scared to death!
Wondering, was this just a joke?
Or Christ from Nazareth! ?
Somehow I sensed God had a plan,
A sacred destiny.
That morning came and so began
The quest God meant for me...

I walked across the years ahead...
My youth then passed me by...
In middle age, and still not wed,

I humbly wondered why.
No woman with a holy mind,
Obedient to God's Laws.
I tested them, but couldn't find
A female without flaws.

I prayed to God, 'I've failed, my Lord!
No woman cares for me...
No woman's love is my reward
To share eternally...'
Then old age came and Death approached,
'How goes your noble quest? '
'Be still! ' rebuked the Holy Ghost...
'I know he did his best...'

Denis Martindale

When She Smiles

When she smiles, it's like the sunshine outshining stars above.
Transcending time and space divine with warmth and holy love.
Her joy's just like the rainbow's arc that brightens yonder sky.
Her vibrant voice sings like the lark, a gift no man could buy.
Her eyes are like those twinkling stars, like gemstones set in pearls.
Her heartbeat's soft like strummed guitars. Her hair's a thousand curls.
Her arms are like Aladdin's Cave, with treasures beyond price.
Her courage helps us to be brave. Her wisdom makes us wise.
Her memories can guide us still, through life's confusing maze.
Her prayers provide us with the will to trust God all our days.
Her hope provides us with the light that sometimes faith would share.
Like golden eagles, we take flight and glide upon the air.
Behold this maiden's heart of gold, her fashion sense and styles.
In truth, if I may be so bold... I love her... when she smiles...

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Time To Turn Over A New Leaf

The Plant Kingdom isn't all sweetness and light.
Some plants digest animal life
And destroy buildings and spread diseases.
However, these Godmade creatures
Have their place in the Universe
And deserve to be protected.
That's why trees are continually planted
To replace the ones we use.
Plant a Tree is part of our culture.
It isn't some politically correct philosophy,
It's an essential revitalisation of Nature.
We breathe out carbon dioxide
Which the plants absorb and exhale oxygen.
We act in symbiosis.

We exist by the Grace of God,
The Creator of all things.
Plants can't create us with our fantastic thoughts
And developments as we ourselves
Live and die and are replaced by our offspring.
Plants remain at their peak
As if no further developments are required.
I do not see any plant as superior to me.
I never will. Even when buried,
I await a resurrection promise to be fulfilled.
I will live again. I will walk upon the land once more.
This promise is not extended to plants
That they will live forever.

I see plants as living creatures full of wonder.
A humble microscope reveals
The tiny algae and their secrets.
The flowers are tended by Man,
Cultivated, nurtured like babes in the wood,
Fertilised orchids treated as preciously as diamonds.
Even the amateur gardener admires
The perfumed garden outside his home
And reflects upon his neighbours' gardens, too,
With a sense of community pride.

God Himself set Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden.
A Paradise on Earth, without blemish,
Without a briar or a thorn in sight.
It was Man and Woman who succumbed to temptation
And we abide now upon a fallen world.
We owe the plants no apology, no response at all.
We need not talk to the trees or the lilies of the field.
We need to make our peace with our Patriarch,
Our Heavenly Father. We need the Saviour.

We need to turn over a new leaf.
We need to drink the rivers of Heaven.
We need the outpouring of Cosmic sunshine, Celestial love.
Only then, can we have eternal souls and spirits
That blossom like the rose...
As it is written in the NEW TE-STAMEN-T...

Denis Martindale

The Fever Pitch Itch

Who understands the logic behind the desire,
The earnest heart-filled passion of true love?
It flies and flurries up like birds on the wing.
Or it makes us the most worried of souls...
Like nausea, it makes the breasts itch.
Unmet, it is like a fret turned into a frown,
Just like a birthmark, true love never leaves us.

What is my manmade-hunger and thirst, this raw obsession?
It courses, unstoppable, through my fevered blood,
As if it were a naked, open cord.
It sips me as if I were its mother's breasts.
Drip, drip, drip... always thirsty for more...
The succulent juices taste of tropical fragrant gardens,
Arrested within a sultry autumn scent,
Voluptuous with citrus fruits, myrtles and jasmines,
Alive with effervescent, vibrant, pulsating bees' buzz.

I sense all fruit sap, so fervently throbbing,
As if it were the very current of my life-giving blood...
The green flooding into the ruby rose red.
Joining, becoming one, celebrating joyous harmony,
All of Nature combined into something new,
Something for-ever-green...
Something exquisite, delicate,
Deserving to be cherished, revered and forever loved.

For she is the most beautiful girl in the world,
Adorned with radiant roses and orchids in her golden hair.
Here I stand, and so in love...
Knowing I'll never be the same again!

Sigh...

Denis Martindale

Even Her Shadow Shares Her Beauty

Even her shadow shares her beauty,
Insomuch as it shows us her form.
A gentle lass, not proud and not snooty,
Her laughter so kind and so warm.
Her posture, her stance and her manner,
Each gesture reflecting her style,
Composure, and even her glamour,
Her lips and her mouth and her smile....
Her hair as it nestles her shoulders,
Cascading like gossamer threads,
Her arms as they sweetly enfold us,
Her fingers caressing our heads.
Her figure that beckons us closer,
Attracts us to ever draw near,
To taste of her lips like ambrosia,
When perfect love casts out our fear.
Behold how her shadow shows glory,
Her essence, her being, her all.
It tells us the truth of her story,
Her life, in real time, on the wall.
I'd rather kiss her than her shadow,
I'd rather be wed to her heart...
I'd rather be father to children I'd know,
A parent new life to impart.
I'd rather reach out to caress her,
Undress her, make love and be blessed.
While shadows grant limited pleasure,
Her body is truly the best...

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

If Not For Love (Sung To God Rest Ye Merry Gentlemen)

Love lives within the human heart, a witness to God's grace
And every soul must play its part for blessings to take place!
Through charity we comprehend that others need help, too.
It's how we prove to be a friend beyond our point of view.
Sometimes we sense a sacrifice will help another live!
God asks of us to pay the price - to give what we can give!
The best of us will hear that call, responding well with love,
Yet there are those who'd rather stall or say they gave enough...
In time, all blessings will be weighed, as if to judge their worth.
To prove to those who have obeyed how their love filled the Earth.
Till then there's opportunity, no matter where you are -
To start with, learn of Calvary - its light shines near and far!
If not for love where would we go? What future would we seek?
In Jesus Christ each soul can know: true love is strong not weak!
While wisdom brings Mankind knowledge, alone it bears no light.
The Holy Spirit grants courage to always do what's right!
The Prophets shared God's prophecies so we'd redeem the time...
As servants, let us try to please - for God's love is sublime!
Reach out in faith for sweet kisses, be humble yet be bold!
The future holds God's promises that are as good as gold!

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

God Bless You On Your Birthday!

May God bless you on your birthday
With gifts and cards and such
From those who care and those who pray
And those who love so much!
While birthdays come and birthdays go,
It's love that's always here
And that's God's way to let you know
You're special, too, my dear!
Congrats on all the good you've done -
You went the extra mile!
You shared your wondrous sense of fun
And thrilled us with each smile!
You did your best! You blessed our hearts!
You proved your heart is kind!
And though it's time to make new starts,
Some new friends you will find!
Perhaps they should be told that this
Is when your life began!
Yet now, I'll send my magic kiss
'Cos I'm a friendly fan!

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Loneliness

People are irreplaceable,
That's what makes them special.
If all goes well,
You will find someone else
Who is special in their own way.
Otherwise, loneliness destroys you
Day by day.
How do you think the single folks feel?
Those who have never fooled around,
Still waiting for that special person?
Maybe never to find someone
To be thankful for.
The whole package called love
Either works or it's a compromise
Or it's a dragged-out affair.
But never to get started at all
Is quite burdensome.
It's not as great as missing
The one you love, feeling guilty
About seeking someone else...
Being single is being called free...
Who wants to be free
If you're as lonely as hell?
Who wants to be free if suffering
The effects of unrequited love?
Who wants to be free
With money in your pockets but
Nobody to buy birthday presents
And Saint Valentine's Day cards for?
Who wants to spend Christmas Day
Alone at home? And what use is
Celebrating a Happy New Year
If it's another year alone?
The dark Winter days are upon us.
We go out... we return home...
Yet nobody greets us, kisses us,
Makes us a cup of tea...
Nobody inquires how we are doing...
Or asks if anything

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Interesting happened today...
Surrounded by people... strangers:
The good, the bad and the ugly...
Yet even beautiful people
Can feel lonely, too...

Denis Martindale

All Good Things Come To An End...

One of the hardest things to bear
Is when you lose a friend.
Someone you loved who made you care,
And yet all good things end.
That's why I'll treasure every kiss
That you once blew to me
And every measure of true bliss
That leads to ecstasy.
While life goes on, it's not the same,
For there's a missing piece.
The part that's like a candle's flame
Or like the Golden Fleece.
Some think that friendship's merely smiles,
Just laughs along the way...
Like holy magic that beguiles
As long as it can stay.
That's why I offer up a prayer,
Sweet Princess God has sent!
Your kisses are beyond compare!
God bless my precious friend!

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Merry Christmas Santa Happy New Year!

Joys can come in many ways -
Especially on our Christmas Days:
New presents wrapped exquisitely...
New presents unwrapped expertly!
In times like these, the heart beats fast
For Christmas Day has come at last!
Excitement tempts us take a peak!
Remembered lists of gifts we seek!
If only all our days were so:
Season's wishes would overflow!
Look here! Look there! Look everywhere!
Our hopes and dreams fulfilled by prayer!
Visits by friends and folks we love -
Each acting gentle as a dove!
Lights on Christmas trees that cheer!
Yet Christmas joys come ONCE a year!

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Who, Me? Frisky?

Summer sizzles scintillate
And casually accelerate
The inner workings of romance and such...
Daily dreams of naughtiness
Can overwhelm the haughtiness
Till suddenly we're lost with just a touch!
The beach invites us near
And so we lose all fear
And in a mad embrace love conquers all!
(What happened next was gerrrrrrrrreat!
But I can't tell you, mate!
Suffice to say that we both had a ball!)

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Eyes Berg

Behind my eyes the ice stays cool,
To melt it now would play the fool...
The shields are up both left and right,
Protecting me by day and night.
I play the games they bid me play
Despite the fact I long to stray!
Conforming only for their eyes...
The hidden truth behind my lies!
If I were free to do my best
Perhaps Mankind would then be blessed!
Yet what if I should do my worst?
Be warned, for then you'd all be cursed!
What man could stand my awesome wrath?
For I could rip this whole world off!
Let loose my gruesome subtlety
Would surely lead to infamy!
And then what use would good deeds serve?
I'd truly get what I deserve!
I think it's best to play their game
For law and order bear no shame!
There's no great profit made by crime
And prison walls slow down all time...
I couldn't bear a life inside...
So let their conscience be my guide...

Denis Martindale

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Heart Take

How much can my heart take when the heartache weighs it down?
I am so close to heartbreak that my heart and lungs could drown!
I am so close to dying of the pain that never ends...
And so, what use is crying... or the comfort of my friends?
To God I turn for reasons! Yes, I need an answer why...
I've seen unpleasant seasons and His blessings pass me by!
I've felt death's presence touch me! I've heard its loathsome laugh!
I wonder will it budge me? Will it bring my epitaph?
To God I seem to gravitate... or levitate above...
To God, the Father of my fate, the Lord I serve and love...
Yet will He answer truly? Or keep His silence still?
Make me humble not unruly... though I'll grumble while I'm ill...
The stars can't tell me slowly, nor the planets, sun and moon...
Does God still want to know me? How I yearn to hear Him soon!
If I have sinned, forgive me... If I have harmed, be kind...
I plead, Lord, stay here with me! Or let my life unwind...
Lord, I need to get an answer, otherwise my heart will break!
Though what happens must occur, just how much can my heart take?

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Denis Martindale

More Than Words Can Say...

Some writers like short poetry. Others don't.
Some will write long lines... Others won't...
Some like to embellish... Others can't...
Some write with relish... Others shan't...

In poetry, we explore the twists and turns of love.
The blessings here... and the burdens there.
Did we feel we'd reached the end of the theme?
Did we have more lines left unshared?
Did we sense that all was said?
If we forced ourselves to write a few more ideas, what then?
Would we abandon the initial lines along the way?

Writing starts with a wry-tingle... then a knowing within.
We reach for pen and paper or keyboard and computer.
We may begin with a title to spark us off...
We may have a pun in mind as a punchline...
Whatever gets us to begin is useful.

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Whatever we create, success or failure, helps.
We learn as we go... Here a little, there a little.
We mature in our favourite themes...
We explore new horizons just for the sake of expression.
We may not conquer all poetry styles.
We may be completely average at first.
Falling in love helps writers become pilgrims.

The editing stages drag us all down to the depths of despair.
We plough through punctuation, clamber through commas.
We press on past exclamation marks towards the mountaintop.
There, we see things clearly. The view is outstanding!
It's there that we sense that we must share our vision!
From then on, we strive to pass on that exhileration!

Surely it isn't pearls before swine, we ask?
Surely the people will praise us for our poetry?
Surely we will be honoured by one and all?
No... but still the eternal flame of faith burns brightly!
No matter where we go, God knows us truly...

If we permit Him, He will inspire us totally!
Then, at the end, the blessing will be given:
A mighty blessing for the most dedicated and passionate souls.
Those that burnt out in the name of love.
Those that went the extra mile, by day, by night.
Those that fought fiercely against cutthroat criticisms.
Those that anointed others with the outpouring of grace.

For what is a writer? What is a poet?
We are only thinkers. Our sentiments are meant to amuse.
Our meditations are those of the common man.
Yet God will stir us up! Our pens will dance and spin.
Our hearts will beat the faster, simply because we seek truth.
And if we share wisdom, we will bless the wise.
And if we share folly, we will make the fools to laugh.

Yet if we share what God leads us to reveal...
Surely we will be worthy of His respect...
And more than this no man truly needs...
Except forgiveness, a measure of mercy, a portion of poetry...
That's all I would impart this day...
Food for thought... A feast to some, a taster for others...
A passing of another midnight hour for me...

Denis Martindale

Gone But Not Forgotten

Yes, you're gone but not forgotten, the memories still cling!
Yes, I know that death must happen yet I'm still wondering!
I have ten thousand anecdotes that only we have shared...
Enough to stir ten thousand notes, enough to prove I cared...
And yet I care more now than then, the grief consumes me still...
Your passing is beyond my ken... In fact, it's made me ill...
I hear your voice within the house, yes, even though you've gone!
Although I'm silent as a mouse, your voice won't carry on!
You speak my name, a moment's grace, a gift from God I think...
I look around to see your face... my timing out of sync...
I know you've gone! Your ghost abides! Your spirit dwells in dreams!
Sometimes my spirit coincides as if we're joining streams...
It's then that I fear for my mind... They say time heals our hearts...
I pray God's healing I will find and that a new life starts...
Perhaps I'm meant to love again! If so, then bless me now...
In truth, I don't know where or when! What will the Lord allow?
Yet if I stay a single soul, and marriage isn't mine...
Down Memory Lane I'm proud to stroll to seek the Valentine
Who stole my very heart away a long, long time ago...
Though gone still loved this very day... As if you didn't know...

Denis Martindale

Http: //Merrychristmas.Shows.It (Jesus And The Angels!)

Celebrate Christmas with me in the spirit of goodwill,
God's blessed nativity salvation to instil...
The host of angels sang in praises 'Christ is born! '
The Halleluyahs rang that precious sacred morn!
Their worship filled the skies! They overflowed with joy!
'Hosanna in the highest! ' they said of Mary's boy!
The Virgin Maid conceived fulfilling prophecy!
Humility achieved this noble majesty!
The promise had come true! Redemption was at hand!
Forgiveness, pardon, too! Yet who would understand?
The shepherds must be told! The Lamb of God is near!
The Lord of every fold! Immanuel is here!
Thus shepherds held their breath! 'What wondrous truth is this?
God grant us life not death! Let us partake of bliss! '
Behold! Israel, take note! The King now dwells with men!
No more will Satan gloat! Behold, God's seraphim!
Hark to the Heavenly choir! God's triumph knows no bounds!
Their anthem raises higher beyond all mortal sounds!
And still their anthem plays though centuries have passed,
Transcending nights and days, to reach your soul at last!
To tell you this new hour that God who rules above
Can fill your heart with power, with wisdom, joy and love!
Good News anoints the Earth as the pearls adorn the sea!
Savour the Saviour's birth, celebrate Christmas with me!

Denis Martindale

Goddess Of The Moon

I'll not forget that awesome night
When I beheld the winsome sight
Of she who held the silvered moon
As though a beach ball caught one June!
The vision I observed was rare
And who was I this dream to share?
Yet there she was, as large as life!
Smiling like a new-made wife!
Adorned like Virgin Mary blessed
And by her touch the moon caressed...
It was as if she saw its worth,
While we just watched it here on Earth...
And merely thought it good as dead,
While she displayed true love instead!
Why should we love the moon at all?
It's hardly worth the time to stall...
It just reflects the sun at night...
And causes tides to move with might...
And gets the poets hooked on love...
And yet I'd ask, is that enough?
Who knows if we will colonise?
For now, her beauty filled my eyes
And bid me stop to tell the tale -
As if I were the only male
To wish upon a distant star,
Then praise the Lord or shout hoorah!
Think of Mary near November!
Mary Christmas in December!
Why should I see a maiden thus?
Reveal such visions or discuss
The Mystic Maiden? Goddess? Friend?
God grant me time... to comprehend...

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

It Took 74 People To Put A Smile Back On My Face (Tv Advert)

Jenny's the name and that's the truth
And I was struck down in my youth
Such that my face was scarred and bruised!
Yet seeking help, was not refused!
A noble team surrounded me,
In hopes to set a new smile free,
And skills beyond the norm were found
To turn the suffering around.
Now I can smile a gentle grin
And admiration I still win
Yet all depended on my team
Who guided me throughout the dream
That once I thought would never end
Until I saw each as my friend.
The world in which we live goes on,
Man's sufferings have not all gone.
Perhaps my smile will give you faith
Enough to help you to be brave,
Enough to grant you time to heal,
Like me, when life seemed so unreal.
You'll see me on your tv sets
Acknowledging that I have debts
To those who gave their skills and time,
'I give you thanks, you're all sublime!
Your patience and your dignity,
Your humour and humility,
Your steadfast love and steadfast care,
Your hopes for me contained in prayer...
I'll not forget the love I've known
That blessed me though I felt alone...
I pray God sees my every smile
And blesses you a long, long while! '
And to the ones who watch tv,
A special smile direct from ME!

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Front Line Credo (Reflections Of A Soldier)

I'm here as a matter of choice - not drafted as some are.
Someone the Government employs, transported oh so far.
I'm trained to be the very best a soldier's meant to be.
This is no drill, this is no test, this is no strategy.
This time it's real, no turning back. The way ahead's unclear.
To some, the future's looking black. That's why I'm standing here.
To make a difference, turn the tide, succeed if fate gives grace.
So when our hopes have been applied, a better world takes place.
I'm here till orders have been sent, perhaps when things improve.
When there's proof of peaceful intent that means it's right to move.
Who knows if wars will ever cease? Or if Mankind unites?
What use is life if wars increase through bickering and fights?
Until the day when 'Peace is King', Man rides the learning curve.
Praying, hoping and wondering how best to bless the Earth...
The world awaits a better day, like angels up above:
A higher duty to obey that God reveals as LOVE...

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

The Window Of Dreams!

In outer space, where starships fly,
Beyond the sensors and Man's eye,
There rests a realm where pulsars glow
And vibrant colours overflow!
It's there that poets ought to be:
Amid the rainbow ecstasy!
For only those that dare to dream
Should share the effervescent stream!
God grant me visions such as theirs
Who've seen the wondrous while in prayers
To Him above Who's seen it all
And wants to share and thus enthrall!
For what is beauty till it's seen?
It's just as though it's never been!
But when it's known for what it is,
It's like the sweetest ever kiss!
The window frames the sacred sight -
Amid the essence of the night,
Amid the purples, reds and blues,
Amid the myriad mighty hues,
Amid the awesome mystery
Of alien worlds and history!
While Earth has beauties of its own,
The window shows the greatest known
Except to angels Heaven-bound
No greater sight has yet been found!
Is this where poets seek their home
When death would let their spirits roam?
Foretastes of Heaven, nothing more,
Except more reasons to adore
The God of Heaven and of Earth
And cosmic worlds of equal worth.
The Lord Creator waves His hand
To fashion planets, seas and land!
His power knows no end, it seems!
Praise God for THE WINDOW OF DREAMS!

Denis Martindale

Who's Stronger? You Or Me? (Give Up Smoking Poem)

Some try to gave up smoking, reducing Cancer's grip -
Avoiding the future choking as health conditions slip.
My father died some time before and I remembered well...
For Cancer's curse we daren't ignore - it's like a witch's spell!
One day there came a change of heart... The weed outlived its joy.
Though once thought elegant and smart, the heart it can destroy.
Yes, heart and lungs, our breath, our life, our essence here on Earth!
Why risk the pain, the grief, the strife? Is that what we deserve?
I saw my father's picture through the smoke that I exhaled...
This man died, aged seventy-two - at last his strength had failed.
I held the cigarette on high, and asked dramatically,
A bold decision drawing nigh, 'Who's stronger? You or me? '
From that day on, I changed inside - now smoke's not in my eyes!
What use is strength if not applied? Yet when it is... it's wise!
Fifty-a-day! And then no more! A change of heart, indeed!
And with this poem I implore... Give up the gruesome weed!

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

What Beauties?

Though I lament the passing years, what treasures have I left?
What vivid verse to soothe the fears of those who feel bereft?
For life's not sweet to all Mankind! Some feast while others starve!
And there are those whose souls are blind who seek no higher path!
What beauties and what dainty treats have I been privy to?
And what was told of noble feats that only angels knew?
What has God granted to these ears that others should be told?
Though I lament the passing years, at least God gave me gold!
I do not mean the kind that shines and sparkles like the sun!
I speak of wisdom that refines the soul in everyone...
I speak of light beyond this Earth, beyond the sun and stars!
I speak of truth that shows its worth, that cannot fade or pass!
This treasure fills the empty heart with faith that overflows!
This measure given can impart true beauty, like the rose!
This blessing surges like a storm to help you rise on high!
It cannot harm, deface, deform, disgrace or make you sigh!
It's like God's Spirit floated down from Heaven's Throne of Grace!
It's like He put a holy crown upon a human face!
It's like He said, 'I love you, child! Forgiveness, now, is yours! '
It's like all sin is reconciled and peace has stopped all wars!
This vision I extend today... and each new tomorrow...
By faith, what beauties come your way, overcome life's sorrow!
Yet not just yours, but others, too! Let God unfold His plan!
Each has a duty left to do: to help one's fellow man!
I once sought beauty just like wealth and only thought of me...
Then came the vision: Christ Himself was crowned... for Calvary!
If God's own Son must face His Fate, then we must claim our own...
Else none of us can celebrate what beauties can be known...
What angel hates the wings he bears? What angel hates to fly?
Yet wings help him ascend with prayers, for even poets cry...
Would that I could depart this realm, transported by Christ's love!
Though I am rooted like the elm, what beauties wait above!

Denis Martindale

The Very Last Time

Yes, this is the very last time... I'll never love again!
The mountain called 'Love' I'll not climb - it gets nought out of ten!
I won't even grade it as one, nor two or three or four.
I played love's games and they're no fun. In time each proved a chore!
Let others play, as children do. They haven't learnt love's rules.
To them, love's cool, forever new, yet love will prove them fools!
I've found it's got too many ifs. It's got too many buts.
Too many tightropes 'twixt the cliffs! To cross these, you need guts!
I've fallen to the ground below... No angel rescued me!
And with each fall, the heartaches grow. From these, no soul is free.
So I'll let others fall in love. I'll not stand in their way.
I'll view them safely, here, above, just watching, come what may.
Let others pine, let others sigh, let others pay love's price.
I guarantee that each will cry at each one's sacrifice!
But I'll not walk love's tightropes now! I've had too much of love!
No more the lover's worried brow... This amateur's had enough!

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

The Journey Of Love

Love is what we define it to be for us, yet this is helpful.
We tend to fall in love repeatedly. I fall in love all the time!
In a world full of beauty, it would be folly not to, wouldn't it?
So, it's wonderful when all goes well, but no guarantees of that.
The marriage contract is exclusive love, till death us do part!
Pre-marriage has no legal contract or morally-binding contract.
We remain free agents till marriage. That usually ends freedom!
It's a mutually-binding union of spirit, body and soul...
The female of the species is usually mature and responsible.
She is forward-thinking, capable of deciding who she loves.
She knows that short-term loves aren't the real deal.
With parental advice, she is best served most of the time.
Pushy parents don't help, but sensitive parents do!
The thought of a loved one with someone else is agony.
Children experience this as new babies are born into the family.
Adults have a different scenario to complicate things!
Love is the build-up of intense desires, hopes and dreams.
It's also a thoroughly competitive arena with winners and losers.
The expression, 'the walking wounded', applies to lovers, too.
Maybe through bad experiences, we become more sensitive.
If any guys have found the dream-girl the first time, lucky them!
Most of us don't, won't, can't, shan't... we are explorers!
This in essence is the journey, the journey of love...
Each heart acts as a compass towards compassion not passion!
You see, love isn't what we desire but what we aspire to.
Love doesn't come with a miracle manual, we have to work at it!
Most of the time the only exercise we get is to exercise restraint!
Even millionaires have trouble with love! What chance have we got?
We have simply got to make a better effort, that's all!
Nothing wondrous ever came easy... unfortunately...

Denis Martindale

Scrooge's Number One Fan!

What, me? On Summer holiday? Take time off, fly abroad?
Passport renewed, then on my way! Sunshine as my reward?
Romance, perhaps and clubbing late! Cocktails with umbrellas?
Find true love there, as if by fate, like a million fellas!
Suppose I stay at home instead! I'll have more cash at hand!
Why spend it while I'm on the Med? Love's magic's in each land!
Love works as well in Nottingham, in Birmingham and Bath -
Abroad it's golden glitz and glam and then you tip the staff!
I think I'd rather save my dosh for rainy days at home
Than visit Venice! Oh, my gosh! Or lose it all in Rome!
Call me a skinflint! Miser, too! Call me Ebenezer!
But Scrooge was wise, I'm telling you! Cool dude frugal geezer!
There's bound to be a babe in town to spend a few quid on...
If not, then there's no need to frown! My money won't be gone!
In my old age, when money's tight, I'll have some dosh to spare...
To pay for food, for heat and light and physiotherapy care...

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Righteous Block!

With all my soul, I know in truth, a poem's on its way!
I've waited here to show the proof and I'll wait here all day!
No tea for me, no slice of cake! I'll starve till it gets done!
Yes, pretty soon, the clouds will break to share the golden sun!
Send light, o Lord, I've got my pen! The paper's here as well!
Though now it's all beyond my ken, I've got a tale to tell!
It's up to You! Just send it down! Some whimsy to amuse...
Some prose that's meant to ease a frown. Some doggerel if You choose.
'Pretty please! ' Oh, won't You tell me? I'm all ears... time to talk!
Nope, there's nothing much on telly! No need to sit and gawk!
I'm trying to be patient 'cos You're busy all the time...
Oh, go on... pleeeeze.... Believe me, Boss... I'm ready for a rhyme!
Some blessing that can be outpoured like wine straight from a cask!
A teeny weeny poem, Lord! Is that too much to ask?
You write much better than I do! I'm not in Your league yet!
Most times I haven't got a clue... You're really my best bet!
My, my, that hour sure went slow! I've tapped my fingers out!
I'm feeling lonely here below! What's Your poem about! ?
Don't hold it back! Just let it fly! Feel free to step on in...
These silences sure make me sigh! Sometimes I just can't WIN! !

Denis Martindale

The Prettiest Pentium Princess In The World!

The one I love's such a sweetie,
She really looks so cute -
Yet she knows PCs completely -
My babe is quite astute!
She truly digs the Internet
With emails up to here!
While other girlies choose to fret,
She proves a pioneer!
She went to College, learnt a lot
And passed exams as well!
She put the teachers on the spot -
She's got so much to tell!
With static-wristband off she goes!
That modem's going in!
Those useless files come to a close,
Moved to the Refuse Bin!
Her website gets a million hits!
She's famous yet still nice!
That's why I love that girl to bits!
It's great that she's so wise!
She's getting richer every day -
She takes me out each night!
Not once has she asked me to pay -
That's perfectly alright!
I'm saving up to buy a ring
To seal our happiness!
Who makes me feel like I'm a King?
My Pentium Princess!

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

National Kissing Day! (From Kisses To Wishes!)

No girl saw I this fateful day - no kissing to be done!
When evening came, I paused to pray - romance had not been won!
And while I prayed, I nodded off - as I was prone to do!
And in my dream, I beg, don't scoff, the girl I kissed was YOU!
Was this a sign, a prophecy? A blessing in disguise?
A treat bestowed from you to me? If so, how cute, how nice!
If not, at least I kissed you once and lived to tell the tale!
I hope you see by this response, prayers work where deeds may fail!
To think that we could still be blessed with kisses yet to come!
I know I'll do my very best, so no need to be glum!
Two lips have I to thrill your heart! So pucker up, my sweet!
The day you let the kissing start, I'll make your life complete!
I'm not averse to marriage, dear! Or children, girls or boys!
So hurry up and make things clear - if true love is your choice!
That way I'll not depend on dreams to kiss the girl I love...
No need for fantasy's extremes - reality's enough!

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Blinded By Belinda!

Belinda! Belinda! Belinda! Oh, won't you marry me?
Your negatives would hinder, say YES, bring ecstasy!
Don't put it off another day! Don't leave YES till tomorrow!
Just shout the word I hope you'll say and that would end the sorrow!
You see, my heart is all on fire! It only beats for you!
For you're the one that I desire! As if you never knew!
You must have seen the longing looks, heard sentimental sighs...
All straight out of Mills & Boon books! Say YES or my heart dies!
I'll simply pine and fade away! Have pity on my soul!
Say YES TODAY! YES! YES! TODAY! Or else I'll lose control!
I'll sob and sob, throw tantrums, too! I'll not give up, my girl!
Please won't you see my point of view! You've set my world awhirl!
I'm not the same as once I was! As cool as cool could be!
And you're the reason, all because you're gorgeous! Meant for me!
Forget the millionaires out there! Forget the hunks you've seen!
Just marry ME! You know I care! Though I've not got a bean!
We'll live on love! We'll both get by! Who needs a Rolls-Royce, dear?
With love, we'll both have wings to fly! If not, we could stay here!
London's great and it suits me fine! Much better than New York!
If you stay here, we'll just recline! Lie on a bed... and... talk...
Say YES! Let's marry this July! Let's tell our parents soon!
In August, we can boldly fly... off to our honeymoon!
What's that? You simply have to leave? Oh, bother! (Censored! Damn!)
Gordon Bennett! (Censored!) Oh, good grief! Au revoir, my honey lamb!

Denis Martindale

Look, I'M Not In Love!

No, you've got it wrong! I don't love her.
Yes, she's cute. Yes, she's nice. God, she's nice...
OK, OK, I admit it! Big deal!
You happy now?
Loads of lassies out there just as cute, just as nice!
Why would I pick her?
Why not the girl across the road?
Why not the girl around the corner?
I don't have to pick wossername.
Yes, I know her name! It's Lucy.
Now you're bound to want to say, I love Lucy!
It rolls off the tongue!
Then you'll start to thinking I'm having a ball...
You can't help playing the matchmaker!
Just let things be, eh?
Just try your luck with someone else. Why pick on me?
Yes, I'm single. OK, she's single... what of it?
She'll probably marry some guy!
He doesn't have to be me, does he?
What... she said she likes me?
That's natural. I'm easy-going.
She likes my eyes? What for?
They're just teeny weeny eyeballs.
She says I've got kind eyes? Well, she has, too!
They're quite blue, actually, like sapphires...
Or topaz or soft amethyst... A bit like mother of pearl...
Yes... she IS a lovely girl... and every now and then,
When she smiles, I get this warm feeling, all over...
But that can't be love, can it? Not real love?
Does she really like me? What... REALLY?

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Tramp With Cramp

Loneliness within a horde of humans
Moving like wildebeest across the earth!
Hoping for a handout, not a sermon,
For money, not a cup of tea,
Nor food they watch me eat
Instead of drugs they think I'll buy later.
No alcohol upon my breath, yet still condemned
By the prejudice against every tramp.
Beggars can't be choosers.
Take pennies as well as pounds
And foreign coins given by smart alec sadists.
Brave the chill in my bones.
Autumn turns to Winter.
Extra socks! Long Johns under grimy trousers.
Wouldn't do to wear clean ones.
No sympathy, no kudos, no street cred!
Just looks of disdain, only more so...

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

When Faith Runs Dry

When faith runs dry in times of stress
And sighs are all that's left,
I reach down deep and pray, 'God bless! '
Although I feel bereft.
Bereft of joy, bereft of hope,
Bereft of inner peace,
I ask the Lord to help me cope,
For troubles seldom cease.
I don't start singing happy songs
Or dancing round the room,
For they won't cure me of life's wrongs
As optimists assume.
It's faith and strength and courage, too,
Not wishful thinking, friend...

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Two Awesome Magpies!

Illustrious silver pearls
Adorn mid-heaven's scene
Baptising one and all
So that each stares serene.
The busy day slows to a crawl
As beauty casts its spell -
For this is such a sight,
Gold memories to tell!

The glistening dewdrops settle
To nestle on the trees,
Each shimmering in sunshine,
Swayed by a gentle breeze...
Now tiny spectrums beckon
The magpies to draw near,
As if to say God's jewels display
The finest colours here!

The magpies glide down to the fence,
Our garden bath to use!
Not one but two, penguins with wings,
They wash away their blues!
We watch enthralled as each one sips
The gift of life itself...
Elixir-like it satisfies
Bestowing newborn health...

They're comfortable together,
As if love forms a bond!
Then off they go with gratitude!
Across the roofs beyond!
Like angels soaring, flying free,
Defeating gravity!
To leave us sighing, smiling...
What an awesome sight to see!

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

The Poet's Dream

The poet rested weary eyes
That read the heights and depths of sighs,
Compressed to redressed poetry,
Composed with utmost dignity...
The poet rested weary thoughts
More precious than a billion quartz,
More gracious than the stars above -
In contemplation of his love!
To him, she was the brightest star!
No matter where, both near and far!
To him, all dreams would lead to her!
His heart let nothing else occur!
Yet in this dream of dreams he knelt
Declaring all that Fate had dealt,
Confessing all in hopes to catch
The girl for whom he found no match!
She was 'THE ONE' who stole his heart
Who tore his simple world apart,
Who showed him nobler dreams to dream,
Who offered visions all supreme.
Now marriage seemed the only way -
With 'I LOVE YOU! ' the words to say!
Yet in his dream came no reply
And with her silence he could die!
No kiss occurred, no sweet embrace,
She gave no smile bestowing grace!
Though true romantic he must lose
For none can wed The Mystic Muse!
That's why male poets pine forlorn
In dreams of her... until the dawn...

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Remember...

Remember the song, 'I'll Never Fall In Love Again'?
How about a Jerry Lewis film in which his character says,
'Love is more deadly than all the bombs in the world...'?
How about Scrooge who lost in love and watched his soul die?
How about that person called YOU? Ever lost in the game of love?
As the song says, 'Only the lonely know the way I feel tonight! '
But if losing happened only once then it wouldn't hurt so much.
Losing repeatedly makes you want to get better at love...
You want to be a winner. So you start to learn the rules.
The rules dictate that you must walk love's tightropes...
You learn to hold your tongue rather than create waves...
You learn not to rock the boat that can capsize your latest love.
You learn to become a liar, a compromiser, maybe even a love cheat.
As the song says, 'Love changes everything...' Life proves that.
Who among us wouldn't sell our souls to change time itself?
Therefore, beware 'The Power of Love'. It's stronger than you.
It's without mercy. You either compromise or you lose... again...
Just keep your shield held high to protect your heart...
Don't look into another person's eyes. Eyes can hypnotise you...
Don't shake hands, don't hold hands, don't reach out to anybody.
Bodies lead to desires, hopes and dreams and other tricks of love.
Keep yourself to yourself. Don't watch television or films.
Let the years roll by without incident. Save money!
No Valentine's cards, no birthday or Christmas presents.
No arguments, tiffs, mood swings, no words you shouldn't have said.
You know, like, 'I really do care about you! ' or 'I love you! '
And never the dreaded and irreversible 'Will you marry me! ? '
Oh, no, that's just plain daft! Too crazy for words! The big NO-NO!
Just remember the song, 'I'll Never Fall In Love Again'...
Memorise it! Every 'single' word of wisdom! Treasure it... alone...

Denis Martindale

Lucky You!

You're in love but she won't phone.
You're in love but she won't write.
You're in love but you're alone.
You're in love but what a plight.
You're in love but she's not keen.
You're in love but not so sure.
You're in love but not serene.
You're in love but how long for?
You're in love but does she care?
You're in love on tenterhooks!
You're in love so said a prayer!
You're in love and checked God's books!
You're in love, what's going on?
You're in love and in great need!
You're in love, where has she gone?
You're in love and yet you plead!
You're in love yet will God hear?
You're in love yet fading fast!
You're in love and so sincere!
You're in love but can it last?
No... suddenly it's finished!
It's simply run its course.
Its power has diminished
And now it's closed its doors!
Unloved, you understand...
Unloved, you let her be...
You thought that love was grand,
Yet there's no guarantee!
You fell for fairytales!
You fell for twinkling eyes!
You're just like other males
Who thought that she was nice!
She's just a shameless flirt!
You're lucky you learnt quick!
I know that you feel hurt...
But have another pick...

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

I Sing Of Gabrielle... (The Friendliest Friend Of Xena!)

In tribute to the brave young bard, I sing of Gabrielle.
To fall in love with her's not hard, as far as I can tell!
Though once she was a giggling girl who mostly stayed at home,
The first day watching Xena twirl was when she strayed to roam.
She followed Xena town to town - adventure filled her thoughts!
Gabrielle hoped she'd track her down according to reports...
At last she found her lifelong friend, her soulmate night and day!
She was her sidekick till the end and loved her come what may!
She scratched on scrolls with eloquence the dramas that she saw!
She pounded heads, yes, mostly mens, in times of peace and war!
She broke some hearts along the way with kisses that she'd save!
Her highest love caused her to pray for Xena, oh so brave!
Together, as a team, they fought, for love, for joy and peace...
And with each victory gained they taught the Gods from Gaul to Greece!
Their love transcends the physical for courage blessed each one!
Their love was like a miracle the Fates themselves had spun!
No God or man, no friend or foe, could break apart love's bond,
This destiny that both must know endured death and beyond!
How blessed are they who've kissed the lips of gorgeous Gabrielle!
She's more than acrobatic flips... She's a truly precious girl...

Denis Martindale

Spider-Man's Super Secret!

Now I'm in love what should I do,
Admit I'm Spider-Man?
Say I'm the guy in red and blue
And hope that she's a fan?
Or send boxed flowers wrapped in web,
No strings attached at all?
Or boast that I'm a great celeb
With wise-cracks that enthral?
Although it's cool to fly about,
My mask keeps me at bay...
And though my heart's so full of doubt,
I hope my feelings stay!
I see her smile, the world stands still...
She speaks and I go numb...
As if she stole my mind, my will
And I'm under her thumb!
I've got the strength of twenty men
Yet love makes me go weak!
Its power grows beyond my ken!
What makes her so unique?
To me, she is the only girl...
No other means so much!
I'm in her web! My heart's awhirl!
Love's so darned hard to budge!
To all the world I'm quite a catch -
All brave in red and blue...
Though Spider-Man is hard to match,
Should I say, 'I LOVE YOU! '?
If so, when is the moment right?
There's no escape from crime!
Love hurts just like a spider's bite!
Time after time after time...

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Spider-Man's Vow!

This I would vow, to make my stand
Defending what is right -
To do much more than lend a hand...
On duty day and night!

This I would vow, to sympathise
With those who need my aid -
And though I do this in disguise,
My valour will not fade...

This I would vow, to rescue those
At risk, in mortal dread...
Against all rogues and superfoes
And any they've misled!

This I would vow, my strength, my power,
My spirit, body, soul,
To vanquish villains hour-by-hour...
Yes, this will be my goal!

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This I would vow, with earnest faith,
I'll do the best I can!
So criminals beware or brave
The wrath of Spider-Man!

Denis Martindale

Spider-Man

While most folks sleep when night draws near
And dream their gentle dreams,
For Spider-Man the choice is clear
Despite the mad extremes!
While justice isn't always sweet,
Nor swift to ease the pain...
For Spider-Man no easy street,
Yet no good to complain!
Folks criticise the things he does -
He works outside the law...
Yet he persists despite the fuss
To overcome each flaw!
He perseveres and truly tries -
He soldiers on each time...
A warrior who spins and flies
And strives against each crime!
With super strength and spider-sense
He clings to any wall...
He fights his foes to save his friends
With courage to stand tall!
The villains vouch he's hard to kill -
It's hard to track him down!
To see him fly is such a thrill
As he spins cross the town!
For Spider-Man it's life or death -
With safety-net in tow...
Spectators stare and hold their breath
And wonder where he'll go!
For Spider-Man the danger waits -
It's always do or die...
And even if he hesitates,
At least he wants to try!
Give him a chance! He does his best!
Somehow he serves God's plan!
Yes, if you see him, you've been blessed,
'Cos you spied a Spider-Man!

Denis Martindale

Spider-Man: With Great Power Comes Great Responsibility!

Each man on Earth who strives for good
And seeks to bless the neighbourhood
Should ask himself what gifts he owns
To fight the evil crime condones!
Yet what of you who walks, runs, flies,
With spinning webs to cross the skies,
With strength and even prophecy?
Show great responsibility!

Split-second moves can save a life,
Thus bring peace to what was strife,
Defeating death before it laughs
And thus preventing epitaphs...
Inaction leads to utter loss -
A headstone and a tragic cross!
To overcome such infamy
Show great responsibility!

PoemHunter.com

When greatness comes, it turns the mind -
Perhaps to benefit Mankind...
Perhaps to compensate your pains
Yet conscience blesses and restrains.
Therefore it's best to hear the call
Though it may drive you up the wall!
Don't think it's random destiny!
Show great responsibility!

So Peter Parker persevere -
Despite your doubt, despite your fear...
Despite your hate, despite your love...
Despite your thoughts, just rise above...
Tenacity is needed now -
Not posing for some gracious bow...
Superhero, do all you can
To honour the name of Spider-Man!

Denis Martindale

The Time Machine!

The gamble's taken based on faith
Before one switch is pressed -
The traveller sits and must be brave
In this, Man's noblest quest!
From geographic co-ordinates
A constant is derived
From which both science and the fates
Reveal if one's survived!
Thus time and space await the man
Who's faith's as good as gold,
Enough to conquer all he can
While mysteries still unfold!
The clock's now set, just biding time.
Its master's said his prayers!
The minute's here and all's sublime,
That's if the master dares!
The chariot waits, both charged and charmed,
Enough to disappear -
And though the master's face looks calmed,
Each heartbeat skips a year!
The test went well, excelling dreams
Of what the future grants!
Time travel's real! It skims the streams!
Perhaps life to enhance!
Now comes enticement with the power!
To change Man's destiny!
To skip ahead! To mould the hour!
To bend eternity!
While angels stare at life's new realms
Obedient to God's Law,
Temptation grows and overwhelms
The soul that yearns for more!
Behold the wondrous time machine!
Time's wells and springs untapped!
No longer hidden, sights unseen,
They wait to be untrapped!
Release them, hero, if you must -
Just spin the dials and pray!
Yet act with caution though you trust

In God and Judgement Day!
Blessed is the noblest human soul
Content to live by grace,
Yet sometimes heroes take control
To save the human race!
Conscience not science is best employed
To serve God to the end!
Adventure beckons! Cross the void!
Knowledge is power, friend!

Denis Martindale

Five Friendly Flitterbye Fairies!

Five friendly fairies were twiddling their thumbs!
Agreeing quite wisely how tedium numbs!
'If only the humans believed we exist,
They'd wish on a star and our aid they'd enlist!
They'd welcome us fairies as five friendly folks!
They'd tell us new stories and jovial jokes!
They'd pour out their sorrows and thank God we cared!
They'd offer us sweeties for wisdom we shared!
They'd bring back the sparkle that once filled our wings!
They'd listen to songs that each flitterbye sings!
Us flitterbyes sit on their rooftops each night!
We know all their dreams while we're hid out of sight!
We used to be famous in forests worldwide!
But Man has sawed trees down, where can we abide?
If only us fairies could help in some way!
We can't keep on twiddling our thumbs night and day!
Let's help their computers! Let's send their emails!
Let's lead them to tutors! Both males and females!
If not, we'll all perish, forgotten, dismissed!
For nobody loves what has ceased to persist! '
So up stood the fairies as friendly could be,
Determined to help with elect trickery!
Bearing new emails they flew across space
Taking each thought to that one special place,
That one special person who loves fairies, too!
God blesses flitterbyes! How about YOU! ?

Denis Martindale

Until Whenever... (Andros Loves Wonder Woman!)

Until... whenever... who can say?
Let's meet again another day...
Let's share the looks that lingered so
That voiced the love we hoped to know.
While we stood close, enough to kiss,
We both held back on joy we'd miss!
Our sense of duty stood between
Just like a thief to intervene
And steal away our minds and souls
To focus well on pressing goals!
Thus romance roamed the universe
As if true love to reimburse,
As if to end each crisis met,
To overcome what made us fret,
So we'd be free to live and love...
To share the joy there's none above,
Beneath the silver shining moon,
That all romantics call a boon...
Until... whenever... who can say?
I'll always love you, come what may!
I've seen your strength and courage, too!
Like me, a sense of duty's due...
Yet bid me come within your dreams,
Apart from duty's hard extremes,
So I might hold you in my arms -
Away from fears and harsh alarms...
Away somewhere, some time alone...
Beneath the stars till love has grown,
So that we'd never want to wake -
To feel again the awesome ache...
Of lovers forced to live apart -
Each lover sighing hand-on-heart...
Princess, friend and Wonder Woman!
All three to me, now love has come...
I'll offer prayers by night and day...
I'll always love you... come what may...

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Super-Me!

Cor! Wonder Woman! Ain't she hot?
I think she's good as gold!
She rescues every chance she's got,
Yes, both the young and old!
I'd like to emulate the best!
Take on the worst and win!
I'd like an S upon my vest,
Eyes sparkling with a grin!
I'd use my X-ray vision, too!
I'd look through walls and such -
Though criminals aren't hard to view,
They hate to keep in touch!
How I wish I were a hero!
Like Superman or Flash!
Then I wouldn't be a zero!
I'd fly with such panache!
One arm outstretched to lead the way,
Legs gracefully in flight!
I'd make spectators shout, 'Hooray! '
Till I fade out of sight!
I'd open fetes like heroes
Shake hands, kiss babies' cheeks!
I'd do my bit to build up trust...
The one each damsel seeks!
My face upon Time magazine!
Plus talk shows on tv...
Yet destiny is not so keen...
That's why I'm only ME...

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Lord Jesus, Hold Me! Sung To Bond's For Your Eyes Only Theme

Lord Jesus, hold me!
Please lead me to the Light!
Lord Jesus, hold me!
Please feed me some insight!
You loved me on Calvary!
On Calvary, it's true!
Nobody's loved as quite
As much as You!

Lord Jesus, hold me,
Hold me to You!
Receive the very heart of me,
Today, eternally!
Lord Jesus, hold me,
Hold me to You!
To find You was my destiny,
My ecstasy, my liberty!
Jesus, hold me...
Lord Jesus, hold me!

Lord Jesus, hold me!
Please never let me go!
Yet please don't scold me!
I really want to grow!
Teach me from each Bible book!
Communion bread and wine!
Yet most of all,
Forgiveness that's divine!

Lord Jesus, hold me,
Hold me to You!
Receive the very heart of me,
Today, eternally!
Lord Jesus, hold me,
Hold me to You!
The Passion sacrificed for me,
The Blood Atonement meant for me!

PoemHunter.com

Jesus loves me!
Lord Jesus loves me! !

Denis Martindale

Justice League! (Superheroes)

Beware the might of the Justice League
If you're hellbent on dark intrigue!
Don't seek to harm, to kill or maim!
Don't think that you'll escape the blame!
They'll hunt you down by night and day!
They'll turn the tables! You're their prey!
They'll not give in like others do!
They'll cross the Cosmos just for you!
No secret hideout stops their quest!
They'll persevere! They'll do their best!
They'll scan, they'll plan, they'll wear you down!
They'll make you fret and fear and frown!
They'll use brute force! They'll fight to win!
They'll brave all odds to conquer sin!
You'll rue the day crime came to tempt!
They'll give you nightmares yet undreamt!
They'll chase you here, they'll chase you there!
They'll chase you, land, or sea, or air!
They'll make you sick! You'll spit and curse!
For you, there's no safe universe!
There's nothing that defeats their power!
They'll make you cringe and crawl and cower!
So don't be foolish! Don't be brave!
If I were you, I'd just behave!
Why tempt Fate's hand? Why go to jail?
If you cross them, you're bound to fail!
If you're hellbent on dark intrigue -
BEWARE THE MIGHT OF THE JUSTICE LEAGUE!

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Kisses And Cuddles!

Kisses and cuddles, yes, that's what you're worth!
And these you've received from the day of your birth!
Paradise started when life was received,
Preceding the moment that you ever breathed!
No man is an island, exempt from your charms!
Or the touch of your hand or embraced in your arms,
Or caressed with the fingers of fate at its best...
Awaiting the honour of one truly blessed.
Two lips left to reckon, and lowered eyes, too...
My heart seeks to beckon the nearness of you...
For what is the whole world itself worth to me
If true love is distant and never to be?
Yet hope springs eternal, it ever was so...
You are the sweetheart my heart yearns to know...

Take away riches, the clothes off my back,
And yet if you loved me, then nothing I'd lack.
Your love is most precious, most gracious of all...
Your kisses are luscious and sensuous to recall...
Forgive me for falling in love with your face,
Your body, your beauty, your skin soft as lace,
Your ideals as noble as God would decree,
Your patience and kindness and integrity.
And if dreams are the only highway to love
Then there I will love you as pure as a dove.
Like an angel who's known you and cherished your soul,
Who wishes your blessing and to at last see you're whole,
Who prays for the future when struggles are done
And Man's inner natures combine into one...

Kisses and cuddles, yes, that's what you're worth!
And these you've received from the day of your birth!
Paradise started when life was received,
Preceding the moment that you ever breathed!
No man is an island, exempt from your charms!
Or the touch of your hand or embraced in your arms,
Or caressed with the fingers of fate at its best...
Awaiting the honour of one truly blessed.
Two lips left to reckon, and lowered eyes, too...

My heart seeks to beckon the nearness of you...
For what is the whole world itself worth to me
If true love is distant and never to be?
Yet hope springs eternal, it ever was so...
Yes, you are the sweetheart my heart yearns to know...

Denis Martindale

Oh, My Gosh! Oh, My Gosh! Oh, My Gosh! (A Poem About Jennifer!)

Oh, my! That kiss! And just for me! How cute, how sweet, how quaint!
I'm kinda lost... pure ecstasy! I hope that I don't faint!
Oh, gosh! One more! Upon my lips! Must be my lucky day!
Oh, wow! A third! My heartbeat dips - it almost slipped away!
Please stop! No more! Oh, not again! Four times? Don't make it five!
I'm not as strong as other men! I don't think I'd survive!
Good gracious, girl! I'm not that cute! Five kisses in a row?
I think it's time for you to scoot! One kiss before you go?
Did I kiss back? Confession time! Jennifer! Je t'adore!
Exquisite kisses, so sublime! Addicted now for sure!
Now I see why! It's kinda nice! It's awesome, don't you think?
It kinda takes you by surprise to find two hearts in sync!
Why did we wait so long, my dear? Why were we so reserved?
Thank God, at last we've lost our fear and got what we deserved!
Such tenderness! Such happiness! Such are the joys of life!
I've got to ask you now I guess... Erm, will you be my wife?

PoemHunter.com

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Denis Martindale

You'll Feel Sky High If You Get Sky!

I watched Eastenders! Silly me! It left me quite depressed!
At the end, I wasn't happy! My poor soul wasn't blessed!
I guess it's meant to 'keep it real', to show life in the raw.
If so, the feelings that I feel I simply can't ignore!
I pray for those who live that way! What misery to view!
We pay our licence day-by-day no wonder we feel blue!
I had to get Sky Digital! Yes, humour's Paramount!
I felt compelled to make that call and get a fitter round!
Forget Eastenders, upgrade now! Tune in each night and smile!
It's time to fill your life with 'WOW! ' But first, you've got to dial!
Pick up the phone and quote my name! (I might get rich that way!)
Your life will never be the same, as long as you can pay!
Film channels, sport and shopping, too! Gold scart leads to and fro!
That Sky remote was meant for you as if you didn't know!

The poem was written even before the latest Sky Q box was made available. Customers can get a lot of downloads saved to the hard drives so a world of entertainment is live or online...

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Writing's A Tonic! (The Poem's Acrostic!)

Writing's a tonic, yes, indeed!
Relaxing to the mind!
In times of stress, in times of need,
To help you to unwind!
In truth, the pen is mightier!
No doubt at all in this...
God knows our meanings must be clear
Succinct won't go amiss!
A gentle word, a piece of prose,
Triumphant themes and more,
Opinions sought, meant to propose,
Not easy to ignore!
I've done my part, this much is true...
Calligraphy's now up to YOU!

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Would I Marry You? In A Heartbeat!

Inner heartbeat getting fonder!
Inner heartbeat getting sweet!
Inner heartbeat makes me ponder:
So how come life's incomplete?
Inner heartbeat moving faster!
Inner heartbeat moving strong!
Inner heartbeat prods its master...
So how come the days seem long?
Inner heartbeat stirring new love!
Inner heartbeat stirring sighs!
Inner heartbeat like a warm glove!
So how come this feels so nice?
Inner heartbeat palpitating!
Inner heartbeat passion-filled!
Inner heartbeat can't stand waiting!
So how come that it's so thrilled?
Inner heartbeat seeks its solace...
Inner heartbeat seeks its treat!
Inner heartbeat seeks your first kiss!
That's true love... in a heartbeat...

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Try Super-Addictive 'Freebase' Nicotine Today!

When nicotine is added to some chemicals folks try,
It's then 'freebase', folks' brains to screw and finally folks die.
Some cigarettes are made so strong that strong men fail to quit,
Yet would they start a thing so wrong if they knew all of it?
Each packet has a warning note to tell folks, 'Leave these be! '
Once warned, who needs an antidote or cure to set folks free?
Yet there are those who still ignore the signpost, 'Sickness! Death! '
Though loved ones nag and will implore, is this just wasted breath?
Why must it be that cigarettes turn wise folks into fools?
Why must we see fag-fuelled regrets, yes, even in our schools?
How many deaths must be played out before the world sees sense
And bans what makes the grievers shout, such that all smoking ends?
Freebase, freewill, freedom to choose? But funerals aren't free!
Nor are the feelings when you lose the life God meant to be...

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Hear God's Call Sung To Bond's Thunderball Theme

Love is the meaning we're alive!
Love shares so others may survive!
Love cares for this world, lost souls and all!
So it lives to hear God's call!
Love lifts the spirits just to bless!
Love's gifts grant more than happiness!
They won't make us sinners doomed to fall!
For love lives to hear God's call!
Any wisdom love learns pure gold
That's meant not just for one to hold!
Love's like a kiss upon your lips!
Love's touch is more than fingertips!
Yet love's sure, here's the first great truth of all!
So love lives to hear God's call!

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

The Sacred Heart Of Jesus... His Presence Will Give You Peace.

Of Jesus Christ, it has been said, 'He is the King of Kings! '
Once crucified, rose from the dead! God knows what peace that brings!
It means that God accepts His Blood as pardon for our souls
That have by sin turned black as mud, once meant for godly goals.
God won't condemn the guilty man who trusts Christ crucified!
The first soul God chose not to ban? One thief with whom He died!
That man found peace as if God's gift when in his greatest need!
From God he'd reached his furthest rift! Then he saw Jesus bleed!
The Saviour healed the crippled crowds the dumb, the deaf, the lame!
Today three tombs! Today three shrouds! Today they mocked His Name!
Yet Jesus prayed, 'Forgive them, Lord! They know not what they do! '
One thief believed! God's Son assured, 'God's Paradise for you! '
Christ's promises cross centuries and all eternity...
Yet most of all, He offers peace... because of Calvary...

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

The Philosophy Of Love

The wisest men who've ever lived divide this world in two
When they discuss God's greatest gift: the love that makes life new.
Some wise men simply fall in love with gusto, all the way!
Yet others say that's not enough and rules we must obey!
So while the world ignores life's rules and falls head over heels,
Some wise men will not love like fools, no matter how it feels!
They will not sing, they will not dance, they certainly won't flirt!
Poor dears! They never take a chance! That way, they won't get hurt!
Alas, they starve their whole lives long! Alone, no kisses found!
No cuddles felt to make them strong! By wisdom they've been bound!
Restrained, restricted, ruled by laws! No poetry declared!
No heart that waits love's open doors! No tears or laughter shared!
No soft caresses of her cheek... No touching of her lips...
No dream-girl that the heart would seek... No tapping fingertips...
If I'm a fool for loving love, then that's the way I'll be...
I'll imitate the cooing dove in hopes that you'd love me!
I'd sacrifice the loneliness, the wisdom some call peace,
In prayers for perfect happiness that some say cannot cease!
I know true love fulfills God's plans! Love thrills us to the core!
Yes, blessed is he who understands God's wisdom called 'AMOUR'...

Denis Martindale October 2003.

Denis Martindale

Rhapsody In Blue (Rose: Frantasia)

Although named Rhapsody in Blue, it's commonly agreed,
It's iridescent purple hue... Rose of the Year, indeed!
It's got a fragrance that enchants the disenchanted soul
And so we ask, let it enhance, for beauty is its goal!
Of all the flowers gardens share, this rose deserves its place.
It radiates both style and flair, puts smiles on every face...
The Main Road that we daily walk involves us to the hilt.
When we're at home, we sit and talk, so tired that we wilt...
Perhaps it's then that we look out to see this rose in bloom...
Remembering, without a doubt, its God-blessed sweet perfume!
Buy other coloured roses, too, for rainbows here on Earth!
Yes, credit where credit is due... for every rose has worth!

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Putting The Fizz Into Physics!

If we but knew the mysteries this universe contained,
We'd fill a billion histories before the truths were gained!
Yet if we take a grain of sand and strive to learn its gold,
Perhaps we'd start to understand, God's wonders to behold!
A microscope unlocks such gems! By hook or crook it seems!
Thus expelling our eye problems, unravelling God's schemes!
Each mind is like a microscope! Like Einstein's once was!
He forced his mind to grasp and grope, both time and space to cross!
Colossus-like we take our strides! Inventions everyday!
Then first class tutorial guides for teachers to relay!
Putting the FIZZ into Physics, so children will learn, too!
Their lessons act as building bricks to house our point of view!
Though gravity would hold us down, so that we wonder why,
We've still no need to fret and frown - we know that angels fly!
God gave us question marks for ears and put our brains between!
So, let's wisely use our school years and keep those text books clean!

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Jennifer!

How can it be that she's the one of all the girls I've met
Who gets to me with smiles that stun from chats I can't forget! ?
How can I sleep when hopes occur and wondrous fantasies! ?
This love goes deep for Jennifer, the girl I strive to please!
I wish I knew the way ahead, what clever lines to say!
The things to do to get us wed, then hip, hip, hip, hooray!
Right now I'm cautious all the time, not knowing how to act.
Just thinking it would be a crime if all the odds are stacked!
I wish I were a millionaire! I'd sweep her off her feet!
All nonchalant and full of flair and chic and cool... and sweet!
Oh, Jennifer! I'm not that rich! I can't afford a yacht!
You see, I've got this little hitch... I'm poor, yet you're so hot!
I can't compete with 'Mansion Mick' or his mate 'Penthouse Paul'!
I only know that I'm lovesick for Jennifer, that's all!

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

It's Great To Be An Actress!

Yes, it's great to be an actress - in fact, it's fun-derbar!
And with a measure of success, perhaps I'll be a star!
To wear the finest clothes on Earth like catwalk models do,
Can give a girl a sense of worth to thrill you through and through!
To talk in accents not your own is quite 'der challenge' yet,
It's up to you, your skills to hone! Get all that's there to get!
Portray in every way you can the character within...
That's how to please the fervent fan who wills you on to win!
Perform in plays and tv shows, plus adverts, films and such!
Make friends with amateurs and pros - each one can teach so much!
Success or failure! Come what may! An actress I will be!
You'll watch me on tv, one day! Yes, just you wait and see!
You'll beg me for my autograph, signed pictures and much more!
Yet when I'm gone, my epitaph will simply say, 'ENCORE! '

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Josephine Wall, Fantastic Fantasy Art, Painter Of Perfection!

There is a soul called Josephine that God sent to this Earth...
And of her art I'm truly keen, because it has such worth!
For she compresses to a frame a quintessential skill
Borne of an innate childlike aim to captivate and thrill!
She's like a poet using paint to form the words within
Until the vision once thought quaint takes shape and size and skin!
She summons blessings from each dream before they fly away!
Embellishes a humble theme, such that it makes our day!
She permeates our very lives with treasure troves of joy,
In helping husbands love their wives when they, her dreams, employ!
Though Josephine deserves respect, to me, fame's not enough!
To me, it seems, it's quite correct extending her our love!
So pray for her and say, 'God bless! ' for pictures that enthral!
For rare indeed's such happiness! Thank you, Josephine Wall...

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

It's Autumn-Atic!

The heatwave's gone! The sun retreats! The Summer bids adieu!
'What a scorcher! ' thus completes the season known as 'Phew! '
It's 'Autumn-atic' what ensues and Winter waits its turn...
September starts its coloured hues on trees as green as fern.
Is that a chill within the bones? Rheumatic pains increase.
Across the nation, hear the groans from those who can't find peace!
So on with extra togs on beds, our duvets to improve.
So on with extra logs from sheds, our living rooms to soothe.
The folks with central heating, too, turn up a notch each night.
It's no good if their feet turn blue, 'cos that would be a sight!
Out come the extra pairs of socks, the mittens and the scarves!
And soon we have to change the clocks we don't do things by halves!
We watch the roads in case of ice! We watch dark days take hold!
Then chestnuts ripen in a trice all shiny, good as gold!
Then Halloween's bewitching spell enchants, once cast, till past...
Bonfires burn as if from hell! Then Christmas comes AT LAST!

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Her Heart Is Like A Rainbow!

Yes, her heart is like a rainbow God set upon the sky,
For here we see such colours flow, like twinkles in each eye!
Resplendent smiles transmit such joy that viewers stare amazed!
That's why she's liked by every boy and by each man she's praised!
When love begins to weave its spell to catch you unawares,
There's just no way that you can tell despite a million prayers...
Love strikes you like a thunderbolt - then suddenly you're caught!
Your heart is racing like a colt! She fills your every thought!
You hang upon her every word - a doting devotee!
Romance is kindled, hopes are stirred and even poetry!
They say that true love conquers all! It's friendly all the time!
You'll not find out until you fall... Like rainbows, love's sublime!
True love has secrets all its own to teach us tenderness...
One smile can melt a heart of stone, its emptiness to bless!
That's why her smile has magic, too, that only lovers sense...
To channel upbeat thoughts to you and all who are her friends...
There is no star that shines above to match her majesty!
So speaks the heart that's filled with love and knows its mystery!
Somehow she changes everything! It's magic, so it is!
Or could it be just the hoping for one teeny-weeny kiss?

Denis Martindale

From Wishes To Kisses!

Along life's journey, love drew near and led me by the hand
And whispered dreams into my ear as we crossed 'Wonderland'.
Love played soft music meant to soothe such that I felt no fear
As if my soul mate could improve my life if she were here.
Then loneliness and pining came as if to reinforce
The need for her, to stake my claim, as if it were fate's course.
Then destiny chose prophecy to overcome my doubt.
I thought, 'Love's got it in for me! ' There seemed like no way out!
Reality tried sabotage but fantasy returned
And brought a mighty entourage, persuaders I'd once spurned.
'OK, I give! I'll fall in love! I'll do the best I can!
I'll even pray to God above like every other man!
Don't care how long I wait for her, whoever she may be!
As long as true love starts to stir and she, in turn, loves me!
I know they say no guarantees, just promises, that's all...
Yet grant me kisses meant to please and cuddles that enthrall...
If not, I'd rather live alone, unloved until I die...
To leave this world as ghosts that groan, lamenting, Why, Lord, why? '

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale

Boy With A Dolphin

Boy with a dolphin, two species at play!
Submerged for a moment then up to the spray!
Two mammals at leisure, no danger in sight
Just swimming together neath golden sunlight!
Neither is greater or lesser at all...
Each is the partner as pleasures enthrall!
The dolphin is noble and caring to boot...
Fraternal in spirit and physically cute!
The boy holds the dolphin in tune with his friend,
'You lead and I'll follow! ' They both comprehend!
No biting or scratching, just true courtesy
That's borne of God's blessing and joint harmony!
Could this be the blueprint of how life was planned?
Exploring the Cosmos by space, sea and land!
With love as the standard, the hallmark of grace
And proof is made known by the smile on one's face!
If so, keep on smiling and bubbling with joy!
Remember the dolphin! Remember the boy!
Keep faith with God's Spirit and radiate love!
And soon you'll be flying with angels above!

Denis Martindale

Bob Hope Esquire

My good friend, Bob, deserves acclaim! He loved to make folks laugh!
Indeed, this was his claim to fame... and now his epitaph...
His mind was like a library - one-liners as a rule!
His heart was good as gold, you see! That's why he played the fool!
His long nose was like a ski slope that's always heading south!
Despite his 'snozz', he learnt to cope and utilised his mouth!
Do you remember fondly, too? He flirted all the time!
He told each girl, 'Sure, I love you! Hey, babe, you look sublime! '
He charmed us all: half wit, half style! He made us grin and grin!
God blessed us with Bob's roguish smile... and also with his chin!
Bob played the hero with panache! We hoped he would succeed -
Especially as folks paid him cash to star and play the lead!
I pray my good friend Bob's received in Heaven, by the Lord...
And all lost golf balls are retrieved as part of his reward!

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

As Resplendent As A Renoir!

I wish I could own a Renoir, a master of the arts.
You see, to me, he was a star! He's captured many hearts!
He had a sense of fun, that's true! He sensed Man's need, of course!
That's why he painted just for you! Life's promise to enforce!
We were not meant for cold, dark rooms! We seek out summer days!
We do not seek the dooms and glooms! We like the summer haze!
We thrive on picnics in the sun! We celebrate with friends!
We take that party spirit won until the evening ends!
We swim, we dance, we toast the joy that God put deep within!
We play with every girl and boy! Sometimes we let them win!
Yet most of all we look around! Exploring all the while!
Rejoicing at the gifts we've found that thrill us till we smile!
That's life! Not hiding in the house! Not sulking, life's not fair!
Not skulking round as if a mouse! But outside... everywhere!
The colours Nature shares are grand! The flowers bid us near!
The birds may glide down, softly land, as if they show no fear!
Why, then, can't we, enjoy life, too! ? Paint pictures like Renoir!
Who knows what artwork you can do? Just wish upon a star!

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale

As Free As A Fox?

The fox, of course, was born with teeth that one day would be used!
Designed to hunt and cause some grief and so it's been accused!
Who owns the land on which it stalks the prey it needs to live?
Is it the man who's tamed the hawks and dogs that won't forgive?
Is it the man that rides the land on horses six feet tall?
Or is it God who knows it's manned who truly owns it all?
God doesn't ask us for advice to say what must be done.
He simply tells us to be nice and not make killing 'fun'.
He won't condemn if we eat meat, give thanks and praise the Lord!
Yet Man is more than food we eat, for all of us are flawed.
What does God want the fox to do? Eat vegetables instead?
Just like a cow that's forced to chew the grass beneath its head?
God made the fox 'as is', OK? It's got four legs not two...
God gave us brains to use each day! And so, what should we do?
Put all the foxes into jails? Life sentences enough?
Or simply death 'if all else fails' when Man likes 'sport' not love?

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

The Quest For The Cross!

A dream from nowhere came to me,
I dreamt I searched for Calvary!
I walked along God's streets of old!
I saw God's Temple crowned in gold!
I watched the Romans, Gentiles, Jews.
Barabbas? Jesus? They must choose!
They choose Barabbas! Christ must die!
The wicked cried out, 'Crucify! '
'No, no! ' I shouted, 'Leave Him be! '
The Lord looked up, then looked at me.
A loving smile adorned His face,
Yet He must die to take my place,
For I have sinned and know this well,
Without Christ's Blood I'd go to Hell.
I followed Jesus to the Hill.
They pierced Him, made His Blood to spill.
Beneath the Cross I wept and wept
All through the night my body slept.
Yet with the miracle of dawn,
I rose from sleep, at peace, reborn!

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale

The Poet Princess

The Princess wrote her poems down...
Each on a parchment scroll...
Sometimes she'd laugh, sometimes she'd frown,
Sometimes she'd lose control!
'It's true my writing sweetly flows
And pleases finer folk
And yet I seek 'God's Perfect Prose'
Of which my teachers spoke!
I must confess I need His Love
To open up my eyes...
I need to emulate the dove
Who speaks with gentle sighs...
Almighty God, please guide my hand
That I might mighty be...
That I might truly understand
This Gift of Poetry! '
Her Christian prayer pleased God so much!
He blessed her there and then!
He kissed her brow and heart did touch
And said, 'Let’s start again...'

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Momentous Memories And More...

Contained within my very soul
Lay memories of you.
In fact, they stay, beyond control,
Because my love is true...
I think of you and then a smile
Appears upon my face.
A kiss or two can quite beguile
And thus they leave their trace...
Pressed close we touched and lingered still,
Eyes closed, engrossed, held fast...
I prayed, that if it were God’s will,
Our love would always last.
No wonder, then, when we’re apart,
I reminisce again
And think myself, now hand-on-heart,
The luckiest of men...
If only life were one long kiss
Expressed with ecstasy...
Life would be heaven! Beauty! Bliss!
True love! Just you and me...

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

The Pool Of Poetry

From the Pool of Poetry let the thirsty spirit sup -
From truth and fantasy... Come, drink, and drain the cup!
According to your taste, from folly to sublime,
Each verse can be embraced or spurned twixt prose and rhyme!
Just bring your present views and all that you hold dear -
It’s up to you to choose from what you see and hear...
Perhaps you'll find a friend! A phrase you'd like to quote,
A tale you'd hate to end... Or some short anecdote!
Whatever you may find, twixt ecstasy and strife,
It could help change your mind and even change your life!
Each generation shares Man’s greatest legacy -
Wise children learn their prayers from the Pool of Poetry!
Discerning souls confess the debt they'll always owe
To bards that chose to bless each one that strives to grow!
From the Pool of Poetry comes wisdom that refines!
Yet insight is the key! Read thoughts between the lines!
For doctrines come and go and ‘facts’ of science, too...
Love’s Truth resists the flow and this God shares with you!
From the Pool of Poetry let the thirsty spirit sup!
From truth and fantasy... Drink up! Drink up! Drink up!

Denis Martindale

Tenacity Is The Father Of Invention!

The empty page stared back at me devoid of expectation!
It held no hope, no ecstasy, no present inspiration!
Like snow it froze my very soul as if love never lived...
As if the Lord had no control to offer me this gift!
The gift of thoughts and wondrous words can conquer every doubt!
That’s why, as men, we fly like birds in planes that dart about!
It’s why we dive, like whales below, in silver submarines!
It’s why we strive to learn and know and why we make machines!
It’s why we walked upon the moon and then used all our wisdom
To go, by probes, past this balloon to cross our solar system!
Mankind, inspired, will not cease from universal quest!
He spurns contentment, even peace, for he must do his best!
So, empty page, I spurn your spite! No writer’s block have I!
Behold this poem that I write inspired by your sigh!

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

God's Sweet Serenade Of Serenity!

The soul that lives within you now
Carves Destiny as though a plough!
Decisions made might lead to Heaven...
While some, through sin, must be forgiven...
God’s Law required a sacrifice,
Yet only Christ could pay the price!
Through Him, alone, your sins are waived...
In Him, atoned, you could be saved!
By faith, Man reaches to the Moon -
Tomorrow Mars, or some day soon!
Yet only God could pardon sin,
At Heaven’s Gates to call you in!
No Christmas yet could save your soul -
Nor Easter, somehow, make you whole!
But Jesus who climbed Calvary’s Hill...
Presents His Blood... calms conscience still!
The Saviour’s Love redeems Mankind -
And, so, when guilt attacks the mind,
Christ whispers with sincerity,
'Tranquillity... serenity...'

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

God's Secret Splendour!

It is the sunrise once again - that special moment when
The light of heaven warms the morning flowers!
The chorus of the sparrows flies round and round like arrows
In celebration of the dawning hours!
Plants with petals open wide in thanks for heat supplied,
And fragrance fills the very air itself!
City gents are on the march with shirtsleeves full of starch -
All business-like and on-the-look for wealth!
Young children, with a yawn, greet each new day with scorn -
With school, perhaps, the first thing on their minds!
The family pets awake! (Let them out for goodness sake!)
And so, you see, each brand new day unwinds...
Town gossips start to call, and give their very all,
As soon as they can sit beside a phone!
The pilgrims start to pray, petitions to relay,
And God gets an earache when the grim ones moan!
How few have seen the splendour of sunrise soft and tender -
Unparalleled in Nature’s vast array!
Late nights are our excuse - that’s why so many choose
To snooze and snooze and snooze... past break of day...

Denis Martindale

What Use Is Man?

What use is Man? I'd like to know.
It's true he's always on the go.
He's always moving to and fro...
He works by day, he works by night,
With optimism still in sight -
Just tinkering to get things right...
Alas, through business men in suits,
Man's careless, so the world pollutes...
With apathy the deadly fruits!
In time, the world will wilt away,
Despite the fact that some will pray!
As if awaiting Judgement Day...
'Tis better, then, to live forgiven,
Blessed by the Lord, the King of Heaven
For three-six-five... and two-four-seven...
Don't live your life outside God's plan!
Don't play the fool like none else can!
Else God will ask, 'What use is Man? '

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

The Waterfall

Transfixed by the splendours picturesque,
Stuck dumb in amazement, statuesque...
Moistened by droplets, I stood and I stared,
Surveying the spectacle Jesus had shared...
Perpetual motion, Christ’s cycle of life...
The prayer that God answered to help Man survive...
Refreshed in the dropp zone, eyes cleansed in God's shower -
Absorbing the Cosmos, its patterns of power,
Its grace and its grandeur compressed to this scene -
The waterfall foaming, now oxygen-clean...
A radiant rainbow shines jewels in the sun,
Its arc full of colours so expertly spun.
Great rocks rest resplendent, transcended by love...
To God be the glory, the Creator above...
I entered the water, in reverence to Christ -
Alone, mid the fulness, forgiven, baptised...
New life bubbling over, my spirit reborn,
Embracing the Saviour the world chose to scorn...
Thrice-blessed, bathed in beauty, prophetic, divine...
Now bonded forever, Lord Jesus is mine!

Denis Martindale

The Treasures Of Tomorrow

All the treasures of tomorrow are destined yet to be,
Where no rogues can beg or borrow their future legacy!
A billion kisses still concealed though earnest lips still pine!
A billion smiles will be revealed in the fulness of time!
Don't hold your breath impatiently! God's mind will not be changed!
Although you feel uncertainty, all things have been arranged!
Romance awaits the chosen few and though not all are told,
God's angels sometimes give a clue so true love will unfold!
I envy all the happy hearts tomorrow will enchant -
Although love comes in stops-n-starts who knows what it will grant?
Tomorrow some men will propose with diamond rings, no less!
With fervent prayers as fondness grows - and dreams of happiness!
One day, who knows? I might ask, too! All sighs on bended knee!
Apart from saying, 'I love you! ' no treasures will I see...

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

The Spark Of Love

With a single smile she captivates my soul...
I stand and stare as if beyond control.
As if all time stood still,
And I had lost my will,
And to kiss her lips was now my only goal.
Statuesque in wonder here I stand,
Longing to advance and hold her hand.
My feet are locked in place,
As I gaze on her face,
Because the Spark of Love has just been fanned-
A silent inward sigh aches in my heart-
And yet I know that this is just the start!
The incantation done,
The pining has begun...
And who can say if this will soon depart?
What words are worthy now for me to speak?
And yet I feel so helpless and so weak.
Oh, God, give me the strength
That I may speak at length...
For she may be 'The One True Love' I seek....

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

The Sound Of Poetry!

God keeps a library up above
And there records Man’s thoughts on love!
The best are gentle, like a dove,
And warm and tender, like a glove...
I’ve heard that angels gather near,
Each time a writer sheds a tear...
Above his shoulders, thus to peer,
To read the words his heart holds dear!
Lord, let me write with this in mind!
Please stir my heart until I find
New thoughts with wisdom underlined
And God-blessed visions, pure and kind...
Resplendent rhythms set in rhyme!
Lyrical lines, like steps to climb!
Exquisite thoughts compressed in time!
Together, evermore sublime!
Let sacred souls find ecstasy
In Christian verse of Cavalry!
Lord, bid me write... yet hear my plea...
God bless the sound of poetry!

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

The Queen Mother's Faith: Love Lives On!

My love's not like a red, red rose because a rose can die...
My love lives on, past death it goes and grows not asking why...
It has no need to ask at all the reason it exists...
It simply answers my heart's call, content that it persists.
Think not my death ends love's embrace, for love's eternal, dear...
It overcomes what fools can't face and what all cowards fear.
Death's lost its sting and poison, too! What can it do to me?
In truth, I've seen the Saviour's view who conquered Calvary!
In Him, I hold no fear of death, for it can't crush my soul...
God grants to me eternal breath and blood it can't control!
That's why I'll love you when I'm gone and wait till you join me...
By faith, I've seen the Saviour's Throne, beheld His majesty!
Think not that I'm then lost in space and distanced from your heart,
For I'm still in a state of grace with God's Love to impart...
I'll be with you throughout all time! I'll love you without end!
I'll prove to you that love's sublime - more faithful than a friend!
Believe in me as in the Lord who gave His life to save...
Think not of me as one ignored still dormant in a grave...
I live in Christ, triumphant still! Forgiven all my sins...
I love you now... I always will... I simply serve God's Prince...

Denis Martindale

The Prospector's Parable

When Summer came, I looked for gold! I found it in her hair!
Such was the glory to behold, it really wasn't fair!
I went in search for sapphires! I found them in her eyes!
Where dazzling beauty conspires, intent on causing sighs!
I found two rubies in her cheeks each time she blushed with glee!
Her teeth like pearls a diver seeks deep down defiantly!
Yet all these treasures truly pale when compared to her soul
The true romantic's 'Holy Grail', the wise man's only goal...
To find a girl to love for life! The woman of your dreams!
Perhaps the one to be your wife! At least that's how it seems!
To sacrifice one's all for love, to start a family,
Remembering the Lord above has caused these things to be!
What use is life without a friend, someone that you hold dear?
That's why I'll love her till the end when silver hairs appear!
Beyond this world the soul endures - this truth I count sublime!
No more the need for doctors' cures... transcending space and time...

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

The Poet's Perseverance

My dream began with gentleness, soft music and soft light...
I sat upright with happiness as my white cloud took flight!
I sailed across the sky above warmed by the sun and breeze...
It was as if I felt God's love and God blessed me with peace!
An angel in the distance flew - at first I was amazed!
He floated near, out of the blue, and then to me he faced.
He said, Hello! and sweetly smiled as if he knew me well!
To him, I was a Christian child, adopted, saved from Hell!
I bid you joy and peace divine both now and evermore!
I thanked him for this noble sign which I could not ignore!
Please tell me, do you preach God's Word to rescue souls on Earth?
I told him he could be assured, I'd preached for all my worth!
He asked, How many have believed the Gospel of the Cross? '
And then I wept and truly grieved for I was at a loss!
I cannot say, I do not know! Who reads my poetry?
How many Gospel seeds I sow remains a mystery!
But I will persevere by faith! I'll try and try again!
I truly hope my words will save and God will bless my pen!
The angel shone with utmost joy! Amen! I'll tell the Lord!
God grant you boldness to employ the power of God's Word!

Denis Martindale

The Poet Prince

By day he wore a royal crown.
By night we wrote his poems down.
He wrote of justice, love and peace,
A future time when wars would cease.
Through vision, dream and prophecy
He wrote of wonders yet to be.
In time, his poems filled his room:
The left side joy, the right side gloom.
For life is both the sweet and sour,
And weakness till the time of power.
A prince must think such matters through,
To seek a sovereign point of view.
And so, while lesser mortals slept,
The prince, through poems, wisdom kept.
By day, by night he persevered
With revelations that appeared.
God said, 'Forget your crown of gold.
The world is ready to be told.'
The prince removed his crown that day
And as God's servant walked away...

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

The Poet And The Celebpretty!

If it were part of God's design
That she should be my Valentine,
Why wait a moment more alone?
I'd gladly call her on the phone!
I'd tell her straight she looks so fine
With luscious lips that act like wine!
If I were king, she'd share my throne
As well as love she's never known!
Romeo's prayers would thus be mine
Because for her I truly pine!
I'd call and hear the dialling tone.....
Engaging courage rarely shown...
I'd whisper wistful hopes to dine...
To call for her at eight or nine...
No need for her Love's skills to hone...
Just say it's 'YES! ! ' true love to own...
(What happens next you'll never know...
Until The Jerry Springer Show! !)

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale

The Philosopher: In My Humble Opinion

In my humble opinion, this love thing's not that great!
True love makes you its minion, its bondslave date-by-date!
It seems to me, you compromise, yet love, itself, won't bend!
At times I've wondered, full of whys. The questions never end...
And yet I've fallen for its tricks, its whimsies on the way.
It's only when I'm 'knocked for six' with daydreams that I'll play.
But now I know its repertoire, its gambits and its rules,
I'll not join in its mad hoorah like billions of other fools!
I'd rather live with loneliness than play the game as is.
At least your heart's not in a mess tormented by true bliss!
Love is a drug, a fantasy, the best of all your hopes,
And yet no guard 'gainst misery when you're left on the ropes!
When crucified by day and night by all each sigh creates,
Then love will only watch you fight the fury of the Fates!
You'll see I'm right, you'll understand... Roulette is much more kind!
For love will lead you by the hand then let you lose your mind!
Seek not its treasures and rewards. Your soul should not be bought!
Love's the fakir, the king of frauds! Stay wise and don't get caught!
Walk past all beauty in your path - ignore all offers given!
Then you will have the final laugh on leaving Earth for Heaven...

Denis Martindale

The Neglected Dog

The neglected dog looks such a sight! His coat is full of fleas!
Yet once he filled you with delight! He really loved to please!
The neglected dog has tapeworms, too! They're ghastly to behold!
Yet once this dog showed love for you! He once was good as gold!
The neglected dog has matted hair and sores upon his feet!
Yet once you combed him with such care till he looked cool and neat!
The neglected dog has eyes that fall... He's lost the will to live!
Yet once he answered every call! He had so much to give!
The neglected dog lies flat and still... He hasn't fed in days!
Yet once you cared when he was ill! Now who cares if he prays! ?
The neglected dog pleads for your love! Is that too hard a task! ?
Yet once your love was quite enough! He didn't need to ask!
The neglected dog has passed away... It's too late... anyhow...
Though once you loved him day-by-day... Too late to pet him now...

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

The Luckiest Man On Earth!

If I were the luckiest man, the luckiest man on Earth,
Then I would marry Cathy and I would prove my worth!
I'd kiss her in the morning and in the afternoon!
I'd kiss her in the evening, like on our honeymoon!
I'd kiss her in the sunshine! I'd kiss her in the shade!
I'd kiss her in the moonlight, as daylight starts to fade!
I'd kiss her on a Sunday I think the most of all!
Yet save my lips for Monday, my love to reinstall!
I can't help kissing Cathy 'cos my love's oh so strong!
I guess if I were twice the man, I'd kiss her all day long!
So, please pucker up, my pretty! Let's kiss our whole lives through!
God bless my cute celebrity, 'cos Cathy... I LOVE YOU!

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

The Little Girl's Prayer

Please send me a fluffy angel to watch me when I sleep!
I know he'd be invisible, but it would help a heap!
Soft snowy wings just like a dove's, all shiny, glistening bright!
To prove to me how much God loves and cares for me each night!
It's not that I'm a scaredy cat, afraid to close my eyes!
I'm not a sad, precocious brat with tantrums, pouts and sighs!
I'm just a little girl who reads my Bible every day -
Who tries to do some noble deeds for folks along the way!
Please send me my fluffy angel - it's not too much to ask!
Ah, go on, I'm sure You're able! It's not too hard a task!
My noble spirit and my friend who'd stand nearby till dawn,
Till sacred night comes to an end and I wake up and yawn...
He'd be my angel, mine alone! My guardian while I dream!
A righteous dude to whom I'm known because I'm on God's team!

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

The Lasso Of Love

Love walks behind us every day until we find someone,
Then throws its lasso right away so that the spell's begun!
That's why we linger for a while when really we could leave!
And yet we're captured by a smile with scarcely time to breathe!
Our eyes are drawn as though transfixed, now focussed on one face!
At first we stare with feelings mixed... then all falls into place!
Too late! It's happened! There it is: it started with a sigh...
The guy's now pining for a kiss before he says goodbye!
Her eyes are twinkling, yes, they are! Love's lasso then pulls tight!
So that's how come they can't go far! That's why they're so polite!
It's 'Thankyou! ' this and 'Thankyou! ' that and smiles from ear-to-ear!
He's working hard with all the chat! Yes, something's going on here!
Good God! He's even asked her out! Good God! The girl said, 'Yes! '
Only love could bring this about, that lasso sure can bless!

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

The Lament Of Loneliness...

Course, it's no good telling you...
I mean, you don't care... You don't really, really care...
You're the busy one, the achiever...
The so-called 'successful' one...
I'm just here ter make up the numbers!
Sort of in the way every now and then...
Sort of here, but invisible...
Sort of 'Oh! Hello! ' then 'Goodbye! ' No, you can't kid me!
I've seen it all before! I know when I'm being tolerated...
Grudgingly accepted, that's what I am!
Sort of here, but nobody cares...
Yeah, I'm still here, having me little moan...
Not that folks fret about what I want, or need or even dream about...
Nope, I'm the one 'On Me Todd', just me and God, that's all...
And He doesn't talk ter me, either!
I s'pose that's fer the best, nowadays!
They'd probably lock me up if He spoke ter me
And I was foolish enough ter tell anyone!
Yeah, they'd lock me up... and yet... I'm already a prisoner...
A prisoner of loneliness...

Denis Martindale

The Dove Of Love From Above

When I was but a cheerful child, a dove perched on my shoulder
And there he's stayed both meek and mild, the shaper and the moulder.
He's been my constant confidant, the sharer of my thoughts
And yet, in essence, he's the font of wisdom's best reports...
From him come visions, dreams and such - they visit night and day...
Sometimes with prophecies to clutch before they melt away.
And so I wait, with ready pen, in partnership with him!
Like ink he fills my heart again! Yes, to the very brim!
It's in these moments, wistful wiles are sometimes brought to bear -
To cultivate a million smiles for readers yet to share.
Our words will one day rock this world till all that's left is love!
Then he will fly with wings unfurled to bear my soul above...
But until then, I'll do my best to fashion thoughts sublime!
For I'm a writer, Heaven-blessed, who still 'redeems the time'...

Denis Martindale.

Denis Martindale

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The Crucifixion

The hour came, the signs were clear, the day of days approached!
Would He be loved, esteemed, held dear, or would He be reproached?
The one He loved just turned away, until He stood alone!
Alone with only words to pray... yet God seemed cold as stone!

The one He loved was nowhere now... the day turned black as night!
Tomorrow what would God allow? His face was ashen white!
'They just don't care, it seems to Me! I'm left here on the shelf!
Nobody cares of what's to be! ' He whispered to Himself.

It didn't matter that He loved and sought the highest path!
Along the way, both shamed and shoved, this made the demons laugh!
He sighed the longest sigh love knew! Most didn't give a damn!
Yet after all life put Him through, He stayed the patient lamb...

A silence swept His very soul, immortal though it was
And yet He gave up all control, ascending to His Cross!
The trial of trials had just begun... His soul felt no reward.
He chose to love till life was done... His broken heart outpoured...

Once nailed by love, all Hell let loose... He knew He wouldn't live!
He suffered every ache and bruise... in love, His life to give!
When Sunday came, the world was changed! The Saviour lived anew!
Now there's no cause to be estranged, God's pardon's bought for you!

Denis Martindale, copyright, October 2003.

We can hear the word of the Lord on
Revelation TV on UK Sky Digital 581
as well as the WATCH NOW link on
the revelationtv-dot-com website...

Denis Martindale

The Beauty Of Our Love

It has come... and we are parted...
Now I am brokenhearted...
These words are but a token -
For how could they be spoken?
Your life is at an end...
And I will miss you, friend.
You gave to me love's portion,
Without cold fear, or caution,
Without a second thought...
Our love was not for nought.
My heart was warmed within -
By purity not sin...
And memory's tender touch
Reminds me still to clutch
The essence of your kiss,
Its power not to miss -
And bless, all things above,
The beauty of... the beauty of...
The beauty of our love...

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Denis Martindale

Temptation

Temptation comes in many forms,
They're mostly human, though...
At first, temptation gently warms,
Then boils to overflow!
As humans, we're weak as water!
What strength can we provide?
When we don't do what we oughta,
Billions of sighs are sighed!
Man's conscience warns and gives us pause...
Reflect, repent, resist!
Yet even if we know God's laws,
Temptation will persist!
We try, at first, to turn away...
We fight against delight!
Yet few are they who strive all day
And fight with all their might!
The righteousness of morning fades...
It melts beneath the sun...
Temptation builds and thus pervades
Within us, every one!
We swelter in the afternoon...
Then cool when evening's here...
Then comes the madness of the moon,
When lunatics show fear!
In darkness now, we sin again,
Regardless of the cost!
When Samson sinned, he joined weak men
And more than eyes were lost!
Temptation whispers, then it shouts!
It beckons and beguiles!
It drips soft honey on your doubts
And tricks you with its smiles...
Temptation cares not for your soul...
Indeed, it never will!
Yet God forgives and makes you whole,
Through Christ on Calvary's Hill!

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Starting Over

OK, why don't you start again?
Just give it one more go!
What happened was beyond your ken,
Perhaps you'll never know!
But try to make it work out right!
And fix things if you can...
You'll suss it soon with some insight
And then fulfil your plan...
When things go bad, when things go wrong,
You've got to end the doubt!
Be resolute! Be firm! Be strong!
And sort the problem out!
Adapt, updat and pray like mad!
Then strive for all you're worth!
'Cos when it's done, you'll feel so glad
Your joy will fill the Earth!

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Some Sweetie Stole My Heart Away

Some sweetie stole my heart away
And trod it underfoot...
To leave me feeling such dismay,
Defenceless, soft as soot...
As weak as water, drained of life,
Of energy and verve...
The palpitations and the strife
Are more than I deserve.
Yet life goes on, though friendship dies...
Regardless of one's fuss...
You think it won't and yet time flies -
It really, really does.
Accepting truths one cannot change
Brings closure then release,
Despite the fact that things feel strange,
There comes a sense of peace...
Blessed are they that have lived to tell,
Survived another day,
Endured the lonely nights of Hell...
When love has gone away...

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Persian Blues!

That dog next door gets on one's wick! He's just so juvenile...
He's thrilled to bits to chase a stick - he only stops to smile...
They've got him running all day long! They think he's so sublime!
'Gosh, Fido's cute! Gosh, Fido's strong! He's really in his prime! '
This used to be a quiet street - till 'floppy ears' moved in!
Now all I hear is floppy feet that run and make a din!
One likes one's rest! One really does! One doesn't need his sort!
One treasures calm instead of fuss! He doesn't spare a thought!
How can one sleep when he's around? He barks the whole day through!
Fat Fido's just a common hound, while I'm a Persian blue!
One likes to be a cultured cat surrounded by one's peers...
Instead of which, one's on one's mat, nerves jangling, full of fears!
One's whiskers twitch with every bark with bloodshot eyes to boot!
One used to snooze till almost dark, now life's one constant hoot!
It's Fido this and Fido that! When will this Fido rest?
One likes to be a cultured cat, but F. F. Fido, you're a pest!

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

On Waves Of Starlight

When dolphins dream they dream of stars,
Above the ocean's realm -
Starstruck by Saturn, Venus, Mars
And sights that overwhelm!
The planets move like eyes above
And stars like snowflakes fall...
Perhaps they signify God's love
Poured out on one and all...
Fluorescent flames of radiant power
Transcend both time and space,
Portraying precious gems each hour,
Outliving human grace...
The Universe seems full of life
Though mostly unexplored
And consciousness must battle strife
Till order is restored.
Thus dolphins line up in a team,
United, friend-by-friend...
A sovereign family meant to dream,
Till waves of starlight end...

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Now I Know Why The Sky Is Blue!

Now I know why the sky is blue...
At last I know the score...
Though once I didn't have a clue,
Today I know for sure...
I also know the reason why
The rain falls from above -
I believe the heavenly sky
Once fell and lost in love...
That's why dark clouds must first appear
Before the thunder storm
And why each raindrop's like a tear
The sky was forced to form...
Love tends to promise everything
Yet takes it all away!
At first it makes you want to sing
Then fills you with dismay!
No wonder, then, the sky is blue
Then sometimes black as night!
For love tempts Man then says, 'Adieu! '
Then laughs with all its might!

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

The Measure Of Love Sung To From Russia With Love

The measure of love, in truth, is this:
To treasure each sigh, close by, then kiss!
I've revelled each girl I yearn,
Just to discern
The measure of love!
Soft embraces, gazes...
In search for one true friend...
Let go... then watching love grow...
Then lips pressed tight, just right,
As if our two hearts said, 'Hello! '
Love prays this is so...
The measure is true in gentlemen...
Right out of the blue! So who knows when?
It's meant to astound you, too...
So you can view
The measure of love!

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

New Chapter

One chapter ends, another starts -
Just like another game of darts.
New thoughts take hold, new people speak,
Past characters play hide-n-seek.
New meals are made, new shows are seen...
Forget about life's in-between...
Fade out the memories, let them go...
Pretend you just don't want to know...
Tune out the times you once esteemed,
Dismiss the dearest dreams you dreamed,
Then break the pen that praised her name
And brought her honour, glory, fame...
Move on to greet some pastures new -
The sky above is just as blue...
Transcend the traumas life inflicts
And soothe the wounds with gentle licks...
Patch up the heart that drips life's blood,
Refuse to wallow in the mud,
Cherish the chapter that's just begun
And close the book on the previous one...

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

My Love's Kiss: The Perfect Selfish Gift!

Yes, some would wish for feasts galore, to celebrate in style!
Yet, as for me, hooked by 'Amour! ', I sigh to see her smile!
Yes, some would wish to see world peace! That's awfully noble, guys!
Yet, as for me, how can I cease to think about her eyes! ?
Yes, some would wish for Earthly power, content to think they rule!
Yet, as for me, throughout each hour, I'm hot 'cos my girl's cool!
Yes, some would wish the world was theirs, yes, theirs-n-theirs alone!
Yet, as for me, such 'billionaires', true love have never known!
Yes, some would wish for jewellery, chic chauffeurs and fast cars!
Yet, as for me, my earnest plea: Her kiss! The rest I pass!
Yes, some would wish for wondrous things, in hopes nothing to miss!
But I don't need a billion rings... I pine for my love's kiss!
Those luscious lips are Heaven-sent! To me, they're Heaven-blessed!
To me, she is the perfect friend! 'Cos my girl is THE BEST! !

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

My Cautious Cat Says, 'Take Care! '

'It's not that a cat's nine lives to share,
You tell it to scat, so it learns, 'take care'!
Beware Mankind's oft-changing whim,
Else end up dead or dazed or dim!
To land on one's feet is truly clever,
To find refuge from unruly weather,
To hunt, of course, refines one's wits,
But a scaredy cat's just scared to bits!
Nine lives! ? Not quite. Just one alone.
We scratch a living in Man's Twilight Zone.
We 'purr-fect' our skills with each new day,
Smelling the roses along the way...'

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Learn Direct

I analysed the article, 'Try Learn Direct, it's fun! '
Yes, studying is magical and something to be done!
My heart was intent on knowledge, so I'd improve myself -
I proceeded to the College with alacrity and stealth!
What helpful folks awaited me! Team spirit all the way!
New challenges elated me - I chose I.T., O.K.?
Information Technology with courses on the Net!
Interactive for you and me - so there's no need to fret!
Word Processing and Web Design - beginners and advanced!
I couldn't wait to get online for schooldays now enhanced!
Who knows, if I did all I should, I'd boost my old C.V.!
So I signed up for all I could, enthusiastically!
Yes, Learn Direct has a website - I'll check it out as well!
So many courses! Sheer delight! I'm happy! Can't you tell?
The Silicon Age continues, to the betterment of all.
So Learn Direct - it's time to choose! Join in! You'll have a ball!

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Le Jardin De La Joie (The Garden Of Joy)

Before you came into my life my garden knew no love!
Until you came to be my wife and we walked hand-in-glove...
For when we came to live as one, our children joined us, too!
Together, we, have shared such fun! It seemed the garden knew!
Now every year the roses bloom and fragrance fills the flowers!
Aromas roam with such perfume there are no lonely hours!
Each bumble bee comes like a friend to visit and to feed...
Thus baby bees on us depend to make their honey mead...
Fine-feathered friends enjoy their stay and flock back now and then!
They know we won't turn them away... they pick their moments when...
Thus laughter fills each sweet repose! Our pear tree does us proud!
And as the day comes to a close, we thank the Lord, heads bowed...
Without Christ's love our joy would fade like twilight, slow and coy!
And yet God's love each day's displayed in our garden of joy!

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Jesus, The Crucified Poet

My pens have nailed me to the tree; red ink pours from my veins...
Though in the distance, fancy free, lost singers voice refrains...
If I had written songs instead, a hero I would be!
If I had known what lay ahead, would I know Calvary?
Yet here I am, now hoisted high, for all the world to scoff!
I asked, Who? What? Where? When? And Why? I couldn't shake them off!
Thus day-by-day and night-by-night I wrote my poems down...
Perchance that others would delight and somehow soothe each frown...
Alas, my critics sought my death, 'What purpose does he serve? '
It seemed they loathed my every breath, 'He has no place on Earth! '
Thus I was hunted like a fox until my final day -
And then they laid me in a box awaiting Judgement Day!
Prophetic poetry won't be slain! Its spirit will live on!
By God, its power will still remain when all my critics are gone...

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

It's Nice To Be In Love Again!

It's nice to be in love again - to daydream all day through!
To think ahead, that moment when you first say, 'I love you! '
You're getting on quite famously, exchanging jokes and such,
Yet all the time, impatiently, you yearn to reach and touch!
To stroke her hair, caress her cheek, kiss eyelids, lips and hands...
Of course, these feelings aren't unique - each lover understands...
'Is she THE ONE? ' you ask your heart which beats the faster now?
You hate each time she must depart! The heartache hurts - and how!
The weekends hurt the most of all! They're sixty hours alone!
If only you could make that call! Alas, she has no phone!
To email her seems quite absurd! And so, you bide your time -
You'll wait until the spoken word, like prose and precious rhyme!
Her beauty grows each passing day! Her smiles are precious, too!
Yes, pretty soon, you'll have to say those three words, 'I love you! '
If God gave you the perfect rose and perfume sweet as myrrh,
To symbolise the love that grows, please give them both to her...

DENIS MARTINDALE.

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Denis Martindale

If God Made Thee Mine

If God made thee mine, and willed that I be thine,
What wondrous love with thee I'd daily share!
The world could not contain the joys of Lovers' Lane
Nor bind our hearts more tightly, this I swear!
If God made me thine, I'd kiss those lips of wine,
Anointing them with sighs straight from my soul!
My heart burns like a flame when whispering thy name
To melt within all thoughts of self-control!
If God made thee mine, my precious Valentine,
The yearning years at last would thus be stilled!
My pining would be done for I'd be with the one
Whom God had made to help me be fulfilled!
If God made me thine, I'd praise His love divine
And pray He grant us heirs and happiness!
A gorgeous girl and boy and times we could enjoy...
Yes, if God made thee mine to love and bless...

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

I Loved You Once

I loved you once, with all my heart, my spirit, body, soul...
I loved you once, with all not part, with marriage as my goal...
I loved you once, with all my strength, as if I were on fire...
I loved you once, with all at length, as if love meant desire...
I loved you once, with all my dreams, which came by day and night...
I loved you once, with all extremes spent on this one delight...
I loved you once, with all God gave, with passion borne of joy...
I loved you once, with all to save romance and not some ploy...
I loved you once, with love divine, not holding back a thing...
I loved you once, with love benign that caused my heart to sing...
I loved you once, with happiness no other man has known...
I loved you once, with prayers to bless yet now I pray alone...
I loved you once, with each embrace, until the day you died...
I loved you once, with all God's grace yet now what sighs are sighed.

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

How To Write A Poem!

Think of a title! Don't be rash!
Just take your time and don't be flash!
Then start one line but cross it out
If it should niggle you with doubt!
Be open to a million thoughts
Such as the poet often courts!
You know, the kind that children like!
The iron's hot! It's time to strike!
It won't take long if you rehearse -
It's only four lines for a verse!
If you write 'vivacious fashion',
God will smile and bless your passion!
Let God grant a rhymes bonanza!
Pretty soon you'll have a stanza!
Then when you're 'finished' try to trim
The brilliant insights sent by Him!
Compressing compositions down
Might make you scratch your head and frown,
Yet suffer for your art, my friend!
Strive for perfection till THE END.

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Focus On Friendship, Faith And Love

A happy man is he who's found a lass that he can love...
As if by beauty he's been bound yet wouldn't shake her off!
Her lips like magnets draw him close till he looks in her eyes!
What happens next God only knows for eyes can hypnotise!
Each word she says he dotes upon as if she were sublime!
He'll write her poems signed Anon and pray for every rhyme!
He'll offer chockies, roses, too, and orchids from a shop!
He'll send her cards marked I love you! , heart pounding pitter-pop!
He'll watch her lips, as if a hawk, perchance to try his luck!
Then suddenly, no chat, no talk, as courage he must pluck!
Not now! Not now! Ooh, maybe soon! Ooh, coulda been! Too late!
Yet if they kissed, perhaps he'd swoon! That wouldn't look too great!
His pitter-pop is racing now! He's focussed, that's for sure!
Yes, pretty soon, he'll slowly bow in search of sweet amour!
It's time! It's time! Their first kind kiss! He's fainted clean away!
To see his smile, he'll die of bliss! God let him live! Oi, vey!

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Digital Tv Dolphins

I've never seen a dolphin so cute and crystal clear -
Nor with a greater grin as if from ear-to-ear!
The eyes like magic marbles, the fins like shining shields,
The tail bursting with bubbles... What joy each dolphin yields!
Blue bubbles dance in sapphire seas above the sandy depths,
As scuba divers swim with ease between their bracing breaths!
Thus Man and dolphin co-exist contentedly at play,
Where neither is the egoist true joy decides to stay...
Thus, time permitting, friendship grows, bonding beyond compare,
To blossom like a radiant rose... resplendent and so rare...
The photogenic dolphin... our friend without a doubt!
Into his world he lets us in... and that's what love's about!
Approachable and beautiful, so gracious and sublime...
Each somersault so wonderful, so special, every time!
The world is full of splendour - ask those who watch tv!
Yet what could be more tender than dolphins in the sea! ?

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Day Of Freedom

When freedom came, the sadness went -
Weights fell off my shoulders!
The feeling then was Heaven-sent -
No more mighty boulders!
I stood up straight! I sighed then smiled!
Breathed deep! Reborn anew!
Somehow my soul felt reconciled,
My heart no longer blue...
Transformed by truth, the spirit flies -
As if on angels' wings!
No more the man who pines or cries
At what love sometimes brings...
Then clarity swept through my mind
As swift as dynamite!
The day I left my past behind
And just enjoyed the flight...

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Cross Reference: Twelve Matchsticks Spell Out Love

Before the break of morning's light, before bird song commenced,
I woke from sleep with new insight I hoped would bless my friends.
The vision came, God sought a pen, a writer to relate,
Someone to reach out to all men and thus communicate!
The paper waited patiently for me to think things out -
Until God's power set truth free dismissing every doubt.
The pen obliged with equal care, content to bide its time,
Until the hour answered prayer perhaps gave rhymes sublime...
I waited on the Lord's command to write what must be done
And thus avoid His reprimand and lose what He'd begun.
The ticking clock maintained its beat, undaunted by my dreams,
Regardless of God's future treat and of the scribe's own schemes.
And then God spoke one single word - as if it were enough!
Like it was whispered, overheard, and that one word was, 'LOVE'...
I wrote it down expecting more! Yet none came Heaven-sent!
Matchsticks create the Cross, be sure! It's Gospel truth, my friend!
Christ's sign is built from L and O and also V and E,
Reminding us LOVE made Christ go to die on Calvary...
What use are visions night or day if we ignore what's true?
The King of Love won't turn away lost lambs like me or you...

Denis Martindale

Crashing Waves!

I'm glad to be a dolphin, I can wave my fin at you!
I can smile my gracious grin and then blow a kiss or two!
I swim as fast as boats can! That's amazing, don't you think! ?
And yet, don't close your eyes, man, or I'll vanish in a blink!
My home's here, where I'm feeding... My family's around me...
I'd say that I'm succeeding, as long as they surround me!
It's great to go exploring and to be a pioneer!
You see, there's no ignoring all the beauty that's down here!
It doesn't matter where we go, as the beauty's always there...
All colours of the rainbow bring us sights beyond compare!
The humans sometimes meet us as they like to share their lunch!
It's nice to see them greet us as they seem a friendly bunch!
Great to see them now and then... and yet, suddenly, they go!
Soon they wander off again... Why they leave we just don't know!
Yet I'm glad each dolphin saves all the memories that they've shared:
All the times we're crashing waves! All the times when humans cared!
When you humans visit dolphins, you're made welcome neath the sky!
Come, let's play and let's be friends, till each one waves goodbye...

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Beak Kind To Birds!

Beak kind to birds both near and far,
Both high and low as well...
To me, each bird's a superstar!
In fact, to me, they're swell!
Beak kind to birds and show you care
With titbits now and then...
And watch with wonder as they share
Their breakfast once again!
Beak kind and keep your cats at bay...
Else feeding birds take flight!
It's nicer seeing birds at play
Than watching them take fright!
Beak kind to birds, give them their space
So they may co-exist...
For none on Earth can take their place,
So they'd be sorely missed!
Beak kind to birds, they'll flock to you -
They're all our feathered friends!
It doesn't matter, black or blue...
Beak kind - 'cos it makes sense!

PoemHunter.com

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Update: Mid February 2012, I saw a beautiful TV advert.
It was about garden birds trying to get a table so they
could eat their food. It was like us when we go out for
the evening to a really posh restaurant...

The peckishbirdfood-dot-com website has the TV advert,
if you'd like to see the pretty birds all in a row...

Other poems that feature birds:

Robin
Nature At Its Best

Use the search feature here:

poemhunter-dot-com/denis-martindale/poems

Denis Martindale

An Easy Mistake To Make...

'O Autumn mist! O solemn shroud! O cloud that walks the Earth!
Please hide the sins God disallowed that haunt me from my birth!
Come freeze them hard, come melt them down, come bear them all away!
Forbid them not to make God frown upon His Judgement Day!
Approach me now, encroach my heart, my spirit and my soul -
That with my sins you may depart that I may find parole!
Let guilts diminish one by one, evaporate from sight
And once the healing has begun, leave me all sparkling white! '
'Forgive me, human, if you will! I cannot bring release!
You need God's Son on Calvary's Hill! His Blood will grant you peace!
What sacrifice could I convey to match the Saviour's Blood?
Believe in Jesus Christ today! Have faith and trust in God! '
'O mighty mist, your words are true! Lord Jesus died for me! '
'I'm glad you're saved! May God bless you! God's Love's no mystery! '

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Aim Higher

Through win and lose it's best to try, to seek the highest good!
Through hit and miss, and laugh or cry, to do the best you could!
The world is like a hungry man that aches for peace inside!
In Heaven above, God has a plan, yet Man must lose his pride!
God tells us straight, 'If you'd obey, war's but a memory,
With peace surrounding you each day and children full of glee!
What use is conflict all the time? What use is despot rule?
What use is hardship wrought by crime? Why live life like a fool?
Far better, then, to think things through! To mull the pros and cons.
To pray then plan what you should do - this is the best response!
Aim higher! Lift up holy hands! Like sunflowers, stretch above!
Then as you follow Christ's commands, your life will fill with love!
While sunshine warms the outer skin, His Love can warm the heart!
Aim higher! Let the Saviour in, so that new life may start...'

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

The Dolphin Within (A Symbol Of Serenity)

Within each one, in every heart, there lives a gentle soul!
It's always there! It won't depart - if God stays in control!
It's like a dolphin full of fun, at peace with all it meets!
Content to grin at every one... Yes, every one it greets!
Suspicions seem to melt away inside its ocean home...
So free it chooses when to stay and when to leave and roam.
It's learnt life's laws and secrets, too! It senses life must end!
Yet until then it turns to YOU! 'Please, won't you be my friend? '
What greater gift is there than this? There is none more sublime!
In sharing, each receives such bliss! You're God-blessed every time!
The world needs joy as well as peace! The world also needs YOU!
Although God's wonders never cease, you've still got work to do!
So cultivate a smile, a grin, a twinkle in the eye!
Thank God for 'The Dolphin Within'! Its love will never die!

Denis Martindale.

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Come, Hold My Hand

'Come, hold my hand! ' the angel said, 'I'll lead you to a land
The Chosen Few alone must tread the day they understand
That God is love and so much more than human souls could sense
The day they open up the door... forgiven... now His friends...'
And so the angel led me there and proved my gallant guide
As I intently spoke a prayer, yet stared, eyes open wide!
'Behold the Tree of Life God made so many years ago!
Behold the ancient leaves that fade and yet by faith they grow!
Behold God's rainbow-like raptures 'twixt Heaven and the Earth!
How beautifully its light captures His holiness and worth!
Behold God's mountain borne of gold - its glory shames the sun!
Yet it's as nothing to Christ's fold - God's Shepherd loves each one!
Behold God's angels soaring high in perfect unison,
Their energy is God's supply - His gift to every one! '
'These sights, ' I said, 'Are not enough! It's Jesus I would see!
For Jesus is the Lord I love! The King of Calvary!
I've felt each blow, His cross of woe, six hours 'neath the sky!
I only know, I love Him so, who for my soul would die! '
The angel said, 'Your heart speaks true! I'll lead you to His Throne!
The day of death I'll fly you to the final vision shown...'

Denis Martindale

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Denis Martindale

** The Most Beautiful Girl In The World!

Come on, admit it! Yes, you are! You know it for a fact!
You know that you are quite the star! The number one class act!
Now don't be shy and don't be coy! Your beauty knows no bounds!
You turn the heads of every boy - The sight of you astounds!
Your hair is perfect, yes, it is! Each strand is like spun gold!
Your lips are tantamount to bliss - if I may be so bold!
Your silhouette can make men swoon! Your figure is sublime!
Your skin is soft just like a dune! Yes, you are in your prime!
Now don't be humble, precious one! No need to blush, my girl!
Your radiance is like the sun! Shine on, just like a pearl!
I'd like to think you'd marry me... I'd treat you right, you know!
For while God gave YOU beauty, He gave ME lots of dough!

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

First Kiss

Blind dates were not the norm for you, yet it worked out that way...
So I dressed up in all things new in hopes I looked O.K.
And so it was that we first met, shook hands, all smiles and grins
Still asking what the Fates had set as our blind date begins...

The restaurant turned out first class - our meal was well prepared.
Your finger paused, caressed your glass... I wondered if you cared.
You laughed at jokes made up in haste and ate contentedly...
The wine was excellent to taste and mellowed just like me...

I walked you home beneath the stars that twinkled like your eyes -
In time we knew this date would pass though it had been so nice!
Outside your door I shook your hand yet sighed so sad to part!
I prayed that you could understand the hopes within my heart!

You turned to go, my heart stood still - I breathed not in or out!
Then you turned back! We shared the thrill and kissed away all doubt!
Thus love was born, made manifest... acknowledged by our lips
And by the way we felt so blessed - hearts, toes and fingertips!

When I walked home I walked on air! My mind still in a dream!
I thought you were beyond compare - we're now a kissing team!
From that first kiss we've seen love grow to blossom like the rose...
God gave us light then watched it glow, recorded now in prose...

Denis Martindale

God Bless The Gorgeous Sailor Moon!

Princess Serena's Sailor Moon! Watch her transform at will!
From common garb to costume, the Negaverse to kill!
She seeks to bless the world called Earth, that's now her second home!
She strives for justice and for lurve and thus deserves this poem!
From selfish, gawkish teenager, she transforms to her best!
As Sailor Moon she's sager and somewhat cutely dressed!
Not like the times she has no clue and has to go to school!
Adorned in white then draped in blue and red boots she's so cool!
Although Serena's full of doubts, she blossoms like the rose!
With valiant friends called Sailor Scouts, she combats evil foes!
When she's transformed tiara style, she's truly good as gold!
And you should see her winning smile! She glamorous, brave and bold!
'In the name of the moon! ' she'll squish the Negaverse for sure!
Yet romance is her fervent wish, not sadness, hate or war!
Serena can be truly nice, the nicest you could meet!
She's got the hots for hunky guys who sweep her off her feet!
To her, love is the greatest force that leads to happiness!
When she's in love, she's nuts, of course! All of a twitter, yes!
No wonder, then, she likes to kiss and cuddle up real close!
She's got her heart dead set on bliss! Thus true love overflows!
Prized Princess of the Moon, rejoice! Serenity's restored!
Like Sailor Scouts you've made your choice, thus victory's assured!
Your sweet heart's like a pink balloon! Your golden hair's sublime!
So here's a prayer for Sailor Moon! God bless you, for all time!

Denis Martindale

Let's Face It, She's Wonderful!

Her hair is black as ravens' wings cascading casually
Like oil out of newborn springs determined to be free!
Her eyes are grey as glistening clay within the potter's hands,
Like twilight melts away the day in service to God's plans...

Her cheeks are pink, flamingo style, when gentle and serene,
Until she blushes with a smile and scarlet tones are seen...
Her lips are red as ripened fruit and focus every thought...
It's not enough to say they're cute, if by true love you're caught.

Her teeth are white as polar ice, as shiny as the stars.
Her grins are wondrous, she's so nice that she gets oohs and ahs.
Her female frame transcends all dreams, all fervent hopes and prayers.
Enough to fuel some marriage schemes in he who dearly cares.

If I were blessed by her embrace, just once, then I'd propose,
Then kiss the lips upon her face, then offer her a rose...
If I were granted half a chance, I'd marry her next week!
With special licence for romance with her, the one I seek...

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But you know me, I'm awfully shy! All tongue-tied when she's near!
Yet if she kissed me by and by, I know I'd lose all fear!
I'd be as brave as Superman! I'd stand tall as a king!
Yes, with one kiss I know I can do almost anything!

Denis Martindale

Let's Talk About Love!

Let's talk about love! Let's give hate the shove!
Let's celebrate all that love is!
Reflect on the joy for each girl and boy
Enmeshed in the thrill of a kiss!

Love glides round in style! Love guides with a smile!
Love looks up with hope in its eyes!
Reflect on the prayers of sweethearts in pairs
And listen to all of their sighs!

Let's talk about love! Let's think of the dove!
Let's cherish the heart's great reward!
Reflect on the peace that starts to increase
Whenever true love is outpoured!

Let's learn a love song! Let's sing it out strong!
Let's pass on Good News every day!
Reflect on God's grace! God's kindness embrace!
Determined to share love some way!

Let's visit Loveland! Let's walk hand-in-hand!
Let's honour the blessings we've known!
Reflect on this truth: Love's never aloof!
For true love cannot walk alone...

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

The Cosmic Creator Of Love

Praise the Lord for creating light and the formation of the heavens!
For He, from the vast expanses selected this special space, for Earth:
The Mother Planet... for upon this world was fashioned greatness,
With a myriad of majestic miracles, born in a divine sequence,
Like a configured musical composition, indeed, God's masterpiece!
Behold, a sun and a moon! Yet our sun and our moon!
Designed even before the waters of the world were divided!
Then were the seas stretched out and the mountaintops set...
Once in their appointed places, the stage was therefore complete.
Then came the players in life's rich and passionate pageant.
Behold, the creatures that were granted their times and their seasons:
Out of the earth they peered, each asking, 'Who is our Master? '
Out of the seas they peaked, out of the skies they stared,
For there was no sovereign but the Invisible God,
Yet Man, a little lower than the angels, was destined to rule!
From Eden's soil where no sin soiled or stirred came primeval dust.
God breathed upon that chosen handful of delicate dust to form
Adam's handsome singular soul then Eve's beauteous second soul!
Following the Fall, the Children of God's love brought forth new life,
By uniting half and half, within the woman's wondrous womb,
The pre-destined place for mortal procreation...
Consider the exquisite wisdom of the ages: the challenge of children,
The legacy of the Lord, but, chiefly, above all temporal forms,
The blessing of love, for it is the foundation of all things fruitful!
Indeed, if you have ever loved, or been loved, turn to God, this day,
And, with the sincerity of a satisfied soul, say, 'Thank You! '
God, the Cosmic Creator, envisioned and blessed and magnified love,
This miracle of miracles, this splendour of splendours, this holy joy!
There can be nothing more precious! For what is life without love?
As it is written, 'Wherever God is, love is... for God is love...'

DENIS MARTINDALE.

Denis Martindale

Christ's Brave New World!

The poet sat, no thought in mind,
No theme to spur his skills...
No cause for him to stir Mankind
To overcome his ills...
The world had ended all its wars,
The starving mouths were fed,
The injured bodies cured of scars,
Man lived in peace not dread.
The unemployed earnt money, too...
Thus taxes were decreased!
Since everyone had work to do,
Man's tensions had been eased.
The Golden Rule of Love had meant
A blessing for each life!
Gone were the times we'd most resent
Which led to pain and strife!
On Christ's return men's souls were healed!
The Golden Age at last!
The devil lost, was forced to yield,
And so he was aghast!
Prosperity was common place
And crime had gone as well...
God put a smile on every face,
Man's troubles to dispel...
The poet sat, no need to write -
No change to campaign for!
No need to stay up late at night,
Emotions to implore!
And thus he sat, contentedly,
Serenity itself...
No need to make the earnest plea
That Man must share his wealth...
No babe went hungry on the Earth...
Each child was catered for...
The Saviour's world was full of love!
His Blood had proved the cure!
The poet smiled! Don't think it odd!
He'd seen perfection come!
Behold the Man! The Son of God!

PoemHunter.com

It's His millennium!

Denis Martindale

Faith... Hope... Love...

Faith From The Father,
Hope From The Holy Spirit
And Love From The Lord Jesus!

Comfort all people who've suffered, their troubles to dispel!
Keep praying till they've recovered out of the depths of Hell!
Don't think of life as yesterday, its trials still repeated!
Just choose to let it melt away, till it's been defeated!
Live for this day, not two or three! Just bid tomorrow wait!
Treat with contempt all misery! It isn't all that great!
Don't be 'prone to melancholy'! Why be so negative?
Neither be so falsely jolly! Just live and then let live!
Bad news may come! That's how it is! And yet, why add to it?
No need when something goes amiss to throw some kind of fit!
What use are tantrums nowadays? What progress do they bring?
Be positive and learn to praise the Lord in everything!
I know that's hard when things look bad yet God is known for love!
He grants us strength we never had, to think on things above!
From what the Bible says today you'll get some peace of mind...
But only if you pause and pray! Remember! Seek and find!
God's Word helped Jesus overcome when demons came to haunt!
He knew God's Truth! He wasn't dumb! He conquered every taunt!
While on the Cross, He prophesied! He quoted from the Psalms!
Within His heart Christ stored with pride God's comfort so it calms!
He had a quote to fondly share! God's Light to shed abroad!
It's in His Name we say each prayer! Christ is our Sovereign Lord!
Why think that Christ cares not for you who once was crucified?
Why flout God's Word, say it's not true, rejecting strength supplied?
In truth, I say, behold God's Love! Give thanks with every meal!
Then learn to think of things above, for truths God would reveal!
I tell you this, the Lord forgives! Be pardoned through Christ's Blood!
Draw near to Him, for Jesus lives! He draws us near to God!
Rejoice, I say, again, rejoice! Be open to the Lord!
This is the highest, noblest choice! Have faith... and rest... assured...

Denis Martindale

Nature's Resplendent Rainbows!

Beyond the rainbows circling high
Above us all to make us sigh,
God puts His rainbows in our hearts
And we express them through the arts!
The urge to fashion fancy things
Is also in the one who sings,
Or sculpts, or paints away the hours,
Lost in wonder at God's flowers!

Beneath the oceans far and wide
A treasure trove is locked inside!
And scuba-divers all agree,
The colours there bring ecstasy!
This Earth that circles round the Sun
Is favoured by the Holy One!
It's not too near, it's not too far...
Just close enough, blessed by the star!

Perhaps, we, too, are like the Earth,
Precisely set regarding birth...
To ever move more close to Him
Within this new millennium!
The Earth obeys eternal laws
Oblivious to theme or cause...
Are we not more than stars above
Created with the Gift of Love! ?

The Spirit of the Lord is here,
Abundantly in those held dear!
And unseen angels walk the Earth
To minister to those of worth!
Thus even sinners are forgiven
By the crimson Blood of Heaven!
And so, let's make God's rainbows shine!
God bless your heart... and God bless mine...

Denis Martindale

Oh To Look With Eyes That See Forever...

With the gift of sight I opened my eyes
And surveyed this special world.
Earth… a whole planet full of wonders!
Life… both great and small!
A myriad of miracles within each one of us…
Blood coursing through our veins…
Nourishment hidden yet ever present.
Brain cells storing memories –
Both the vital and the trivial…
With every breath comes another thought,
Another chance to praise the Living God:
The Lord, the Giver of Life…

Here we are, nurtured deep in the Cosmos,
Unable to traverse the awesome expanse:
The Universe that comprises time and space!
Here we are, a world teeming with life,
Activity everywhere midst a measureless void!
We know not of future travels…
We merely exist, as if rehearsing for greater exploits.
Together, we, Mankind, must get our act together –
United for the common good…

This is our ultimate destiny…
Not the conquering of worlds and galaxies…
Not the quest for power for its own sake…
But rather, harmony in unity…
The quest is not, therefore, to become masters,
Nor to become friends… for friends come and go…
Ultimately, realisation will come… it has to…
And the sooner the better…
Only then can God truly bless Mankind…
Only then will the Golden Age be known…
In the meantime, let us learn to live… with love…

Denis Martindale

5,4,3,2,1? We'Ve Got Your Number!

Pick up the phone, then dial your call...
They'll answer, yes, but then they'll stall!
Press 1 or 2 or 3 or 4,
Or 5 or 6 or even more...
Oh, lucky you, the music plays,
Yet seldom can it soothe delays!
'Our staff are busy! ' So are YOU!
For now, nobody's got a clue!
Ho, hum... Ho, hum... Ho, hum... Ho, hum...
So far, their 'service' sure seems dumb!
Ten minutes drag when you're enraged!
Alas, my friends, they've got you caged!
They've got you dangling on the line!
Success or failure? Still no sign!
This sort of thing is getting worse -
This can't be progress, it's a curse!
Timewasters, truly, that's a fact!
The worms have turned! It's time to ACT!
Complain! Complain! Again! Again!
Let's make THEM feel 'HOUR' sense of pain!
Don't let them 'off the hook', my friends -
Until, at last, this folly ends!
Let's make them 'pull the plug' and soon!
Let's make them lose each loony tune!
Forget the music, it's absurd!
WE WANT TO SPEAK AND TO BE HEARD!
Forget it's US who pay the cost
And all goodwill from US is lost!
WE'LL STAND AGAINST THEM, SIDE-BY-SIDE,
UNTIL FULL SERVICE IS SUPPLIED!

Denis Martindale

Look! (September 11th)

It wasn't just another day when people went to work -
This was a time of such dismay the memories wouldn't shirk!
The tv screens replayed the sights that stick in every mind…
When death approached! Two vicious flights! The killers were resigned!
They ploughed ahead with all their powers towards their destiny!
Towards New York! Towards the towers! Towards calamity!
The smoke belched forth to fill the sky! The rubble fell to earth!
Five billion souls still ask God why He gave the killers birth!
And yet they lived to fly those planes and steal the workers' dreams -
To fill their lives with scars and pains to suffer from their schemes!
The city sent its rescue crews, to salvage what it could!
And here we prayed on seeing views of heroes, brave and good!
What contrast to the infamy of what we'd seen before!
What villainy! What chivalry! And now the threat of war!
Man's store of germs and bombs and guns and sticks and stones await!
They'll steal away this world that once sensed peace instead of hate!
God grant us strength to persevere! Restore our faith again!
This world was meant for joy not fear and goodwill to all men.
Our tears portray our fervent prayer! Help us donate our gifts!
For we are here and they are there… lost in the smoke that drifts…

DENIS MARTINDALE

Denis Martindale

Seasons Have Their Reasons...

Spring leaps forward thus,
Flowers: opened envelopes...
The sun is gentle...

Summer singes flesh,
Tans the surface brown or red,
Beware its power!

Autumn sends winds forth,
Blows as fiercely as the storm,
Therefore walk wisely...

Winter chills the bones,
Ice covers our journey home,
Our fires comfort us...

Twelve months make a year,
Another birthday departs,
Rhymes help us recall...

PoemHunter.com

Denis Martindale

A Year Full Of Memories

Man begins the year after a cold Winter
And in need of hope and revival...
He welcomes the early splendour of new buds
For they serve as the heralds of new life...
Daffodils brighten up a faded garden
And therefore bless us in a spiritual way,
Just as the sight of the first butterfly...
A flitting red admiral can make us smile,
Thrill us and fill our hearts with wonder.

Summer holidays are known for children at play.
The 'orrible 'omework is finished for a while!
Outside the house is a brave new world!
The glorious garden is now a place to party!
The sunshine treasure trove starts early
And though it fades late in the evening
It still retains its welcomed warmth...

Autumn has its own treasure trove, the harvest,
Gleaned from a generous Mother Earth.
Once upon a time this was a special event,
It galvanised a community into action -
As the harvest was safely gathered in...
Beyond the open scenario of the stripped fields,
The trees are conserving their strength.
They are retreating their life's blood...
Spindly branches clawing it back into themselves,
As protection against the fierce force of the winds
And the harshness of the coldness to come...

Man retreats to the warmth of his homefire
And makes himself as cosy as he can, still in prayer,
Facing the future in the bosom of his family...
October fades and November is born, only to pass us by,
And Christmas begins to nestle its way into our hearts.
To those that believe, this is the time of good cheer,
Giving and seeing a child's eyes sparkle with joy...
Therefore thanksgiving is in the air
And the Lord is on our minds and in our hearts

Bestowing upon us the memories of the year...

Denis Martindale

Cherish God's Child

If you could but cherish God's child,
Revered Saviour within...
You'd see beyond this world so wild,
Perhaps lost souls to win...

If you could but give extra time,
A golden hour or two...
Perhaps you'd find God's truth sublime,
Give credit where it's due...

If you could but open His door,
God's opportunity...
You'd search God's Word, discover more
And gain God's clemency...

If you could but study and learn,
Absorb faith like a sponge,
What wondrous wisdom you'd discern...
Should you but take the plunge...

PoemHunter.com

If you could but stretch out your hands -
Like Christ upon His cross,
Be humble to the Lord's commands,
You'd count your dreams as dross.

If you could but cherish God's child,
'Our Father who art in Heaven'
Would cleanse you till you're undefiled,
In Christ's Name... loved, forgiven...

Denis Martindale

The Power Of Love

Love lives and gives itself to us all!
Love lives and gives itself to us all!
Teaching us what to do!
Helping us every hour!
Yes, that's through the power, the power of love!

Love grows and throws itself to the wind!
Love grows and throws itself to the wind!
Then it heads for your mind!
Then it aims for your heart!
Yes, that's just the start, the start of love!

Love glides and slides itself in your soul!
Love glides and slides itself in your soul!
That's how it fills your dreams!
That's how it makes you strong!
So welcome the song, the song of love!

Love cares and shares itself with the world!
Love cares and shares itself with the world!
That's why it fills your thoughts -
Seeking some sacrifice!
Yes, that's called the price, the price of love!

Love lives and gives itself to us all!
Love lives and gives itself to us all!
Teaching us what to do!
Helping us every hour!
Yes, that's through the power, the power of love!

Teaching us what to do!
Helping us every hour!
Yes, that's through the power, the power of love!

Denis Martindale

Nature At Its Best!

In walks across the countryside,
What wondrous sights these eyes have spied -
From foxes darting clean away
To badgers when they're lost in play!
A butterfly flits past my face
Another flower to embrace!
Perchance and serendipity
A flying eagle I might see...
An otter's seldom seen, and yet,
It happened once - I'll not forget!
I don't catch fish, I watch them swim -
Mid waters clear and waters dim.
Both frogs and salmon like to leap
From waters shallow, waters deep...
Binoculars assist me well,
Across the meadow, hill and dell...
I write down species one by one,
As this itself adds to the fun!
From nature books I swot and swot!
It's great to know I've learnt a lot!
I hear the calls of many birds -
It's almost like they're speaking words!
I like the redbreast robin most!
It's humble without need to boast!
Two hedgehogs visit now and then...
I've called one 'Bill', the other 'Ben'!
I like God's creatures near or far...
In fact, to me, each one's a star!
They're not all noble like the horse,
Yet they all bless my nature course!

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Her Smile

Her smile would melt an angel's heart and cause his wings to still
And even cause true love to start and all his soul to thrill!
Her smile would put him to the test for she's as pure as gold -
For of all women she's the best that Man could ever hold!
Her smile transmits the joy of joys no other girl could match -
She has the gift none else employs! Yes, she's the perfect catch!
Her smile transcends both time and space, to see it makes men freeze!
Like statues staring at her face, they stand there full of peace...
Her smile defeats the saddest woes - condemns them to disperse,
Such that this vision overthrows all sins and every curse...
Her smile, spellbinding though it is, and wondrous to be sure...
Is only outclassed by her kiss... once kissed, there's no known cure!
Yet I would risk a thousand deaths if she would kiss my lips!
Till then my heart just revs and revs like tapping fingertips!

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Dedicated To Laughter!

Dedicated to laughter! Yes!
It gives your brain a tickle!
It brings a lotto happiness,
You've gotto have a giggle!
Don't hold it back! Let it be free!
Roll on the floor as well!
Then other folks will laugh with glee -
And think it's wonderfell...
Children are known to laugh the most -
They've learnt to tell jokes, too...
With limericks from coast-to-coast
To get the message through!
Yes, laughter lifts the lungs like songs...
Thus tensions melt away...
That's why all comics should get gongs
When honours are given in May...
If I get knighted, as it were,
The day I leave The Mall,
Be kind enough to call me, SIR!
Not Mister, mate or pal!
All wise-cracks pour from lightning brains
That see life's ironies,
Sifting out truths from lies like grains
With food for thought to please!
I'd like to think that humour spreads
Like smiles as joy imparts.
Some jokes are like fine thoroughbreds -
They're trained to thrill our hearts!
Blessed is the soul that's learnt to laugh
Yet cares for other folks -
It proves a noble epitaph
That one was known for jokes!
A precious pun's not always cute!
But sometimes it's OK...
So do your best to be astute!
You'll make somebody's day!

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

The Pining Poet's Plea...

The girl I love has eyes of blue
That twinkle when they look at you!
Her cheeks are pink unless they blush -
And when she does, she's all a hush!
Her teeth are white, two perfect rows,
And every one just glows and glows!
Her hair outshines the finest gold!
Yes, she's a glory to behold!
I know not if she comprehends
That I would wish us more than friends...
Yet Love takes time to weave its spell -
If not, it sighs... and says farewell.
Where hearts are open, Love persists
And poetry it oft enlists...
With 'incantations' to inspire
So every heart can taste desire!
Then from the yearnings borne within,
Springs forth true courage, 'Don't give in! '
And so I bide my time like Love
With sighing prayers that soar above
To linger round God's Throne of Grace
Like flying photos of her face...
I hope God's on my side in this
And that at last this girl I kiss!
If not, I'll sulk, I know I will...
I'll pine for her until I'm ill...
I'll sigh all day, I'll sigh all night -
I think I'll sigh with all my might!
If I'm not healed, I'll pine and pine...
With thoughts of her... my Valentine...

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

I'M Glad That I'M A Poet...

I'm glad that I'm a poet, yes!
I'm proud to say I try to bless!
With scriptures at my beck and call,
I hope to help folks, one and all!
Sometimes a song comes to my mind!
When I'm in love, I feel inclined
To share the heights and depths and prayers,
The inmost thoughts of one who cares!
I'm not averse to verse that aids
The lover in his serenades!
Or gives dejected souls a boost!
Or helps God's Truth come home to roost!
My words are either truths or lies...
They're either foolish or they're wise...
They're either from the Lord or not...
They'll miss the mark or hit the spot...
They'll fail the message I impart...
Or strike a chord within the heart...
I'm glad at least sometimes to try!
To make a poem from a sigh!
Or change one thought, creating two!
Or sometimes splitting points of view!
Like atoms crushed against themselves
And later brought down from the shelves,
To serve me when I need them most
Such that my readers stay engrossed -
Remarking on my wit or style
Or merely chuckling with a smile!
I'm glad that I'm a poet, yes!
I'm proud to say I try to bless!

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

I'M Going To Finish This Poem!

I'm going to finish this poem!
Yes, just you wait and see!
This isn't some fancy or whim
Or flight of fantasy!
No, I'll finish the thing today!
Not 'some day'… 'later on'!
In fact, I'm not going away
Until its light has shone!
'Cos half an insight's not worth much –
It doesn't help a jot!
I'm staying here! I shall not budge
Until I've done the lot!
I'll make no coffee, make no tea,
No cocoa, not a drop!
I'll strive to solve the mystery
And then, by God, I'll stop!
I'd like each heart to comprehend…
Here's my 'labour of love'!
Just thirty lines, that's all, my friend!
I think they'll prove enough…
While others sleep, I stay awake,
Intent on rhymes untold!
They're like the icing on the cake
That help my tale unfold!
I'm almost there! Not much to ask!
Just seven lines to do!
Now six completes my noble task!
Now five! I'm almost through!
Four lines to go, then off to bed!
Thank God for future themes!
It's time to rest my weary head!
I'VE DONE IT! PLEASANT DREAMS! !

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Listen To Love...

Love sought me out because it cared and asked me what was wrong,
For up till then I hadn't paired, no girl had come along.
The sort of girl guys call 'The One', who's gracious and refined...
And yet is full of life, has fun, and shows she can be kind...

Love sighed with me, it knew the score... Life holds no guarantee...
For in the game some call 'Amour' each heart is fancy free...
'I'll help you out, so don't be sad! ' Love promised me that day!
'That's good of you! ' I said quite glad, my life no longer grey!

'Look out for her, she's coming soon! The dreamgirl you have yearned! '
Relieved I hummed a happy tune, bad fortune overturned...
Love left me there to wait for her... unaided I felt shy...
I wondered, then, what would occur... then my sweetheart walked by!

I grinned, of course, then walked up close, I stood there at her side!
She was gorgeous! God only knows if she would be my bride...
Five minutes passed, we chatted there, within the park that day...
And I felt like a millionaire the day love came my way...

If not for Love that bid me try, I'd never met the girl...
'The One' who says that I'm her guy who set her heart awhirl!
Now I'm the man that folks call blessed, 'You've got a good 'un, there! '
No cause for me to look depressed... My love's beyond compare...

Denis Martindale

God Is Love

God is Love, no more, no less...
Guiding Man to happiness...
Giving life and nourishment...
Sovereign rule and government...
Consider the flowers grown from seed,
None of these is known to bleed.
Yet animals that roam the Earth
Know a higher sense of worth...
To them, are granted eyes and ears,
Perhaps to see and hear for years...
Above these creatures Man exists,
Despite his evil, he persists...
Yet God is slow to anger, thus,
The Lord bestows some grace to us...
We live and move and have our being,
While the Lord is overseeing...
Neath the angels, Man is known,
And by the Word of God is shown -
Highways of Wisdom, Paths of Peace,
Eternal Truths that never cease
And Sacrificial Love in Christ -
Of all Mankind, He is the highest...
For on the Cross He gave His Blood
To serve as God's Almighty Flood
That cleanses sinners from their sins
Because Lord Jesus is God's Prince,
His Go-Between, His Holy Son,
Revered for all the good He's done -
In life, in death, in new life, too...
Christ died for sinners, me, and you!
Praise Him! For there's none else above
Who best portrays that God is Love...

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

It's Up To You!

If you are noble you are blessed
Each time you try to do your best!
Success or failure, who can say?
For both will come to you one day...

For now, before your fate is known,
It's wise if guidance can be shown.
Today's not just the hours sent
For there's a greater honour meant.

The good you do this day will grow
In ways that none on Earth can know.
Good works abound where faith is found
Helping those in pain that frowned.

Why only help the folks that smile?
Avoid the ones who live in style!
Seek out the people frail and poor,
They need your help and that's for sure!

If you are noble, kind and true,
Please help them out... It's up to you!

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

The Poet Tree

Rustle, little leaves above, rustle in the breeze...
Rustle, little leaves of love, rustle mid God's peace!
Rustle, every night and day, rustle every hour...
Rustle, rustle, come what may, rustle mid God's power!
Rustle, for then wise words are formed,
Great expectations made!
Through such as these, men's hearts are warmed
And children's prayers are prayed!
Rustle upon the Poet Tree,
Above the poets' ears,
So they may learn each melody,
These God-picked volunteers...
Rustle sweetly, and gently on,
Persist from age to age -
Let all God's poets write upon
Their separate nearby page...
Rustle until all humans die
And no more poets live!
Until no soul would question, 'Why? '
And there's no cause to give!
Rustle until God tells you stop,
'Dear friends, at last, be free...
'Tis time for you to fall, to drop...
Beneath the Poet Tree...
I've loved each poem, every one...
And Jesus loved them, too!
You've blessed the world! Your task is done!
Your rustle days are through...'

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

God's Power To Your Pens!

God's power to your pens,
If you write for your friends,
Bestowing wisdom, humour, joy or love!
For as each poem blends,
The rhythm never ends,
For poetry's preserved by God above...

Within each poet's heart,
Is stored a noble art,
A precious gift God sent to bless Mankind!
At every poem's start,
An angel plays his part,
Encouraging all rhymes to be refined!

Please don't turn him away!
Instead bid him to stay!
He ministers to all who seek the Lord!
In silence, let him pray!
He serves God every day!
And if he could, he would share his reward!

Use clarity of thought
And choose words that you ought!
Express yourselves in rhythm, reason, rhyme!
What miracles are wrought
When genius is caught!
That's when a poem proves to be sublime!

Wondrous words excite us!
Dancing round inside us!
Esteem them all, as servants they have worth!
You that would delight us,
Harken, then, as writers!
Be open to God's friendship here on Earth!

Transcending what's the norm,
Wise words, like bees, must swarm,
Let poems play the heartstrings with finesse!
Like lightning, dreams must form!

Dig deep! Release the storm!
God's power to your pens, my friends! God bless!

Denis Martindale, August 2012.

We can hear the word of the Lord on
Revelation TV on UK Sky Digital 581
as well as the WATCH NOW link on
the revelationtv-dot-com website...

Denis Martindale

The Precious Gift Of Poetry!

Yes, poetry's a wondrous gift, vivacious lines of verse
That help to give the heart a lift with rhythms to rehearse!
When spoken, it's a memory to bless the ears as well,
The incantations gently weave their very special spell!

Encapsulating captured words that fill the air above,
All circling high like tame young birds to help spin yarns of love!
At best, the rhythms carry you into the writer's realm
Where he directs them ever new, the captain at the helm!

Perhaps across calm seas that soothe the soul in need of rest...
Or stretching forth and thus improve with thoughts so full of zest!
Whatever words are brought to bear, mid this realm and the next,
The poet strives and thus takes care, creative muscles flexed!

Perhaps the midnight oil's burned, perhaps there's little strain
And yet the poet's rarely spurned when there's so much to gain!
Of all the blessings God bestows to aid us as 'Mankind',
It's poetry that overflows from mind to mind to mind!

If only we'd all try to write, we wouldn't waste the ink!
We'd be more noble, more polite, investing time to think!
We'd mull things over in our hearts, we'd take the time to see
One of the greatest of the arts is precious poetry!

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

The Brilliant Blessing Of Beauty!

Kisses are cute! Of course, they are! Yet God reigns all supreme!
Tresses of hair! A Rolls-Royce car! Exciting as a dream!
Rainbows leaping across the sky - so close to Heaven's Throne!
God's answers now and by and by? Salvation's truths atone...
Exquisite sparkling jewellery! Laughter embraced by joy!
Gentle children engrossed with glee, content with each new toy!
Succulent sweets! Fresh fruits to eat! Fine sculptures! Works of art!
Encouragement from those we meet, new friendships that we start!
Uplifting thoughts! Uplifting prayers! Treasures from sunken ships!
Inventions that reduce Man's cares! Sun-tanned holiday trips!
Useful advice - for how one lives! Love's kind and soothing ways!
Yet giving thanks for what God gives keeps beauty in its place...

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Jerusalem, Far And Away The Best!

Jerusalem, Jerusalem! The City on the hill...
God's promise made to all of them obedient to His will...
More than the wise man comprehends, excelling dreams and things!
The Lord saved Zion for His friends, not treasure trove for kings!

The hand of Destiny's above your open doors and gates
And God on high looks down with love and tempers all the fates...
To leave intact His legacy, His blessings yet unknown...
Until the wondrous victory is God's and God's alone...

Till Christ returns, you bide your time - a servant to His vow!
God's promise tells it's so sublime that every knee shall bow!
Confessing Christ as Lord of all, just as the Bible says...
And blessed is he who doesn't fall, yet kneels to say his prayers!

My God decrees a future day when Jesus rules the globe!
When faithful souls are swift to say, 'Let us be pure as Job! '
For holiness shall prove its worth as men despise their sins,
And watch the Saviour rule the Earth as King, yet Prince of Peace!

Behold... the nations tow the line, obedient every one...
With wisdom, having seen the sign, and trusting in God's Son!
Thus war recedes and peace is blessed... so credit where it's due...
Far and away the Saviour's best! Jerusalem, that's you!

I wish that I could walk your streets when Jesus comes again
And God's great prophecy completes what's now beyond our ken!
Jerusalem, be patient still... Your time is yet to be!
When Jesus rules upon the hill... that once was Calvary!

Denis Martindale

Aiming For A Better World...

If we don't try to make the world a better place
Then it will become a bitter place...
A wasteland of broken hearts and broken dreams...
A void in space, a place to avoid...
If we didn't want the world to improve
Then why would we send our children to school
To pass exams for a future career?

If we want the best for our children
Then shouldn't we want the best for ourselves?
Yet Jesus once prophesied of plagues, famines and wars
And rumours of wars in the end times...
Does that mean there's no escape?

Shouldn't we at least try to reduce the number of plagues?
Shouldn't we at least try to reduce the number of those starving souls?
Shouldn't we at least try to reduce the number of wars?
We ought to pray for peace and be peacemakers...
We ought to feed the starving... but do we?
How come there are millions spent on trying to go to Mars?
How come we don't help those on Earth first?

Where are our priorities, our scruples, our sense of justice and injustice?
Where's our full portion of love, compassion, everyday kindness?
Are we too old to learn old tricks rather than the new?
The old ways were based on the fulness of a community spirit
That reached out with the arms of Christ to one and all...

Is that fellowship dead and gone with the old prayer books
And Church services of yester-year?
Or does love live on by the example of faithful friends of Christ?
God knows what we ought to be doing... Do we?
And if we don't, are we willing to ask? To find out? To sacrifice?
Somehow I cant help wondering if anyone knows what love is any more...

Denis Martindale

As Faithful As Forever

Yes, as faithful as forever, that's how she was to me!
She was noble, she was clever and welcomed chivalry!
She championed every worthy cause and blessed both rich and poor.
She lived obedient to God's laws and loved Him more and more!
Charity was her middle name... Upon the streets she stood!
Collecting funds became her aim - she did the best she could!

With table tops outside the shops and bric-a-brac galore,
My mother truly was the tops with trinkets by the score!
The paperbacks were on display - romances by the ton!
And hand-on-heart, I'll truly say, she'd read them, every one!
She sold them off for cash-in-hand, her charities to bless...
So children in another land would find some happiness!

My mother knew that she was smart, yet she chose to be bold!
My mother had a wondrous heart... Her soul was good as gold!
Lord Jesus told her to prepare as she reached her life's end!
'For all your life you've showed you care. You tried to be a friend.
Your time is near, and so be strong! Have faith, you're in My hands!
I know for life you truly long, yet I have other plans...

Believe in Me, no more than now, when weak and at your worst!
For I am He who will allow your future, blessed or cursed!
Indeed, I've seen with My own eyes your good deeds, one by one!
I've seen your frowns and heard your sighs; I know what must be done!
Your journey waits - be strong, be brave! Yet know tranquillity...
For everyone God bid Me save will always come to Me...'

This prophecy was then relayed to those most dear to her...
So they would know, 'Don't be afraid! ' For such things must occur!
Her last week on this Earth was spent at home then hospital...
She claimed loved ones to her were sent and that she heard them call.
She saw the dead, her family... they waved to her in bed!
Within that week God's prophecy came true as Jesus said...

Denis Martindale

The Dedicated Fundraiser

In every town across the land
We find him holding out his hand -
Collecting funds for charity
From folks like you... and folks like me!
He stands there waiting, rain or shine,
Hoping we will not decline
The needs of those that he holds dear -
For whom he chose to volunteer!
They may be starving refugees!
His conscience hears their earnest pleas!
They may be blind, deaf, dumb or lame!
Their plight is now his sacred aim!
They may be helpless, quite forlorn!
A noble cause has just been born...
A flood or earthquake, who can say! ?
And yet, through him, help's on its way!
But only if he stands and waits,
Upon the Council's licenced dates,
For many seek to raise funds, too...
From folks like me... and folks like you!
It's up to us to contribute -
To play the saint or stay the brute!
Donate a pound or walk on by,
Not asking who or what or why...
He simply stands in silent hope
To save some lives... help victims cope...
So, think again! Don't hurry past!
This chance to help may be the last!
It's up to us to show we care...
Just like the man who's standing there...

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Oxfam: The Principal Priority Is Love

It's true that 'issues' come and go, except the vital ones...
Which tend to linger, as you know, till some start raising funds...
Poor people need to eat and drink - just like the rich folks do...
The ones that drape themselves in mink and dote on all things new...

The rich won't starve when plates are full and goblets flow with wine!
Of course, they'd say their lives are cool and everything was fine!
With chauffeurs washing limousines and servants cleaning rooms,
Yet while the rich graced magazines, the poor were placed in tombs!

How many rich guys do you meet? Not many, I would say...
How many poor guys do you greet as you go on your way?
Perhaps you give to charity... If so, God bless you, friend!
If not, you need some clarity, some focus, comprehend?

God knows if you can give or not! So God alone can judge...
God knows each blemish and each blot, each fumble and each fudge...
God knows if you will sacrifice or simply walk on by.
God knows the nasty from the nice and who will live... or die...

PoemHunter.com

The baby with no mother's milk, the rich man in his bed,
The starlet draped in sumptuous silk, the leper filled with dread...
Sometimes my poems can't be sweet - they have a biting edge...
Perhaps they'll help somebody eat, if readers make some pledge...

A penny here, a pound or two, a tenner or a grand...
Perhaps this poem's just for YOU! Please lend a helping hand!
If not, the starving babies cry... the sick find no reprieve...
The dying merely sigh, 'Goodbye...' and then this world they leave...

Denis Martindale

Thank You!

Two little words that mean so much, a courtesy expressed...
A chance you really ought to clutch: somebody's done their best!
Two little words that show you're pleased because somebody cared!
Somebody helped thus tensions eased when love itself was shared...

Two little words can change a life, acknowledging a debt:
When calm was brought to what was strife, or joy replaced regret!
Two little words so simply said and yet what hope they bring!
They seem to dissipate our dread and cause our hearts to sing!

Two little words, just two, no more! What practice is required?
Good manners help both rich and poor and so they're quite admired!
Two little words said with a smile can bless somebody's day -
They have a certain sense of style that time can't wear away!

Two little words as sweet as wine, like nectar to the bees!
Their sentiment is just divine, they open doors like keys!
Two little words that bless the Church, the office and the home -
So close to us, no need to search, because they never roam!

Two little words that even Christ was wise enough to speak!
Lord Jesus knows they're highly prized! Indeed, they're quite unique!
Two little words God likes to hear directed to His Throne!
Of all the words to volunteer, they're the greatest ever known...

Denis Martindale

The Brotherhood Of Man

How few have asked and understood!
'Who needs a helping hand? '
I pray you'll help the brotherhood,
The Brotherhood of Man...

What use is wisdom without love
Or skills left on the shelf?
Lift up your hearts to God above
And live not for yourself...

Instead, move on! Leave your cocoon!
Ask 'How? ' instead of 'Why? '
Release the beauty and you'll soon
Become a butterfly!

Man's apathy increases strife!
Each man should do his best!
The good works that we do in life
Go in God's treasure chest!

PoemHunter.com

Through our examples, others learn
And train as volunteers...
Then with God's people they'll discern
The purpose of their years...

Let's see if you have understood!
'Who needs a helping hand? '
I pray you'll help the brotherhood,
The Brotherhood of Man...

Denis Martindale

Maria

To say Maria's beautiful,
How could that prove enough?
To say Maria's wonderful
Would merely hint at love!
Yet there's much more than face and form
Than one would first esteem,
For she's so gentle, friendly, warm...
The best girl one could dream...

I know this sounds as if a crush,
Yet she deserves acclaim...
This isn't some romantic rush,
More like a soothing flame...
The kind that warms the soul, the heart,
The spirit deep within...
The kind that stirs the poet's art,
Another heart to win...

Maria... what a gorgeous girl!
I pause to dream and sigh...
I'm like a man who's found a pearl,
The apple of my eye!
A sweetish dish, eye-candy, yes,
God-blessed in every way...
To share my share of happiness
I wrote this poem today...

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Herein Is Beauty!

Herein is beauty, not merely in the dearly covered flesh upon the bone,
Nor in the fashioning of a dress upon the form,
Nor in the twinkling, sparkling jewels upon the naked fingers...
But, rather, centred within the temple of the human heart,
Fastened to the eternal essence of the sacred soul...
There, in the midst of things, sheltered from all harm,
Exists the quintessential being, the true character contained,
And cushioned there are the colours of the rainbow,
Each representing a facet of the internal spirit of life...
Goodness and meekness and kindness and gentleness...
The softened sweetness, pure as honey,
Untainted by the harshness of life's cruel trickeries,
Unblemished, untarnished by the patina of time...
Look well upon true beauty, for it is worth the study...
Compare it with all that Man would call beauty...
There is no comparison in all of Nature's realm...
The Universe itself can barely contain it,
Yet it must, for how else could we, mere mortals,
Comprehend it and esteem its splendours?
Herein is beauty, not merely in the dearly covered flesh upon the bone,
Nor in the fashioning of a dress upon the form,
Nor in the twinkling, sparkling jewels upon the naked fingers...
But, rather, centred within the temple of the human heart...
God-made to stand against the rigours of time and space,
Twixt yesterday, today and tomorrow...
Beloved of God, forever, without ceasing, without compromise,
Without hesitation, disregard or dismissal...
For true beauty is His creation, His theme, His dream,
His one and eternal plan...
There is nothing more wondrous than beauty...

Denis Martindale

God Bless Countdown!

God bless Countdown on Channel Four
With consonants and vowels galore
And gorgeous Carol Vorderman -
If she can't do sums no-one can!
She gets a nine day after day!
(Ten out of ten, from me, I say!)
And Richard hosts with repartee...
We groan at puns yet all agree
That here's a show that's wonderful -
Easy-going and amiable!
Half wit, half style and full of fun,
Good sportsmanship from everyone!
Just when I've got a sweet old six,
Some guy with seven gets his kicks!
When I've got seven, he's got eight!
And I start thinking, 'Great... just... great! '
I had a nine in ninety-two!
Since then I haven't got a clue!
How do they do it! ? Life's not fair!
It's just a game! Oh, yeah, oh, yeah!
I've memorised the dictionary!
Don't go to sleep till half-past-three!
Yet still they beat me EVERY DAY...
God bless Countdown... yeah... OK...

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Friends Forever!

To think that I had lost my way and let my heart grow cold,
Such that I rarely said, 'Hooray! ' nor thought of being bold!
My life was like an empty cup with cobwebs on the side!
My soul in need of topping up... No shepherd as a guide...

What use were stars? They gave no calm. What use were sun and moon?
They could not keep me safe from harm or grant me wish or boon!
What use were mountains, forests, lakes? While scenery can soothe
Lord Jesus knows of Man's heartaches and knows how to improve...

Outside the door each day He stood as patient as the snail...
The Noble Nazarene who would succeed where others fail...
For only He was good enough to serve God to the end...
Yes, only He, the King of Love, forgives and stays a friend...

I'd checked the Gospels through and through! I tried to understand!
The door was open! Born anew! Christ took me by the hand!
A dropp of blood from Calvary fell from His wrist to mine!
Transfusing life-long ministry both human and divine...

PoemHunter.com

His Spirit filled my every thought - I knew what must be done!
To reach the lost as Christians ought - and lead them to God's Son!
To live with love, to serve with joy, to teach and prophesy!
For every adult, girl and boy needs Christ as much as I...

Denis Martindale

The Time For Rhyme Treasure Trove

I'm going to pause for a while -
Take time out from my day...
To write a poem, make you smile
And take your cares away...
I'll write of places where I've been,
Describe them one-by-one...
With some precision set each scene
And then I'll share some fun!

Perhaps I'll add an angel, too,
Important news to speak...
To prophesy to folks like you
Such that the Lord you seek.
Perhaps I'll tell an epic tale:
Courageous to the core!
With magic words that cannot fail
Such that you ask for more!

PoemHunter.com

Perhaps I'll write romantic rhymes
Of when love pounced on me!
Relating rhapsodies of times
When courtship brought such glee!
Perhaps I'll curtsy round the truth!
Embellish now and then...
Or back it up with precious proof
That should convince all men...

Perhaps my work will reach Mankind
In some anthology!
If so, I'll try to stay refined
So folks can talk to me...
'My autograph? Yes, that's alright! '
I'd sign it with such flair!
It's nice when fans are so polite!
God bless them, everywhere!

Denis Martindale

Four Friendly Froggies!

Four friendly froggies were learning computing!
Yet they were so humble and not high faluting!
They were never despondent, but glad as could be!
Their PCs weren't cluttered so they felt so free!
Defragmentation? They laughed at the thought!
But three months went quickly and then they were caught!
Their PCs turned grumpy! They crashed every day!
They wouldn't behave and they wouldn't obey!
So in came the experts, the techies, the geeks!
They oiled the main drives and got rid of squeaks!
They fiddled with software and fixed every one!
They looked like they'd finished but they'd just begun!
'Cos then they got soppy and tweaked them some more!
They took out each floppy then nailed shut each door!
They souped up the innards and graphics and sounds!
Then ever so greedy, said, 'NINE HUNDRED POUNDS! '
The froggies soon told them in choice words to go!
The techies repented, reducing the dough!
One hundred pounds later, the techies went home...
And four friendly froggies then emailed this poem!

Denis Martindale

Fizzy Faith!

A fizzy faith's a busy faith - bubbling with new ideas!
It longs to save and so it's brave enough to conquer fears!
It does much more than just survive Man's plans for history!
A fizzy faith will surely thrive throughout eternity!
If someone else has fizzy faith they'll prove it beyond doubt!
Since Calvary, when God forgave, they want to shout it out!
They study what the Bible says! They search each prophecy!
They often focus with new prayers - God's lines are always free!
Perhaps they'll write a brand new song, or parable or verse!
Perhaps they'll choose to right a wrong so things do not get worse!
Perhaps they'll work behind the scenes - anonymous to most...
And though they act as go-betweens, they've lost the need to boast!
If you're like these then you'll behave as if your life's brand new!
Let God in Heaven increase your faith! Be a 'fizzy faither', too!
It's up to you to comprehend the Christian path God gives!
You know Lord Jesus is your friend! You know the Saviour lives!
Reach out to save lost souls from Hell! Unlock their chains by prayer!
Of all truths that Christ teaches well, His first is, 'LEARN TO CARE! '
That way you'll make a difference NOW! God's Love will prove the key!
Reflect on who, what, where and how! Fulfill YOUR destiny!

Denis Martindale October 2003.

Denis Martindale

Where Has My Love Gone?

Where has my love gone? God, I really miss her!
God, I wish I knew although I know
She could come back really!
It's up to her! Wish I could kiss her!
She told me that she cared
But that she had other plans!
God knows where she is now!
All I know is, I'm here!
And I'm so alone, now that true love's gone!
What can I do? Will she ever return?
Will she come back to my heart?
Will she explore the whole world until
God will reveal to her my love?
God, please hear all of my soft-spoken prayers!
For what is life if nobody truly shares all your cares?
Then you just live, without ever finding
One sweetheart to love!
Think I found her, Lord! What's left to say?
Must it be like this? Oh, how long, will it carry on?
Give me some strength! Can't You see that I can't live
Without her to love me?
One day more? One week more?
One month more? Oh, Lord!
Show me some mercy! Please, Lord!

What can I do? Will she ever return?
Will she come back to my heart?
Will she explore the whole world until
God will reveal to her my love?
God, please hear all of my soft-spoken prayers!
For what is life if nobody truly shares all your cares?
Then you just live, without ever finding
One sweetheart to love!
I think I found her, Lord! What's left to say?
Must it be like this? Oh, how long, will it carry on?
Give me some strength! Can't You see that I can't live
Without her to love me?

Where has my love gone? Where has my love gone?

God I really miss her! Lord, it's true. Yes, I really do.

Denis Martindale

The Perfect Poem!

I wrote it last night while sleeping,
The dream unfolding all!
I penned the poem while weeping,
Repenting like Saint Paul!
Yes, so moved was I while writing
God sent an angel down...
I saw two armies while fighting
To gain some worldly crown!

God's army fought well while praying!
Yet Satan merely sneered!
God's army fought Hell while saying
That evil must be cleared!
I saw the Devil while smiling
At all his works of death!
He grinned each second while piling
More agonies each breath!

I saw the Saviour while searching
The world for volunteers!
I saw the Saviour while urging
Lost souls to fight their fears!
I saw the Father while sighing,
Grim-faced at all the pain!
I saw the Father while trying
Ten billion souls to gain!

I saw the Spirit while brooding,
Still hovering above...
I saw this planet while feuding -
Man's choices: hate or love!
I lay in my bed while waking,
Finding paper and pen,
Then read this poem while taking
Some time to pray again...

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

The Perfect Prayer

Heavenly Father, Lord of all,
Creator of Mankind,
Appointing angels to the Church,
determined to be kind.
Almighty in Your judgements,
encompassing the truth,
Bestowing wisdom based on love
and yet without reproof.

Most righteous King and Saviour,
Defender of the weak,
Championing every noble cause
for love, joy, peace You seek.
Most holy and most giving,
most precious, most divine,
Accepting sinners who repent
as light on them You shine.

Both Redeemer of the remnant
and Teacher to the saved,
Esteeming all the innocent,
the gentle, well behaved.
Both the Preacher and the Prophet,
Director of the stars,
Sacrificing Christ, Your Son,
who shows the world His scars.

Be proud of Him, the Lamb of God,
the One You rose from death,
For He is worthy who was slain…
Jesus of Nazareth.
Let angels worship near Your Throne,
resplendent in their wings,
For Christ is perfect in Your sight,
triumphant in all things.

Please send Christ soon, when time is right,
the Blesséd Hope, indeed.
The world needs Jesus Christ to rule,

how else can Man succeed?
Heavenly Father, hear our prayer,
we seek not wealth or fame…
Please send Christ soon, that's all we ask,
this day in Jesus' Name.

Amen.

Google search the websites for GOD TV
and Revelation TV and their Watch Now
TV programmes. Seek and ye shall find...

Denis Martindale.

Denis Martindale

Within God's World Of Wonders!

Here, within God's world of wonders, are miracles galore!
Where the streaking lightning thunders, you tremble to the core!
His vast oceans stretch before you, His mountains thrill your soul,
Yet a baby can implore you, being weak without control.

Look up and see the skies above! A thousand clouds drift by,
Still knowing nought of fear or love, they simply sail the sky…
Beyond the likes of clouds you'll find the sun and moon still shine,
Their splendours sometimes help remind God's power is divine.

If you have eyes that see these sights and ears that hear as well,
Then you have treasures and delights that weave a magic spell!
For miracles abound on Earth, yes, billions, everywhere!
Yet think of dolphins as they surf and leap without a care!

Like them, if you could rest a while and simply take the time,
You'd realise, and with a smile, confess that God's sublime!
Perhaps you'd pray, dismissing doubt and seek to please Him, too!
For God has brought these things about and some were just for you!

Perhaps you've fed the hungry birds and watched them in your garden,
Well, listen to the Bible's words if hungry for God's pardon!
God forgives us in His mercy! Come to the Cross of Christ!
Behold the King of Calvary! Hosanna in the highest!

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Judge For Yourself!

Surrounded by soldiers He walked,
Along the city streets...
While the Jews and the Gentiles talked
Of His wonders and His feats.
And yet these miracles of love
Weren't proof He was divine...
To the doubters they weren't enough -
They sought another sign...
When Pilate judged that Christ be whipped
And then to set Him free,
The crowd went wild, Christ stood tight-lipped,
Prepared for Calvary.
The Son of God obeyed His Lord,
Through sorrow, pain and strife.
Six hours long His blood outpoured...
And then He gave His life...
His faithful friends let out a cry
That angels heard in Heaven,
Who knew the reason Christ must die -
For souls to be forgiven!
Within the week God's power came!
The risen Lord lived on!
And in good hearts He lit a flame,
A faith to build upon!
Although Christ died upon the Hill,
He saves lost souls like Saul!
Today, Christ's friends continue still
And preach Good News to all...

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

True Love Lasts Forever!

True love's first endeavour
Is of course just to release me,
Yet it's not meant to appease me,
But to lead to the light
And to do what proves right - expertly!
True love's oh so clever!
There's no way you can impress it,
Smudge it, cloak it and repress it!
True love knows from the start,
Thus, with grace to impart, alert me!
God grant true love
To all who have strayed like me!
To all who have prayed like me!
For when light's shone, faith's built upon!
True love's great endeavour
Turns you into a new thinker!
From your eyes it takes each blinker!
Then it shares thoughts so new,
Introducing you to your Saviour!
God grant true love
To all who have strayed like me!
To all who have prayed like me!
For when light's shone, faith's built upon!
True love lasts forever, forever, forever!
True love lasts forever, forever, forever!
Forever and ever!

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Hear God's Call!

Love is the meaning we're alive!
Love shares so others may survive!
Love cares for this world, lost souls and all!
So it lives to hear God's call!
Love lifts the spirits just to bless!
Love's gifts grant more than happiness!
They won't make us sinners doomed to fall!
For love lives to hear God's call!
Any wisdom love learns pure gold
That's meant not just for one to hold!
Love's like a kiss upon your lips!
Love's touch is more than fingertips!
Yet love's sure, here's the first great truth of all!
So love lives to hear God's call!

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

The Measure Of Love

The measure of love, in truth, is this:
To treasure each sigh, close by, then kiss!
I've revelled each girl I yearn,
Just to discern the measure of love!
Soft embraces, gazes... In search for one true friend...
Let go... then watching love grow...
Then lips pressed tight, just right,
As if our two hearts said, 'Hello! '
Love prays this is so...
The measure is true in gentlemen...
Right out of the blue! So who knows when?
It's meant to astound you, too...
So you can view the measure of love!

The measure of love, in truth, is this:
To treasure each sigh, close by, then kiss!
I've revelled each girl I yearn,
Just to discern the measure of love!
Soft embraces, gazes... In search for one true friend...
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So you can view the measure of love!

Denis Martindale

Lord Jesus, Hold Me!

Lord Jesus hold me!
Please lead me to the Light!
Lord Jesus hold me!
Please feed me some insight!
You loved me on Calvary!
On Calvary, it's true!
Nobody's loved as quite
As much as You!

Lord Jesus hold me,
Hold me to You!
Receive the very heart of me,
Today, eternally!
Lord Jesus hold me,
Hold me to You!
To find You was my destiny,
My ecstasy, my liberty!
Jesus hold me...
Lord Jesus hold me!

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Lord Jesus hold me!
Please never let me go!
Yet please don't scold me!
I really want to grow!
Teach me from each Bible book!
Communion bread and wine!
Yet most of all,
Forgiveness that's divine!

Lord Jesus hold me,
Hold me to You!
Receive the very heart of me,
Today, eternally!
Lord Jesus hold me,
Hold me to You!
The Passion sacrificed for me,
The Blood Atonement meant for me!
Jesus loves me!
Lord Jesus loves me! !

Denis Martindale

The Need For Prayer

While you've been sleeping,
The world has moved on...
The planets still circle mid the stars,
While on Earth we know of Man,
The plunderer unchanged...
Pity, that, when you consider...
It would have been better
If somehow he would have cared.
If only more had prayed...
Perhaps there would have been
Less sorrows, setbacks, deaths...
Perhaps more smiles, more hugs,
More wisdom, more joy.
Perhaps more poems, more songs,
More statues and pictures.
Golden opportunities lost...

Alas, so many ignored the Lord!
Forgot Him or never knew Him,
Or knew Him then distrusted Him,
Or got distracted by love and kisses
And cuddles and promises...
Swept away on a tide of titillations.
Swamped, engulfed, tossed here and there,
No longer caring or sharing...

Or sorrows came that diminished faith,
Belittled it, spurned it, scorned it...
Made it seem as pointless, nothing,
An utter waste of time and energy...
Pity, that, when you consider...
For Jesus wasn't born without reason.
He lived and loved with purpose.
He spent nights in prayer, alone...

Could you not spend one hour with ME?
He asked His friends before His arrest!
What, not one single hour with ME?
But they were tired, too...

And while they were sleeping...
The world changed and their dearest friend, too...
The next day He was dead...
That was when they couldn't sleep...

Hence the need for prayer...

Denis Martindale

The Real Meaning Of Christmas!

For the real meaning of Christmas look first to Christ Himself
Not to your wallet or your purse or monetary wealth.
Behold God's purpose and God's plan not gifts beneath your tree.
For Christ's true God compressed to Man! Behold humility!

Behold the prophecies once made to signify God's Son!
With angels' praises proudly played not hid from everyone!
Recount the tales of shepherds' stares at angels up above!
The Saviour's born as Mary bears the portrait of God's Love!

Think not that kings must always sleep on beds of purest gold!
Think not that kings are meant to keep appearances so bold!
God's Son was born in Bethlehem, decreed to scribes long gone...
A mighty vision unto them, a faith to build upon!

Religious men knew ancient truths with foresights sent from God!
They saw Christ's miracles as proofs, but Romans sought His Blood!
Yet from Christ's death new life is given! His sacrifice saves souls!
Through Him, believers look to Heaven and live for higher goals!

December's hopes and dreams and joys aren't built on worthless tales!
Nor are they built for girls and boys forgetting Easter's nails!
Man needs a Saviour, Go-Between and Mediator, too...
Our Advocate's the Nazarene... who died for me... and you!

Rejoice in Christ who left His Home, His Throne and Father's side
To live and die yet conquer Rome who sought Him crucified!
Death's but a door! Yet Christ's the Key! To Heaven, He's the Way!
To those who've prayed at Calvary, Christ's more than Christmas Day...

DENIS MARTINDALE.

Denis Martindale

The Nature Of Love

What, pray tell's the nature of love?
Its myriad forms of grace?
Could it be less than God above,
Compressed to just one face?
One human soul adorned with flesh
That turns all heads nearby?
While like a trap meant to enmesh,
It's gentle as a sigh...
Beyond attraction's courtship spell,
Appreciation's there...
Accepting beauty not from Hell
But Heaven-sent with care...
Yet with great beauty duty comes!
Be wise and honour-bound!
Else beauty beckons then it numbs
And sorrows saunter round!
Those blessed with eyes that see this realm
Where earthly treasures bide,
Must not let beauty overwhelm
The soul that lives inside!
Forbid it, Lord, that love should take
Your place within our hearts!
That place reserved for goodness sake,
For love's more than its parts!
True love excels our wildest dreams,
Our fervent wishes, too...
Expressed in Jesus Christ, it seems,
Most pleasing unto You.
Teach us, o Lord, the finer things -
With blessings new and old!
No man on Earth needs angels' wings,
Just love as good as gold!

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Mary, Mother Of Jesus

In Roman times, when swords were raised,
And peace on Earth was rare,
There lived a girl now highly praised,
A girl beyond compare...
Her name was Mary, Joseph's love,
Betrothed, untouched by Man...
Who met an angel from above
Who then revealed God's plan!
'Young maiden, you are full of grace!
The Lord chose you of all!
You shall conceive and then embrace
The child that God must call!
He shall be king and rightly so,
Begotten of the Lord!
And blessed is he, God's Son to know...
So, Mary, be assured! '
God's Son was born as prophesied!
To Mary, here on Earth...
In time, she saw Him crucified!
Esteemed not for His worth!
Her heart was broken just like His!
She held his mortal frame!
And neath her tears, a final kiss
As she whispered His name...
Her heart was numbed just like her soul...
With trembling hands she prayed...
Although she knew God kept control,
Her spirit was dismayed!
With trembling lips she sought His peace,
Like none on Earth before!
In hopes her faith would thus release
A miracle and more!
When Jesus left His tomb of death,
The sun was rising, too...
The Saviour savoured God's new breath
And knew what He must do...
'With God, all things are possible!
Forgiveness, born of faith! '
Such is the Gospel preached by Paul

PoemHunter.com

To those whom God would save...

Denis Martindale

White Owl In Flight

Whilst walking through the wood today, twixt trees beneath the sun,
I spied young foxes, both at play and smiled to see such fun.
Then I moved on, midst morning mist, and grass adorned with dew,
Cheered up by flowers, summer-kissed, so radiant to view.
Their fragrant perfume filled the air, yes, 'Heaven scent', indeed!
Attracting insects everywhere to come and have their feed.
Then suddenly I saw a sight that took my breath away -
A wondrous white owl caught in flight, perhaps in hunt for prey...
The wings outstretched like envelopes, like surf-boards in the sky!
My heart at once was full of hopes - at first I knew not why!
And then I knew, I understood, for in that bird I saw
Each has its realm, just as it should! What need is there for more?
Some creatures walk, some creatures fly and others float or swim,
Dependent on God's grace to live, subservient to Him.
God put me here to walk this Earth, within His worldly plan...
To cherish Christ, and praise His worth, and help my fellow man...

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Patience Is A Virtue...

Patience is a virtue, with courage all its own,
With strength as in a battle while standing all alone.
It bides its time, it sets its pace, it thinks before it acts.
It's not like he who thinks he knows or one who can't relax.
Like chess, there is a sequence, a pause between each move.
Much better this than make mistakes which no man can improve!
The wisest man God sent below was born in Bethlehem,
A tiny town, a lowly place, no jewelled diadem!
There wasn't much to celebrate when pain, of course, began,
Yet Mary's patience brought to us God's Son, not yet a man.
The years were slow till Destiny moved close to Jesus Christ!
No more the babe, no more the child, but He that John baptised.
Then all things changed as Fate took hold and friends and foes drew near!
For all had gathered in the crowd that God had called to hear.
'Who is this man who tells us tales? Why bother us with these? '
Yet God had secrets to unfold and precious prophecies!
Time has its moments crystal clear and years when all stays dim!
God works this way to teach us truths that guide us back to Him!
The poet's eye sees future things, events that change our lives!
The prophet, too, has angels' wings, and thus his faith survives!
By faith that's borne of patience given, each soul draws grace like wine.
That's how we view eternity and gain all thoughts divine.
It's not all given in one hour, or day, week, month or year!
We bathe each moment in God's love despite how things appear!
Patience is a virtue, yes, a gift that edifies...
Just like the sun that rises - its light then fills the skies!
Be patient, therefore, human child, regardless of your age...
Eternity's an open book... your life is just a page...

Denis Martindale

The Passion Of Christ

I'll not hunger for a fortune while others wait and starve!
Nor drink away the afternoon... Nor at the beggars laugh!
I challenge every soul on Earth to stand up for what's right!
To humbly pray for what has worth! No matter, day or night!
This world has problems all its own! Must men be taught to care?
And till all evil's overthrown, I shall not quit My prayer!
For eternal is My vigil! The Cosmos cannot end
Till it's seen faith's mighty struggle and evils are condemned!
Father, grant Me still the passion! Let not the heat grow cold!
Unblemished by every fashion that tries to fit Man's mould!
God gave a shield, God gave a sword, God gave a helmet, too!
So that I'd stand and fight assured and see the battle through!
And if I must die a hero that only God could see,
God grant He makes new blood to flow in heroes just like Me!
For I'll not die a withered man with all My passions spent!
I'll do the very best I can! There's no way I'll relent!
Hell has no fury like the fire that burns within My soul!
To God's great justice I aspire... and God's grace is My goal!
I cannot turn this way or that, retreat My pilgrim path...
Should My dead body be laid flat, 't would be My epitaph!
No craven coward soul am I! No weakling on My own...
I've seen almighty God on high! He's smiling on His Throne!
So if I'm martyred, 'tis God's will... My soul still shines with love!
No matter where My blood may spill, My soul ascends above!

Denis Martindale

The Prestige Of The Poppy

Behold my form, my humble guise, my fragile fashioned grace.
Look deep within the giver's eyes, some noble hopes to trace.
November's here and folks look back to what heroes have bought.
They stood as one as things looked black, courageous as they fought.
Not all survived the grief-filled times. Not all returned scot-free.
Not all were able to pen rhymes of utmost misery.
I'm just a poppy, nothing more. I spilt no dropp of blood.
I didn't wince with pain through war... nor turn the foul flood.
I didn't march across the fields, nor swim against the tide
And yet I'm loved by each who yields a conscience still inside.
Think not that I, if human, too, could idly watch death grin.
For as a man, I'd join the few that knew that they must win!
I'd take up arms against the foe! I'd train and fight so brave!
For deep within my heart I'd know, a free world I must save!
Think not that I could turn and run and let the children down,
Nor unborn babes hid from the sun be born to wear a frown.
I'd fight for freedom, live or die! Regardless, come what may!
Because I'd know, that even I, must face God's Judgement Day!
I'd not despise the souls that prayed as they stayed home instead.
I recognise a conscience weighed, yet blood weighs more once bled!
So buy a poppy... show you care! Give generously with love!
For every poppy that folks wear is seen by God above...

Denis Martindale

The Uk Forces Gulf Fund

There is a gulf 'twixt war and peace
The brave alone must cross...
And there they strive till battles cease
And some will suffer loss...
Few comprehend the sacrifice:
The blood, the sweat and tears...
And yet the brave who pay the price
May not survive the years...
God knows the reasons fuelled by Hell,
The poisoned minds involved...
And yet beyond the witch's spell,
Each conflict gets resolved...
While wars aren't based on holiness,
Forgiveness, meekness, love,
There comes a time when fates express
The outcome that's enough.
Till then, each day's a damn war zone,
A worldwide spectacle,
In which each soldier stands alone,
Waiting a miracle...
Perhaps we, too, are called to act,
Supporting where we can...
We tried diplomacy and tact
Yet they lied to a man...
The gulf 'twixt truth and lies goes on -
Until all lies are shunned...
Though true the war has just begun,
Support the Forces Fund...

Denis Martindale

PoemHunter.com

Special Friends, Special Soulmates

The bond between us lives in smiles and sometimes salty tears -
It blossoms through our joys and trials and crosses our careers.
I'm there for you! You're there for me! As if it's meant that way.
Despite life's search for certainty, it's love that still holds sway.
Our love's not based on pure physique - the years mean nought to us.
We see each other as unique, without the need to fuss.
There's something in our hearts and minds and deep within our souls,
Such that each spirit always finds the faith for higher goals.
It's not by chance. It's destiny! It's Fate! Of that I'm sure!
I'll treasure you eternally, with love for ever more.
Time holds no power over friends, nor distance, faults or foes.
Our joy remains. It never ends. It's like a light that glows.
It doesn't burn us to the bone, like passions as they rage.
It merely warms us till we've known the limits at each stage.
And yet one truth surpasses all, transcending all we know...
We're special friends beyond God's call when one of us must go...
Think not that I could love you less in life, in death, my friend...
Beyond all breath and happiness, this blessing cannot end...
While there's a Heaven filled with love and courage 'gainst the night,
In God's time we'll embrace above... Two spirits bathed in light...

Denis Martindale

Jesus Of Nazareth

It came to pass in ancient days when Romans roamed the Earth,
A child was born mid angels' praise proclaiming of His worth!
No mortal child was like this child! His Father was the Lord!
His Mother, Mary, undefiled, virginity assured!
The Virgin Birth as it's been called transformed Man's history!
It left the angels quite enthralled at God's great mystery!
For God's Own Son would save Mankind! Thus Jesus was His Name!
One day He'd heal the deaf, the blind, the dumb of speech and lame!
Think not that babes aren't treasure chests! Each has a part to play!
For they, like sparrows, leave their nests! Then soar and fly away!
Thus Jesus Christ of Nazareth was destined first to preach,
Such that He taught with every breath, intent, lost souls to reach!
Then came the time disciples joined! Yes, seventy and two...
Including Judas who purloined, some shekels to accrue!
He saw the miracles of Christ! He followed like a friend!
Then doubts in him were realised! Such doubts that wouldn't mend!
Thus Judas sold the Son of Man, betraying wondrous love!
Perhaps he saw how death began when Christ was raised above!
Perhaps he looked behind a shroud that kept his face from view!
Perhaps he choked and wept aloud and yet what could he do?
There on the Cross of Christ blood fell... Life's energy was drained...
Until at last Christ said farewell... Atonement fully gained...
The sacrificial lamb was He! Unblemished, without spot!
Behold the King of Calvary! Behold the Son of God!
The crowds departed, homeward bound! Another prophet dead!
Another tomb must yet be found to hide away what bled!
Yet Jesus prophesied of life beyond the grisly grave!
Thus Easter Sunday conquered strife and death no more stood brave!
Behold the risen, conquering Son! Behold death cowers still!
Who is this Saviour who has won according to God's will?
Repent, you demons of the night! Repent, you men of Earth!
Behold the Saviour bathed in light who grants lost souls new birth!
No more will Man have cause to doubt! Now faith will shine as gold!
Christ's love will prove what life's about as miracles unfold!
A mighty army prays each day, God's mercies to implore!
Jesus of Nazareth is 'THE WAY'... Both now and evermore...

Denis Martindale