

Poetry Series

E.W. Griffith
- poems -

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E.W. Griffith()

Birthday Dinner With Daddy

Daddy, we need to talk,
there's something I need you to hear.
Relax. Take a seat.
Here, Here's a chair,
while we talk let's sup together;
this Terriaki steak dinner I've prepared: one of your favorites.
Wait, Before we you taste it
let me get the french dressing from the fridge:
for your salad
over there is some minute-maid lemonade in the cabinet:
To quench your thirst
Oh and before we eat these steak tips,
we should first
Let our heads bow
and thank God for his graces...In Jesus name, Amen.
Well- then, how how have you been?
Well, you look good too.
Not so bad for a young man like you. Happy Birthday.
And I suppose for your birthday we'll play one on one;
you know, father Vs. Son: for times sakes of old
And you know how the story goes:
you win some, you lose some
But pops I've determined to win all and lose none.
Ha, ha-I'm Just playin'.
But on the serious side, I brought u-here-
to-day, to-let u-hear-
me sincerely-
express-to, u that u to me are speac-ial.
I respect you and only place God above you:
I praying that he'll bless you
My father I love you.
See, your life in time
has showed me that life at times-
Isn't always a garden of roses and marigolds
But sometimes in life's garden you'll find-
manifold Dan-de-lions,
some thornbushes, 'n' old rocks,
Alongside cactuses: with their pines.
And they exemplify lifes hard times.

And In those hard times daddy you've shown me-
that it's alright if a man's tears-
drip from his eyes-
like rain from the sky on a cloudy day.
Just as long as his hope for sunlight to re-vive-
doesn't decay or fade away.
It's sad to say,
But so many people take the love-
of there ones for granted untill their gone away
And I don't want to be one to make the same mistakes.
So, for all the good times and bad times we've shared,
and all the yellin' you did in my ears, -
from the sidelines at my games I say, Thanks.
All our conversations pertaining to life, I appreciate;
they gave me strength to make it from day to day.
Oh, I hope you like the way the gravy tastes.
And the steak; I tried my best to make it Grandddy's way.
There's plenty of leftovers,
So, please make sure you take a plate.
Oh, I'm so glad we could get together and talk,
for this day will always be a day so dear to my heart;
I will forever remember it gladly;
For this is the day that I was able to enjoy
BIRTHDAY DINNER WITH DADDY

E.W. Griffith

Don'T Fall Away

Don't fall away, Don't fall away
-My brother you have to hold on
On any day Jesus could catch us away,
So trust in his grace and keep your faith strong

The fight ahead may indeed mirror gloom
But our soveriegn truth, will take care of you
Your moments of fear he will see you through,
if only, in prayer you sincerely importune

And if to heart you take, the mere words we say
He'll hold with his arm so you won't go astray.
Dreary may be the hour, hidden may seem the sun(Son)
But when he does appear, we shall overcome

So don't fall away,
Brother stand strong
Today could be the day he takes us away
So trust in his grace and keep your faith strong;
Don't fall away

E.W. Griffith

I Saw Her Cry

I saw her cry, I saw her cry;
The pain came streaming down her eyes
A solemn moan, a dreary sigh,
A broken heart, sorrows of a weary soul.

She read her poem, She read her poem:
Her and her son, by daddy, left alone
Her little man, to me, never known;
yet his pure love still helps mommy to stand.

When she was done I paused and thought
What ever happens to a dream that is lost?
Does it decay or fade away,
As a man who does boast in the grave?

And as I thought, and thought again,
Truth, knocked on my heart then entered in
Speaking light I barely knew,
Revealing the thesis of her mirrored gloom,

As he spoke, I said, now I see
Why God wants all of our trust placed in him:
for Man's heart, is the sea;
whose destiny detoured by the wind
So eye not dust but view the sky,
or time shall surely pass u bye
was the less-on that I-learned
on the day that I saw her cry

E.W. Griffith

I Still Dream

In a day...like today...
where the hope of man is fading away for eternity
I still dream.
As these perolous times arise
never to decline again, my friends,
I still Dream.
some say I shouldn't dream;
declaring that dreamer's dreams ne'er come true;
Imposing that one's lofty dreams will only smear life's beaut'.
Incredulously, I proclaim they proclaim lies true;
to falsify reality as insincere tear drops do.
So as drapes, my lids do
cover the windows of me:
for they are far too impatient to bear their rare view.
They say death can kill dreams.
well, I say fear does too.
So when you say I shouldn't dream,
I then fear for you
Because my dreams are prayers;
and they climb heavens stairs for you.
And you are America;
well I am too.
Aren't-we both fair-ly dressed in red white and blue?
our motto: Together we shall stand,
divided we shall fall as a crew?
Divide we shall '
less we dream again to a God so true.
Our strenght he'll renew, if first, his kigdom we pursue.
Death lies around us dusk, morn', and noon.
Tis why, in America, and for America,
I Still Dream.

E.W. Griffith

It Reminds Me Of Holiness

The seed was planted,
the root then took it's form in the earth, out from the seed,
Then out of the earth, from the root, the stem sprang forth
And once the red bud, at the top of the stem-then opened up,
I-then be-gan to behold
the elegant purity and beauty of this flower named rose;
In it's complete maturity,
And I said, It reminds me of holiness.

E.W. Griffith

Somebody Prayed For Me

This day, in which I breathe,
has been given to me so grac-ious-ly by... God
And I thank him be...cause
I made it to see the age twent- two.
What I said may seem like a small thing to you
but where I come from that's a great accomplishment
Sometimes, inside my church, I-sit
and say, 'Somebody must of prayed for me: '
That God would order my steps
and protect me from death.
and he did-
Tis why I sit in astonishment
Because there was a time in which
I didn't use much common sense.
Blinded by nights darkness
My soul surrendered to ignorance.
I was on my way down.
But in that mid-night hour
when I lost all power to survive
The Lord Jesus Christ came near unto my side
wrapping his arms around me, he said, 'live! '
So I did.
Then he cleansed my mind of works that were dead.
Now I'm so thankful that he did
what he did... when he did
'cause I didn't always have a mind to do
That which is right to do
Tis why I know somebody must of prayed for me;
And it probably was you.

E.W. Griffith

Tears Before Glory

Before
Glory's
birth,

Beauty's tears
must
come
first.

E.W. Griffith

When Hope Fades Away

Some might ask me, what is hope?
I tell them, hope is the motivation
to experience life at it's highest potential.
for hope has upheld me in all the pain that I been through.
when the world says, quit, throw in the towel, submit to defeat,
Hope's word's speak soft-ly to my heart saying, 'con-tin-ue.'
Hope says, 'you can make it, the pain you can take it;
It comes to make you tougher;
for you'll never really know how strong you really are untill you suffer.'
So I continue to stand still dispelling fear.
Holding on to God's unchanging hand like Jacob did;
Understanding that he is the author of my salvation.
Because when hope in him fades away,
the light of life becomes dim, like when day fades into midnight
to slowly usher in the moonlight.
Therefore the vibrant colors of Gods Artistry
can only be seen in black in white.
such a fright-ful dreary day, when hope fades away
because hearts begin to break
Therefore, eyes create rivers;
and those rivers drown pillows
Because when hope fades and is placed in the grave
the dreams of man become faithless widows
who gave birth to children of despair.
i know it's sad to say and probably even worst to hear
but this is what happens when hope..... fades..... away.

E.W. Griffith

Where Are You?

Tw'as as an angel left my side,
The day you did decide
to depart and go your separate way
Us, side by side,
in the garden of grace,
Picking flowers of faith
is how it should've been
But now you're gone...
yet my dreams never end
Darling hear me when I call
Where are you?

E.W. Griffith