

Poetry Series

Frita Fritz
- poems -

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Frita Fritz()

Butterfly

Butterfly, butterfly let it be;
Give me your wings to fly and be free;
Wish I could one day be turned into your form;
And be a beauty by your charm;
To be admired like you by all;
Let me be where the stars don't fall.

Frita Fritz

Hope

I've been told that I'm the worst of all the women.
Hit in the head like I was sort of a demon.
It seems every thing I do turns out to be the worst.
I'm let to believe I'm under an evil force.
Yet, Lord knows, I try to do good and it seems no use;
I feel abandoned, cheated and lost in a world so confused.
Been accused of not knowing how to Love, but just wanting to receive;
Ended up in fights, hurting eachother and expecting the other to be the first to
forgive.
Where the path takes me, it is uncertain;
Since Love itself has been abused and deceived,
I could only hope...Hope for a peaceful life without pain.

Frita Fritz

Jerry

My sweet and lovable Jerry,
Son of Fidel and Flory.
You are a wonderful man;
One who cares and understand.
You are a gift from above;
Someone who have shown me the meaning of Love.
I am glad I am given this chance;
To see through our affiance;
Whether in stormy weather,
It really does not matter;
For rich or for poor,
We'll stand by eachother, for sure;
In Joy or in sorrow,
I believe there is a bright tomorrow;
So I wrote this poem for you to see,
How grateful I am to GOD for sending you to me.

Frita Fritz

Love

Love cannot only be shown verbally;
It must be put into action.
It should come from all direction;
From positive to negative reaction,
You will receive an immense and powerful attraction.
Believe me, it's not given in fraction.
Accept it and you will like the satisfaction.
A gift by birth, use it well and humbly.

Frita Fritz

My Family

My name is Frita, I like sweets and time spent merry.
I'm married to a wonderful man named Jerry.
We have five kids, three boys and two girls;
Hope for more to come as beautiful as pearls.
Both, my husband and I are running a small store;
It's not much, but it feeds two mouths and more;
Zachary, my eldest son, is in high school;
He's at the age where he thinks making his own decision without parental
guidance is cool;
Jewel, my second oldest son, is in the third grade;
Born on Valentine's day, some say it's a phenomenon but I say a gift of good
fate.
Pretty Winetta, the eldest of my two daughters, dreams of becoming a star;
I told her to be diligent in school and she will go far;
Jeita, my youngest daughter, so sweet and lovable;
Oh what joy she brings even when she cries, she's still adorable.
Little Jai, the youngest of all, is a toddler;
He has his father's eyes, fair face and good sense of humor.
The kids grow so fast;
I just can't believe how time quickly past.
Life's been good to me, even at a slow pace;
I'm thankful for I feel God's Love embrace.
My life is pretty much like a picture frame;
Incomplete if it's empty, because without my family I know it won't be the same.

Frita Fritz

To You

Wind so gentle brushing over my face;
Oh the splendors of your amazing grace.
Heaven's glory gazing by,
Of what wonders would make satisfy;
Guide thy hands and feet to do good deeds,
Give abundance to thy needs;
Forgive thy foolishness made so high;
Protect I from misfortunes, silently I cry;
Destiny drawn upon thy birth,
But how well will I make thy life worth?
Being of human nature, so much imperfection;
What more could I ask for, but your pure affection.
A simple act of kindness, that will simply do;
With pure heart's refine, I give thy self to you.

Frita Fritz

What Is It?

What frail shadow lurks yonder?
What kind of being works great wonders?
Gives me my hands to work miracles;
Gives me a mind to grasp life's living circle;
Gives me my feet to travel far and above;
Gives me my heart to show mercy and love;
Gives me a womb to bore more of thee;
Yet, it comes and takes away these gifts it gave me.

Frita Fritz