

Poetry Series

Gerry Legister
- poems -

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Gerry Legister(21/01/66)

I love creative writing. And I write poetry on many different subjects, including War peace, love, happiness, sorrow, anguish, heartache, religion, peace, heaven, family, travel, finance. Writing poetry is a way of expressing my thoughts to touch the lives of people.

Gerry divides his time between his spiritual aspirations in United Kingdom, and nudges the shores of Jamaica in the Caribbean.

A Beautiful Dream

A beautiful dream, awaken within me,
In the night, dewdrops waited upon trees;
Sounds like music from celestial orchestra,
Lulled by the moonlight passing in the breeze.

I have a beautiful dream, in a melodious song,
Listen awhile with your heart to the soft tune;
And hear the cares of this life go far beyond.
Troubled thoughts, beaming light into the gloom.

When this beautiful dream, awaken within me
I search for reasons of this mystery,
and hope that the dream was more than fantasy
even more beautiful than the colorful reality.

In which joy breathe that beautiful dream,
over stream vapors into the vein of my heart,
doubts waiting to fade at the bright coming morn.
When all the clouds of sorrows would depart.

And go beyond conformity into picturesque water
that beautiful dream was a revelation tonight,
and when the morning comes, dividing the air
Away from the dark gloom of my spirit.

I will glance back into changing trance
Take a soft look at the dream and close my eyes
and placed my feet upon the mountain in space;
among dreamers in the crowd of stars.

Gerry Legister

A Beautiful Ghost

Unwrap smile tattoo the imprints
Left by hurts of abuse, you have reaped.
mesmerized in hauntings thoughts
The pain goes deep into paralyzed sleep.

Silently sends out a message of appeal,
A beautiful ghost in words concealed.
All the sensations you intensely feel.
They wait for the hope to be revealed.

A spiritual verity, you long to behold,
The place to sway in your faithful embrace.
Almost disengaged from the world,
Looking for that cradle of peace.

Lurk in the dark of pulsating emotions
A beautiful ghost of the former self.
Swept over by the wildly flow of oceans
Distance and pleasurable divergence felt.

Your chastised mind stirring to strive,
Dare the sun to rise again and shine.
Within the dreams, you survive,
To look upon the gaze that saved your mind.

Walking through the delicate truth,
When loves woven thread fills your head.
With the consuming heartfelt proof.
You are happier being alive than the dead.

Gerry Legister

A Being Abused

Demeaning words go deep to hide a person from view
A being abused, locked away in a jarring prison,
dwell as a frozen recluse in basins of less value,
wishing the nightmare would go into oblivion.

Poison waters of broken tears turning into real
streams and ocean of fears running into a river,
burning the churning waste on a moving wheel
drive the weakling soul deeper into a dark mire.

The abuser in rooms of gloom sharing swollen faces,
a vivid blur of faltered tongue trembled and shake,
Keen to hide secretly the anxious emotional traces,
moans beguile the revenge that convictions make.

Pride holds the abused a nobler prisoner in chains,
by ransoming illicit favors outbreaks become a slave,
Towards the abuse, controlling intermittent pains
Intensity makes individuals feel that life is grave.

Darkness of night walks tight on borrowed fences
Raging war of words colors the extreme atmosphere,
Severely evoke wounds for attempt of daring defense,
but barriers of hurt row hard towards the safe shore.

From profound courage in engaging waves unabated,
crying out seemingly in bitter groans by each blow
without choices, the violence is wild and aggravated,
tattooed dated, marks imprinted by the infernal glow.

Freedom finds a way aspire with desire great girdle,
rolling the tide to wipe declining tears of lament,
Then mending mind mingled in pain jump each hurdle,
truth beams rays of light exposing the cruel torment.

On the road to recovery, tinkling dreams take time,
laden with guilt and the interwoven weight of futility,
mental afflictions move on into memories combine
the realms of hopes, opens new doors into all eternity.

Gerry Legister

A Better Destiny

Remember how it felt?

The bruise pain woven in your spirit
When your heart was broken in two,
You wanted someone just to love you,
And faithfully stay true to the end,
Until all the shekels were mend.
But they too, came along and pretended
To be friends when emotions descended.
Causing agony to roam the past,
Invoke colossal memories far and vast.
Now your hopes are all looking at you
Absolutions through the smear glass.
Knowing you have a better destiny,
More glorious than mortal misery.

Gerry Legister

A Butterfly

In timely presence
We become a comforting spirit,
Reaching out healing fragrance
In different light as we know it.

With a simple touch
Of scent to the soul,
Appear colors in rainbow rush,
And the dawn of hope in a new world.

After the pain
Rain spread its wings
Our spirit swim,
And touch the shadow of things.

The aroma goes everywhere we go
And the difference detected,
In lights that glow
Imparts healing to areas infected.

The aura pause
In the circle of our world
When nature's law changes,
We go from silver to gold.

As the soul becomes radiant white
Caterpillars cannot fly,
But when hope touches the light
Transformation is a butterfly.

Gerry Legister

A Carnal Woman

Carnal woman has sweet smell of fragrance
To create the finite atmosphere of fantasy,
With potent powers and primal ambiance,
Beguiled intruding hearts entrench in ecstasy.

A carnal woman filled with burning stars,
In lust for love adventure walks through life,
What powerful might touches men senses?
The margin of errors is sharper than a knife.

Wildest desires to rule in tempestuous waves,
Taking brave souls on a journey for two,
Through beautiful glades and marshy places,
Demands stopped where slippery flames flew.

And own innocent dreams lost in a moments thrill
The muddy air of flaws transforms into delights,
A bliss that can be more sublime than present will
Trapped in ruin vows by many lonely nights.

A kiss to cover sins for eternity is an exquisite
Genital fire, nothing more than cloudy explosion,
To ruin integrity and scars leave the saddest merit,
Glowing warm in ashes on the floor of compulsion.

Where fascination can see no light in the dark,
Only character holding together thighs and magnetism,
Loosen by talk and the blighted spirit scarlet mark,
Nocturnal reincarnation precipitate ecstatic mysticism.

Gerry Legister

A Cry For Liberty

We search for a rare providence of grace
With a colossal sum of gift from God,
Hope finds a way into the heart of every race,
Once entangled in a dreadful web.

Humanity the beast of slavery
Running a mile far from the fall,
Refugees cry out for liberty
Only a selected few will answer the call.

From the conscience with burden
Struggling to attain the human right,
Appeals find resolutions lay in shattered ruin
But from the abyss we emerged into the light.

Hearing refugees cry out for liberty
With the coalition of an inspired dawn,
Failed years were clouds of mastermind mystery,
Living by Treaties in boundaries authorities form.

But the healing balm is lost in mangled stance,
Generations ponder the length of time it took,
From bewilderment to an awesome persistent glance,
Nations wonder how the new decade will look.

Gerry Legister

A Cry In The Night

Your voice kisses the breath of the morning wind
Snapping in the solemnity that bears a cry unto God.
Angels have come to earth; that in slumber seemed,
Were the winds creaking among the faith we once had?

Fire is our desire, hope is among the cool shadows,
Lovingly we rustle around the globe for answers.
From science and medics, a murmur pattern bestows,
Crystal knowledge they want nations in preserves.

Too many loud sounds compelled to join triumphal,
Noises with muffled cries distinguished the choice.
Before awakening to hear the pale and loitering call,
The cold world around swallowed up your voice.

You call before the nightfall floating cloud went past,
A cry in hopeful hum with the morning dew unto all.
In prayerful attack, it praises a worthy company ask,
Beauty and grace were greatly ablaze in a human temple.

Maybe it was stories of our minds echoing the times
Sound the alarm to wandering spirits everywhere.
You heard a voice in the wind where nature chimes,
Pain struck, like a mirrored numbness stripling stare.

Without oxygen bringing in the air, voices strained
Hidden in the spray with the soaking fear of dying.
Your kindled spark was a primeval force of God reign,
In solicitude, fears, anxieties, of uncertainty growing.

Angels in the room another wooden casement taken,
The Rectory manuscript pouring benevolent promised.
Hearts bound to every touch that God will restore again
The sanguine hearts listened but were not compromised.

They hath light in the darkening night of love and life,
Though the world bedimmed with a thousand mischiefs.
We see clearly from the lamp some fading glimmer left,
With bold pinions, harmony enthralled for our beliefs.

A cry in the night engaged prayers for pressing missions,
Forming a merged herd upon the rocky roads within.
You herald the penance with commission and omissions,
On earth, recital of woes troubles becoming more define.

Gerry Legister

A Day Of Reckoning

A day of reckoning awaits the world,
more mystical and far more terrifying.
Where we go, we all go with our soul,
To the judgment place of reckoning.

Justice for all, hope for those still waiting
For retribution on grooming gangs,
child exploitation and human trafficking,
the ground beneath moves into the sands.

Uncertain times, the inconsistency of minds
the rise in volatile, inside the deep state
of human understanding of present times.
The New Age and old movements awake.

Satanists, implementing new world order,
They have a mandate, not the human they hate,
But the fate that awaits around the corner,
Where no one but God can be late.

The Spirited belief only expedite our grief,
Worlds in slumber, fueling the blame
from a broken system that offers no relief,
A world enthralled by its morphed game.

The consequences of accountability
We all share in the demise of being accused,
The state of society inept of spirituality,
But guilty of greed and the people we abused.

Dangerous social algorithms, mucky churning,
with unfettered access, our vulnerability
susceptible to media believing anything,
but not doing the right thing for continuity.

Students are resisted, many are rarely gifted,
Science and truth, and the analysis main root.
In authority and integrity, one has drifted,
hiding the fairer future in their stored loot.

Gerry Legister

A Holy Nation

The Holy Spirit brings me into a state of euphoria,
I may not have known how to wear the crown
But in heavenly sunshine there'll be a hallelujah
Changing robes to wear the gowns we will own.

God gave his people the Ten Commandments,
A holy nation with the law of God and the prophets
The promise came to Israel by Abraham decedents
In the hope of raising them as a kingdom of priests.

God wanted them to become a holy nation.
The first commandment said they should be no other
No gods nor any Idols made to look like human,
The second commandment was about our neighbor.

God wants us to become a kingdom of priests and kings
And put away the relentless acts of sins.

Gerry Legister

A Horizon Of Stars

A horizon of stars, shined in the sky, all last night
The mystery of the heavens took my breath away
Every ripple reverberating upon a surface of light,
The exposure of aura attuned my heart to the array.

I saw in the night glowing bright a horizon of stars,
Dancing on ice, the universe around me shrouded,
With festal of lights from interconnecting galaxies
Every heart displays light from the glow awarded.

The stars sparkle and dance until they disappeared,
Leaving ripples from their journey, far above the earth
Their vanishing act in the morning quickly faded
into the hue of sunrise and sunset of twilight depth.

Is this what stars look like? beautiful and magnificent,
Yet, part of them resemble something of human frailties,
Stellar of specks of dust sharpened strummed instrument,
Forged in my soul, with fires of celestial complexities.

I feel the overwhelming rush of the energy reverberating,
Love is a spirit of the divine source, a luminous plasma,
held together by its own gravity of faith to influencing
A person's personality and create beautiful phenomena.

The nearest star to earth is the sun, hydrogen and helium gases,
Most prominent stars are grouped together into constellations.
We all have our destiny written in the stars by stories and rhymes,
Earthly stars, that's who we are, bright sun and silver moons.

Glowing in matter and space, only a hint in mesmerize haze,
There is a horizon of stars shining in that lake stirred up inside.
God surely is on each person side with destiny waiting to amaze,
I am going through life like the stars, grateful for the ride.

Gerry Legister

A Jamaican Woman

I see a Jamaican woman,
dancing to reggae music,
She is looking more attractive,
Taken by different shapes of the body,
She moves in a trance to display her beauty,
Ingenuity, paused in aghast breath,
And mystery binds a haven of thought,
To embrace the moment's pleasure,
winding away in a dark corner,
You can hardly see other dancers near,
Smoking with rhythm inhale,
The addiction of love is sweeter kisses,
dried in the silent morning coolness.

I see an older Jamaican woman,
kneeling, praying, digging, and then burying
The sacrifices she understand,
With her love offering in the land,
Society chanting, another reggae song,
This time, guiding the new age mothers,
weave idle sighs like mourning birds,
Rocking on trees fell by hurricane,
Never had they work in the sugar cane,
And sweetness is a flavor only in the wind,

I see more desirable Jamaican woman,
On exotic parade defining time,
wearing tiny cloth upon their skin,
I still see them not dancing, but admiring.

Gerry Legister

A Kiss Says It All

We kiss long before we say goodbye,
And you feel lasting passion to thrill,
When there is nothing more to say
The flavor of love walk tall.

Goodbye kisses leaves shadows
Of soft imploding image,
Sauntering along the morrows
With physical camouflage

A kiss prized the heart open
And bring a message through the air,
Arise to haunt everything
Eyes lips and hands share

Engage the waiting atmosphere
Being in love captures desires
The flavor of spring and summer
Gives a heart the greatest pleasures

Although some kisses gently fall,
Not all lips kiss with fire and feelings,
Though they kiss the skin to make a thrill
Indelible moment await the timing.

Kiss me if you mean to marry, Kiss me now, kiss me quick,
For I need reassuring of my vows, my choice, my dream,
And while this illusion last, no other lover than this fact,
I shall find you, and happily romance in between.

Senses touch the nuzzling bite to invade persuasion,
Loves sweetest emotions finds the willing heart,
To share this wonderful pleasure of earthly passion,
And swap health to reign in the crush of parade impart.

The power of the body, comes in language of friendship,
With signals of love, daring to win secrets that attracts,
Flirting men and women into deeper relationship,
By unspoken behavior the seduction stimulates.

A kiss says it all, inseparable picturesque perfection,
The chiming clock in the mind, finds the sequence,
To fantasy and truth, and right from emotions to affection,
The attraction is different from a brush with chance.

Gerry Legister

A Life Worth Living

Sweat dripping down into a lingering forge line
To wrinkled brow nested firm on the fretted face,
Through the deep fog into the dark murky mind,
Feeling an aching pain the heart must embrace.

The sharp pain cuts a deep path into the cleft
That's a wound so far it cannot quickly be healed,
From the sudden pain that left the soul bereft
Down in despair creaky bones becomes dried.

The skeleton man works hard for a life worth living,
Paying back the debt the mind owes to society
He look so weak and frail when the day is ending,
His time is limited but he dares to claim the victory.

In dreams he hears hopes blowing in the breeze,
Softly whisper between the walls and the pencil trees,
The burden carry release began to move with ease,
His awoken soul tumbles upon the wounded knees.

A stream in the soul flows and grows into rivers of cure
Release the struggle to find that life is worth living,
And sense the purposes of reasons we are sent here
Distinction is worth values to prolong the ending.

And finding faith brings joy afresh into his only being,
Blowing opportunities from where he last had seen
His esteem dreams were broken down and left in ruin,
The surge now is to fight for something worth having.

The good of hope and faith in mankind can also be hidden,
When life is lost in the realm that appears to be sacred,
Belief finds providence the reverberated truth within?
By the light making life worth living in all that was dead.

Gerry Legister

A Lifetime Of Treasure

One day of supernatural favor
Is worth a lifetime of treasure.
Retirement is not in the plan,
It's not my time to demand.

Without the painful toil,
The canceled debt will enter a new turnstile,
Release a thousand times fold,
Your phenomenal blessing will unfold.

More peace during the terrible storm
And good health from the healing balm.
Not on merit; the grace we now inherit,
May turn, to wipe away the adverse credit.

From a spectator to the theatre,
You will have a lifetime of treasure.

Gerry Legister

A New Age

Beyond this present strand,
Herald the dawn of a new age,
With another incomplete generation,
And we leave the past to go on pilgrimage.

People reaching out for a new start,
Fleeing the present awful destiny,
With the shame and guilt of our past,
Crossing the rippling tides of history.

To explore a beautiful concept,
Leaving the dark dusty spirit,
Of this fading world dying debt,
With guilty pleasures we must neglect.

There is doubt in every candidates vote,
Stumbling on with promise accountability,
History rewritten on a new bank note,
And each decision causes more anxiety.

The new age owes no maintenance,
Over the darkness of this generation,
But offers hope and a life more intense,
Than the existence of present cohesion.

I will watch as new horizon turn the page,
Bands play music for the decade to dance,
We wait patiently at the crossing of a new age,
The decision of faith spun by chance.

New age may bring hope and credibility
But only where things exist of simplest nature,
To brighten the future with our destiny,
In pursuit of many more hopeful desire.

Gerry Legister

A New Birth

I have taken another a breath
since we last spoke
And I have given birth
Unveiling a new life to earth
Woven with stricken pain
The tearful release gain
Heaven.

I have even slept and awoke
suffocating from feeling so bad
Even though I never felt so good,
When I was with you
The world stood precious
At my greatest joy
but I can't live without you.

Paradise is an invaluable worth
My heart has the new birth
Heaven will condemn me
between two everlasting enmities,
with spasms of you,
and all the fleshly exhaustion
Will count as nothing.

Gerry Legister

A New Head Of Good

A new spiritual head of good,
In canvas clothes the royalty clad
Among principalities divinely stood
Wave of power in the wand he had.

In the hand that must be strong
To rule people's hearts far and near,
In native shores of many pilgrim land
The hearts that is willing to hear.

The bells chimes make us glad
For we see changes in the wind,
Bring a new vision heading for good,
Avert the dangers and start again.

With this new spiritual head of good
Carry the oracles with humility and care,
Upon the pinnacle of society stood
Advertise self in start of penitent prayer.

The world pause now, but later judge
After the honeymoon stories are written
Of the same speeches on a different page,
And the proofs by the world are seen.

Gerry Legister

A New Heaven

What is in the darkness to fear
What source of light is missing from there?
How does one free their soul from mischief
And find the goals they can aim for in life?
We have no reason not to believe in a new world
Far from the dungeons taking shape in our soul.
Why does a person speculate with a dream?
As if the vision had something they have seen
Arising from many questions in a person's mind,
Searching for the solutions they must arguably find
How to survive on this land before inexplicable death,
Finds a phenomenal body waiting with a new birth.
And leaves the impoverished existence of a relationship
As though it had been lifted from gloom into hope.
Excludes everything, which drives a passion to something
There is a new heaven of mind we find most appealing.
With endless possibilities void of all trivialities,
For it's not here alone we have responsibilities.
That will be renewed by indescribably integrity,
Now, unforeseen guilt draw upon our soul exhaustedly.
For we think of death large than the paradise appearing,
In a corner high in the sky security much more is reaping.
The rewards set down in life as in death we accommodate
Peace From all the trials that surrounds our distinguish fate.
snares have no terrors that we are not able to forget
once we have left this terrible soil without regret.

Gerry Legister

A Road Full Of Promises

By the time I found out we were already,
Too late to change on the road full of promises,
Hard to let go of things we love and things we try,
Clutch the shadows in sunset of joy and crisis.

Darkness flood the light from dawn converged,
Trying to hold onto everything we deserve,
Changes came to our lives, and crosswords emerged,
Fell in pieces and broken dreams stayed reserve.

No likely end could opportunity bring than sorrow,
And with the cross down dropp upon our knees,
The joy was dim and breathes grimacing as we go,
In pulse beat emotions on the road full of promises.

Sweat reared as water ski, coil and swiftly swan,
In the spring of love anxiety ambush the heart,
And tears rang; became dreams come and gone,
In the laden flame that glows fainter by sight.

We meet our fate on the road full of promises,
And in pain, somewhere along the road we stop,
Only to think briefly by guilt fury our gain and loses,
Those that we hate they could have been loved.

The impulse drove windy tumults in our mind,
Search happier state of this life where we had been,
The breath we wasted on the path left behind,
Brought sorrows to define the duty held in a dream.

Some dreams came true from the start to the end,
But the pledge of other promises left unfulfilled,
The reduction were never woken, and went unbroken,
Fortunately they made me smile still in silence stayed.

Gerry Legister

A Sacred Gathering

Shadows swamp the air with a blanket of fog,
Move mythical clouds from under the dark sky,
Fitting the past sleekly within our memory,
Familiar faces buried long ago in the cemetery.

Nimbly stood stones erect as ruin pillar post,
Forgotten names shimmer in glory halls of fame,
A sacred gathering in the future with the past,
Meet history looking for friends to rise again.

Spirits gather quietly to watch at every funeral,
A world created to celebrated charm and wit,
Innumerable company posses the ethereal,
Our heroes walk slowly up into hollowed light.

The rapture of delta forces multiply in the sky,
The just are blessed, resurrected and translated,
Churned by the world martyrs greeted in eternity,
And given the rewards joyfully anticipated.

The tears we shed can make our hearts frail,
But in heaven; their will be a sacred gathering,
That no dusty method of frail flesh can assail,
Till all humanity groan in woes be forgiven.

Gerry Legister

A Short Lifetime

The wattle on a magnificent frigate bird,
Breathy and short, a tremulous life pout
Laid out the reviews, calm and filleted,
With such powers spirit discharged defeat.

The angry crowd is appeased by an address,
Europe breaking into the channel of pears,
We are a naked nation with bleak, bare bones
Ready to negotiate bearing humiliate tears.

A short life of strife by the kind of dignity
you look to find in a union seriously behind,
undermined, in the world our beloved country
those we rely upon for help are not inclined.

To make us Strong, we must promote this land,
become more than the mass of an angry terrier,
blasting from the past this attacking mass gang
Gets the blood rising without any temperature.

What matters most is lifestyle unique resolute,
Fit for the purpose to govern our poorer ego.
Reprehension is not a pension for a short life,
But the execrable, is a means to sink below.

Gerry Legister

A Shoulder To Cry Upon

Always ready to listen, without making judgment,
you have been supportive when I am feeling alone.
Whenever I call, you're available when I am in need;
you become the shoulder I can lean upon for help.
And a place of comfort to weep and say how I feel,
when the sun goes down on your perfume face,
disappointment drilled into the today's confession
I see the future has much to do with our conversation.
And often when I am too weak, I fall asleep too;
rumors are everywhere that you can't let me go.
Maybe some day, people will see the true picture,
and find out later that they've made a big mistake.
If you tell me to leave I will feel totally crush,
those moments of uncertainty hurt me as much.
Tomorrow I will come back looking for you
to celebrate the way you made things look new.
You have a right to keep me away locked outside
many will not see what it's like to be with you inside,
There's nothing wrong with discretion, if we stay,
with each other in love for many more days.
The next time I wake up and feel lonely without you,
I will write a letter and keep it by the bedsit table.
To remind me of the support you always make available,
until you fall upon my shoulders and I read them to you.

Gerry Legister

A Soft Spring Rain

From the lower clouds gently falls
A soft spring rain rejuvenating the air,
Descend from the sky small miracle
That we believed renew the atmosphere.

Soft spring rain with sweeping shadows
Sprinkle life upon leaves of the trees,
Meanders down into lanes and meadows,
Hope comes sprightly between showers.

Gives birth to beauty when it starts raining,
We stop to hear the beat tiny drops make.
Soft storm captured in landscapes painting,
All the peaceful sounds an artist can create.

A fine drizzle parting the hard winter rain
Soft mist swirling into enchanted dance,
The scent of wet earth changing the terrain,
Only a gifted eye can see the paved surface.

Emanating with droplets of glistened tapestry,
A soft rain caressing the wind in dark places,
Streaming the kind of invincibility from history,
Weave its way through the window of the eyes.

Tapping waterfalls descend upon absorb roof
And continued beyond the drenched jewels,
Where the rain cool earth we may find the proof
Perfectly finish art before summer kiss the skies

Gerry Legister

A Sonnet Of Solace

The loss of memory is forgotten in the wind
The moment we die before our breathe falter,
We are a fading Spectator struggling to the end,
And life flushes out the things we cannot alter.
Stand to surrender and wave the battered flag,
On chosen fields of love serenade career misery,
Some battles we win, but in others wearily drag,
Our soul from the ground to win unlikely victory.
Taste the peace in whose arms we are thrown,
The lifeline we find a sonnet of solace to climb,
Happier days of virtue spent recovering at home,
Leave the cares and thoughts for others to find.
Adventurous world resign from gaining riches,
To embrace sonnets sense of peace and happiness.

Gerry Legister

A Special Woman

Diamonds formed from the wounds of jewel
The warmest charms tip scales in every duel.
Honor comes before the sapling pains hurt,
Others will tell you of your values and worth.
Recount virtues in great servitude of good,
Among heroics where all the watchers stood.
You take humble place facing the lordly race,
Reaching out for peace in earthly bleak space.
You try to heal the nonstop bleeding of errors,
Dripping from the pendulum of mistaken oasis
Waves create the fluttering butterfly of fantasy,
Set the lost world on course to future destiny.
The spotless bride dream of heaven from inside,
With lifeboat emotions running high and wide.
You embrace reality that truly defines intuition,
Only special woman can write the wrong of men.
Within the balm of feathered fractured wings,
The surprise tastes of paradise first underlings,
Change cold terrain for warm places in the Ark,
Out into piercing eyes of beauty, humanity walk.
New horizons awaken the realms of special make,
That femininity could not be Clone or replicate,
Almost unrelated, capacity was shy and fated,
Inequalities heaven rated, the dregs hell wanted.
You are a special woman of passionate means,
The missing beat wandering from masculine reins.
It was a clear summon the first sermon we hear
From sunrise dew to the silhouette evening star.
The diamond robe wore only glaze the faded skin,
When years and tears pass no insecurity can ruin.
Personalities that made your character strong,
Those outstanding sum we may never understand.
But humanity is grateful for the beacon of light
In a world of darkness, ambush by fear and fright.
Life is short with split connection to our dream,
The vision seen, is in a gleaming impossible stream.
Narrowly swimming with goals that lie in-between.
Touching lives here on earth and up in heaven

A Thing Of Beauty

A thing of beauty fails in the subdue light,
And before revelation sorrow takes the place
Of the breath of life, with seasons changing swift,
We follow the flight from beginning to the end.
And find again the heart of another brighter summer,
Display a thing of beauty hanging in heaven,
The excitement outstretch with blessings.

In Yorkshire, time moves more slowly by great force,
Than the gales that blow in the busy cities of London,
Searching the shops for things to make people happy,
Time and chance opportunity stirs hostility everywhere,
Within the soul comes murmuring from every town,
Requiring the gold we earn by pleasure spurned.

They lift their voices for heroes and fans to loudly cheer.
The youths loitering till late on darker streets,
The silence of paradise is broken dead leaves falling.
Rustle within the vale, the sound of a strange heroic tale,
Hostility gives chase and trouble engages lawless men.
The spectra of dominance cramp in narrow streets
Police and thieves behind shields make their den,
That midnight mealy flowed between anger and frustration
No good voice was there to stop the banging drum.
Sorrow beat the heart deep sound as a nightmare,
In an awful dream, baffled beleaguered government,
Watch in disbelief hostility played out on the streets,
While they clasp their hands and wait for the mist to lift,
Youths with hooded tops, caps and trainers go on the run.

Planned discreet games and making mocking noises,
When the cathedral bell toll it will tell the awful story
That society has failed; if this is the only heritage.
Then the shuffling future looks bleaker and further away,
Than the unemployed on the streets where I live,
Proclaiming morning, evening and night time prayers,
The ghostly host of spirit breaks far into the air,
With a rushing wave like a trouble army on sentry pace,
Even the solemn church bells could not stop,

Phantom cars driving along over hump back roads.
Yorkshire was a thing of beauty, picturesque
History making the benign heritage we have.

Policemen stop the youths and question them,
I am kin to the dilemma that is taking place,
and here I pine between these narrow streets,
Wishing for a better life than the one I behold.
History in making will tell a different story,
From a hidden agenda truth will not be known,
Most will believe a lie, and practice deception.
What a tribulation, chaos and confusion.

And Yorkshire smoke will hide all the fears,
We only the faint glimpses of future years,
and sad tears began dripping from mine eyes,
Into a silent prayer for the children of tomorrow,
And Heaven knows the pain of my heart,
Yorkshire too will bath in the blood of sorrow.

But in picturesque villages are some good things,
that lie unseen below the clouds and the skies,
Where free bird soars as angels spread their wings
A thing of beauty glow in the sun, moon, and stars.
A blanket to cover the saints from evil all devices,
And protect them from the snare of the fowler
And noisome pestilence that walks at noonday.

God looks out at the night upon the houses,
From out of the heavenly skies, he can see in the dark,
Hear our speech, see our tears, and know our years.
When the dew is dried and morning rain seemed stark

I know the way to mount Zion, after church of God,
And Wesleyans looking back at what they had,
Long ago left on the sidewalk where dogs walk,
Narrow minds looking for joy than cannot be found,
Puzzle by the strangest art sometimes they bark,
Unnecessarily at people they don't like meddling.
On path the police find emptiness driving around,
In cozy cars breaking traffic lights on radon call,

Hour by hour the tribulation trauma starts to creep in
Upon the Yorkshire moors finding more squally rain
And the peace we have dream about in the countryside
Can be found in the cities of Leeds and York,

Save in the splendor of our dreams, when the wit is in
The pleasure of intoxication creeps slowly out
and we behold the ramifications not in its full glory
For in time of recovery desire surely will come again
unto young men and women looking like half dress fairy
Slowly sinking into a dismal realm.

Behind the hills; with the smoke going higher into the air
And the dead depart to heaven go above the white trees
Glimmering in the starlight: they join other waiting ghosts
from life they had been we will know them no more.

Sometimes the cold wind that rises in the dead of night
suddenly sweeps inward from Scarborough to York
rustling the heather on Ilkley moors with a weeping voice
Whistling through the blackness with mournful wail,

Echoing at evening from the Yorkshire foot hills.
In many joyless homes relationships are broken,
Children home alone, left with dogs and cuddling cats
Seek comfort when fathers are absent or drop in unseen.

In Yorkshire life was honey sweet burst into bloom
We hear the sweetest tune played in the stillness at even
And the melody goes out with the shadows at night
Surrounded by hopeful anticipation of divine favor
The stars covet our lowly existence and soon the towns,
Burst with riotous living even the corners of quiet valleys,
Are not spared the trauma fast fall the troublesome seal,

And many voices lament for these things to go away.
From that love country all that has been violated,
A thing of beauty I found in churches where I pray

Happy days have seen the lamp burn with bright glow.
Yorkshire was the valley of my paradise, unstrained delight,
By the familiar path I have walked, to find again my dream?

In the garden of lilies' and roses formed bright,
In Yorkshire once before, I met some heavenly friends,
And society had stolen a part of my heart,
I only hear their names now and again.

Gerry Legister

A Thing Of Fear

When Spiders camouflage they can eat
In places where they don't belong
Their silence propose a web of deceit
Beautiful thing arthropods air breathing.

Their maligned reputation identify fear
Buzzing in caves and combing the ground
Discrete creeper expert timing in magic lair,
Weave up and down realm without a sound.

Feared by most crawlies climbing up the wall
Being small unfairly treated by humans
The leathery covering distinguish them all
Nature adorns their elongated forms.

Before the day passes away too quickly
The philandering spider sees the bright world,
And want to reach the sky with the butterfly
Light the leathery lawn before night grows cold.

A dark thing of our fear we cannot ignore
They live in palaces mostly alone,
Look for them on streets corners and in the air
Weaving their cobwebs in homes made of stone.

Gerry Legister

A Time Is Coming

The bruises you have gained may have caused you pain
The hurt you are feeling inside will find healing in time,
When the heart from demise climb safely to sublime aim,
Reach higher into a frame for greater purpose of mind.

A time is coming to leave the changes of things behind,
Those others may follow footprints defining success in life,
Journeying with pain to share enchantment sometime,
Unfriendly terrain helps delay the ending of bitter grief.

Good friends when free can help to mend the broken way,
Although they care; may not stay to play or share a taunt,
To the awakened mind crept back into decline each day,
And wash the stain of hope with the tears they supplant.

Time is the kindest healing merchant you will ever find
Takes the longest way to come comfort the broken heart,
Surround all the loses when cost betrayed searching mind,
Whether in pride or Art the timing can make a new start.

The best power of healing time coming takes a little while,
It stops and starts to fix the barrier rife of human feelings,
Sunk deep in disillusion state our vast seclusion's are real,
When truth stands alone quietness of sweetness it brings.

Tasting together the bitter desire in charms that merit growth,
Lasting shoots culminating in dept and inner harmony,
Healing has given a new life to the place we go upon earth,
Treasured memories saunter in the moments of victory.

Gerry Legister

A Time To Love

We make time for what we value most
A time to love before the martyrdom, we live
Near people whom we choose to be close,
Find bonds in the virtues of what we give.

To bind us closer when earth is in upheaval,
Eruption of nerves, all the curves point to an end
We will turn and run in latter day's further uphill
From reactions and the persons, we took as friend.

Worlds in collision seeking the amendment balm,
There are boundaries to mend kingdom and realms
Near to heaven, down in the earth's intensive storm
Love is the tool to break the mood of nuclear arms.

In a time of peace and prophetic time of war,
Retreat on the anomalies which are less rewarding?
Discreet withdrawals on land and in the air,
Make time for sweet dreams and quiet breathing.

A time of love approaching the apocalypse of hate,
We shall bloom out of gloom grand and grandeur,
Flowery wreathing on the tombs of fate,
Some shapes take away dark spirits sprouting near.

In atmosphere choosing between crowded priorities,
The busier we get the less time for importunity
Ceaseless activities labour daily with survival chores
Neglect relationship by walking on the edge of security.

What will we do with despots, if loveliness increases?
The busier we become leaves less time to share,
It will be small comfort passed into a moment's bliss
For incomparable privileges that are no longer there.

Gerry Legister

A Winter's Night

By the warm flames of a winter glow
I listen to the warbling sound of music,
Playing amidst the flaky fall of snow,
With traces of ice mingled with classic.

The reflection of nights when we are alone
Hearing whispering voices of the sky light,
Gathered in nature with a different tone,
Floating around and beyond vision of sight.

bewildering look for answers in the dark,
Where the shaped of things are lost
Voices in the night with questions and talk,
About all the consequences of moral cost.

Redefine Search in the shadows of conscience,
Our clenched minds restrained the worth,
Of the new revelation that we must embrace,
And leave riches of earth deep in the dirt.

While seeking for the moral good in our lives,
Others face the silhouette of eternity,
Looking into science for the answers.
Hold the universal changes in this mystery.

A winter's night full of different ambiance,
The grain of lover's desires running high,
Taken to amorous paths twisting into a trance.
With passionate glances up towards the sky.

Romances cross all avenues and borders,
By people of different shapes and size.
Night merging together in different colors.
Make the rich dumb and poor become wise

Gerry Legister

A World Is Torn Upside Down

I am in your arms beneath the shining moon,
Charmed into wild storms of fatigue and intrigue,
While loneliness invades the world with gloom,
Earth weeps in the shades it has sown with grief.
God guides words design to chasten our hearts,
Come free from heaven the showers we need,
Wash clean on seraphs wings the guardians imparts,
Defeat in parts only, some strong demons concede.

The world is torn in two divisions, good and evil
Trying to be the masters, but who wins the prizes? |
we are caught between realms as a traveling vehicle
People are torn between the choices of lovers.
Fabrics are fraying; decadent society falling into magic
the tragic look of gloom become daily sentiments.
Observed how everyone is waiting for another trick,
Not seeing the voids of relations in the continents.

We find grace and mercy, with harmony they share
So in your arms, I do not fear darkness in the cold,
For I have received your love, and feel well secure,
A paradox opposite the world has made it into gold.
Amidst natural disasters we find strength to cope,
Few sweet melodies rose from the life we are living,
Answering the call from many souls seeking hope,
Sharing and giving where emptiness is unforgiving.

Gerry Legister

Abused

Words go tearing deep to hide you
Locked away into a horrible prison,
Making you feel in a state of lesser value,
And wish to change and be another person.

The abuse that you hate most can hurt,
Birth tears which becomes a river of fire,
To burn with anger how you have felt,
And gently draw your soul into fear.

Abused in the rooms sharing swollen faces
The vivid blur make tables and chair shake,
Keen to hide all the anxiety emotion traces,
Seek revenge for any convictions make.

But pride holds you a nobler prisoner in chains,
Ransom your emotions breaking out into pity,
Towards them who are controlling the pains
The intensity makes you feel life is empty.

The darkness of the night is full of intense,
Raging war of words color the extreme sounds,
Severely evoke tense and feeble defense,
The unpleasant degree of coldness groans.

From depths, profound raging goes unabated,
Crying out seemingly to forgive deeds done,
By the violent, wild and often aggravated,
You will discover more marks that are not shown.

Around your dreams is a great freedom girdle,
A tide to wipe inclined tears when you lament,
About the insane drive reacts to jump each hurdle,
Inspire hope to escape the cruel torment.

But the road ahead moves slowly downwards,
Out of range the pain is temporally broken,
All the abusive memories will turn towards
The new door you are looking to open.

Gerry Legister

Accomplish My Desire

Day will be darkness and not light,
It will be as though rattled birthright fled,
In waterfall woeful darkness greet,
The persecuted day that was once good.

Desire leaned away on a stubborn wall,
Waiting with no brightness in it,
For a serpent had bitten the night fall,
As though trip by a hurricane poet.

Life blows higher accomplish my desire,
House in a mole, when my soul is in mourning,
And my heart turns and burns like fire,
In waking haste refuse sleep restlessly drifting.

Climbs back to bed and more troubles find,
Desires every time tumbling black and white,
Dreams swamp the decks of my mind,
Tormenting daily trials every moment conceit.

Where desire comes in a tunnel of gutter,
As tempest storm stain the crinkled nightgown,
And dreaming deep fall blind into heavenly fire,
Mocking thoughts comes to a bad end.

Gerry Legister

Aches And Pain

Take a review from head to toe,
Looking long into the mirror
see the rings around your eyes tattoo.
See, your body already covered,
Painted with the aches and pain.
marked by anxious, invisible ink,
on every inch, stress stretch over bare skin,
taking away joy and leave pain for a living.
With eyes weeping to heart beating.
living is overexerting every fiber within,
yesterday's memories are etched alone,
Droplets of wishes found in a single file
The pain of living I not enjoyable
among the souvenirs that you own,
Some days are more tolerable
When the sun was young and fine
And summer lights waited inline
long hours passing by passively
waiting for the moon and stars to shine.
With a collection of refining fantasy
that made you smile, and go into a trance
so, your life could have closure
Among the few special friends
meaningful enough without romance.

Gerry Legister

Act Of Kindness

One small act of kindness can rearrange
The myth found in the lifetime of misery
Hope is all it takes to make the change
It's not a dream not fantasy, it's a reality.

Transform the dimness of your surrounding
Into the glorious light of hope
Look defeat in the face and plan a new beginning,
endure the years to come faith will make you cope.

A love of living on earth recognizes your worth,
You have many sides in room for improvement,
Hope has been with you since the day of birth
The tiny friend whose magic value is consistent.

Hope is felt in the touch of a fortunate thing,
Abiding near to save your soul from falling.

Gerry Legister

Afraid To Love

When love was sweet and life was good,
I thought I could never love anyone as deep,
Optimism found me in another mood,
And made promise to live and die to keep.

But after I found out the painful truth,
My heart rearranges and preserves the pain,
Hold each moment within a single thought,
I became afraid to love again.

And all the promises kind winds blow,
Opportunity into lovely notes of pleasant tune,
Through the door and at my window,
I am still afraid to love again.

When I fall asleep capsize into twisted realism,
In tears I tell myself the only secret I fear,
If chance comes by I may never love again,
Although I long to share the joy with another.

Who may be standing somewhere in the shadow,
And stare at me, but I am bound to be there,
I've turn away, yet if love could make the fear go,
And become the vestige of care.

What love so great can set my spirit free?
By night and day freedom gain from fear,
Left deep compositions haunting me,
In moods and wounds which go deep and near.

Gerry Legister

Africa Arise

The past has painted a dreary history
With emblems of bittersweet memories,
Benign soaring deeds in almost everything,
But generations to come will be a surprise.

When worlds far apart ceremoniously unite,
To leave the lowered frown of awful gloom.
We will see Africa arise from trampled dirt,
To be admired in fiercer clouds coming down.

With every drapery breath changing place,
Destiny hands over the elusive realms of time,
Casting crowns to a forgotten race of eminence,
Bring them out from the labyrinth of decline.

Into a glory shining far and high as the stars,
Joyful alliance made combined nations proud,
In greater orbits, their planets have no slaves,
Wearing paradise in their heart under a shroud.

Africa arise out of the screen of banners forgotten,
In the distant sphere, see a reign less radiant now,
Could that vapor be a drop of monotint dream?
With Caribbean faces looking through the window.

Narrowing the refit gap, brace for future impact,
although hope seems very far away,
Africa will arise to stand upon the mountain top,
when the vision becomes light as the day.

Gerry Legister

African Talisman

Down the steep mountains and into the slopes,
Darting divine etched twixt duration and existence,
There run the graceful gazelles and fiery antelopes,
Until their breath retreat watching other presence.

Wildebeests rushes by ceasing the opportunity to gain,
Nature's bare feet turning brown sand on the beach,
Big pebbles not indelibly seen as the smallest sandy grain
Leaving the prints in the ambiance of moments they reach.

On naturally crafted street hides the African talisman,
An indivisible Art where halo glows from a graceful arch,
Sheen shine covering emblem moonlight glowing skin,
Fears not the forces of evil camouflage on parade march.

Lucky charm, African talisman within the veil well-armed
Beyond this man is a distinctive phenomenal spirit,
Striding out against human endurance already formed
From the bloodline history, ancestral traits inherit.

We of mortal multitude find ways to survive and strive,
Sometimes the heart run, walk and mingle in the crowd,
A silent portrait shroud the pride unfolding in the Hythe,
The future is bright but the course takes a grim road.

Gerry Legister

After Church

We collect the hymn books passing through the pew,
And look good, with grace to look for a little while,
Then we decide it's time to leave the chosen few,
And take the journey for a mile with faded smile.

After church service benediction at last spring,
The welcome presence of another serenity fall,
We quickly part in heart from the praises we sing,
On roads converged, hardly a note we can recall.

We feel the food destined to eat, and the warm,
Taste climbs up for a pleasing trip into our lips,
Down the lane, leaving church feeding the brain,
With aromas tricks, temptation tried with many slips.

After church we forget home is another branch,
Lost in jest, caught in play, unseen eyes watching,
The rest of the day, and the eyes continue to watch,
Through the night and haunt the mind until morning.

Gerry Legister

Aging

I didn't think about aging while rushing around,
Getting old unlearned, I thought as a veteran,
I am strong enough to run round the world,
Come back, and start again at night and at dawn.

But orchard youth had decoy the hoary glow,
For superior strength was needed for courage,
To do much more than; than what I can do now,
Exploits adorned with dreams and weakling age.

Getting near the fire and implacable ash ground,
The hollow rites prepared and already forgotten,
The soul in wrinkled body I carry myself around,
Do not see the shame of the age I own.

And if I think I am too old, then I am getting mad,
For age passes through every cycle of our life,
And decide timely experience for what we had,
Giving strength enough to climb, and leave and seek.

In all pursuit, we decide when heart has no desire,
To go on as long as we live and let age determine,
When there's no more passion to extinguish the fire,
That has the flames going higher into heaven.

Gerry Legister

Agony

Tempted and tried we often wander,
How life has given us agonizing pains,
Raging war on every unconquered shore,
Unquenched flame burning a fire within,

Agony light up the soul with a bewildered glow,
Tattered lives mirror the inevitable existence,
Of hopeless demise into confuse sorrow,
Pushing emotions to the edge of tolerance.

Through sapping energy the sweat descend,
Purge the heart consume with agonized flames,
Separating the language of friends,
With blistering tragedy hope begins.

Detoxify poison in the body driven to the core,
People try every way to avoid temptation,
Suffocating beneath the consequences implore,
The conscience is a lively fire within.

Burning flames take earth out of control,
Every person's future is in purgatory,
Spirits fight to capture the tormented soul,
Walking the timeless realms into eternity.

The rhapsody of agony encamp in the heart
The light of happiness waiting at the door
To unveil the anguish truth will impart
With many more choices to discover

Gerry Legister

Alone

Alone each day, I cried again
The lonely words coming out in a mist
I listen to the resounding claim,
And stood there wringing my wrist.

All the ties have cut off my soul and heart
I am afloat, but drifting with the empty tub.
The yearning flesh for work contorted,
With the quiet flow of melancholy flood.

A breaking noise diffuse the icy air
With an idea played in softly tune
Dispel the swollen mood out of the atmosphere
Casting the blues down into the gloom.

Staring at the waning fate
With only self to turn and shut the gate.

Gerry Legister

Amazing Love

Till my tears run dry
Till the stars stop burning in the sky
Even after the crushed dust flew past,
You will have me until eternity last.
Like a flame is hidden in the darkest night,
My world is filled with the warmth of your light.
You are the fantasy within my dream,
The enchanting vision that I have seen.
The wonderful breeze blowing in the wind,
Of fragrance and warmth crystallize within.
That amazing love is worth the risk of everything,
The brightness of the sun amidst the smell of spring.
An incredible world of joyful romance emanating.
To make stars glow around the moon in heaven

Gerry Legister

Among My Souvenirs

Going through the changes into different places
I want to be here, but I have to make a fresh start
To trace my footsteps again by counting the paces
In each move we see a picturesque stroke of art.

The scenery flows where new faces finds repose,
Dormant doors suddenly find hospitality bright,
Pondering upon the future that only God knows,
The length of days we have to live here on earth.

Going into the path where the picture is incomplete,
Move the jobless feet to places far out of my reach,
Where the pasture is green and opportunities meet,
Lairs of experience to be defined and distinguish.

Emblematic names hidden among my souvenirs
Stored in places where I became a member of staff?
For this limited wages I made friends with strangers,
Turn the pages and be taken back to where I left off.

Butterfly crystallize and waking up for another ride
The poses will become memories among my souvenir,
Tattoo with pride all the ambitions that I cannot hide,
Take the remainder of life to places I can adore.

Gerry Legister

Among The Souvenirs

Among my souvenirs are the dismal affairs
Spent in dreary nights and weary days.
Stars in the night fly high as a kite,
Amidst the silver streams of moonlight.

Time galloping past festivities that will not last,
Longer than the briefest momentum,
Carrying fear in our hearts shrouded and outcast,
Waiting for relief with another celebration to come.

The Harbinger of pleasure in the pursuit of fun,
Age on the run, powerful entity in a world crumbling.
Our participation is climate transformation
And the illusiveness of dreams is lost in our being.

Among the souvenirs, climbing the heavenly stairs,
Memories I carry through a heavy cloud of tears.

Gerry Legister

An Epiphany

In search of the vows I honor
Whatever path I will take tomorrow,
Perhaps God has chosen the hour,
I will take up the cross and follow.

Climbing a mountain to find religion,
I hear the voice in my innate choice,
Make a sacred quest for a divine,
To consume my mind with his service.

Welcome hymn into my conscience
Changed my perspective of life,
With the Burning bush experience,
Compel to do well with the time left.

Something inside of the comfort zone
Change into an epiphany of revelation
But the voice I heard was not my own,
Unexpected compelling inspiration.

Struck with an epiphany of holy ground
Stand over a shadow being held down,
Believing the feelings I had found,
Pursed morally speaking in a dream.

Gerry Legister

Angel Far Away

You're my angel far away in another land
Reflections of you come in words of a song
Emotions cry day and night to hold your hand
And the silent dream lives on to become strong.

You are an angel of love sent into my dream,
Enthuse my being with fire aflame in my soul
Make me clean wash by the eternal stream
And hide me within from the stains of world.

For the gold you're holding can make me whole
Take me to your throne to find that illusive crown,
Ambition driven wild by the pursuit in my soul
Flown on clouds to another town may call my own.

Far away from this terrain where you too are alone
To embrace the bliss we have tasted in my dream
And see the stars pointing the way to a new home
Gather the rewards to build a bridge of stone.

Sown like seeds in the land by faith we perceived
Summer flakes where sunny crystals gates gleam,
Brighter images esteemed the open mind conceived
The glow of your halo reflects in the eternal stream.

Gerry Legister

Angels

In ever increasing blessings of ceaseless flow,
Running over with ten thousand ageless beings
Pass from earth daily carriage to and fro.
Keepers of mortal souls in heaven are unseen,

In halo vestment robe in paradise glorious light
Their good and great deeds we have esteem
Gospel champions by appointment for the right
Reasons protect choices made in every season.

Fairy angels alluring appears in many dreams
Share the message and leaves the limelight
To expose the chronicles of ceaseless humans
Express the thrill and pain of transforming sight.

In the ever expanse of heaven celestial glow
Angels passing from earth to different globe
All the terrestrial mysteries we may never know
Nor understand the symbols worn on their robe.

But a charge to keep mortal souls in heavens view
Ministries renew the fervor of ageless conquest
Given by supreme force the course of destiny review
Old and new will share their fate at the final inquest.

Gerry Legister

Angels And Demons

Some times in sweet dreams and noble health,
We see the appearance of angels and demons,
Come in bright apparel to our vicinity on earth,
Infidels possessing our mansions and passions.

Legions of wandering spirits constantly embark,
The granary of earth swamp to cut our lives short,
Demons spill out of heaven into the amorous dark,
And make their domain gladly in our heart.

With doom, we feel their warn staggered air,
Attempt to sweep away the true deity we hold,
Innumerable fallen angels come to our atmosphere,
Bring gloom to the melancholy soul.

From pit like dungeon fly like a fleeting lance,
To plague our soul in the dull moments of life,
Angelic presence bewitching, cold as demonic ice,
Smear fear on our heart with sepulchral grief.

With drowsy numbness people shuffle and tremor,
New age movement conquer houses and land,
By the holy book feeble soul began in prayer,
Rebuke everything, even the dizzy angel or demon.

Cries of innumerable pleas for heavens grace,
Abate wriggling pain from tortured legions within,
In the stillness, the clouds crept away into space,
Light wing feign unnamed foe winking at our pain.

Then in peace we slept, redeem from fantasy,
Ushered in peace reminiscing the painful exchange,
With joyful hand trembling chill and dreary,

This cage; threaten the sage in besieging rage.

But can demons be seen when life is but a dream?
When we rise to war from our limped knees,
Then walk on frozen grass still glaze and stain,
Strangers from the sky embowered to our demise.

Angels and demons walk through milky space,
Bind our Rosie hue with solemn friendship,
But their presence bewitching is as cold as ice,
Content to watch feeble folk fall with every trip.

When the dreary life upon our forehead rises,
Lusty fragrance of temptation lay full of darts,
Discern hoary angels like bewitching spies,
Can only hide themselves in their curious arts.

We have the victory in the cross and the blood,
Although we spent much of life in the rugged path,
Embrace the tragic order, and crimes in the hood,
We can face angels or demons with every breath.

Gerry Legister

Angels On Butterfly Wings

Some thought they met God, and good relations
But divine paradise requires greater expectation,
Than the zeal men preach when they have an itch,
They travel a road not paved with good intentions,
Find fault with everyone holding different views.
Vows of circumcisions make thoughtful decisions,
In the heart there is a beautiful serene park.
A safe retreat where God can come and walk,
Visions can lift our heads high into the clouds,
To watch angels on butterfly wings come down.
From land beyond view under waterfall skies,
We see them make friends in our cottage homes.
Moving around silently as butterflies awkwardly do,
Falling stars guiding society into more changes,
Crystallite each day into something new,
They open the windows that transport our fortune.
And slippery faults are embedded in our way,
We try to live a good life, believe God and Jesus.
Look for answers to the prayers we pray.
It seems like a long journey, but it is really short.
And God watches us from heaven every day,
See how we play make games and have fun
While we grow old waiting for love and dreams,
Wait patiently until the moment has come.

Gerry Legister

Anxiety

Anxiety cast away the disperse friend
Your daily routine came to an abrupt end.
Like Music pouring through the air
Carpet the captor's footsteps rustling at the door
The impatient rush of tragic blood
Waltzing back and forth with good and bad
Tempers climax with the haunting symphony
Autumn leaves join the fallen felony
Huddled in frightful helpless defiance
Healing colors etched with fading Prudence
Living out their last frantic days
Stain with mingled disturb rain drops
Before exposing winters secret return
Under a sudden blanket of mass requiem.

Gerry Legister

Ashes In The Wind

The wound will leave your heart
Lost in the shadows again,
Ashes in the wind; tearing it apart
Death comes with so much pain.

Alone in tears many doubts and fears,
Calling clouds aching in the atmosphere.
Awakened mind suppresses by snares
Waiting with a chilling nightmare.

In the wind calling your name
A flame running away from sunshine
Join progenitors to leave a sad re-frame
When there is no more time.

Your stars fade from this realm,
And surrounds you with detach matters,
Inside your heart, burns the lowest flame
Stricken with the awful cries.

When you are looking out in the rain
There is another reflection of you
Indivisible image looking deeper within
For the courage to renew.

A balm to heal Ashes in the wind
The oil of myrrh with beauty and fragrance,
Anoint friends ready for heaven to find,
Beatitudes by prayers and penance.

Gerry Legister

Ashes Scattered

Forties gallery where the cold war rages,
Hung over the fragmented jazz sound,
Live performance pack black coffee stages,
Millions were lost in the new world found.

Twilight days bring voices back to memory,
The ruin affairs distraught intrepid years,
And wit drunk with immoral philosophy
Coalition of fear caught in the sum of tears.

Roaring adoring forties became crest fallen
Heroes sank deep in the earth fervent mine,
Shadows waltz in the summer moon glen
Cocoon tide in the fading distance of time.

Ashes scattered over where the cold water spent,
The forces of motions and emotional lives went.

Gerry Legister

At Death

Death came and lay down by my side
I tried to hide from his kiss of death,
But he held on to a soft place inside
And made me tremble with cloning breath.

I see the ominous foe waiting until dawn,
With cold claws come to take me home,
He wrapped his twisted arms around
my whole being, and I became heavy as stone.

Angels gathered daisies around the stars
Little fairies running into enlightening fields
Memories turn and call back to me with tears
Dripping scales shine with angelic shields.

Watchers wait until the break of day
Watching the close embrace before we go away.

Gerry Legister

At The End Of The Night

At the ending of the night, memory not as bright,
As fowls eyes shine upon branches in the dark
Our nature they stark, dare to claim a better sight,
Over those wanton bars filled with spirit talk.

And broken vows our conscience fled and dread,
Lay siege in our head, the tide of graves dreams,
Try to force our stumbling way to another's bed
At the end of night with short lived passions.

We know the finale when everything seems fine,
And people in droves quickly fade from the street,
We change direction and listen to another tune,
Now is a good time to say goodnight.

We'll sleep thorough nightmares, lose sight of time
And become reclined in dreams of sublime pleasure
Wake at interval to see if the weather is fine,
Go back to sleep dare to dream for another hour.

The journey feels good, making up for yesterday,
When the day was grey and the evening stayed
Waiting for the silhouette to pass over the valley,
Come under the canopy of darkness that was made.

By the end of night, fortunate ones take a journey
Far into the labyrinth of spiritual awakening,
And are shown the gates of nights darkest mystery,
Before the dawn slip away into a new beginning.

Gerry Legister

Autumn Leaves

Autumn leaves spread far in curious nature,
The cluster of memorable landscape rearranges,
Bursting with splendor in dark and stormy air,
At best, autumn reinforce the season's changes.

When autumn make the usual contribution,
The fallen leaves appears in full swing,
They come swirling down from top of the trees,
And rest from flight in the cool wind.

They pile up on the side of the pavement,
The abundance of colors turning half green,
Withered botany unite in our environment,
In hedges and where the dark streets bend.

Near the door, near the window, near the fire
Autumn expose winnowing leaves beneath the trees,
Blend with the seasons changing atmosphere,
With old age the crisping colors in beauty chase.

When they fall and dully fade from their beauty,
Extinguished but not forgotten, waiting leaves,
Oak turn brown, stood loitering in a solitary way,
With haste gathered like wheat in the sheaves.

Gerry Legister

Autumn Morning Memories

Mute and uncomplaining autumn comes around,
racing towards winters slippery snake heels,
when brown leaves fall to the shallow ground,
a change of equinox the landscape feels.

The magic season rend the wiry smiles from our face,
And something new shelter where autumn sprung,
spreading its might from trees lofty embrace,
Birds perch on the hill with lucid leaves clone.

Autumn morning memories embracing everywhere,
Express the winning leaves beneath the trees,
Blends with the seasons changing atmosphere,
with old age the crisping colors in beauty chase.

With icy fringe against the frozen compound,
autumn quench its caress and colorful splendor,
Wet with sweeping noises to adorn the ground,
autumn mourning lights the kindred lamp in the air.

Gerry Legister

Autumn Rain

When we see summer changes
The clothes we wear quickly disappear,
And the next season rearranges
Clouds more fastidious in the atmosphere.

The fall is here; it means a new challenge
For our clothes, shoes and hair
From the warmth of summer to darker rage
Autumn quietly drifts in unaware.

Let the autumn rain fall upon you,
Let the autumn rain beat upon the trees
Until the leaves fall down and become new.
Let the autumn season fondly release

The changes that time replicates
Shadows on the floor and rain in the air,
With pools of water running off the trees
And wash down into the gutter.

Let the rain fall softly while you sleep
And make the rhythm night beat
With a lullaby playing upon the housetop,
A note of intrigue to adorn the light.

When pools of water from the sidewalk
Splash upon you with quick surprise,
It makes you walk with a watermark
To stain the perfect spot on our tresses.

Gerry Legister

Awakening

Before we depart, leaving our imprinted portrait
Potential to rule the ethos stronger than Arms,
Gifts buried insight; unique fuel form years of thought,
Brushes by the endless source of pearlescent lives.

Liquify existence, I found the door cold and tropical,
In subdued fission, the end close with absolution.
Peace release death to penetrate my oppressed soul
But from my prism burst a gust of regeneration.

While I sleep, history will study me religiously
And the spirit within thawing with passionate heat,
flames from ecliptic reincarnation finds me as a trophy,
defeating the shuffling earthquake beneath my feet.

The aftershock of tectonic retreat kept me awake,
As sorrow and grief quickly into another way depart,
Gargling breathe be the shortest sure sign of relief,
By inspiring daring dreams that are close to my heart.

We implore talented stars shining in earthen vessels,
Spreading crystal halogen wings upon the jewel clouds,
Through sultry teardrops, humanity find many duels,
Reflections gleaming upon oceans of weeping floods.

There was much warmth unravelling the iris traces
When I awake and taken out of my punishment,
Through rapture armoury dust meet paradise graces,
Friends emerge from silence to the edifice of content.

Awake hermit crab, step out of darkness into the light
Let anxiety disappear into the realm of sunshine,
Unfolding flames recalled dreams fast fading sight,
Wild nautical waves wash away the promise of time.

The conquest of reverberation, in secret place, make
My deliverance, impatience pausing, knowing the love
Flaming me, awaken the opportunity I needed to take,
A moment of endearing the gratitude that happiness gave.

From sunrise to sunset, awake the consequences of our lives
Staring at half finish chores dreamily through a veil shadow.
Images roam backward, awakening soft young memories,
With unsure senses crying for a future we don't know.

I did not die when I wave hesitantly at the world goodbye,
My soul in dismay escape into adventure of a darker maze,
Where resurrection unveiled the consciousness, we deny
The Fragments of an apocalypse that are impossible to erase.

Stayed awake, by keeping hope over death and the grave,
The halogen Spirit over earth that heaven enlightens
Good deeds with spectacular colors of faith and love,
Between all people of nationalities in different regions.

Stay awake when all the other stars have gone to sleep,
Leaving fire ash images on memory words burned blurred.
Destiny calls with the perfect dream that you need,
When you cannot read a message on Pinterest board.

The universe has shaped you to awaken communities
Living Consciousness is a multidimensional being,
Awakening aspirations that spiritual path touches,
With all the powers already, ours, in this realm assign.

Gerry Legister

Beauty And Solitude

I will leave all the struggles and the trouble
of the worlds conquest by every pleasure found,
And go to a place where the wind softly whistle
in the breeze with no tempest snares around.

To be alone with heavenly sound of inner peace
that raises my soul to a higher spiritual plane,
Where anxiety's deadly attacks will slowly cease
And I am free from critical cliché of emotional pain.

Where The beauty of seclusion fuels my imagination
shaping future existence and reality within my mind,
and make the freedom of feeling a great liberation,
unrestricted by regulations and rules of every kind.

Daily, I seek the beauty of solitude by choice
And listen to the hush whispers of my inner voice.

Gerry Legister

Begin The New

Begin the new with changes we have,
Moving burly barriers to breaking point,
We'll have to reach beyond ourselves to survive,
Torrid threats to ambush the safety of each moment.

All the lost impulses we attempt to rearrange
Make the complex conditions fall lower,
Then the renewal impact of seismic change,
Sweeping along earth disconcerted shore.

In summer, we trudge through the growing
Disbarment of unveiling apocalyptic nerves,
Nations arrived in stillbirth for a new beginning
Our old characteristics traits started displaying.

Dark personalities peering out black as the future,
Society got glimpse of the unstoppable conditions,
When the powers of distress will open a murky door
To claim an overwhelming living part of emotions.

The desired impression now being formed
Seek the kind of humanism that ultimately
Will abandon happiness to make a brand new end,
For everything in vice and ventures to embrace reality.

But there is a beautiful sunrise waiting to be born
And every day the possibility comes with pain,
To feel that ache before we reach our dream.
Life seems drained to start all over again.

But courage will adjust the aspiring sail
And every stride we take brings us to a higher plane,
Leaving memories to pour out in the distant grail
Mysteries of a daunting world congested in pain.

Gerry Legister

Behind The Smile

Behind the smile we look into the eyes of emptiness, from the painted outward picture of joy, on the horizon; there is agony and loneliness Anguish of fearful dentistry looms over humanity.

We smile for the world with pearly white eyes the splendor of joy only lasting for a little while, holding back the fountain of bewildered tears we are propelled into the future turnstile.

Surrounded by demons and angels and foes in fires give their souls to devour and pleasure tangled mattered and broken souls looking for a way to escape temptation power.

Behind the smiles, those tainted blood of sinners Put their request in the mail box for Jesus to forgive and the throne of heaven hears their prayers Crossing the threshold in the darken world they live.

Dormant children have seen the future world Parents can't measure anymore the amount of tragedy hiding behind the smile covered with gold turning hearts cold, and the anguish of fearful dentistry hangs over humanity.

Gerry Legister

Being Alone

Only my soul see the seasons when I am alone
Wearing the camouflage of a mocking frown,
The frock grows longer when I am on my own
Serene Emblems of clouds sparkle in my crown.

When the whole realm of close friends disappear
The eyes within my heart became black and blue,
Misty springs waltz through the atmosphere,
Gave the world no sign of the solitude I knew.

Just as fear is anxious about reasons for doubt
Floating dreams struggle with truths to enjoy,
The normal part of existing life breaking out
Trying to run away from emotional ties of memory.

We remain esteemed strangers within the walls
Of the challenging places where we sit alone,
In painful zone listening to our own distant voices
Playing calm tunes to replicate our delicate form.

The forlorn glands of pride were soiled and sunny
Indiscreet fears bunched and bungled together,
On every phony feeling awake inside of my tummy
The voices of loneliness own every defining hour.

Shared on the long road of Independent demand
When good friends are gone, we are left alone
With opinions to ponder as strangers in the land,
Reaping galvanize reforms to leave the tragic union.

Gerry Legister

Beyond Gender

Design by a senses of fathomless euphoria,
Surpass by Gods unrelenting glory,
This divine power makes the world unique,
For us to argue, disagree and enjoy.

We have attributes inspired by creative order,
Beyond gender in configuration of divine art,
Comes the extraordinary senses propel together,
The perfect way to make a new generation start.

God is neither angel, nor man, nor mechanical,
The emblem he uses defines our identity,
Ebullient creator of male and female,
Author of mystique untamed entity.

Timeless metamorphous intricately refined,
Attracted to masculine and femininity,
We are the profitable increment of mankind,
Exercising divine power with infinity.

Beyond gender we squander when they can,
Our feelings in passions and mischief,
Driving the soul to find eternal demand,
In wisdom beyond the pleasure we achieve.

Bordering with the unequal endowment,
Time connect a new power to advance,
Perform creation with the seduction again,
Opportunity given with s a second chance.

Unleashing euphemism beyond gender,
Distinguish characteristic support,
Alleviating pain for spouse or lover,
We see our calling only as entities of divine faith.

Gerry Legister

Birds In The Air

The orchard birds are singing
Peeping over the rosebushes
From greening trees in Silver Spring
Blend in the wind their torrent voices.

Under their hoods of adorable feathers
Warm tiny bodies began twitching
Upon twigs where sunlight strives,
Hide upon shoots in timid pose waiting.

When sunshine smiles upon them
Birds of same feathers stay together
Flying over hills, blossom lawns paved green,
Together they form a line in the air.

Exhibit thrills express in the way they live
Birds gliding abound on torrent heap,
Spreading wings in dazzling dive
Through the clouds they sweep.

Birds in the air don't have our confusion
Make a sound, run mad and cause a riot,
When they are rehearsing flight formation
They can hear us laugh but they are quiet.

Gerry Legister

Birth

From the cradle of innocent birth,
comes the embracing touch of immaculate worth,
amidst sweeping streams of watery weariness,
looming life awakening tender delicate features,
Beauty only a breath away from facing a new world,
The end event begins reality; strong and sacred,
Bright and sanguine, first they are soft then toned,
And every celebration honors the new home.
Drawn by skilful proportion through wavering pool,
from cradled rest to wanton breast of a mother's womb,
Where the realm of nature gives birth to life,
And creation groan with stronger breathe incite,
birth let time bring delivery of beautiful species,
Which knows not the wait the universe accepts?

Gerry Legister

Bitter Rancor

Bitter rancor hide the silhouetted against the moon
Silence came and stood constraint in the room
Without the music, a mirage of dream murals the mind
Sanity drifted in vacuum unaccustomed decline
Self-conscious faith surprise the infamous
Faltered romance surrendered a marching chorus
To share the seasons graduated intensity
Uninvited relationship made the heart more humanity
Exhausted and bitterly lonesome
Indecisiveness tucked beneath your frown
From your seemingly quiet platform
Ignorance survive emotions measured revenge
Shuffling dangerous cross temper startled image
Into silent corners of holy conservatism
Your heart plots another winter's transvestism
pretense reaction for throwing up mute courtesy
The perfect answer to defeat betrayal agony
Despise love coincide with the darker danger
Only time will heal the bitter rancor of control nature

Gerry Legister

Black Ash

Up Into the sky the smoke blast,
And black ash covered white clouds,
Overseas and streams aghast,
With lashing dust and darken moods. □

Slowly passing over earth and ocean,
Disturb the leaves in the noon day,
And halt the easy flights of locomotion,
Painting the ecliptic sky black and grey

Guide the shifting floating vapor,
In serene dominion without a compass,
Wind and time create the power,
And find the path over winding paradise.

Black ash spread in dept too dark to see,
Dissolving material in swaying motion,
Ignorant of pain erupting like infinity,
And flow over the entire beautiful heaven.

Black ash shedding tear and terror,
In the arms of a wicked volcano blast,
The world stood tripping with fear,
Hear the thunder and lightning flash.

New signs in blood, vapor and smoke,
A living force with cape and wings,
Breaking chains through space invoke,
Climate change burning things.

Travelers groan, in struggles and fits,
Dream of happy time passes the hour,
Bemused mankind left with many stitches,
To build a better memorial in the atmosphere.

Gerry Legister

Black Lives Matter

Effigy, the energy of hearts burning.
Opinion wafted waves of banners,
Dire insult collides with murky crying,
A populous nation on the parade of fires.

This time, the world is a drawing tide,
Excuses no longer secure a shoreline.
Protester voices calling from the inside.
Thoughts like these are taken in my time.

Injustice becomes more than a crime,
In the strongest bonds for those who die.
Black lives may hear their voices shine.
Lift their names high in prayer line to the sky.

And bloomed, and witness and breathe,
The matter inside the womb of a new psyche.

Gerry Legister

Borrowed Places

I hear the rustling of leaves in the trees,
the wind moves and changes direction with ease.
Blow new seasons to earth from the sky,
and open heavens window for a day.
We shower with the dew of early clouds,
sunrise unfolds and galaxies declines in moods,
we are cocoon in thoughts of our own,
images of places borrowed, becomes our home.
Traces of memories, making regular rounds,
some pass by in mute shadows, others in the clouds,
We see them half turn going into the distance,
life for brief moments are carried in a trance.
They surface and dance in familiar circles,
we see faces, and take pictures in borrowed places,
we the society of mankind, will go to join them,
our troubles and trials on earth will soon be done.
We are only hired vessels on borrowed time,
acting as geniuses, with tools in labyrinth of the sublime.
We take our chances whenever we find opportunity,
to challenge the ways we go to our destiny.

Gerry Legister

Boys Will Be Boys

In dominion where sadness looms steps had the gloom
Determine to let boys make their own edgy mistakes,
Unafraid, they find courage again to embrace dream,
And doom becomes the light springs when morning rises.

And drift into another day when red eyes went astray,
Burning lust and dust down the vague road to another
Starlit games find chances to reactivate venue and play
But fortunes favour the boys who stop to ponder.

Sometimes they talk and don't turn up to do anything,
When you need them most they leave things to burn,
Iron and pottery, ruffle and tussle waging war waiting
To heap on friends fire of forgiveness in the engine room.

There is a body of opinion, mythical and delusional,
Boys will be boys embark on missions together
Scroungers, soldier's follow after fellow professional,
Wind and rain cannot nullify any of their splendour.

Loved by girls in the wildest arena passions evoke,
Income years turn the journey from boys into men,
No more toys to change and make them fit for work
Only older veterans dream of honour and illusions.

Gerry Legister

Breathlessness

Every second minute of the day
Excitement entices the eternal passions,
It is the desire to mate and burn away,
The night in uncanny positions.

Breathlessness erupts like volcanoes,
And when it subsides in satisfaction
You are caught in a net with many holes,
Which leaves the mind to make a decision.

Telling you some truth for you to blush,
With what is left from pictures and images,
Entwined together in feelings you'll cherish,
Every sixty minute of the day your body aches.

Dreams lying awake in art and fortitude
Express the sentiments in less dewy eyes terms,
Those happier moments will come to conclude,
There is more to love than fading memories.

When all the pretty words have fallen,
Quicker than you believe love can leave you breathless,
There is something in you stronger than you seem
And smarter than all the empty promises.

That is, if you realize passion is the first stage of desire,
From one who loves the other, even being set apart?
There is something you must always remember,
Love grows stronger in the heart.

Gerry Legister

Brief Encounter

To receive gracious kindness
From the hand of a stranger,
Is like a fragrant kiss in paradise
When hearts yearn with desire.

Opportunity allows actions we don't understand
In brief encounter, love touches the heart,
With this warmth waiting on sublime strand,
Stirring siren within the pulsating beat.

The threat of defeat and the heat of passion
May only combine the bonds in retreat,
When we allow doubt to take possession
In those brief moments, we meet.

Our world becomes one corporate union,
Link to the carriages of our companion.

Gerry Legister

Burned Out Flames

Pain came in the place where years stood
Unaffected by danger and other traumas
Engulfing all the final dreams I had
Planned to see them through before I pass,

Dreams outlived career cause that was chosen
Woven in sombre moods every path to cross
Is overcast with dark clouds and chilly rain
Wet and dry plains make slippery places.

Final days of my years came along in rapid flight
Moving passion and desire away into a future reign,
From lust will have no eyes to see the fading light?
Darkness steals the strength that was given.

Burned out flames loiter in crusade cooler flashes
With ailing friends complaining of aches and pains
My final days the adventures of a lifetime carry
A worn torch illuminates the way to greater realms.

Shine again while passing through the atmosphere
Deeds acclaimed in the young generation following
The ancient path we have forth and sought over
In final years there is no more travelling.

Gerry Legister

Can You Dance With Me?

Can you dance with me if no one else can?
Zumba on the shape that needs some toning
I see myself in the spell of someone's hand
Under their command until I become strong.

In another playlist of my beautiful dream
Perched high dangling on edge in the sky,
Showing the place where I am coming from
I can see gravity fly and my world goes by.

Into sparkling mezzanine on which we dance,
Taking breathtaking leaps and stunning swings,
The intense accentuated a sparkling romance,
Into peaks streaks and cotton wool valleys.

Can you dance with me and get a little closer
Would you like to hold me until we are together?

Gerry Legister

Caught In Heavenly Moonlight

I am caught in the heavenly enchantment
With you in mind, I glance into a trance,
And walked along over warm embankment
Trapped in the garden of serene ambiance.

Night is filled with the glint of rippling stars,
In a vast vault, that stores the heavenly sea,
We look for endless galaxies in shining rivers,
That could be a future place of our destiny.

What is the name of that realm, that is shining?
Brighter than the sunlight season nature has given,
For a delight to earth when the light is missing,
dark of shadows enters through every terrain.

Each night the sky was studded with diamonds,
Floating castles caught in the heavenly moonlight,
Galaxy of chances loitering where the moon stands
Elliptical strand, going near land with purer delight.

We had heaven before us going opposite direction
The belief of paradox, faith going the direct way.
The best of our days, but the worst age for vision,
Caught in the epoch of salvation for time to slay.

Gerry Legister

Celestial Glow

Dreams came and flooded the room inside,
Took my soul in daring flight to another age,
Leaving the dangers of the world outside
And shadows came near the windows edge.

Falling to the ground without awakening sound
Terrestrial noises no one heard or felt the fear,
Carried in tears by the howling travelling wind,
That was passes in dreams cold and bare.

Standing there wet with dew of the morning air,
And dare not venture to explain the celestial thing,
Of pain already in vein will haunt the atmosphere,
And make memories come more unnerving.

But we see our spirit called into the celestial way,
Not many come as near for the light is bright,
In the heavenly place where we are going one day,
And will see the Lord and all the angels in flight.

Though our sight is poor, we will still see the light,
Circled in rainbow colors high up in celestial glow,
Above the world and the earth beneath our feet,
Break open to kindle the dreams we had long ago.

Raptured faces and noble figures went unfound,
In haste has fled and sped to finish the better race,
While others were old and still had the good mind
Break to finalize retirement plans in a sunny place.

Gerry Legister

Central Society

The most amazing thing
Comes from sight and sound
When a child is born again
Into a most unlikely background

And be not influence by bad things
They hear going around every time
Going on in central society,
We find them not too far behind.

Symbolism of the great and the good,
With immediate sense of euphoria,
Find the measures to get ahead
Allow circumstances the lava.

That will dispel doubt and fear
Keep you down with sorrow and grief
And stop you from growing stronger
But keep striving for goals in your life.

Gerry Legister

Changing Circumstances

Nerves crack and slit,
Changing faces all through the night,
Fluttering with different mast,
Beat the withered veins in either breast,
We curse the crocus day,
Mildew without decent pay,
Changing circumstances,
Lost the opportunities and chances,
Jingle and crushed with cruel blow,
Joy wrench from this present life,
To hear no more prayers,
Nor received fragrances and flowers,
Pleasures swept by in persistent strife,
Into the sunken bubble we drop down,
Upon memory deep churning ocean,
To hear no more the sweetest melody,
Echo when time turn to dash away
From earth we are swallowed by time,
Leaving the thinnest skeleton behind.

Gerry Legister

Chase The Devil Away

Chase away the devil
When he comes into your path,
He is just something evil
And you will have the last laugh.

His tricks aren't any surprise
Roaring like a hungry lion
Threatening peoples lives
Chase away the devil if you can.

Think of him as proud Satan
Trying to be friend with incantation,
Don't close your eyes to his temptation
See the real picture in regeneration.

Justice is coming and he doesn't expect it,
Because he has crossed the line
He will be bound in the bottomless pit
Put away from society for a long time.

Gods law is strong It will stand when he falls,
Into the prison of his own captivity,
You can say a prayer and close your eyes,
He'll not bother you again throughout eternity.

Gerry Legister

Cheating

Betrayal is more difficult to define,
You can see the trouble it cause,
We may find it even if our manners are fine,
And still not rest until given justice.

Hurt is more inside than the smile wear outside,
External pleasure may give temporary delight,
Torn between what can be and what we hide,
But with the conscience there is a real fight.

Caught within inexpressible blissful plight,
Cheating is not a thing counted in duty,
It matters more to do what is right,
Than to lead a life of excessive vanity.

Chastity is where real happiness lies in purity,
Body and mind may adore pleasures that bring
Mistakes made, but grace is given for sympathy,
And passion from cheating is sorrows awaken.

When the flurries of torment is not forgiven,
The beauty of perfection is spoil,
The heart long for joy at the same time,
But permanence finds no way to escape the turmoil.

Gerry Legister

Choices

Will our choices make a difference?
If we live for ourselves or to forgive others,
Though buffeted by agitated wind and tide,
Driven by faith to take responsibility serious,
Is it an earthly calling from higher altitude?
To make the right choice; choosing not to lose
The connecting medium between God and man,
Grant glimpse to see images of the future
If the human spirit is given a second chance,
And face the mirror; can it change the world?
To make us look younger and live a little longer,
Must we celebrate the treasures in a trance?
Surrender to mankind the images in our mind
Or waken gladly to distinguish it from all other.
The glories of heaven conceal hidden cost,
Cast everything below, but hastily look above
The sky is the mirror which holds our future
Being with fortitude hope will never be lost.
Dare to dream by esteeming earthly wisdom,
knowledge alone was never soul satisfying.
Especially if we find the hidden kingdom,
Whether or not the choices we made were right,
We must accept our mistakes and in passion
Eclipse apocalypse of the daunting Holy Grail.
Another world exist aware of this torment,
And yearn for the former lust as treasures,
For the choices we made guaranteed no bail.
But what we know resembles grand allusions
In messages flash strange images of the future,
Representing the state of the world we are in.
Invite crazed delusions to channel the mind,
Sunk beneath the tempest dangled danger zone,
Prosperity doing harm; charm disloyal crimes,
We try to ride out the storm in confidence.
Breaking promises every time to our children
Had we the right mind we could have won,
When we had lived and everything was fine,
With the weight of sin inevitable grief must come.

Christmas Cheer

When I have much I am glad, but if I have no wine
I justly contend myself with water or cheap beer,
and wish I could find some hotel to pass the time
celebrating yuletide and enjoying a good cheer.

Year end is about the most bonus I get from work,
contending with reprimands inside the door,
It will be Christmas cheer for bosses and staff,
Wishing prosperity but not aware that I am poor.

Waving handbook in every fluctuating event
running meaningless figures to compensate profit,
I will be just as content with a dollar or a cent,
if I go empty, than to be treated as a fool sold out.

With all losses quickly sent away where life went,
hearing my name mention in what ridicule meant.

Gerry Legister

Circle Of Friends

I am not an angel
But I have wings to fly,
I have a story that I can tell
It's about a place in the sky.

When the cycle of existence changes
And life takes on the newest form,
When the old one fades
Will time can be transform

And move the circle of friends
Into a place of past memories,
To closed their compartments,
With secrets remained in their lives.

The conscious reminder of their pyramids,
Archives myth place with each other
History will relate the circle friends
Awaiting their capture.

A conscious community lay hidden
Beneath the leftover fragments,
Died before the new age began
We will take them back only in moments.

Only time will tell of their mysticism,
Defenseless ordinary circle of friends,
Possess with intermittent criticism
Sealed up in silent compartments.

Gerry Legister

Clandestine Traveler

The clandestine breath paused in murky mystery
True identity is hidden by the rhythm exhale,
And fortune weaves a tidy tale in idle mockery
By travelers waiting to go places more desirable.

Exotic parades buys the addiction of pleasure,
And Leave behind the prints for others to follow,
A clandestine may have many moments to treasure,
Riding freely through the air as a migrating shadow.

Become a wayfarer transient from one residence,
Bolder than astronauts and aliens behind space men,
A wandering robber who doesn't owe any allegiance,
Join spirits who also has come from another realm.

By raft, they ply their craft running from the law,
Bonded travelers transmitted through arduous journey,
Hiking awhile and trekking round a governing wall
Stay concealed to find in time only illegal misery.

Gerry Legister

Clouds In The Sky

Somewhere up high, far away
forever, the clouds cry
their dripping tear drops stay
Cumulonimbus in the sky.

In the cluster heap of storm
rain spreading its wings
in vapor wind equilibrium
forever embedded in our eyes.

Dewpoint temperature of water
Moister from one storm
Bring flashing floods of thunder
Turbulent uplift clouds form.

Flanking line funnel and fine
The small cumulonimbus kind

Gerry Legister

Cold Images

The coin in the mind is very hard to define
The scale of pain passing through the family line
Take the sword and face the challenges of disease
Demons in the soul make our dreams freeze

Make a splash in the fountain of mysteries
The sword I hold unlock the cold images within
The dreams with hope brings greater gains,
More stars I see through the wet stain rain.

Here I see cold images through foggy windows
Wrapped up in time with my bleak surrounding,
That draws the cold breeze and icy winds
So thin the wire cuts through my thinking.

On troubled moors cold images bleached the air
Refresh my wills and drifts away into the atmosphere.

Gerry Legister

Communication

This generation found a form of communication,
They want the world to share with technology here,
A language learned they had already forgotten,
All the trails led through year's pioneers uncover.

Where myth goes on the same road the sane went,
In golden verses they swiftly go insanely mad,
And somewhere sad among words the indignant,
Teachers went, torn from symbols where time stood.

In posture of silent expression; transmission invade,
Tiptoeing between hanging sound moving gesture,
To find the myth of communication proverbs made,
Advance in codes, ringing the rich and many poorer.

That unique people on a line swung many times,
All the fiery swords hunts past tense and dance,
In trance, romance inspiring tunes written in songs,
And draw love spellbound into modern sentence.

Earths tribes, with their own languages communicate,
At ease, some on bended knees, even birds in the trees,
Down to bees, and chimpanzees, the mystery create,
A dept of good deeds scurrying pass the years.

Winning, spinning and stroking the tongue of fire,
Nations join together, the smoke blow negotiation,
Higher in familiar tongue, set alight with habitual desire,
And everything is measured through our communication.

Gerry Legister

Confronting Trouble

It takes courage and bravery
You can feel inside so deeply,
When confronting the terrible
atrocities of this world's evil.
Awakening alarms open your eyes,
when confronting that kind of demise.
How another human being,
Cannot find refuge for the perishing.
Who will rise and stop the war
This strain of turmoil has gone far.
And that pain aches in your heart,
When you see, nations drifting apart.
Create an ocean before them to cross,
They step down into the sea of an abyss.
Only Christ we knew to walk on water,
Because he owns the streams and river.
As our hearts consider one another
barely hearing the truth softly whisper,
Opinions crumble, politicians stumble
It takes courage to confront trouble.
Every stone or pebble voices were thrown
not all are smooth and weather worn,
You grow old and tired, to see places ruin
By troubles you thought had long been.
left abandoned, and never to return,
to demonstrate their wild nature again,
in an earthly garden where flowers blooms,
Many heroes lay in forgotten tombs.
Some epitaph is written in bloody silence
Speak to our hearts of remembrance.
gently erase their deeds when the sun rises,
a new generation wake up to witness.
for the first time after our dream,
and realize where we have been living.

Gerry Legister

Connections

I gaze at you in slumber before you awake
And hear the dim sound of your heart beating,
Fading quietly into shadows of dreams intoxicate,
When morning came our world began changing.

Fashioned into the atmosphere of miracles,
A kindling connection with our spirit was made,
And transformed the aching mind out of troubles,
To pass into a different realm where darkness fade.

Memories sends ashes into different galaxies,
Making the sequence of mistakes an opportunity,
To forget and be forgiven with second chances,
Going back in time and make restitution a remedy.

The transportation of astounding revelation came,
Bearing the solitude and bliss we had gained,
Connections intrinsically wrapped in mortal pain,
Enter the deepest parts where emotions laid.

The twist of fate was connected to yours and mine,
The regeneration of life is with me along the way,
Taken to the transcendent place outside of time,
On this terrestrial plain to meet again another day.

Gerry Legister

Conquering Passion

Wrestling joy speed to her spirit,
At once dreams dissolved into love,
In the rasping wait at the paradise gate,
Peace comes in dreams that heavenly hopes gave.

Trying to conquer passion inside the mind,
Infatuation of danger which is perfectly unseen,
Across miles excite the sensations we will find,
Engage apprehension with feelings from within.

We do not know the measure of hope giving
Forethought to the consequences we face,
In this craze cause the emotions we are feeling,
Having the outbursts of obsessions we taste.

Individuals conform to the use of good behavior,
Society will try to conquer the rage of our passion,
But the quest to achieve your love will grow stronger,
We know the qualities of request will take their turn.

Once the fire starts a flame will begin to burn bright,
Strong heat may be difficult to control from a distance,
We will do as well to conquer its powerful might,
On the pathway of dreams we share in a trance.

Life is far too short to leave this love behind,
If it takes one second out of your precious time,
It will affect the emotions and state of mind,
Training our thoughts to leave or become sublime.

Gerry Legister

Consoling Arms

It starts with a person struggling in need
Haunted by the dreadful thought of insecurity,
The wound distinguished her tears as she cried,
With Shrouded eyes fighting back uncertainty.

Thinking of today, she slips into intensified fear
A consoling arm present is what she needs most,
Mirror on her face the cold chime underscore
Fear clutches the symbol of hope inside first.

Holding sentiments hidden by a colossal wall,
She tries to cope and break down more baby like
Weeping voice in agony of lament grown tall
The betraying straps of pain keeping her awake.

Then a consoling arm slips around her shoulder
Lifts the burden away and make her soul secure
Watery lipstick fading away into a lighter color
Relief washed the painful tears reserve in store.

The spot tattoo there, mark the place of defeat
Make firm reminder that starts to heal the hurts,
We share caress and care repaired, and throw out
The daunting years with the deluge of our tears.

Consoling arms can stop the fear of being alone,
Bring the stream in unison to drown the pain,
Make someone feel they are not on their own
When a helpful voice can do better to explain.

After aches recede, new ardors begin blooming
The old succumb, as we hold the victory lip-tight,
Kindness gently tilting back the mind into finding
The entrance of sanity with illumination of light.

Gerry Legister

Contemplation

I take this thought into contemplation,
that our days has been a dream,
and in the vision we were the one enthroned,
and no phantom could come between,
or find the gift to intervene our contemplation.
I only hear the clarity of your voice,
and felt reassurance of peaceful embrace,
softly echoed in your textured defense,
like the glorious note in warbling trance,
contemplating the time we share,
in bond of recurrent years together.
I feel emotions twitch inside and surrendered,
waltzing in slow steps to a beautiful serenade,
the fulfillment of our visions and dreams,
bless seasons, wit reasons and happy times,
speak with tears of delight from your eyes,
with memories looking back over our lives.
When we first met the love we felt,
And tied passion of ribbons around our waist,
with the never ending feeling of you inside,
I contemplate the distraction I wanted to hide,
but when you laugh, everything turns on the magic,
and dispels sadness and anything tragic,
Every time I saw you in the light, and in the night
with invisible strength the future looked bright.
Parting the waves that carried the doubts,
and climb over continents higher than clouds,
and gaze upon the magnificence of lover.
From the ghostly realm hidden above,
spirit roaring pass and rushing onwards,
leaving the past behind on dark roads,
I see your image entwined the ripples of my mind.
And I contemplate out of borrowed time,
Until the dream became the magnificence of grace,
Embrace fulfillment in a trance.

Gerry Legister

Crossing The Missing Void

Why is the look that we share?
Make something far from within
Fills my heart so loud and clear
About the dream that is missing.

The voices I hear coming from far,
Sounds nearer the void in my being.
The centre heartbeat of a single tear,
Move to the brink of every drain.

I am lost in the beating stream,
Gone under each wave as the sea grew heavy,
Agony is a lonesome island far from the dream,
I still have sitting upright in me.

Weaken at the task, were you the craft?
Crossing the widening void in my heart,
Into the winding streams of a healing path
The long oars swing carries me safely out.

And you see me looking through you,
With the enigma spiralling to the end,
Below fading shadows, your smile is new
Strength to reach the other side again.

We find reasons to stay alive
From what we have been told
Sometimes it doesn't come unless we strive
To have enough breath left to hold.

Gerry Legister

Crumbling Paradise

Our paradise is a beautiful place in mind,
Exist only when we go there in spirit,
On a trip; in this realm of splendid sublime,
Only those so deep in love can get to it.

A precious place of graceful escapades,
Found in the wind that floats through the air,
Dare to be where our daily memory fades,
And fond embrace becomes the treasure.

We seek more from this impure life,
And would endure every pain and torment,
But fiery trials esteem the crumbling grief,
These are the broken promise presently sent.

Burning desire more consuming than fire,
Within me lift the flames to a new heaven,
Overwhelm to speak of any intruder,
Pushing me out and trying to break in.

We fall down but love made us get up again,
With broken dreams of crumbling paradise,
There is no tears heaven; sorrow or pain,
We make our dreams here living in disguise.

No sweet exhale can make this paradise crumble,
Only truth we share divides the beat in our heart,
To make us stop and stare and quietly stumble,
Until we find the truest path where eternity start.

Gerry Legister

Dance Recital

You may dismiss me during the fast
Moving performances taking place,
Pay more attention to costume and cast
A spell over those sitting in the audience.

If you had sons or daughters in the dance
You would know what this means outside,
Stood behind the crowd to get one chance,
And join forces to cheer the recital inside.

Before the end we congratulate the children,
Because they had done something new
To hear others opinion and had a great time,
Waiting in the auditorium for another review.

The thrill of recitals is filled with pleasure
Around the stage whole families are waiting
Moments to treasure the experience together,
And know recital time is even more amazing.

Voices on screen caught joy in a million pieces,
And there is a finale all entertainers gather in,
A sort of camaraderie hierarchy of artistic faces,
Took their deserved bow for gladly performing.

Gerry Legister

Dancing Under The Moonlight

Let the stars fly away and leave the moon shining,
With You and I dancing under the light until morning,
Hear the music playing to the tune of your heartbeat
Spiral waltz into the atmosphere in the circle of heat.
Swing under the moonlight and be lost in love's delight,
Souls in unison, while shaking, and twisting in the night,
Fantasy performed in the body moving from side to side,
Magical pleasure the souvenirs reminisce with pride.
Imagine the night where the moon glows in a fountain
The tiniest lives from nature's hive paddle in the ripples,
Lift the mind into the songs with picturesque scenes.
And you smile in that moment to cast a wishful token,
With one great look into faith at dreams destiny create,
The amazing aura in which your desire can participate,
Leaving moves in photos to embrace the ambiance found.
Being romantic; the party stood silhouette around,
Shadows swing from the walls unto the dance floor,
You hear the sound but your body cries out for more.
Into the moonlight the eyes are blinded by heavenly bliss,
And the glittering stars appear again in the halo of a kiss.

Gerry Legister

Dancing With The Stars

Airy tune plays the starry notes we adore
Wind generate the breathe of vibrancy found,
A beat tapping polite crescendo upon the floor,
Judges joined in the finale of encore sound.

Notes spinning in flames swirling the flare around,
The enchantment full of awesome performance,
Shifting body weight perfectly from off the ground,
Contestants wooed the crowd with exotic dance.

Disco costume the glamour of appearance calling,
Showbiz trial before platform of bigger audience,
Dancing with the stars until your eyes are shining,
Don't think you come here to hang out in a trance.

Into this magical movement of swing and speed
Trapped charm glowing in space by metallic plates,
The choreography steps and style will succeed,
To shuffle the dances different combination creates.

We want to have the audience upon their feet,
But we don't know yet; how much we love dancing
Until television shows the moves we often repeat,
Bring out the best twists and turns from within.

Unique blend for either student or entertainment,
Evoke rhythm seductive flames with creative elements,
Flown to where the original inspiration went,
They are allowed to dance with unique movements.

Fluttering like trees continuous wave in the breeze,
When all at once you have the crowd on their knees
Their outstretch hands hope for more to receive,
And you finally become a twinkle in their eyes.

Lively bodies enthused with jiving to the end,
Dancing with stars in modes of thousand sequins,
The choreography disguises shapes with each bend,
You have your hips swaying more tantalizing.

Gerry Legister

Dark Corners

The battle of wits quickest to its target
Parliament becomes the deciding ground,
For silence of tongues in the beaten heart,
Say little or nothing and have no command.

By force of nerves generals pitted and plotted,
Referendum chorus drummed out matted voices,
Tweets on either side of the house in cyber-chatted,
Left only with misfits and approving choices.

The vote that leads our parties into battle
A host in haste gallops quick to make up their mind,
No waiting nor baiting with further tittle-tattle,
The allowance for doubting was put far behind.

The people in whose lands their opinion's forgotten
Labour and conservatives two protagonist appeasers,
Sneer on their wishes with decisions already taken,
But the cold commands shadows in dark corners.

Bows in the left poison arrow in the right,
Momentum pursuing no place safe but heaven,
The eyes have it, smart sorties smitten by night,
Watch communities squabbling for mitigation chosen.

The earth and the people that's in it can dream,
But every nightmare has its own dark shadow,
A trap for fools, using tools of good to cause harm,
Keeping virtue and chasing after the distant rainbow.

Could the risk we take worth a start for all our winnings?
To outrun distances of those bitter wicked conscience,
And go back again to foundations of early beginnings,
Until at last we breathe in the ambiance of silence.

Gerry Legister

Darts Of Intrigue

A shadow from hell in swanky song
Boiling the mind and fiery tongue
With pelting evil the heart has spun
Firing darts of nervy intrigue.

Darts at the heart where love dwells,
The arrow of lives speeds into heaven
But hate is the deep unfathomable wells
Descend into murky drumbeats again.

Humanity wrapped in black shroud
Drama comes with the intrigue of mirth,
But values are forgotten in diminish gold,
Exchange integrity for lesser worth.

We are friends here on the earth,
With weakling hands amidst the bliss
Surviving on borrowed time and breath
We exchange fleeting kisses.

Going further back to where the soul reaches,
By creating hands from the ground
Until we are so weak in dangling ditches,
We cannot make a single sound.

Gerry Legister

Day Star

End of night we look for the day star to shine
And Just before dawn when the earth is calm
A Heavenly realm moved the stars in line
To share the magic and intrigue of dream.

Through the night comes the wind that blows
Love or sorrow to every corner of the planet
In all our conversation the intrigue shows
The depth of love we owe in deeds of regret.

I would rather do the work which gives honor
To God, than to talk about the deeds not done
For too much talking is empty words of horror
Those without good deeds have virtue undone.

A wishful intrigue has only a desire to work with
But a person with passion delivers more than gold,
A person can dream and reality brings forth
To stand with history where other giants stood.

Gerry Legister

Days Of The Year

The days of the year has quickly flown by
Collecting aspects of serenity in the clouds,
For passing storms to stir the tremulous sky,
The weather makes futility multiply with floods.

Under the aquatic gloom voice that hilarious cry,
To see happy faces more lustrous make us smile.
With friends whose virtuous lives will never die,
Their beauty transcends the surprise for a while.

More glee to come from the nunnery of advents
Unlike other days of the year; today is your birthday,
Summary of days on peak season, outlived past events,
This rejuvenation of joy gives youthfulness each day?

Enjoy your dreams and the sweet encore of fantasies,
Sizzle with kisses and firelight stars of beautiful optimism,
Beyond the grasp of humanity; soulful symphony echoes,
With melodies reaching the highest temple in heaven.

Gathering the applauses commission from east and west,
Compliments make the visage of your virtues increase,
With kaleidoscope colours appeared in tears of interest,
Where the value of your worth shall never decrease.

Halo skipping up to the sky; the eclipse makes a happier cry,
Bright flames hides all hint of pain even the rain falling frail,
With moonbeam stars swelled bright in the mocked eye,
It clears a path between faint feelings and the rising swale.

Passion cry out with satisfaction; the reaction of your soul
Moulded into the galaxy of time make the years more refine,
Endless endearing blossoms of regenerations will unfold,
For this celebration is only a gap that good friends define.

Gerry Legister

Death And Beyond

I found myself embracing new
State of parallel dimension,
Endearingly the inquest renew,
All the grief I had in mind.

Friends gather to mourn at the ground,
But when they walked away,
I still see your shadow in death and beyond,
Come with memories slow and softly.

Whose weakening power sustain respond
Await in silence the menacing fires,
Time will be kind in death and beyond,
Drumming out the sting in our prayers.

Riding high, back and forth and through the air,
Fleeting breathe hissing with broken pain,
Sorrowful chimes stained the atmosphere,
We stood in traits of time to extinguish the flame.

In quiet abode, thoughts edge near death & beyond,
At the sight of brightly adorn flowers,
Feelings marooned with imposing myth found,
And spirits clings to life within the last rites.

Gerry Legister

Death Passover

Life overcomes death,
When Lent of days
Proclaim the power gained.

Over pharaohs land
Already smitten by angelic hand
When death Passover.

Saved by grace
The Hebrew race
Snatched away just in time.

The gathering force
Celebrated and dance
When death Passover

Pharaohs land was empty
Many were smitten by angelic hand
When death Passover.

Gerry Legister

Death Promise Nothing

Death promises nothing
But the future holds a new beginning
We will quench the color of pain.
And the flame untouched flutters here,
It's raggedy flags beating the air.
By rapture draw the uneasy gasp
Hasty calls of the scars and cause ask.

The wind that blows stripped our lives
Leaving trivialities and tragedies.
Embers of memories bound in all people.
like sorrow, you feel it most of all
The unveiling which makes us guilty.
Brings a smile and the look of beauty.

It has an ever-increasing anguish,
That blends our thinking with so much.
Life gave out shares and left all we wish.
Sorrow station here brings human grief,
indispensable joy restores immense relief.

The rhetoric of happiness,
Has become iconic and measureless.
In time, the loss will ease me of my pain
The sparkled robbed and given birth
To the ugliest kind of hurt.
The tiring faith of companion,
The reality of thinking left in oblivion.

Strip bare of thoughts, darkness has no end
It despises the meaning of a friend
Where the stars are stationed.
The void inherent of all people remained.
Upon a brink deemed a depth,
Paused in sleep, where angels heap.

In clouds, the greatest power found
Countless gems paint the surface beyond.
Lightening up the ceiling of glass heaven

Won through the conquest of trials given.
On earth, was pale and never bloomed,
But in death mercy gloom and glowed.

Things said were better left unsaid
Lent to dream and the emptiness craved.
Buried with the sense of distress
In the bank of heavenly riches.
Death promise nothing
more than the awakening
Out from our thinking.

Gerry Legister

Deep Passion

Hidden passions lay deep
And men fall at their dainty feet,
With desire the slumber and sleep,
Slipping like ice upon streets of sleet.

Sweeping moods of cold and heat
Convert hearts take unbalance chances
A daring pursuit beneath our feet
Dark shadows move in silent dances.

A woman scorn can be disguised
To protect where treasure lies
The motives hidden in hearts and mind,
Comforts found in other arms.

This torment could invade briefly
In moments or a lifetime of hell,
Only those who suffer in agony,
Large stories of misery they can tell.

When darkness falls rooms are as ice
Life for both souls is twice despise
Locked in the secret torment of silence
Only the tincture of ambition will arise.

Gerry Legister

Desire

There stood before me is a familiar exploit,
With fantasise in pictures of my desire?
The anxiety of joy running astonishingly hot,
Uncontrollable embers launched into fire.

A flame cascading and advances through the air,
Attack beneath the skin pleasures connecting
My heart permits the trip of a rippling order,
Cross all boarders' adventures exploring.

Leading the way to become the hunted victim,
Euphoria caught in this glorious weakness,
Soul thrown into confusion or desired prison,
Now so close I smell the flavour with each kiss.

The chorus tearing into different parts of my heart,
Bathed now in the agreement of light tranquillity,
The beautiful encounter soaring into the night
Sweetness soaks the air inside warm and lovely.

Dreams among the gentrification of this felicity,
Only reclaimed the amazing droplets of desire,
In daylight find a less infamous route to reality,
To take my soul and filled it with more pleasure.

Gerry Legister

Desiring Gift

Desire that Dixie twist
Doesn't make a person rich,
Bright and full of color
Friendship like no other
The kind of people
In the society that is invisible.
They are a precious gift
And will always make your heart lift
But the happiness it brings
You don't know how it happens
This miracle of friendship
The beaming energy eclipse
All that the illusion brings
On the thin rim of what's happening

Gerry Legister

Diamond Finale

The diamond fields and ringlets
A glaze gently unfold,
As the tangerine sunsets
On discovering vast sums of gold.

A unique and individual collection
Of beautiful jewelery
Delicate, refine selection
Held in creative style for eternity.

Contours of color ripening
With the stunning glitter of sunlight
Dazzling infinity cascading
Streams glowing with radiant light.

Sublime solitaire, exquisite diamonds
Unrivalled desire and design shows,
The sultry charm, and the center stones
Rivers of tinsel, sparkle and glows

Summer wedding season
Pennants of autumn and winter's face,
The last days of the season,
We all can afford this little grace.

To instill in our memories
The occasion of some special time,
Days out, dining, evenings, happy hours,
Romance and chilled glasses of wine.

Diamond season finale
Reflect in shimmering topaz light,
Journey of the heart in style
Celebrate every dreamer's delight.

Gerry Legister

Divided Loyalties

Political problems arising in a rush,
Treat the weak crush them in discreet,
Disease and conflict unleashed upon us
Pandemonium on the corners of the street.

When the symphony of sobbing starts,
A fleeting decline set forlorn on the good.
Smiles and laughter broken into parts
by the purity of envy where evil stood.

Shadow of party colors unite everywhere
Unforgiving times continuously harass,
pass new way of hustle with expensive fare,
The rich can pay and carry others across.

Ruin environment face charges for more
From parliament new style of promises,
Sorrow will bring a penalty to the poor
leaving the identity of broken families.

All the talk will only lead to bloodshed.
Leave divided loyalties in a torn country,
Without identity many are waiting to be fed.
With sorrow for bread and misery and enmity.

Gerry Legister

Doubt

At first I had my doubt, that crossed with mystery,
Yet I hold you dear, to listened the words you say,
you never said them clear, but you said them differently,
So when you're not there, I hear them breathe silently.

In doubt, I too fear; to repeat those words completely,
but losing fear, I may find the courage which finds you,
abiding in knowledge unclear; in time I may define reality,
yet still love you, and find manners have no clue.

We laughed and share memories passion and pain,
but doubt cheats on joy, and success can never rejoice,
to gain back every full moment left with that stain,
good manners taken to make the better choice.

Doubt at first, I thought was hard to bear,
until fear unclear removed the darkness into light,
and once that was done, I could walk on air,
and go where wisdom and mystery glow bright.

With no wings to fly, but if I sail towards that land,
that's when I discover doubt had no place to hide,
from courage possessing the passions that are strong,
and seem content where love defines to stay inside.

Gerry Legister

Dread Not The Things That Are Before You

God wants us to think about these
things in comparison to misfortunes
difficulties that we may go through.
All Things to work Together for Good
To those believers who love God,
it's not talking about accidents and tragedies.
There must be a good purpose for our existence.
all things of this statement have a reference
In the context of all the things God has done
Things such as the incarnation of His Son,
The death, burial, and resurrection of Christ,
His ascension and His role as our intercessor
And His intention to come again,
The second coming without pain.
The rapture, the marriage supper of the lamb
fear no man; Do not be afraid of the king of Babylon.
The temptation of Satan that brings a share,
but he who trusts in the LORD will not fear
The way in which Christ gave himself for us,
His unique design was a plus,
Dread not the things that are before you
With astonishing disclosure
God, purchase you as a peculiar people,
zealous of good works; his people may tremble
because we are weak, but God is strong.
He holds the whole world in his hand
Do not be afraid of the viciousness of tongues,
dread not the things that are on the horizon
The LORD is with you like a dread champion.
Therefore, your persecutors will stumble
and they of the uncircumcised will not prevail.
They will be utterly ashamed,
because they have failed.

Gerry Legister

Dreams Grew Out Of Nowhere

A patient traveller lost his way
On a road that went nowhere,
Proving that we can all go astray,
Even by the simplest sounds we hear.

Howling tune in blizzard atmosphere,
Make the melodies loony tunes creates,
If we learn to let our feet do more walking
We shall indelibly make lesser Mistakes.

Keep our minds patient in every dark thing,
Muted in silence with the myths we share.
With earthly bound peculiar belonging
Dreams don't stay long; they disappear.

And our fortunes grew out of nowhere,
Breathe fresh life in visions every day,
Conquering the chasms we mostly fear
And bolder wage courage along the way.

The clandestine who dwells in quandary,
Has found a secure way out of nowhere,
No one else showed the opportunity
That grew out of blizzard atmosphere.

And keeps the mind focus on dreaming,
Only a bitter moment ago its seems,
The air was stale and life bemoaning
Allow mistakes to flow into longer streams

Gerry Legister

Dreams Make Loving Moments

When we are waken by dreams of abundant love
Formed into the web of peace and perfect harmony,
To inherit wisdom in the splendor that life gave,
Mingle cute between our faith and fiber of our being.

It's almost impossible for us to act naturally
When the clouds roll back and the airy sky reveals
New sunshine rays among hearts changing happily,
Explore uplifting power so it may refresh our wills.

Then as we walk in the breeze covering spacey intrigue,
Freedom comes with ease restoring every step propose
The strange weight in conversation becomes the unique,
Striding out to compose the natural belief we impose.

We can act naturally when we become real friends,
And nothing is hidden of things unknown falling down,
Between where we stand to where emotion ends
Dreams make loving moments obtain a wishful crown.

Take the mask away from the masquerade on parade,
Behind the bare face we trace a smile hanging in space,
Where a wish invade rising awkward like a river mermaid
Glazed eyes into watery grave reflect a different face.

For when we are free from cages we can act naturally
In happier state merit find more adventures to create,
A shade in the atmosphere with serene sense of beauty,
Time goes by naturally with the loving moments they make.

Gerry Legister

Dreams Waiting

Even the person who is happy
Has glimpse of them
Or fantasies of those realities touches within.

And their hearts overflow with a longing
Of surprises they cannot recognise
In continuing river flowing.

Deep down inside we see dreams and feel desire,
From the starting point
To where they blaze like fire.

Dreams remain unseen
In life before the print of our being,
They were there in waiting.

From the place where dreams comes
Arise the mix of our ancestors
Longing for love, we know which is all around us.

In places out of reach
Under different shade in shady shapes,
Dreams flash by in fireflies.

Gerry Legister

Dunes Of Guadalupe

For many years, there the sphinxes lay
Entombed in decorated silent graves,
Whose reminiscence amaze the present day.
When deities emerge out of nine decades.

The lost city unearthed something else.
Myths entrench in fear by the same wind,
Secret elements of powers and fragile pieces,
Those rare mementos buried in the sand.

Prophecy revives the spells outside
Worlds in code of metaphysical status,
Stand resolute where sand dunes subside,
To unleash the powers of dark recesses.

Elliptical shrines lost in the track of our mind,
Defining age with the archetypal grains,
Dunes of Guadalupe covered in layers of sand,
Timeless images enslaved on silent plains.

Where symbolism of the ancient world
Meet beauty and harmony of the new age
Subliminal entities, interpretation of the soul
Incarnation carved out of limestone decrease image.

Gerry Legister

Earth In Upheaval

Spiritual challenge to empower hate,
Condition of earth in upheaval,
The pendulum of torment await,
A planet disappears burning in travail.

Believers fighting without might,
They turn the right gospel page,
Into righteous path for inseparable light,
And journey to where time has no age.

The reapers came from around the bend
Cold and feverish spirit on conquest,
Eyes are distracted in the familiar wind
Persuade souls to see the pilgrim's quest.

Earth striving through the darkness,
The duller pain embraces humanity,
Forgotten in shade with tragic glances
Hope mends the bridges we form in society.

On the icy clouds where the angels went,
To moisten earth caught the air in heaven,
Peering through where sinners went,
Souls remained in a state of unforgiving

The wrath of God sends earth in upheaval
Scouring people and cities lightly departing,
With myth and prophecy binding evil,
The world loitering where a new mystery begin.

Many wait with flawed humanity,
The wrong and the right perpetuate,
Dual existence awakens the mystery,
Earth existence continues to create.

The unending perception grows,
Bringing more evil instead of goodness,
And only time and mercy knows,
How far we have gone in darkness.

Disciples of deeper realms above,
Search for gods but only one is known,
In the greater outpouring of love,
Difficult snare of finding freedom.

Gerry Legister

Earth Is Safe Retreat

In the beginning we never knew teardrops,
We were the fashion becoming new,
God's creation brought the raindrops,
And the sky in heaven turned blue.

We only knew the innocence of gender,
Stretched far back into unbending distance,
Beginning our characteristics and behavior,
The experiment brought new science.

Paused in a realm awaiting life to begin,
Something's in weakness can be strength,
The embryo of transplant stood waiting,
To oblige in the steps of unknown spirit.

Jagged thoughts in age more entrenched,
But hopes springs the proposing grace,
Begin the twist of nature on a bizarre road,
With new creation of a continuous race.

Cold calculated chaos began misgiving,
In the beginning opulence of earth was lost,
Temptation found refuge surrendering,
To the existence of a pertinent cost.

Creation suffer rejection and abuse,
And took a ride in ungainly pursuit,
To reconstruct the skills once refuse,
But we could make earth a safe retreat.

Gerry Legister

Empty Promises

The smile you wore made me glad,
And promise half the world under oath,
You would give to me if riches you had,
What we could own in life or death.

Dreams climb without a pause in space,
To quicken mind and longing breathe,
Entwined around the nectar of taste,
Over soul comes power of life and death.

Those lineaments of blissful sounds,
Hidden in the whole realm of mystery,
Are they devices robed in trailing crowns?
The secrets of mind are your own fantasy.

Laden upon brave lips without fear,
From higher sphere the words are bless,
I hope to see some dreams floating in the air,
But the contents are empty promises.

You tell me the things I want to hear,
But most of them belong to eternity,
You go and come in flight and feather,
But clouds remain dark as yesterday.

Gerry Legister

England

We are a family in England cherish land,
When I look out upon the grim houses
A sense of fear entraps the confine soul
And duty force my will to pray more earnestly,
For providence we joined the search for freedom,
Together we all have some mournful tones,
Of cage birds public concern on toiling pinion,
England pride itself with its coats of arms,
Bearing the insignia of crest and fames,
See the banner flames waving in the skies.
Although heroes may fall, they are not forgotten,
In folklore deeds written their names shall rise,
And all who dare to be brave, a crown is theirs,
Over each town their golden names will wave.
All the games of men and women our history claim
Evoke the meaning pass from parents to children,
England branches go far and reach other lands.
Our ancestry surname the winners in heraldry gain,
Their heritage lies within the walls of England.
Seeking a warmer clime upon the narrows roads,
I see the line grass of stately garden trees.

That runs through the highway of the town, Darker stone
s stood out from a shadowy past
History that forms the memory that once had been,
The past unite with the present and the future.
Like footsteps hidden in the sands of time.
That is seen on either side of the dispenser,
Through which they descend to search the archives.
Beneath English lands and the trampled ground,
Nothing is lost and much more about history to gain
In the place where we lay our names can be found.

Gerry Legister

Enigma

Nothing gives a fearful man more courage than fear
Faith is made to be believed, but deeds are subjected to inquiry.
A dream is a fantasy and many dreams are nothing but fantasy
Better is the reality than a dream
If love is real that person nearby you will feel the effects
Real hero is a hero by mistake of being an honest coward.
When we stop believing in God, that is when we start believing nothing.
Learning does not only consist of knowing what to do
But we could do perhaps what we should not do.
Prepare to die for truth as a rule,
and make many habits die with them
There is no great satisfaction in having bullets
flying about in every direction
I find there is more horror among them when in anticipation
I would define the effect as an enigma
between keys without being completely consumed
Into a stimulus of critical panic reaction
It is an invitation for hypnotherapy diagnostic's
Concept is the perception of the opposite;
emotion is the feeling of it.
I rather appear foolish and renounce seeming clever
As images, we are the shape of the world
And I have come to believe that the world is enigma
That is made to look terrible by our own mad attempt
We try to interpret simplicity
as through it has underlying faults
There is puritanical ethics in Christian success
But a successful person is a sinner
Those who love mankind make people laugh
Because truth free ourselves from insane anxiety
Which in their turn speak of things without seeing?
Without an eye to read them, only the mind can imagine them
Our heart contains signs that produce billions of concepts
Therefore, to a blind man, the world and its inhabitants is a beautiful creation
Faith smiles without seeing, is a gradual reality
Truth is not measured by doubt
because truth knows where he is going
It will suffer the wears of time
And in clumsy hands looks more define

Gerry Legister

Enlightenment

The dreams of tortured only find,
Were during the frightening teens,
I believe still pursue the mind,
With unclear memory define.
I felt the wizened breeze,
The discomfort granted no ease,
But hope endured in the dream,
Turn night into morning.
The bright light could have been,
A revelation of the path we have seen,
My life hopes, and my dream.

A process in my heart,
The unusual spirit had impart,
Formed a figure trying to get out,
With a shout; a cry or a sigh,
Caged with tears formed in the eye
God among us with the living still yet die,
Past dream falls into untangled hours.
A shade sleeping under the covers,
With darkness in the eyes
Fathoms away from awareness,
Plant the seed that breaks into the life.
And for some it's a day of grief,
While others continue to dream
Of a future they have seen.

Time will tell our calendar of days
With the simple things
That keeps us living
And count the changes we're crossing,
Till the world wears away,
Cocoon as they were yesterday.
Past dreams capture another world
Adventures waiting to be found,
On the path of a new day,
Shadows flee with our own dream,
But the revelation we have seen,
That enlightenment will come back again

Gerry Legister

Enter The Sanctuary Within

The whisper of breeze on my face,
Send confidence into the sanctuary within,
Oozing pain coming without trace,
The agony spilled out with delirious scream.

Hope brings out a triumphant joy,
Resonate from the sanctuary within,
Prayers to heaven send the call of victory,
And the greatest prize we are about to win.

Winners; we shall be not be deceive,
With ease of wearing Olympic crowns,
Fear not the trigger nor do the taunts conceive,
The flint that makes pride takes you to dreams.

If my doubts had not vanished away,
I would have reclined and fainted with unbelief,
But on my way I enter into the sanctuary,
And look for the fortune of hidden relief.

Infinity of modern voices, the crowd rises,
Into a detachment from the sanctuary within,
Adrenaline wrapped in present applause's,
The emotions began dilating within.

I had fainted in the land of the living,
Overwhelm by celebration of winners,
Clutching the inner torch of existing flame,
That exhibit a world of gold and silver names.

Gerry Legister

Eternal Stars

Eternal stars falling from the sky,
Angels took wings and began to fly,
Beautiful nocturnal fire burning bright
Hold your smile in dewy mooring sunlight.

Make the heavens a prelude to paradise,
You were the first kindling heart to realize,
How the firmament reflected our wishes
The mirror that no distance ever separates.

Even on the verge of perpetual death
We can measure distance in a single breath,
Soaking up the warmth of your embrace
Destiny plant our footing in space.

Bring a taste of desire from countless stars.
Unfulfilled days became a thousand years,
With the epochs of time smitten in our eyes.
Long after the dwindling planet dissolves.

The temporal in our mind is a radiant dream,
A moment of darkness here and in between
When we die; our soul will dance high in the sky,
Spirits free listening to marvelous lullaby.

Gerry Legister

Every Time I Kiss You

Every time I kiss you on leave,
I feel that I am missing you already
Before I wave.

I am dreaming of love adjectives
Each step I make to your heart
With kisses in the language of linguists.

Every time I kiss you I am wishing
Our love is worth more
Than the dreams and plans we are making

We lie down with grammar
Where we used no words,
And love becomes that inescapable power.

To conquer the alphabet,
And your inaudible breath and angelic tongue,
Has barely left by swift exit.

And it has made my heart to flutter
In the perfect Rhythm we heave,
Our destiny lies and breathe together.

Gerry Legister

Examine And Explore

I will bless the Lord at all times,
He shows me mountains that I can climb.

Life flourishes when the sun shines,
Seasons may say, it's not the right time.

Can there be a place in my heart,
Where God can go, examine, and explore?

Holding out the keys of death and birth,
The choice given to me, can unlock each door.

Willingly, I took the graceful option
For God to put thoughts into my mind.

I will bless the Lord for my healing,
Taking all the imperfections he can find.

And if I can't find the answer this way,
Where else, could I find the Lord today.

Gerry Legister

Exodus

Moses was set adrift on the Nile in bulrushes,
The freedom fighter had encounters with God,
And trembled at the sight of the burning bushes
Mountains quake, earth trembles, heaven is a flood.

With rain, thunder peals, and the lightning flashes,
Exodus begins with the terrors of Gods wrath,
The storm in converse, moving to battle marches
End the endless servitudes that deny good health.

God is a deliverer, the most daring commander,
Write the laws for generations to understand.
Hear children crying from far, and draws nearer
In the clouds going by crossing the burning sand.

Echoes of the storm warning through retribution,
After enduring advice with death and curse strife,
The end of grief made the brief choice of freedom,
A Passover for angels to hand out generous relief.

Ten terrible plagues did not cleanse their mild faith,
Only approves of pride where arduous sin survives,
Stubborn and steep, the rank street stank with death,
Sweeping aside the familiar and magical voices.

Exodus, going out of one mess into another wilderness,
To Mount Sinai, memories made the hardship escape,
When tabernacle blesses, holy war rebellion possesses
The ten commandments people's mind could not keep.

Troops scattering and stumbling off their feet,
Fall upon civil heaps into the deep trampling waves,
Pharaoh's host would lie silent forever in defeat,
Piled up at the bottom of the trackless seas.

Turn of events snatch away the cruel margin of duty,
Rest for the weary, in the land Moses never knew,
The wandering warriors finished foreign captivity
And after forty years the pleasant land was in view.

Conclusion, salvation is Gods promise blessing
Hope for the future that our offspring may inherit,
Egypt was left empty, the perils of a world becoming
A weaker state of humanity than Eden exhibit.

Gerry Legister

Experience Liberty

A painter with twirling mustache,
A worker in blue taking out the trash,
A skin head dancer with pink scarf
And a punk farmer who is a dwarf
Old woman with deep wrinkles
Leggy blond causing twinkles
A clown playing the rusty violin
Majorette dancing with ex policemen
The rewards of position and status
Adds nothing to the way we focus
Whether Dictatorship or Democracy
What will be our legacy?
We experience liberty in the characters
We create with different postures.

Gerry Legister

Experience Of A Lifetime

A day of fire came from the sun,
With the realm of naked flame,
Hung between the sea and the moon,
There the stars spoke my name.
And again; I find time returning,
Stood stained where the sky reign,
Experience of a lifetime burning,
Gain the path we tried to frame.
I could have run into young heaven,
With paradise wings of pure angels,
From the joy my heart was given,
Those engulf hope which love teaches.
A chance to hear mixed laughter,
And freedom chimes of celestial bells,
Link sorrow more subtle together,
Amidst trials when best efforts fails.
We climb daily higher into the sky,
That spirit Leave the past behind,
Memory of time parting the sea,
On a road set for eternity to find.
Where heaven lies earth defines,
The universities we go to search,
A lifetime we spent in demises,
Be converged into dreams reach.
The day my sins were forgiven,
A prayer from within lifted high,
The Rags and riches I had worn,
Lifetime depart deep into the sky.
Dividing darkness from my heart,
The moment a distinct world create,
The crystal glow of heavens light,
Brightens the earth where we wait.

Gerry Legister

Eyes In The Darkness

A looked from within my ebony eyes,
seeing afar the things we often despise,
Becoming one with darkness in crises,
fleeing light flares when agony subsides.

And hope delve into truth within the lies
I looked again with eyes in the darkness.
Discovered answers that were left unsaid
and turn the pages that others had read.

Then I weep deep within that bitter black
where I found the words that I often lack.
I looked again from within my ebony eyes,
and watch the blanket of darkness pass.

I died slowly while I was found hypnotize,
and lost myself within that uncertain gaze.
Sought light when life began new phase,
while losing my loathsome inner disguise.

Gerry Legister

Faces On Parade

Faces in the crowd raise higher are on parade
A nation of young men and women are the players
They have a time to dance with flags and serenade
Marching along the street with different colors.

The games infants play have solutions in many parts
During a lifetime, the mind will find different stages,
Sometimes the schoolboy with friends and sweethearts.
Each taste of ambition brings them out of the dark ages.

Into the dreams shining more like the sun and its maker
Hearts, hopes, heels and heads full of knowledge inside
The military knights arrive fighting nerves and war
Sending columns of discipline dress to parade with pride.

Into conflict of the hour they're sent in prompt array,
Twist with efficiency faces on parade march and salute,
Drilled with prime load; orders are hidden from display
With Arms in hand every command they will execute.

In jealous honor the national desire drill of pageantry
Line the movement of feet in quick marching formation
Cannon steps slap the ground with a justice of the Army
Severe eyes pierce the air and retire in command position.

A soldier moral leaves the mind harden as a furnace
By acts of might they fight and rescue for love and country,
With pride aside, they are given the hardest position to face
Faces on parade don't display the secret place of our security.

Gerry Legister

Fading Away

We are working for a crown,
If we fight in the battle we will win,
But we cannot just sit around,
In a cage doing nothing,
Floating down the stream of time,
Making faces like a clown.
We have not long to stay here,
And wait for all our dreams to end.
We are going down the stream,
Slowly fading away from view
Soon to breathe the last breath,
And pray that we can stay true.

Gerry Legister

Fading Spectator

The loss of memory is forgotten in the wind
The moment we die before our breathe falter,
We are a fading spectator struggling to the end
And life flushes out the things we cannot alter.

Stand to surrender and wave the battered flag
On chosen fields of love and career misery
Some battles we win, but in others we drag
Our soul from the ground to unlikely victory

Taste the peace in whose arms we are thrown
In lifeline we find a rope to love and climb
Happier days of virtue spent loitering at home
Leave the cares and thoughts for others to find

We resign from the world of gaining riches
Find deeper sense of peace and happiness.

Gerry Legister

Falling In Love Again

Falling in love again
Is like a beautiful dream
Sending my soul almost in sane
And making me feel immature
with emotions to treasure.
I had no idea that love would
Turn out the way it did
I never Thought that one day,
I would agree to anything
like taking a chance
On the wings of romance
Falling in Love again
Is like a dream come true.
Although I had thought we
could start over anew, but long ago you
decided that you wanted nothing to do
With romance,
Falling away into a distance
you had me almost in despair
I never thought you really care
Once again I was wrong,
you went too far and I went along,
I shouldn't have just stood around,
Letting you down
All this happen for a reason
Come, let us fall in love again

Gerry Legister

Fallow Ground

My fallow heart which was lay dormant,
As a pilgrim reef marooned at havens rest,
Awoken to the sound of a breathing chant
The adrenalin beating hard within my chest.

Breaking out the cold feeling of loneliness,
Habits clung magnetically like links of chains.
Rattling fierce as footsteps through darkness
Carrying along my broken frame in tragic pains.

The heart evolve with each tangled exchange,
And every spoonful of juice went soothe
Which seems to banish the dark with revenge
Make state of mind for truth to slip through.

Consciousness of senses serve mightiest duty,
Miraculous seeds growing in fallow ground,
Give solemn attention to last for eternity,
Sprouting good thoughts from the deep wound.

My soul will no longer be like a stubborn wall,
Connected with obstruction and evil intent.
Perhaps truth was the Saviour in a welcome fall
And the opportunity waited for this moment.

When the subject of truth made up the mind,
Many thorny laws were covered in the dark,
Snares cast about you for temptation to find,
Reasons for the spirit to progress revival work.

Gerry Legister

Familiar Friends And Family

I am in a place where some travelers call home,
Like a lonely cloud floating into a distant country,
But we are not alone in the colors of the town,
Decorated by intriguing familiar friends and family.

A resort absolutely amazing sprawled in the sun,
Where the phenomena of time ebb away slowly,
Into an exotic kingdom made out of Rum and fun,
Sharing jokes with familiar friends and family.

And walking under tropical sunset on the beaches,
In harmony of a perfect fit to the beautiful sky,
Nature creates a vibrant art on roads into bushes,
With Illusions of the moment we could not deny.

Tropical mornings echoed with a roaring philosophy
From upright roosters letting out their belching cry,
The reverberating sounds in mind of silhouette sigh,
Tingled my heart with rhapsody to open wide eye.

When night fades into prose and the new day begins,
Another atmosphere takes the evening longer to end,
And some people become afraid of invisible things,
Concealed in shadows resembling a familiar friend.

Gerry Legister

Family Memories

Memories are with me night and day,
But the ones that means the most to me,
Wherever I go, are those of my family?
And always known must leave for others to see.

I count the months and they turned into days,
I count the days and they turned into weeks,
I count the weeks and they turned into minutes,
Each time I count the memories; there are more intrigues.

From the color of clothes adorn and meekly worn,
To hay high grass frolicking in the garden,
We hide in postural shade from the burning sun,
And roll and play beneath the rustling green.

Looking up into the sky at lights deeper than dept,
And wishing upon a star for a new fond dream,
To come true with virtue clean enough to sweep,
Our hopes so high, we could look down from heaven.

Through the worlds we gaze hoping to find,
Love in summer, and pleasure wrap up warm in winter,
Within the memories which pierce our mind,
Are those we love more than what we remember.

Gerry Legister

Farewell

I was not there in time to say farewell,
Or hold you so close to love, till my heart tires,
I was too late when I came, anguish had already fell,
And hoist the pain to smear the sum of fears.

Farewell is a lonely word clandestine in the wind,
Begin a journey and end a phenomenon being,
Where the thoughts stay long enough to be kind,
And images and shadows continue loitering.

On the precipice of time where we once roam,
In bliss and solitude, till darkness covers the road,
Farewell my lovely, our parting is from this home,
But you have begun a crusade on the highest road.

Gerry Legister

Festival Of Lights

From the time, I had this dream
I remember the stars I had seen,
And the splendour of lights passing
Between a brand new day awakening.
They came on tour to fill our eyes,
with the grandest festival of lights.
Dancing of knights enthralling delights.
Lanterns glowing on the fiery flight.
Their blankets haul over our street.
Swirling up above and flying below,
The orbiting moon lurking in a glow,
of a realm with the festival of lights,
Illuminating brighter in our thoughts.
A cluster of skies in this amazing place,
where stars join the galaxy of a race.
on concourse dynasty migrating to shine,
illusive displays of romance in our time.
Stars outlived the terrain we have chosen,
They look unaffected by trauma or burden.
During the night, they make reflections
Appear as carnival paths to all directions.
A cluster of stars we find in slippery places,
Leave the night by rapid flight in flashes.
They will shine again brilliantly while passing,
through the atmosphere trailing and traveling.
guide all those who come into celestial realm,
with a bright torch to shine upon our dream.
The clearest emblem on the darkest nights,
God lives on through the festival of lights.
Stunning deeds were drawn out from our soul.
People make the highest virtues in this world.
We are not alone, even when left on our own,
The soul is never far away from the other home.
There are many nations of people and race.
All humanity is journeying to the same place.
Turn at the lights, crossing from peace bridge
To find destiny where all pedestrians merge.

Fight The Good Fight

The best way appears every day,
Pupils of this era overcoming fear,
In fashion and fury along the way,
Invisible we may appear.

To be at different stages in our lives,
Stirs the hopes we hold dear,
Parodied values elsewhere collapse,
Set in a modern world of social disorder.

I choose the best way nearer home,
The flaws that make me stand out,
In this town I am not alone,
In heaven I will be perfect.

Living in the pulse of denial,
Victims are too proud to beg,
The unusual way awoken becomes natural,
Crumbling economies are too lazy to dig.

Bereavement feels all that defines lost,
Defeat the spirit of lackluster,
You may win the fight and count the cost,
Struggle is part of the human nature.

Gerry Legister

Final Breath

Do not cry for losing
At least you can laugh
When you are winning
We cry very often
when it comes to death.

There is one last breath
you will miss your dream.
There will be some regret,
without me living without you
The Pain is temporary.
There will be someone new
To make you happy
A moment of joy to endure
one day we all must meet
when life ends, death is sure
before we find immortality.
Precious and pure.

Gerry Legister

Final Day Of Years

Pain came in the place where years had stood
Unaffected by new hazards and old traumas,
Engulfing dreams we had when times were good,
Counting the cost and the sum total life gross.

Old and cold hands hold the trembling crown,
We finally fold them in peace at recluse ease
From preying eyes no longer society's burden
We find our niche kneel deep where God see.

Time outlived the careers that was chosen
Woven in somber moods the paths we cross,
Doubt cast dark clouds over the chilly terrain
Soak damp plains to make them slippery places.

My final days of years came along in rapid flight,
Moving passion and desire away into fatigue realm,
From lust to dust no eyes to see the fading light,
Darkness steals the pleasure in sight of my dream.

Leave burned out flames in cooler flashes
Dashing complain of ailing aches and pains,
Not the fantasy of adventures lifetime carries
Worn torch illuminate the souls awing reins.

We'll shine again while pass from earth atmosphere
Deeds acclaimed to be heavens celestial calling,
Guide ancient path we have forth and sought over
Till in final years there will be no more travelling.

Gerry Legister

Find The Fortunate Star

Give me some innocent moments to daydream
Dare in fare travel over trees, hills and mountains,
See the colors of earth mixed in art brightly beam
Light reflections of seas in the haven of heavens.

I want adventures going to the fairest horizon,
Wishing well, but things aren't as easy as it seems
To see the silhouette in bright tints of early dawn,
Pull the veil winds along and sail over the oceans.

Watch the painted sun comes and hides darkness
In the picturesque views of earth and marveled sky,
Spread patriot beauty over large continents to cross,
On speedier wings, ancient lands covered in mystery.

Waves weeping on the shores call to draw the attention,
In ambling cloudburst by rain decent with frozen vapor,
Like crystals of snow collecting drops in their formation,
Conceal in cases of hail the dainty spongy texture.

I want to see treasures of snow in storehouses of Alaska,
Watch blue whales swim, but this is not as easy as it seems,
I need money, visa and good reasons to enter America,
My heart is inspired to search all the pieces in my dreams.

Going far, bugs in the air should not be harder than going near,
Starting with, making things more easier than they are,
I will wedge the fear, and pledge to make it boldly in the air,
Find the fortunate star; it will be somewhere in the atmosphere.

Gerry Legister

Fleet Of Cold

The brightness of life grows grimmer
Upon landscapes around the world
The sorrows begin to measure
To unfold the district fleet of cold.

Silent bodies lay along the long line
Malady that will take them on a trip,
Was in their prime gone from our time
To a cold coast gripping every step.

Upon towns wearing dreary gowns,
Empty streets found only loitering
With time marred by absent of sounds,
Defining space and intricacies of the mind.

Vile is the enemy that cannot be seen
Whose shadows secretly dwell within,
Like a nightmare sharing its dream,
The ghastly flea is a resident being.

Come from the air and catch my breath
Starts cold breathing in the wrong way,
We can't live after it catches our health
With Fear, and shock and the final misery.

Where we come from, we can't run from
Only submerged and scattered into oblivion,
Not long loved enough, not lived to be strong
A moment without imparting a motion.

Particles of impulses find the direction,
Into the weakened immune system
A plague of symptoms engulfs the condition
spread through the body easily an evil thing.

Gerry Legister

Flowers

Flowers express our internal feelings,
Priceless gift given to someone special
Wrapped in new colors when love begins,
On such occasions sends a message of good will.

Country style flowers may take time to handpick,
Emotions in personal thoughts allow you the choice,
To reach love ones with the right bouquet,
Flowers can do wonders to help surprised voice.

When you attempt the task and think you're too late
Take a moment and order the flowers,
Sitting at home or on the phone they will compensate
Services rendered with gratitude and memories.

Reach in time the requiem for a final journey,
Aspects of our minds stay within living confines
Flowers create inspiration of our personality,
On mothers day the blossoms finds modern verities.

Because it can show your love on different occasions,
Valentines symbolism of weddings and elegance
Flowers stand out from the crowd for graduations,
Take flowers if you want celebrate birthday and romance.

Gerry Legister

Fly Away

On either side of heaven the wind lies,
as the airplane glides over Sinai mountain,
rocks and bare stones reach up into the sky;
leaping above the sandy roads running by,
To a special treat we fly away;
And go down with charm to find many people,
laying where the sun has always laid low,
Around the Red Sea and to the islands below,
we will fly away into sandy dunes.

When the air is clear, and the sky is blue,
a gentle breeze in rusty dusk will appear,
piercing the heat runs through desert like fire,
climb mountains and make the land look dryer,
awaiting camels for hire, quench the thirst with water.
Ships with spices wear head scarves and colors,
fly over the mouth of cryptic waters,
and the silence of weary night fall into cosmos
with darkening shadows.

Gerry Legister

Flying Higher In The Sky

I am the bold Apollo flying higher in the sky,
Freely being myself stain with travelling logics,
Betwixt those shrouding worlds of destiny,
Incidents turn beaten space into flaming rocks.

Forged through decades and acrimonious ages,
Events evolve to pilot great exploits in history,
From rage of minds wage wars to turn the pages
Into science discovering another illuminati story.

Stations hung in the sky a techno of new momentum,
On horizon strands the earth gasps a fleeting breath,
Find relics to live secure under a satellite mushroom
From distant towers spike sky widens the bandwidth.

Reach where stones ignite the translucent stairs,
Ice and fire walking on air where beauty absorbs time.
Mystery covers and lifts the excess lid off various mines
Galactic force astronaut troopers in soft night to recline.

And dress draped in halo, glowing whiter than snow,
Flanked by the tinted flaunt of unearthly colours,
Liquidity rays bathes a multitude of intricate rainbow.
Embrace meandering colonies filled with gallant stars.

Climbing higher on granite floors so bleak and awesome,
My heart escape the daring shapes coming out of darkness,
Chase the luminaries of heaven display upon every stone,
Exploding Into dunes of thunderclap clouds brightly dress.

Gerry Legister

Footprints Of God

I noticed some footprints in the burning sand
I hear the reassuring words of someone's voice,
They bring comfort and make me understand,
When I have the difficulty of things to face.

God is the rock of my life, my steadfast hope
Those footprints in the sand are the reminders
That God holds my hands and helps me to cope
Bringing me out whole from the refiner's fires.

God, you are my life, my God, and my guide,
If I should suffer during times of cruel trials,
Help me to understand the discipline inside.
Was made to apply the fuel for daily arrivals.

When in times that I needed you the most,
If you should leave me, and my soul be grieved,
Let the shadows be close, of your heavenly host,
Covering the ground where I lay down to sleep.

Waiting to see the beautiful footprints you make,
In my dream, walking by the refreshing stream.
All my dirty fingerprints are clean, by daybreak,
I awake amazed, from the dream that I have seen.

Gerry Legister

Footsteps In My Mind

After it came from the laurels of care
And went beyond into the dark night,
I hear footsteps roaring like the grating shore
When it approaches the land and again repeat.

The tremulous message with perfect recite
Details of rolling emotions have been forgiven
Waves that has been splash with fresh sprit
And return again in bright sheet of oblivion.

I hear footsteps in the images of my mind
Started to walk slowly on the worn foliage,
And looked forward into the spectrum of time
Stepping on raw terrain until I found courage

In fresh growth of opposites, life becomes more
Than the gold that I could have wish for
Stay hidden beneath the sand on the sea shore
And speaks about judgement in a metaphor.

Nothing good on earth can stay for very long
In homesickness and loneliness a dearth lingers
We can only walked on a beaten track for so long
And feel the sense of wrong as it surrenders.

And evoke the fires in guilt of strong emotions
That I should look into the mind of revelation,
And showed to many the paradox of reasons
For it is this purpose that I have been forgiven

Gerry Legister

Footsteps Of Faith

By dropping this robe of weak flesh,
Christ will rises with strength in our heart,
And victory assured in faith accomplish
Every blessing trials was made sweet.

When desperate plight cast a shadow within
Exercise faith with difficulty is a great way,
For courage to lurk under a covered skin
And forged the mood to take hold of the day.

In footsteps of faith the honor is chase,
From courage and boldness victory comes,
By surprise strength rises to the surface
Our soul in praise cry with burning eyes.

Where Jeopardy erase fear, rewards given
To victors by the overruling hand of God
In all endeavors concerning our dream
This shorten life will not miss out on good.

Gerry Legister

Footsteps Of God

As the afternoon fades away into a silhouette,
A light wakes the soul that risen from slumber,
And voices in the night drifts into a calmer beat
Of footsteps tapping on the threshold of the door.

In the dim eerie night, a lamplight brought below
Shadows of the trees like phantoms growing tall,
Radiant clouds of firelight came with closer glow
And the form fall takes a pathway upon the wall.

Fears came soundless and trembling in my feet,
A messenger coming downward from the skies,
Like the ambiance of hope so still and so discreet,
The shadow transformed a gaze into my eyes.

Invoke spiritual guide with serenity heaven sent,
On abandon scroll wrote the note of sinful demise,
Aridity and reproof being more beautiful lament,
I saw God's mercy wore essence and compromise.

Steely impression strolling in the peaceful footstep,
Comes and walked right through my foreign body,
Takes my vacant heart and into pools of tears leap
With utter calm, I remember the voiceless call only.

Lay prostrated in the water looking up into a stream,
So still and saintly I hear soft music warbling at me,
From those footsteps mingle the syncopating rhythm
Strings stir my conviction into a voiceless decree.

Which I could not comprehend the divine addressing
Reason why the spirit came so far from the stars,
And breathe into my heart soft rebukes and blessings,
Until all my fears were taken away into deep skies.

Gerry Legister

For A Greater Destiny

Now the pursuit of Pleasure diminishes me,
Because I am involved with saving mankind,
Therefore in hope I live for a greater destiny
In the abundance of life that someday I may find.

Good offers once belonged to a different world
So I am no longer romancing with anything goes,
It's mostly night today when it's darker in the soul,
Humanity is on the verge of a cataclysmic crisis.

With wars in limited joys we seek for much advice,
By satellites rambling through the shadows of time,
No longer are we able to make our own choice
Even dreams are planned and treated as a crime.

We all have to soak up the punches and stay alert,
Streets are converted into temperamental riders,
In haste the bumpy pace is quickened by every beat
Racing in different directions to find some answers.

Carrying the sense of belonging into consideration
For a greater destiny; we look back over our past
And sadly wave to a world crumbling in disillusion,
Living for pleasure on the precipice of the final gasp.

Gerry Legister

Forever

With rhythmic splendor wrapped around my heart
Never again to be broken by a callous thought,
Every desire, growing lovelier as a succulent flower,
Bring the greatest joy, been everything in that hour.

If I could be in the rapture, we would live forever
Make your heart mine and the ecstasy we capture,
Leave the bridled time, and caressing of sublime,
A realm in our minds to treasure the love we find.

Forever, is a long time, before the eternity begins,
even after mortal paradise has left for more heavens,
the scars will be gone fading into the streams beyond,
out into the distance, a galaxy will treasure each second.

Forever, in trance, I would spend the rest of my days
Trying to reach the stars along with the milky ways.

Gerry Legister

Fragrant Of My Heart

Scooping up the dyed pieces dried stiff,
From the burning sun that is yet young,
Swift time command that nothing be lost,
And took faith to where the wind has blown.

Our dreams and hopes away from the course,
To collect all the fragments our thoughts own,
In burning pain, when residue silence eclipse,
The forlorn path our marred visage has worn.

We look at defeat with pools of citadel eyes,
Arch back determine to complete the sentence,
And remember how love was like a daunting quiz,
Where youthful time and words made no sense.

And having found too, my heart was broken,
Just as those brunt pieces became blunt,
I stoop to mend, in borrowed feelings began,
Slowly to collect the fragments of my heart.

And close emotions where other doors open,
For a new entrance into my shrouded soul,
Betrayal bruises the air with every breath taken,
Fragments of our lives throughout the world.

Trail with participle phrase and Reciprocate,
Against the wretched barriers and angry fire,
In lonely afterthought pain fixes the subordinate,
Until winding time became the only obvious healer.

Gerry Legister

Freedom

For all those who have protected our nation,
for the men and women wearing the uniform,
We thank you for the ultimate freedom.
Sometimes we forget the preciousness,
of the rare freedom which, makes us bless.
And have the goodness to be evident in our lives.

Having the freedom to make our own choices.
Are a better form of earthly policies.
The sacrifices were paid through death.
By the brave heroes who fought,
Their legacy continues today in the fight.
So that we may be free from death.
Uniform men and women providing freedom.
Memories graciously encircled them.

Gerry Legister

Freedom Comes

Greed has torn off society sparkling wings,
fleeing the ugliness that resides within,
Society see the desperate conditions?
That humanity is muddled up in.

What is so sweet that life is all about sin?
Without faith freedom is incomplete,
Right from wrong we even can't explain,
We miss much and cry too late.

With conscience out of life we can tell,
Another person anything that's on our mind,
And know that all nationalities has free will,
Till their inept culture is refine.

From sore throat right down into the soul,
New age wants to free man from his pain,
But I see stain windows continue to control,
Redemption on man the things of sin.

That reverberates and goes deep within,
Many have not changed their heart,
Only changed membership to begin,
Where association left blank space to start.

Freedom waits at every mans gate,
Hopes get closer when a path is bending,
We are possess by the things we hate,
But leave only thoughtful prints in the wind.

Gerry Legister

Freedom Of Speech Is Best In Our Day

Freedom of speech is best in our day
A moment's peace from the fury.
Enough talk has taken into rest
A Philosophy of the season's best.
Semitic grammar dumping logics
Upon liberal conservative desks,
Opening Panorama with a new trick.
Today goes away with their rhetoric.
And the policies are easy to recite,
But the road is hard as hell to live with,
Have you ever tried romance with logic?
The quirky dance becomes so tragic
Unzipping the industrial wet pants,
Sleazy season with creeping serpents,
If tomorrow promises a wider shaft,
The window opens with a frosty draft.
Flimsy fingers and thumb feel the pain,
Migrants shut out in the wrenching rain.
Freedom of speech is best in our day
The games we play; May go either away.
Our own dream is the brightest star,
Aim for the rewards where you are.
The late rescue was never in mind,
Tata Steal departed before closing time.
Without financial merger to emancipate,
Take away the worth of our little estate.
Health and education uncompromising,
Every tax syllables define a bill paying.
Let us not extend any more sympathy
Today has come for voyeurs of iniquity.
Exploratory care takes a shape intake,
The way modernity staves deeply punctuate.
Every touch dips and raises the cardiac,
And everyone can write a book on that.

Gerry Legister

Friends Of The Night

I have been out walking in the night.
I see reflections by the moon and the stars.
I have out walked further than the city light.

And looked at the shadows serene sizes.
I am joined by an invisible phenomenon.
Wandering from streets into different houses.

Looking for that place of rest in every town,
we become friends and walked uninterrupted
passing houses where other forces may own.

As the night wore on I tried to say good-bye;
But the unearthly friends kept multiplying,
Like luminary stars joined together in the sky.

Friends of the night are neither frightening nor right.
But together we became acquainted with the night.

Gerry Legister

Future

Forget the opportunities you throw away
If prosperity should soon find you
I hope it comes today
And make you listen to something new.

Your luck can change,
Even though you will have to muck in with the grime,
Fortunes rearrange,
You'll have your smile back in time.

And face the future
Come rain or the sunshine,
Your destiny dwell secure,
If you ponder long enough in mind.

See all your blessings gathering around,
You don't know why?
It has taken so long for blessings to come down,
ask the lord who hangs out on high.

Upon which he lay the blanket sky
We can be so amazing,
Watching all the stars flew by,
Leaving behind the past in a haze.

Gerry Legister

Gathering Dust

They sink into the ground with silence,
Voices we'll never hear making a sound,
Only wishful smiles appear in a trance,
Gathering dust where the names are found.

They cannot rise from the deep isles,
To raise a smile even to murmur a sigh,
More darkness pours into the abyss,
Sunlight has closed time against the sky.

Idle flowers bowed in quiet solitude,
Left to revive by the morning early dew,
Flatten with footprints walked in tribute,
Push the hollow ground from distant view.

There they lay on bed of silent dismay,
Awaiting eternity, bodies gathering dust,
Old moss and rocks cover the mystery,
The verdant grass becomes a blanket of rust.

In disguise spirit rise to fly like an arrow,
Leaving the resting place to gather dust,
They may return as forces in a shadow,
And walk over grass where they lay the host.

Gerry Legister

Genesis

The Genesis touch fills me with delight,
And there was no night that stars did not shine,
Before sin hides the glow from our sight,
Weak minds, rob the length of allotted time.

A gateway prevails into the formless earth,
Wasteful insurgency covers the surface.
To shelter from the storm of Gods wrath,
Time elapse, found probabilities in space.

Engrafted state conceit everything that grows,
Intrigue holds the light for a little moment,
And the danger presented doesn't always shows,
the secret of Satan's influence and comment.

While the youth of beauty gradually decay
And changed the day into shades of gloom,
Every particle of inch went vile and stray,
From the dimness of equals hides perfection.

The outward decline, begun in Genesis
When all things shrunk in the shrouding mist,
Closed doors came upon the lovely bliss,
And chase light from Eden's innocent crest.

Spiraling joy parted quickly into a chasm,
Creation made the dry dust unveil tears,
Immortality turned into sweat and retribution,
Soon, the pain would swallow the toil of years.

The erring child raise up hope and began
The potentials pursuit of things, once evade,
Soften grace watered the plot of land,
God looked with sorrow upon things he made.

Men hear cherubim's beaten wings near
Fear sure and sap the remaining strength,
Tranquillity rise and flatten upon the air
Like death, paradise wreath leaves the earth.

When I consider everything, Genesis had given
Temptation unveil the failure twice befell,
In death, conceived truth we know of heaven,
And all on earth would need now to avoid hell.

Now darkness becomes a source of strength,
There is night, and emblem of humanity's might,
Break through the clouds with weaker breath,
And the Ark appeared triumphant in radiant light.

A dove on the wing flies swiftly over the waters
Life knew the return of seed time and harvest,
Ours was the day, to see the beauty of flowers
While we may live in hope to attain the best.

Gerry Legister

Glimpse Of Heaven

Love can be glimpse of heaven,
With no sand castles or moon dunes,
Floating beneath the brooding sun,
No politicians or shopping trolleys.
I want to see who made the moon,
Hung the stars on a curtain of dreams,
Left behind the crucifix coins we wear.
Even the cripple have a triple crown
The lame leap with dances in a song,
Going to see a king on wings of prayer,
Indulgencies of the weak can be strong,
Bind the death howls and smearing fire.
Exchange miracles borne amongst angels,
Moon beams spread the tapestry of heaven.
The kingdom come over every tropical isle,
Praises flung with jewel beads in the air,
And live on whatever Gods grace brings.
Bare the nature and the invisible power,
Life will be peaceful; we can play and sing,
Heavens jubilee innumerable company,
With stars to guide the beauty of the night,
They paint the sky in a transparent ring.
Speeding arrows engulf with showers,
Holy Grail shine in the sky stained light,
A halo makes a road on the celestial trail.
The rising sun sees another day unveil,
No night of sorrow to drape with fears,
The curse of sin gone with unfriendly realm.
In early dew strung the ephemeral intent,
Dotted in houses where there was no room,
Robe with immortality to split the firmament.
Rising humans leave the empty tomb,
Forgiven words left with fleeting kisses,
Rapture saints the immortal tapestry given.
Tribulation disguise dropp a star in the abyss,
Splattered garland around the throne,
And we see only faint glimpse of heaven.

Glowing Brighter

Old flame, I hear your name
Whispering wild heart's desire,
Burning restlessly untamed,
Hot flames unwilling to surrender.

Old flame, the freshman years plant our name,
In defining moments appearing stronger,
With loyal pleasures happily gained,
Circling untamed in the ring of fire.

It's a fire seal up within my bones,
I can't resist mentioning your name,
The warmth of love come and goes,
And memories burning like a flame.

Glowing brighter up through the night,
Renewed oil, keeps the flame alive,
To meet the purity of revival sunlight,
And wait upon afternoon beauty to arrive.

Like the rainbow, keeping promises,
Old flame, you are a light to brighten my desire,
Stealing thunder and joy from the clouds,
I cannot keep the candle burning forever.

The flame is glowing now, it was bright before,
Exposure to the wind crumpling the embers,
Part of this worlds destruction accrue,
And trapped the flame with cold errors.

Gerry Legister

God's Assurance

After spending so many years in the wilderness
God's assurance is that He will be with us,
Many of us also look at our own inadequacy,
And live every day in despondency.
Sometimes broken and humbled,
What's the only thing we really need?
It is God's assurance that he will be with us
Never forsake or leave us in a mess.
Many of us also look at our own failures
and doubt that God could possibly cares
God can see us through the rubble,
But we hide ourselves in times of trouble.
He wants us victorious over every hurdle,
Climb the highest mountain and walk in the valley,
He desires to deliver us so that we may live free,
Free of sin, free of guilt, free to choose our destiny.

Gerry Legister

God's Mercy

I love God when I need a miracle,
I can wait, even if I stay up all night crying,
The lord is my stronghold in times of trouble,
A miracle is not only for believing.

But is simply an vocal condition
For hope to bring some peace into our eyes,
God's mercy is stronger than depression
When grief tries to hide between the tears.

Freedom and pain recite where we should cry,
For the connoisseur of comforting warmth,
There is nothing to lose before we die
And after death, the engagement of both.

Soul and spirit unite in stronger bond than life
Both companions will become more deeply alike.
Sometimes just to be near them sharing in grief
The brief smiles that memories make.

And what condition on earth was worse,
When we couldn't even comfort ourselves
A connoisseur was braver than the path we chose,
And took God's mercy to comfort us.

Gerry Legister

God's Name

God's name gives strength when we are weak,
The joy of the lord is with us every day,
Adonai comforts the heart during grief,
And teaches my lips how to pray.

Jehovah-Jireh is my provider,
Satisfying my mouth with good things,
In God's name, I am enlisted as a soldier,
He renews my health with greater blessings.

Shalom gives me peace inside,
When my soul was acquainted with war,
The terror of conscience running to hide,
In a world fraught with desperation and fear.

El-Shaddai gives my soul reassurance,
His name is a very present help in trouble,
A shadow from the heat and furnace,
His name is in the habitation of justice.

In God's name we find who we ought,
The sovereign Elohim, is a flame from above,
Come to earth, to redeem broken the heart,
And give captives freedom to live.

Gerry Legister

Going Where Dreams Go

But I am going where dreams go
With old acquaintance converge
To leave a vestige of thought aglow
As you too shall adore, more, and more
Pictures, places and lives will emerge.
For if this year should quickly leave,
Some will sigh while others may grieve.
But if we forget and, and afterwards remember
The things that made us laugh and dance,
In time, the memories will rearrange
Shadows rising from the ashes, in realm of peace.
The future will not look bleak and appear strange
In just another breath we'll be gone
And the worlds will be caught in a trance,
Joy in our eyes will appear to advance.
When a new road is paved
Not with gold, or merchandise we can hold,
But to share the privilege of grace
And all the things we desire to know,
Are found inside the place where dreams go.

Gerry Legister

Going Where The Wind Go

With a dream in my soul
I am holding fast to my faith
when I die, broken and old
I want to make it through the winged gate.

When the breath go
And friends are no more
The memories will burn slow,
With my ashes spilled on the floor.

When the drum beat
I hear the whispering of my name
At the sound of the angels cold marching feet
I turned to see the portrait in a frame.

Clean circling flame wandering out of the world
Carried away over the railroad.

Gerry Legister

Gold Within The Soul

I have received your loved, and feel secure,
A paradox opposite the world made of pure gold.
Your passion that I feel peaceful and demure
Be a part of you tonight to have and to hold.

Finding greater riches then that of diamonds,
There is gold within the soul
And greater ore feelings demands
Make our destiny to take control.

The boundaries are pushed aside,
New territories unfold the exploration
Deploy where there is no place to hide
The creative realm acquired mission.

Gerry Legister

Gone Away

Did you forget me?
Once my smile had faded away
And laughter turned to wrath
Left without delay.

when my presence is no longer there
could you escape the reality?
And find only silence drawing near?
When the shadows linger like an eternity.

Gone away, acrossed the line
That is meant to keep the mystery inside.
Because I cannot read your mind,
All the secrets are coloured outside.

And has gone far out of sight
Hidden in the revealed light.

Gerry Legister

Goodbye Kisses

The last kiss says it all, with nothing else to say,
And you know you have been given a final thrill,
With silent words half turn to slowly walk away,
The wind will blow them back when your heart is still.

Goodbye kisses leaves shadows of their image,
Sauntering along the ground and through the air,
Arise to haunt the moments with physical camouflage,
Evolve lips, hands, body, and engage the atmosphere.

Being in love, captures where desires springs,
Although some flavor may be full as they gently fall,
Yet not all lips can kiss with fire and feelings,
And give your heart indelibly; the very last thrill.

The last kiss I hardly felt, for me, it was far too quick,
To assured my vows, the choice chosen in my dream,
And while this illusion last, no other lover in the act,
I shall find but you, and happily romance in between.

Senses touch the nuzzling bite to invade persuasion,
Loves sweetest emotions finds the willing heart,
To share this wonderful pleasure of earthly passion,
And swap health to reign in the crush of parade impart.

The last kiss says it all, inseparable picturesque perfection,
The chiming clock in the mind, finds the sequence,
To fantasy and truth, and right from emotions to affection,
The attraction is different from a brush with chance.

Gerry Legister

Graver Storm

Satyrs and owls dance there,
while the nights are prolonged.
In the deeds of evil atmosphere,
The temptress pomp belonged.

Weeds out of the servants root,
Made financial gain laid waste.
And the cries have gone out,
To consume the bitter taste.

In slumber lay the ruinous heap,
every plan made a tripling thing.
Unto graver, storms flee for help
passing through like the Word wind.

Heart sink and bring into content,
Merchandise hiring of destruction.
Mind mourn and shook the unspent,
The distance was smitten by rejection.

Made the rising shadow of a cloud
Like a brush of lust faded in the dust.
Bitter rancour encamped in the proud,
As the thirsty drink with more thirst.

Graver storm was set against the wall,
In every approach were beaten asunder.
Perversion comes suddenly in a fall,
Left heart and soul to weep and ponder.

Time ceases to spoil and disrupt
where Justice weigh the path of the just,
all the covering cost swallowed up
in a quiet place of defeat, there is rest.

Gerry Legister

Great Distance Away

Through many dangers toils and risky snares,
humanity has come far from a great distance,
Mumbling and stumbling down cruel stairs
The adventures of youth taste the first race.

Pride arise from the ground bruised to the bone,
But not alone, making the mumbling sounds,
Natural toes, taping of lips to the head of crown,
Holds beauty refine that charms the souls it finds.

Coming from where teenage goes ego celebrating,
On ice sledges meet the hoary snow with courage,
Torn and worn uniform of honor brightly shining,
Distinguish dress; finesse upon knees unites the age.

Men of renowned statue, society adorable women,
Stood on the world stage awards becoming of merit,
Having won many hearts through the years given,
Their time and talent unique achievement inherit.

Formidable Status role the carpet out in succession,
Hoist over their shoulders with heavy burdens carried,
Responsible emblem to serve the present generation,
And reap the fruits sown when young hearts tarried.

Now the stage is bare, dust melts through the glazed air
Only mute shadows stand gazing at confine memories,
Their spirit has gone faded back into the atmosphere,
Finds distant realm and start adventures in new stages.

Gerry Legister

Great England

We are a family in England the cherish land,
When we look out upon the grim houses
A sense of fear entraps the confined soul
But duty force our will to pray more earnestly,
And joined other songs to lament for our freedom.
Together we have in common some mournful tones,
Of public concern in England toiling pinion,
England pride itself with its coats of arms,
Bearing the insignia of crest fallen names,
See the banner of images waving in the skies.
Silence salutes our heroes when the trumpet cries,
And all who dare to be brave, a crown is theirs.
Over each town their golden names will wave
Their fame men and women in history will claim
Evoke the meaning passed from parents to children,
England branches go far and reach other lands.
Our ancestry surname the winners in heraldry pain,
their heritage lies within the walls of Great England.
Seeking warmer climate for narrows roads,
we see the line cut grass of stately garden trees.
That runs through the highway past many towns,
darker stones stood out from a shadowy past
History that forms the memory that once had been,
the past unite with the present and the future.
Like footsteps hidden in the sands of time.
That is England seen on either side of the dispenser,
through which they descend to search the archives.
Beneath English lands and the trampled ground,
nothing is lost and much more about history to gain
in the place where we lay our names can be found.

Gerry Legister

Great Is The Son

Great is the Son when his work is done
Heavens portals are lifted up
Thy will be done on earth as in heaven
He goes wide through the celestial gates
Be ye lifted up you everlasting doors
And let the king of glory come in
Jesus meets the angels who are with him
We behold the ancient days.

The firmament paint repose
Every flower and trees in the garden,
Glitter and shine like a terrestrial rose.
All the gold we find in the ground,
They were made by the great Son,
Fashion among human took our sin
And in him we have found God.

Great is the son who binds the cool shade
In the night slips the light around the world,
He makes us not afraid,
To walk in a world of darkness,
Because he is the everlasting light
Shining through the key hole of our heart.

Gerry Legister

Great Way To Look At Things

That's just great the lessons that are taught,
Learning how to handle things with dignity,
Some repulsive, others typical of devious thought,
Do they want you for love or for your money?

You can't avoid doing things to earn a living,
Taxes hang out in safer haven to pick your pocket,
That's great, how the amount is always increasing,
They will take your coat and also your jacket.

That's just great how children leave you empty,
Abandon care drawn neglect over their eyes,
Ingenious consent trying to make you feel guilty,
But I had already made my own will and wishes.

The choices prone to protect the old senses,
They had a plan but I was only partly listening,
Great ideas only want attention and riches,
I found out the reason for their thinking.

Friends go when no one is chasing them out,
To neurotic places of extreme and stolen love,
I owe nothing notable but that's just great,
I may even go to heaven before they leave.

Games played make you grimace with shock,
They are ecstatic but decrees leaves you dismay,
Another resolution resembling a hat trick,
What memories will they take house or pantry?

Gerry Legister

Grief

When friends have gone, memories shall not,
Be unkind as the fragrant flowers that fade,
With vast images moving hands and foot,
And sinking through into where grief reside.

Within the mind, emotions overwhelm and define,
Streams moving slowly in pitiless winding flow,
And take each dropp of darkness beyond time,
To heal under rainy clouds made of sorrow.

Passing the source illusion of heart has taken,
The loved given to all; and love left alone,
In clouds that took sorrow could not be awaken,
To signs of grieving until grieving is done.

Then feelings awake to cope with the pain,
Having patiently waited for the release day,
When joy resonate will come resolute again,
And grief floats in the clouds away.

If there be swords that tears the heart open,
And leave bitter scares of inescapable reality,
To numb the existence of human being,
It is the vulnerability of grief in our society.

Gerry Legister

Grow Me Up With Love

Grow me up with verses of love,
And endless strength emerges,
You have made life possible to move,
My heart into where the road converges.

Grow me up in the language of love,
And be an emblem of forgiveness,
Give value from kingdoms above,
Prayer that makes life becomes bliss.

These are thoughts on a worn path,
I love the beautiful soul within,
None can kill the fire in my heart,
Reside in the gloom and in the dim.

We're on our way to that heaven,
We're going to meet guardian angels,
We can hear heavenly bells ringing,
We're not far from our loved ones.

Gerry Legister

Growing Old

In slower pace older men walk and bend,
some hung their heads and limp on with age,
their drooping shoulders unable to stand,
Greater demands of a new climate change.

Growing old on earth has a heavy cross to bear,
We stop and stare, at lines drawing a trace,
illuminated by deeds of heroics shrinking there,
like pangs of breath fading slower in the race.

Having consistent plans from the heavenly land,
with God, every prayer, rake up the testimony,
In withered veins, the crumpled temples stand,
On sublime realm, with the innumerable company.

Carrying crosses borne through the fiery years,
Too heavy to find who will share the burden,
In solitude, their lives find dreams and tears,
brightly beams when at first their acts began.

A spirit willing, tumbling down upon pane knees,
In stages, sages try to conquer unpleasant storms,
They will come and be blown away by the breeze,
The light in life goes before the ugly winter comes.

Growing old has a halo of a lovely state below,
here we only know, the quenched breath stored,
in relic web of gloom where the tremor of pains flow,
but in paradise renew, immortal bodies restored.

Together we grow old laughing, but not as loud,
When we do hug the arms decide to move safe,
Around the poles worlds apart from the new crowd,
and create joy in the growing years we inherit.

Upon the hearth from birth, a volume of names lies,
Swept along on the floor, the pile that we adore,
Burned ashes drifting from earth towards the skies,
In the mists of silence that passage dream no more.

Gerry Legister

Growing Old Together

In slow pace older men walk and bend,
Hung their heads limp as mysterious sage,
With drooping shoulders unable to stand,
The demands of a new climate change.

Growing old together has a heavy cross to bear,
We stop and stare but signs are still on the face,
Then shake worn hands with regimental care,
And continues on getting slower in the race.

By carrying crosses borne through the years,
Too heavy to find who will share the burden,
In solitude they lives find memories and fears,
On sublime crest made shelter from the rain,

The is spirit willing when we fall upon our knees,
Trying in stages to conquer the unpleasant storm,
They will come and we will go beneath the leaves,
That grows like lilies in this proud land.

The old man we know has a halo of lovely praise,
Who has quenched the breath taken unpredicted?
As a son and a father; and husband to wife of those,
They saw his deeds to celebrate without regret.

Together we grow humble laughing not as loud,
When we do hug the arms decide to move safe,
Around poles worlds apart from the new crowd,
To create joy in the growing years we inherit late.

Gerry Legister

Hard To Know The Truth

Battling with sword tongue and kind heart,
to know the promises I might have broken.
It's hard to recall the Eros fought,
by unkind things loosely spoken.
Now keeping a watch with eyes widely open.

It's hard to know stories beyond the lie,
Truth that was rare and fantasy that bear
fruits of scoundrels in stories of beauty,
making rattling sounds chaos in the air
by trapped wind mutiny in the atmosphere.

It's hard to know beyond scores of grief
if people are telling the truth with a slant,
too bright to surprise too dumb for our belief.
Consistently mending powers of reverse,
matters arising with entangled nerves.

The muzzled truth gradually comes
with body language the explanation kind,
finding success in the circus of lies
if learning strangers or friends were blind,
and tell all they want truth cannot be denied.

Prayer brings penitent to my chastening soul
caught as a prize the vanity in baiting traps,
turn on my wild back into a new world,
hope plough through shrieking wrenches
and spurn those howling trenches.

Gerry Legister

Have Faith In God

I would like to have a theory of perception,
But seeing is easier for me to believe,
The unknown phenomena visiting my mind,
Preoccupied with thoughts conceive.

And why should I not embrace the crowd?
When the saints I see have not smart halo,
And spirit of another behavior which springs aloud,
Witness in a more convincing glow.

When is not seeing, provide reward in believing?
Something new something old, something like gold,
The claim smiling serene, the value cannot be seen,
Unless I dismiss what I can see and have faith in God.

Many believes that they can overcome,
After placing their trust in all that is good,
Now the doubt goes, and something else will come
From far to move doubts nearer to God.

Gerry Legister

Having Done All

Count the pieces and start again
Having done all you, stand to the end.
Confronted by this surprise encounter,
Facing the cruel crush of fear.
This figment of mortal wound
Scars bore inscription on the tomb.
A triumph was destined to succumb,
Having done all what miracles had done.
And survive with the wealth of resilience,
Battling with the forces of circumstance.
Embrace hope in the face of adversity
And faith to fight with intensity.
Without the comfort of foe or friend,
Having done all; stand to the end.

Gerry Legister

He Rescue Me

For me, there is a certain

Confidence in the future,

Faith purely found within

The power that can rescue.

Without boundaries or limitations,

The measure of such intensity

Provide the strongest foundations

Grace; that love beyond anything.

I was alive, and sinking deep inside

Just for taking the wrong road,

I live for that life in places undeniable

Before I exchange the world I hold.

Fellowship affirming his affection

The blessing was sure to follow

But I did not deserve the compassion,

which would replace all things that I know.

The rescuer held me in high esteem
Within his heart, there is love for me,
And never shall any of my deeds redeem
from the desperate state I saw destiny.

Now with care, I lay my burdens there
For one defining moment,
I sacrificed rare my soul upon the altar
Of devotion and commitment.

Gerry Legister

Head Of Joy Heart Of Sorrow

A path you got to walk straight and narrow
Gospel base on truth; made on the way of sorrow.
Money is getting tight sitting in front of the light
Soon it will be dark and candles burning bright
As beacons illuminating the watery tides
Friends have gone with your secrets confides
No night will fall down when darkness is gone
Let the struggle go on tomorrow and beyond.
You learn by mistakes only God heals the inside
A cloche of hurt wrapped up warm with pride.
The heart of joy is like a cage sparrow singing
Warbling lyrics for freedom that is yearning
We are really not as good and funny as others
People burn with pain when everything falters.

Gerry Legister

Heatwave

The hazy morning filled up the atmosphere
With the summer's air that could not travel far.
Ode to humanity and media, a sign of nature
Without summer sunny breeze passing there.
A heat wave goes where the dry dew relent;
And countless signs for loose showers sent.

Half worn prayers accelerated heavenward
The noise of complaints to angels dwelling place.
Acquire a listening ear for voices to be heard,
Cries from the windows of earth caught in space.
Where moon stars intersect and greasy grass
Becomes a worn desire for paradise bliss.

We stripped the body of clothes and shoes
But it was not enough to cringe the heat wave.
In undies of soaring heat in parks and beaches,
The secret water drunk stayed with the brave,
Histamines sufferer much more uncomfortable.
Great, if it was something normal and desirable.

Heat wave, sizzling humidity faze find outdoors
Frying trail sprawled over multiple absentees,
Forgetting to do most of the household chores
The data key lost in unanimous high degrees.

Gerry Legister

Heaven

In comfort, heaven is still the best
Place to go after we come to the end,
You and I will go home to rest,
And pass the test that God has send.

We'll be missing for little awhile
But leave a fragrant taste in friends mind,
By the disappearing lingering smile,
The name absorb the memory for a time.

In pictures we see a shadow in the well
Of the person that could have given
A greater contribution for others to tell
Mankind about their dream of heaven.

When earth cease to intrigue the spirit
We will join millions of enlightened stars
Pass through the sun without the heat
Wave at the moon and walk upon mars.

See another world filled with surprise
Old and young share the same terrain,
We commune on the other side of paradise
The destiny that makes us young again.

Gerry Legister

Heaven And Earth

God created heaven and earth
We were the fashion renew,
God was the creator from birth,
And the sky was also new.

We only knew heaven was higher
Stretched far into unending distance,
Beginning our life and character,
The discovery brought new science.

Created in the celestial realm,
The strong and the weak with strength,
The embryo of transplant intent began,
To oblige the soul in unknown might.□

Beautiful colors in nature entrenched,
Hopes springs Gods eternal grace,
Begin the mortal race on a bizarre road,
With new creation of continuous race.

Cold calculated chaos began misgiving,
In the beginning opulence was lost,
Temptation found refuge sauntering,
To the existence of penitent cost.

Mankind suffer rejection and abuse,
Pride took a ride in ungainly pursuit,
To reconstruct the skills we once refuse,
But could not make earth a safer retreat.

Gerry Legister

Heaven Is A Beautiful Retreat

I believe that heaven is reserve here on earth,
This could be the other paradise in my soul,
Justification gain from the realm of new birth,
Every step taken the path is pave with gold.

Here below, this could be like heaven to me,
Nectar of spiritual life which taste so sweet,
The path that bring us on the verge of eternity,
Where the roads converge and the faithful meet.

Brightly beacons beam over cities illuminates,
All creation in transforming this existing glory,
Where we find a treat seated in heavenly places,
Beautiful retreat not reserved for angels only.

Make a vestibule and leave an earnest vestige,
Its trials here on earth before the future day,
Mankind passes this realm with marred visage,
While traveling through heaven is in the way.

Making this earth an abundant oasis upon the sea,
I shall die, but in mortal death hope is not denied,
Leaving the pleasure of living to find serenity,
Life was torn and the remains created a better world.

Heaven is a beautiful retreat far beyond the twilight,
there will be no paths for the Devils intrigues,
for in paradise the weary will be at rest from all defeat,
And the Ancient of Days will unfold its mystics.

Gerry Legister

Heavenly Father

My father is in heaven just waiting for me,
Preparing a unique place of rest for tomorrow,
And when I get there how happy I will be,
In my flight of joy there will be no more sorrow.

When I take a heavenly star to go through the air,
In paradise on streets of gold other people will walk,
And I will know the change in the atmosphere,
Just been there without street lamps for it is not dark.

Pull up in my dream the sheets of celestial lights,
Eternity riding high on the firmament of stain glass,
New life erase the guilt that own the quibbling past,
No moon ice or winter spring hanging over the cities.

My father is in heaven away from this besotted time,
His anxious blood runs deep through my veins,
I can feel him in my body; see him in my mind,
Gauge the cosmic realm to define the species.

In time, in memory, we return to the cradle of love,
The father we worship, the king we strongly adore,
Alpha and Omega, the exceptional being from above,
A father's love is the key that opens every door.

Mine inescapable failure made into a testimony,
Onwards and upwards made a way to meet his wave,
I am almost going home soon no reason to worry,
Outliving the impact the one for my life he gave.

Gerry Legister

Heavenly Sunset

Summer sunset
Drying the wet dew
From between the shivering grass
A blade of earth reopened
Morning shadows renewed
The hush of the sauntering wind
Clench consummate air in our hand
Movements of trees singing
With Restless whispering
They know secrets that are hidden
Something echoed in the wind
A force came from above the placid sky
Unrecognized message our eyes deny
The sudden shock fell silent upon our lips
Like thunder touching the leaves
A frail breeze calmly disguise
Swept souls into heavenly paradise
To see angels, old friends and even Jesus
Leaving laughter to find another sunset
Heavenly sunset sometimes your eyes are wet
With the tears of our best friends
Look through the long treasured years
Remind yourself that pain was only a light fear
And see the happiness you gave
You were the one we love
In songs and testimonies share
Your memories made us all happier
Uniting distant broken spirit
Sharing hopes and regret
The past comforting the present
Our dreams put reality back together
We embrace our lost with each other
forgiveness taught us all a lesson

Now you are gone
A new day ushered in another song
Into the heavenly sunset
To meet redemption's best
Take your wings and fly to the top

Of heavens highest mountain and look down
You will see us making plans
We will mark the last rites you took
Scattering ashes beyond the grass bank
Only a fragrance beneath the rich earth
Back to the place of your birth
But memories will live out the season
Cheered on by your angelic presence
We hold the hand of the celestial choice
Fate had made for us with forlorn tears
Finally facing up to the sum of fears
The moment we all had dreaded
When for the last time we would meet
Trying to hold back every seconds into minute
Cherishing your memory along the way
Remembering the events of each day
Wishing family in your unrepentant prayer
The sudden departure drew us all closer
To preserve love in peaceful beauty
With sunset sharing your shadow
Your soul walks over the morning dew
From where you came at birth
And found the spirit to take you gloriously
Into heavenly eternity.

Gerry Legister

Hedges Of Other Worlds

If we are exposed we are not alone

That awareness knows the search goes on,

To discover what others waited hear objectively,

Benign moments of other worlds ends abruptly.

Later the scene is survey on reflection,

Something we knew but have no recognition.

Doubts melt away in the presence of certainties,

Seeing the clouds in hedges of sharpen images.

Somehow they bring a wave of outer peace,

For our world is a diminishing preference.

That all observations must begin with truth,

To what we believe surround irritation of self,

Must produce faith beyond undisguised facts.

Found in testimonies of indefinite acts.

Gerry Legister

Her Endlessly

She is as close to me as my skin.
Through my pores she invades me,
In untouched places awakening.
I can feel her presence endlessly.

Where my existence began to belong
In my heart drifting along endlessly.
The candace of hope grew strong.
In the bright light glow of felicity.

I breathe anew, only in her perfume.
The sweet essence that actuates my life.
That fragrant scent which melts a dream,
Made me paid the price for disbelief.

The silver lining with stars that shine.
Giving our hearts the flutter of hope
To dance and dined with flavoured wine.
Staggering down the mesmerize slope.

Between the rock and the river
Eternity flow for this bright dawning glow.
Despite its wrenching pain we wedded forever
And together space to places we go.

Through the summer's golden sunshine.
Against the season flatline we stand.
All the music we recognize and rhyme.
In our veins, the rhythm could never end.

The horizon had grace to look up and out.
And into her eyes came the mystic change
Called her by the riverside of tears and doubt.
Respond to the singing of the river and rage.

Her heartbeat endlessly on my pulse
But time frightened me the most,
And offered a kiss we both sorely miss.
That awoke me to face the dark mist.

The shadow of her shawl and shroud
Fall and flows untarnished by the folds.
The angry storm and lighting crying out.
Turned the grey skies into bursting clouds.

Gerry Legister

Hold Steadfast To Your Faith

Hold steadfast to your faith
For if your faith should be empty
Life awaits only the final breath
That has no hope of eternity.

Hold steadfast to your faith
For when your faith is strong
Life is filled with abundant wealth,
That you can make a living from.

Hold steadfast to your faith
Showing the importance of hope,
And the character that you are worth
Will filled the heart with strength to cope.

Hold steadfast to your faith,
It is the reflections of your thoughts,
The substances of dreams on earth
Fulfilled in pictures and little parts.

Gerry Legister

Hold Your Road

This was a dream a fire within my dream
To hold the road of courier within my hand,
Amides the remains of fantasy for it to burn
With beauty equal to grains of peaceful sand.

Hurled into noble form a technology incomplete,
Cars with swifter feet hasten to pass the horizon,
Trade plates skipping along through the street,
Where multiple vehicles meet and logistics borne.

Ignorance unable to see tragedies that fills our days,
And the misery of being late hurled upon the great,
Like a knot tied tight by people of most violent ways
Come to make war on the streets where we meet.

But on a grey and golden road the journey is far,
Weaving roaring trucks wave as they try to fly
In the middle lane with effortless calm equal to desire
We exchange a smile with courage and a sigh.

Down the motorway twisting, blinking and avoiding
Nuisance drivers, in Sunday stroll of tempered mode,
The uprising pleasure is sometimes almost surprising
Where streets converge they emerge in Silicon mood.

Tumbling cascades broken into pieces of our tempter
Lured into the colourful galleries of new stylish models,
Dancing and prancing and accelerating with power,
Around corners over cobbled stones and up the hills.

A sprint home on the road for timely jobs to be cleared.
Through adventure Drivers lead the thrill of enthusiasm,
With fleets of fashion sleek and sibling rapidly charged
Endearing the hearts and eyes with feisty adoration.

Gerry Legister

Hope

Hope is the fondest word I know,
Which starts opening new windows?
The mind echoes with its peculiar glow
Another breeze removes doubtful shadows.

Hope can always travel into the distance
Refuse to let go of desire and intrigue,
Takes chances with the wind in romance,
And make occasions becomes unique.

Rage it knows only in the quest bestow,
Endurance through softening words,
From the gentle hearts it will quietly flow,
Patient finds refuge in secret it holds.

And seldom will it let you down
For the world knows it dares not lose hope,
When our dreams are still unknown,
We hold unto the rope on every slippery slope.

Till the cause begin to flee over distant hill,
Opportunity ends and defeat as friends
The pride, the power and fearful thrill,
Of memories traded in soften winds.

Gerry Legister

Hope Club

After the party most people
Left the room leaving only the gloom
to saunter home though the night air
only a few friends remained
still sitting on the floor.

Hope club is like the last guests
at a twilight party
they are the misgiving of perfectionists
drawing particular attention
to exact reality.

With the lights turned low
the candles of excitement diminished
to a small flame
the influence of happiness is extinguished
and nothing left to gain.

Hope the only incense of sweet company
turning to strings of ash
Loneliness portrayal of sympathy
Capture the changing mood
Flickering shadows in the wine glass.

Moving gently into the good night,
somewhere towards the end of life
Disconsolate, lonely and feather-light
Hope to grow old and face death
Alone with patronizing strife.

Gerry Legister

Hope Regain

Her sapphire eyes penetrated my soul,
water of a full cup flowing from inside
Smear her face with the bitter cold,
Streams of fresh joy could not hide.

The thing which made smiles sparkling
Began the bliss within
From excitement of being
Strangely in love again

Bittersweet tears are softly torn,
From reflection glistens off her face
Betrayed the fate she had worn,
Breathless sleep hidden by grace.

From love lost to hope regain,
The flame of Poison taste,
Disappear with the whisper of pain
And silence pierces the cruel place.

Gerry Legister

House Of Mirrors

Most ambition starts with a dream,
And never ends when the night brings,
A wicked thought in a natural stream,
Fantasy is not seen when the alarm bell rings.

The chimes of reality try to awake you,
But you are lost where pain can't be seen,
And correction is too hard for heart to renew,
Everyone you thought was so highly esteem.

Some wore terror, others brought boredom,
Come to use you for another adventure,
Duplicity is a two edge sword of persecution,
And carries a frown reflected in the mirror.

We can always find time to laugh or weep,
Bliss, marriage, occupation appear discreet,
When the pieces are broken they cut deep,
And the mourners go about the street.

A house of mirrors has broken cracks,
They widen and will not procrastinate forever,
Before shattering into small magic pieces,
And the original beauty is lost altogether.

Most fearful dreams appear in a nightmare,
The puzzling prize penetrating the mind,
But it's not the terror you and I should fear,
Rather, the Apocalypse of another kind.

Gerry Legister

How Dark Is The Night?

By the fire of another winter glow
I listen to the warbling sound of music,
Playing amidst the still fall of fresh snow,
Soft desire so perfect engages the classic.
Fading into the night with traces of ice,
Just a sign to remember the season,
Lyrical luxuries of wintry experience,
Learn enjoyment lost in transition.
And as I reflect I hear the sound
Of complex voices whisper into the night,
Gathering language in different tone
Nature floats around me and beyond sight.
Seeking answers through the dark,
Where the shape of things are lost
Voices in the night question and talk,
About the costly things they won and lost.
Searching the shadows in our conscience
Clenched our minds and restrained truth,
Opening our eyes to see hidden pretense,
Morning glance and bow with new wealth.
While some are happy with good health,
Others face guilt before the silhouette of eternity,
Science opens our eyes to see wonders on earth,
Organised and share a paradox of strange mystery.
Into the night the mystery of different ambiance
Play with lovers vein, and their desires run high,
Passion take many paths; some twisted others dance,
Or take a heavenly glance up towards the sky.
Then romance lean across all familiar borders,
By people of different shapes and sizes,
The night alters and merges together all colors,
Sometimes they compliment by taking chances.

Gerry Legister

How Far Will You Go Tonight?

This time, leaving from here
I watched you go into the distance
I needed power for this hour
To stop the pain piecing like an arrow
I wish you did not have to go
And leave reflections in a trance
when you say goodbye; how far will you go?
Before the tears start to flow
I really want to know
where you are going tonight.
In another a light, just as bright
How far will you go? Do you think it's safe?
How far will you go? And never let go
Of this life, on this road, trying to escape
Do you know, I have been far away too
In the miles, separate by that same place
Tonight, hope, brings me closer to your face.
Just one wish, only a breath is enough
To keep believing, never stop dreaming
My hearts is just the way you left
Keep holding on, to the purpose for living
You are the reason, for a new season
I can wait; it will never be too late
Until we make up, just for breaking up.
How far will you go, and never let go
How far will you go I really want to know?
How far will you go, and never let go
Of the dreams you hold, they are more than gold
How afar will you go, before you know?
The reason for leaving, was in your soul
Keep believing, because I am not leaving
All of my heaven for this crazy world

Gerry Legister

How To Tap Dance

An airy tune play flavors we adore
Generate the breathe of vibrant sound
Tap politely crescendo shoes on the floor
Shifting dance weight from off the ground.

Into this movement of swing and speed
Trapped charm in space by metallic plates,
The choreography steps and style succeed,
To shuffle the dances combination creates.

Unique blend for either student or enjoyment
Evoke rhythm flames with creative elements
Known and shown where originality meant,
Lively hopes to display enthused movements.

Arts for all ages the intent given to our children
An opportunity to experience tap dancing.

Gerry Legister

Humanity

Applying aspiration and disillusion,
Modernism exhibit blissful mirth,
In commerce and religious myth,
Society is drunk with the age of sexual duplicity,
Dismissive of all moral chastity,
The compelling gaze of humanity,
Driving nations further into the fog,
Preparing for Armageddon like maggots,
Eating away rotten minds from the core
Earth lay sparkling on the fire.
Tarnished with desire burning with desire,
Goodness and mercy sipping from the cup,
This forgotten age of humanity is burning up,
Pleasure fleeing faster than light,
Individuals losing the bewildered fight.
Depravity of humanism rising higher,
Global temperature getting warmer,
Bringing to roost end time explosion,
Couple with terror and derelict derision,
Sensing the past has no future obligation.
People with baggage, misplace from every nation,
Find their way to wealthier lands,
Hordes covered the clouds like sand,
The result of mixed community,
Swamp the forgotten age of beauty,
With lesser grace darkening prosperity,
Mere time looks upon humans kindly,
With the compelling gaze of mystery.

Gerry Legister

I Am

I am the ring around Saturn
Spinning around the sun,
I am born with a direct connection
Between decedents and ascension.

With the power to transcend
I have no boundaries attached to a pen.
I am the core,
and a lot more

I live in the universe where miracles unfold
Absorbing dimensions and goal
I am who I am
Beyond measure and comprehension.

Gerry Legister

I Am Healed

I may have some scars
But I believe I am healed.
When it rains I feel the pain,
But by his stripes, I am healed
By Jehova Rapha the healer.
Atoning sacrifice set me free
The bruises and hurts, he bore
At Calvary, I found this liberty.
That Transforming revelation
Came into an effectual vibrancy
Body and soul renew season
Bringing spiritual fervency.
Praying upon bending knees
I see light through the trees.

Gerry Legister

I Am Here

I'm here; I thought you were my best friend,
But I found out too late,
You only pretend,
So I am left here with pains and ache.

I am here left on the empty shelf,
With no reply and too many questions,
Trying hard to come to myself,
Staring at the wall and finding reasons.

It seems like nothing I did was good,
My esteem slips below self worth,
For me, love was blind,
So I'm just here all by myself.

Getting lonelier and passing time,
Hoping for a thought to guide me,
To a place I've never been,
And plunge me through the veil of victory.

Or must I just stay here and quietly give up?
If better luck comes from outside,
I'm here with an optimism look,
Ready to make the sacrifice,

And give human kind another chance,
For love to come and fill my desire,
And even take the place,
That is low and lonelier.

Gerry Legister

I Am Not Afraid

I have spent wasted time on feelings
ignored the warning of useless healings.
I was left in need
With a lifetime of misery to read.

I am not afraid
I will call for help.
Someone out there will say I love you
Someone will be true.

For a while, it will be heartbreaking
Until the ache begins fading
With toil and patient endurance
The quiet heart leads to peace.

You will find a new awakening
Like hearing back your voice speaking.
Time become my comfort
Every breath expels the dread of death,

I am not afraid of being broken
Hope reaches into dreams spoken,
It will be a new challenge opening.
Towards new life for healing.

I am not afraid anymore
I am a versatile striving conquer.
honoring love and more
Crossing deserted shores to explore.

Gerry Legister

I Am Pressing On

The closer I get to heaven
Pressing on the upward way,
The less of earth is seen.
Spinning into a new day,
With the cross before me,
And my soul has fully turn,
Baptized in the Holy Spirit,
Walking daily with heart burn,
I put the world behind me.
Pressing on to higher ground,
Climbing above the trees,
I am leaving this old world.
The grief and the bed of fleas,
Forfeit the game of pride,
For more time on my knees,
The mystery of joy cannot hide.
The blessings contained inside,
I count the years as months,
And the month as just a minute,
Counting down the seconds,
And it will be any moment now,
I'll touch the heavenly summit.

Gerry Legister

I Don'T Know Why

On a day like today,
The heaven is soft with dew,
And in trees; birds have eyes crying,
But the air up in the sky was new.

With poppy clouds looking down,
From the broken road out of heaven,
Upon fine lines and pleasant farm,
A blanket of trees canvasses the ground.

There were farmers and shepherds,
Harvesting in the same field,
I don't know why the work was so hard?
Raking the soil and planting seed.

Shepherds find the grassy verge,
Where life is quiet and only soft birds sing,
In trees where they rest and observe,
The broken road to heaven.

Gerry Legister

I Feel Sorry For Not Being There

I refuse to take the blame for society's failure,
But for you who are so poor,
What's happened to the civilized world of the mighty?
All those with plenty, appeals just goes out empty.
Into their heads and out into weird sprawl,
If the call, they will never answer you at all.
Just have a look at their Facebook,
All of our humanity dies just for a look.
At the pages on cold streets,
Diabolical sleaze, disease, defeats,
Venerable care for humanity,
All the pretense is just carnality.
To divide the earth into little streams,
And pour tears into rivers of dreams.
Agony flow silently in nights of fear,
Religion rips the hour in prayer.
We feel the terrible earthquake,
Most people shiver and wake with ache.
Some see another day make,
The economy weapons of hate,
That they want to rule the home,
Bailiffs come when you are alone.
I feel sorry for not being there,
When they reign with holy words of despair.
Heads hung in disbelief,
God see's your mental grief
Offer relief by some foreign friends.
Preaching where the council ends.
But all the teachings goes in vein,
I feel sorry for your pain,
But it's the infectious love
Catching communities even from above.
The borders we create,
Selling poverty and hate.
All the high tech modern thinking,
Only have eyes for power and blinking,
Talking, let us be what we should be,
Offer more than the useless degree.

I Have Butterflies

Inside my stomach, I have butterflies,
A mockery coming to take me by surprise,
I have brittle thorns piercing my eyes,
Each hour growing into a terrible size.

My soul is wrapped in frozen compassion
Walking tongue-tied on the edge of fragility
Exposing a swarm of words in the afternoon
Horrific malady beating the floor critically.

Not knowing what's coming to catch my breath
And see the power of death between flames,
By the extreme force of depleted strength,
My agonies become cold icy blown grains.

Reality awakens by lamentable cries on flight,
We see the souls arrived in stars shining galaxies,
Painting the sky with lives of the brightest light,
Their images are captured on enviable spheres.

I am in a different realm, my heart is in pain
On silent wings of changes in the atmospheres,
Is this the place of eternity or do we try again?
Flapping our wings to crystallise like butterflies.

Gerry Legister

I Know Who I Am

I know who I am
I am a child
I am a mysterious man
I am a special friend

I am sinner
I am significant,
I am redeem forever
I am a saint

I am forgiven
I am loved
I am not ashamed
I am accepted by God

I am going to another level
I am healed
I am here when you call
I am here to worship

I am bought with a price
I am given new life
I am learning to be wise
I am alive

I am the portrait who sees
I am a mysterious man
I am a personal witness
I know who I am

I am light and darkness converge
I am a citizen
I am a sojourner on earth
I am going to heaven

I am the person you will remember
I am always in your presence
I am a character
I am free to roam the universe

Gerry Legister

I Love The Lord

I've been hurt many times before
but I can't stop myself from wanting to be
A person in need of care
I don't know where destiny will lead me.

I just want to go there
Where I am loved most,
and be held close to my savior,
where all is gain and nothing is lost.

Why is that so difficult?
Have I such a great need?
I know it is the spiritual path
without the avenue of greed.

It is just that I love the Lord
and my heart overflow
with joy from his word
hope has come with a heavenly glow.

It can't be sold and it can't be bought
I have a need to give it away
To someone special in my heart,
who will treasure what I say.

I may not be here when it happened
I do not know where I will be
But I know I have a friend
Who will come and take me to my destiny.

Let others rewrite the times that is running out
For I am no longer young, I am old
Where will I go when I am worn out
and my soul is gone from this world.

The only one who will love me
right from the start
he is the one I will connect with in eternity
my heart to his heart.

The one who died for me
His name is Jesus
he paid more than what I could afford to pay,
I love the Lord Jesus.

Gerry Legister

I Passed By Your House Today

I pass by your house today,
And in passing I saw your shadow appear,
Then turn as if to stay, and half disappear,
Retreat slowly away.

As if you had to go,
And may seek to find another illusive time,
Opportunity to come again into my mind,
If passing the same way tomorrow.

I think about the shadow I have seen,
And all the sleepless hours through the night,
Your shadow reflect the light,
Of the vision that should have been in my dream.

I will arise and come softly again,
Passing by your house with patient breeze,
And I shall have some peace,
When I see you as you were in my dream.

As haunting gasp,
Touch my heart and broke the wishes,
It relieve the dryness of my senses,
And images began to pass away in broken pieces.

Gerry Legister

I Thought I Could Love You

I thought I could love you,
It was inspiration I spent not knowing,
But perceive that every notion was true,
Meander through the existence of time.

There was a moment of loving you more,
When you and each image brought a sigh,
I had inspiration which made illusion appear,
So near yet indefinite reality could not apply.

The feeling of so much love driven to control,
A jewel stole to build a palace of bliss,
Eternity could not be long enough to hold,
The wonderful thought appears so precious.

Words of truth I know, because it meant much,
Simply wonderful for such thought to exist,
The tears of utter joy I could almost touch,
Among the fairground treat the soul entreat.

I thought I could love you in that perfect dream,
Others found a way the yearning to forget,
As I fail, whole life shame goes into the stream,
Moved on and build up greater walls to protect.

Gerry Legister

I Watch Her Go

I saw a lady that was quite fair,
With cherish airy emblem rare.
From chambers of her secret shrouds,
We met in the hazy languid clouds.
The meddling storm discharge a blaze,
Enlarge enough to divine harmony amaze.
The force led my heart into a trance.
Although my feet wanted to dance,
They were numb with wanton romance.
My cogitation stood still, to ponder at will,
Reflection of her image drooling still.
Within the fragrance of her perfume,
The kindling thorns of felicity loom.
With brighter dreams prowling the mind,
I found her beauty a portrait refine.
Amazingly, the enchantment of her charm,
Began spritely form, in aching void to warm
My soul with the igniting fires of emotions,
In dispassion, with consummate illusions.
Twisting the paths to show the mystical world,
The advanced choice falling down the road.
I tarred enclosed, breathing and leaving
Asleep and fearing, and awake and seeing.
I watch her go, slow at first, I did not know.
Which way the wind took her parted glow
Into another, gather a different universe,
The excitement formed a unique course,
Nearby, on a journey in mind and matter
The benevolent powers made reasons lighter
By then the figment of imagery and reality
Changed many moods of our compatibility
To wander haplessly through the solitary day,
Asking passers in mirages along the way,
If they saw which way my heart went?
When the clouds came down to enchant.
In entrenching fate, I waited until it was late
For another moment to pass by her gate,
Looking for the shadow to come back again
In relentless flow lies, the extend the pain,

To make the choice between wishful dreams
And the engulfed pain of amorous flames.

Gerry Legister

I Will Always Have Hope

If in this life only we have hope
We will become a community
Of people heading down a slippery slope
Without a place for sanctuary.

We carry optimism with us each day
Like burning flame of heat in the mind
Passing through a triumphant way
To renew therein the dreams that are found.

In slumber bound before we are awake
Ambitions of glory have walked through the night
In courageous garments before daybreak
Knighted stars hasten to bring the brightest light.

Our boldness can make new changes to come
Using hope to wrestle away an unwanted image
And make clean visage wear a daring crown
With fresh zeal that is transformed into courage.

The endeavor will turn into an icon of beauty
When you see what is done; you will always have hope
To enter other transitions from misery to stability
And look for encouraging opportunity to cope.

In earthly cottage with freedom for the future
Hope evokes the newness of endless variety
And will push away the formidable barrier
Until they can only rage against ignorant ideology.

Gerry Legister

I Will Live

I will not live on public feelings,
or on consensus of large masses,
but I will live with strong feelings,
been here among the godless classes.
With life itself to be held accountable,
I shall neither die; nor heaven be denied.
but I shall live amidst the trouble,
and if I should decide to get even.
It will be with believers of another realm,
and not join hands with the deplorable;
although some friends will complain,
in the faith that once was adorable.
And while pleasure from earth is extracted,
where the sting of that maliciousness is gathering,
the ethnicity of mankind's interest is contracted,
in the value of pride for their nation.
From memories the echoes keep resounding
having live in the past, I will abide in the future,
By the laws of grace abounding,
I will live where danger enrages the howling fire
and human passion keeps on burning,
with the torrid flames spreading higher,
As hostilities on earth keeps on churning,
The race to leave keeps nation warring.

Gerry Legister

I Will Throw My Heart To The Wind

I will throw my heart to the wind,
What am I to choose between anger and malice?
It will be a driven soul pursuing an end,
Then bring me solitude that gives me grace.

Shall I wish for nations to be friends?
Bright and bubbly thin and pretend,
Hate is the drumming of distant words,
Implore the gold and the good in them,
Or plead for nations with covering to amend
That burns in them hot and dim.

Shall I go in the air by feature or fleet?
Or Into the state of rural seclusion,
Before the mourners go about the street,
And the unruly nations anger drift into action.
Careless rapture of half chaste experience
With hearts of durable granite.
Sob no tears or career sense.

Seeking gems other generations inspire,
Angelic symbols of warmth and beauty,
Roaming twilight set political course on fire,
And demons go about disguised in frightful duty.

I throw my heart to the wind,
And solitude came back over the mountains,
Skipping between the trees and watery bend,
Traveling for miles to make new friends.

Gathering up the fragments of a thunderstorm,
Those small pebbles making urgent lashes,
I can see a window in the eye of the storm
If the breeze speaks softly in their ears, what are the choices?

Gerry Legister

Ice Cream

In the hive of events and concessions,
Ice cream combines with our daily indulgence,
At fetes and fairs and lardy wedding exhibitions,
Churned rich cream is mixed with the service.

Rum and raisins even fruit and nutty pistachio,
Folding finish soft texture ingredients ends dizzily,
Your experience can find young generations aglow
Consuming lashes of breathtaking quality.

Luxury pieces and crunchier toffee chunks melting,
In the parlor, desires tore through our passion,
And we like nothing better than the great enriching
We get when it comes from eating ice cream.

The perfect taste softens the temperature
Fondant cream and sugar spectrum infuse the flavor.

Gerry Legister

I'Ev Got You

I've got you right here
running through my mind,
towards the finish line yet unclear,
advancing with the threads of time.

Shadows of your love coming nearer,
to the labyrinth where hopes unwind,
I've got you serenading into my ear,
piercing tune with stitches that bind.

My soul to yours sweetly entwined,
upon a road paved with bliss to burst,
in splendor we'll embrace a life sublime,
and love each other into fading dust.

When day has worn away towards sunset,
I've got you when the nights turn cold,
Having formed by minds our liquid asset,
You are greater value than paved gold.

I've got you sharing every moment's success,
when pain has turn and triumph over failure;
I've got you with all those endearing riches,
but can this wealth be such a crime to fear?

Gerry Legister

If I Could Try Again

If I could try again being
Without a home and without friends,
To embark on a clearer yearning,
Careering up the greatest heights.

Then descend again and come to view,
All the world with all its glory,
Looking out for the people I once knew,
To tell them about this new story.

If I could try again to rise above
All the hurts and all the pain,
And have a chance to live and know how to love
With the experience I have gain.

If time could stay awhile behind the brilliant mind,
For just a moment longer in recline,
And faith takes me to my destiny where I could find
The errors made that were all mine.

With power to change the ambiance governing
The disappointment and solemn cries,
Hearing the hungry people crying
And their prayers flying into the brilliant skies.

If I can be anything by correcting some-things
And see courage within the freedom to win,
A cheer high in the air spreading its wings
Endearing far above the enemies aim.

I would gather up all the fragments and wait
For God to hang the pieces soaring on the clouds
Near the gates in a world filled with so much hate
Seeking to understand mankind and his deeds.

Gerry Legister

If You Had Been True

I gave you all
My love and romance
But it was not enough
You walked away in malice
Treated me wretched
And watched me fall
You broke my heart
In a fit of burning rage
And made me felt worse than a delinquent
I try to fight standing upright
But emotions were too sharp
If you had been true and repented
We would never had parted
But our time has past
I have nothing more to gain
I am moving on
With regret and pain
In search of abundant life.

Gerry Legister

If You Should Forget

If the years go by like a flash
After I have scattered your ash
From the fire into the placid river
And it carries away everything that existed before
Our happiness, hopes, and dreams,
The little plans we made sail away in streams.
If you should forget to remember me
And choose another avenue which I cannot see,
I will not forget you nor dismiss your memory
If you should return after a long journey.
And find me waiting in a tribal trance
Reminiscing the years of our romance
That time has already forgotten
And leave me only with a token

Gerry Legister

I'LI Miss You

I'll miss you, when you have gone missing
From my heart, and I hear only the hissing sigh,
Leaping gently out of the air with mourning,
And lament from the void inside of me.

I'll let memories assail and climb,
Taking promises drawn on the trail of love,
In time, winding further down into my mind,
All the dreams cost sorrows to grieve.

And when you're gone let time play for us,
In shinning sleep the songs we love to sing,
In our golden days, we embrace the trail with bliss,
And every tender kiss was as green.

As the grass upon which we turn and lay,
And hay became a blanket upon the ground,
I'll miss you every night, and every daunting day,
Even in dreams which make no sound.

Going high around the sun and under the stars,
I see the birth of a shinning new place,
Where we will be inseparable from our dreams,
And tears following you out will no longer be trace.

Gerry Legister

I'M Here

I'm here; I thought you were my best friend,
But I found out too late,
You only pretend,
So I am left here with pains and ache.

I'm here left on the empty shelf,
With no reply and too many questions,
Trying hard to come to myself,
Staring at the wall and finding reasons.

It seems like nothing I did was good,
My esteem slips below self worth,
For me, love was blind,
So I'm just here all by myself.

Getting lonelier and passing time,
Hoping for a thought to guide me,
To a place I've never been,
And plunge me through the veil of victory.

Or Must I just stay here and quietly give up?
If better luck comes from outside,
I'm here with an optimism look,
Ready to make the sacrifice,

And give human kind another chance,
For love to come and fill my desire,
And even take the place,
That is low and lonelier.

Gerry Legister

I'M In Heaven With You

I'm in heaven with you,
Spirited away on a burning sphere,
Inside of me are the new
Imprints of this adventure.

You came like a dream from above,
Then the world change suddenly,
And the things you love,
I will take with me into eternity.

Love joy and peace,
Each emotion with its own truth,
Holding you in close embrace,
Feels like the new birth.

You are here the breath,
And consciousness of my being,
Transported on a paradise wreath,
Into divinity of angelic realm.

I'm in heaven where my soul is alive,
This earthly feeling never existed before,
In God I do believe,
We were meant to be with each other.

Gerry Legister

Immaculate Women

The choices make a vast difference,
If they live for others or for themselves,
Driven by character or the opulence of chance,
Immaculate women grant only glimpses.

We only see but the faint shadows of her beauty,
And her inner qualities are only guessed at,
To conformed the soul has denied certain reality,
A place in society is the stepping stone to react.

To make the right choice, choosing not to lose,
Begin a journey and end a phenomenon being,
Live as close to love to smear the sum of fears,
Give hope for comfort and help to cope with pain.

Her heart wish to tell a tale and tear you away,
From the pain all the things that make you ache,
And seldom will her love forsake or go astray,
While nothing you do can equal hate.

Love blooms where great passion fills the heart,
And her beauty overwhelms the world in fantasy,
As sunshine emanates amidst the tearful spirit,
Fear fades and softens the path to eternity.

And lay agony across the mortal reins,
A kiss of death wrap around the inner being,
Like dreams that soak the sheets in tearful rains,
Immaculate women sweet and highly esteem.

Where bliss and solitude richer treasures found,
The synergy of smile is existence with reason,
For emotions to be clandestine in the wind,
Of all God's creation, out of many such inspiration.

Gerry Legister

Immortality

Heaven is above the light of the lording sky,
Among stars, I see a different place stands adrift,
Where my weary shadow will find immortality,
Silently in solemn praise awaits the night,

And gusty voices sang where the soul cry high,
May call a man out of a small mouse hole,
To lay his soul naked beneath the cold moist sky,
In silent murmur sleep the calm the weary soul.

With Gods peace inspiring each tentative step,
The birth of new horizon contrast the present,
The wisdom of god is our greatest help,
He will never ask you to do anything indecent.

Behind closed doors the immorality starts,
Sleeping with the code that let them live together,
Strangers become friends but are still far apart,
Can easily become friends but finds it hard to be lover.

Gerry Legister

In A Moment Of Time

It was a period when soul and mind became united
A twist of fortune was caught in the moment of time
When the luck turns into grace and favor is recovered,
We were like them who lay in dreams of the sublime.

Peace unites our soul with the fantasies of the mind
Secure in sleep the joy reap came again frequently
In opportunities, resources came by foe and friend
Vision gathered at night and at dawn stood spiritually.

People saw them amassing a host surrounding you
In your charms the beauty was warm and refreshing,
And your company became something more renew
Transformed into the glow of a heavenly blessing.

For good measure fate had given other advantages
To those ill winds that many people misunderstood,
Repair the shape in time and bring new privileges
To the transformed heart in which fear had stood.

And shows that faith is more than a streak of luck,
Passing our way with the concept of some rewards
The hope we once wore was lost in a beaten track
But in the moment of time came the best awards.

Gerry Legister

In Heaven With You

I'm in heaven with you,
Spirited away on a burning sphere,
Inside of me are the new
Imprints of this adventure.

You came like a dream from above,
Then the world I knew change suddenly,
And the things you love,
I will take with me into eternity.

The presence of love joy and peace,
Each emotion with its own truth,
Holding intimacy in close embrace,
Feels like the splendor of new birth.

You are here sharing the breath,
And consciousness of my being,
Transported on a paradise wreath,
Into divinity of angelic realm.

I'm in heaven where my soul is alive,
This earthly feeling never existed before,
With countless reasons I do believe,
We were meant to be with each other.

Gerry Legister

In Our Lives

In our lives, past and present,
we had ignorance untold,
and the virus was unpleasant,
it releases dangers we could not hold.
On the path of injustice and inequality,
and revelation that had to show,
Enlightenment before reaching our destiny,
on that widening road of tomorrow.

But however dark the night may be,
the darkness leaves more mystery,
surrounding the centuries that smudges history.
And the curses do not seem to fade away,
as fast as blessings come infrequently.

The torment keeps on clinging,
with such ominous numbing fear,
of dangers that the future may be bring,
we see through a glass darkly obstacles unclear.
Unstable people waver when facing the truth,
But only one Christ can be our savior,
We were already doom from birth,
Cast in with the lords despise few to be deliver.

Out of the realm of sad destitute,
Into the splendor of a marvelous light,
That every human possess flesh and spirit,
Our lives are a beacon in the night.
Responsibility falls on every individual,
Perhaps heaven will not be denied.
When choosing what will be held accountable,
In our lives we get the chance to decide,
Nothing is impossible or insurmountable.

Gerry Legister

In Passing

I pass by your house today,
And in passing I saw your shadow appear,
Then turn as if to stay, and half disappear,
Retreat slowly away.

As if in haste you had to go,
And may seek to find another illusive time,
Opportunity to come again into my mind,
If passing the same way tomorrow.

You leave the vestment of your shadow,
To perfumed the air,
And if the thoughts I have of you should go,
And wearily disappear.

I will remember when I grieve,
That you were distinctly here,
Passing amidst the realm I leave,
To turn in silence and upon your beauty stare.

To think about the shadow I have seen,
And all the sleepless hours through the night,
Your shadow reflect the moonlight,
Of the vision that should have been in my dream.

I will arise and come to you softly again,
Passing by your house in the patient breeze,
And in darkness, I shall have some peace,
When I see you as you were in my dream.

Gerry Legister

In Sickness And In Health

As the malignity of poor health increases
My forehead adds more concern creases.
To already vast amassing lines on my face,
Hanging bags start to form in most places.

The weight I carry will inevitably break
With pains in my shoulders up to my neck,
I am no longer as sociable but rude,
My countenance reflects a darker mood.

Personified fear of poor health induce
The energy of life's fuel drastically reduce,
Metamorphism of insecurity rage
I am locked up into a conscious cage.

Ego wants to carry out the acts of bravery,
But poor health forbid the liberty
Because my mind is vex with defeat
Grind into a path of submissive retreat.

In every season in sickness and in health
We find many reasons to spend our wealth.
Medication to beat the tempters power,
Side effect inside bruised every hour.

All the more reason to reject this potion
Go in faith to pursue the healing notion.
To mend the pain that dwell betwixt time
Retrieve the vision to fasten in my mind.

Gerry Legister

In The Beginning

In the beginning we never knew teardrops,
We were the fashion becoming new,
God's creation brought the raindrops,
And the sky in heaven turned blue.

We only knew the innocence of gender,
Stretched far back into unbending distance,
Beginning our characteristics and behavior,
The experiment brought new science.

Paused in the realm; waiting for life to begin,
Something's in weakness can be strength,
The embryo of transplant intent stood waiting,
To oblige in the steps of unknown spirit.□

Jagged thoughts in age more entrenched,
But hopes springs the proposing grace,
Begin the twist of nature on a bizarre road,
With new creation of continuous race.

Cold calculated chaos began misgiving,
In the beginning opulence was lost,
Temptation found refuge surrendering,
To the existence of a pertinent cost.

□

Creation suffer rejection and abuse,
And took a ride in ungainly pursuit,
To reconstruct the skills once refuse,
But could not make earth a safer retreat.

Gerry Legister

In The Dark

I am on the darkest street,
Left alone to find my way out,
All steps are trodden in black,
Taking the thoughts into visible light.

I will take the narrow road,
Leading to where I want to go,
If the road I take is too dark and old,
Then I will take the new and walk slow.

If I can hardly see where to walk,
And go where the winding streets go,
I will watch for the white chalk,
Piercing the dark like an arrow.

Although the sun is bright,
In the dark abyss secret motive lies,
Hidden causes not found out,
Remained as unsolved mysteries.

If the road we are on is the darkest way,
Better tread softly until you can wait,
Until when the darkness goes away,
Taken from all the troubles we make.

Gerry Legister

In The Grip Of Sin

The gripping sins that we can't imagine
Wherein God being an objective judge,
Brought hope out from beneath the pain
And vows can only be something our pledge.

In tone and moods to capture the aura
There lies a sense of ominous danger
In deeds where sin blames a new idea
Guilt carries the same tension of fear.

Pondering whether to confess or suppress
And swallow the whole dark enormity
Until penitent call the black light darkness
To ascend from the descending enmity.

In fright; we find insight of rules and dreams,
And get debasement to accept the blame
When our sins surface under the skins
We fail and fall being called by another name.

We believe ourselves to a different person
When the darkness of sin has passed away
We are here as survival of the faults we own
Although we could not take the blame willingly.

Gerry Legister

In The Night

The misty rain becomes ice in the night
Ravage the air with cold cutting sword,
Walking on slithery steps in warbling flight,
Create the silent picture of a different world.

Angels in the night rest only for a short time,
Before hoping to find the human turning point,
With foe or friend, sublime images in the mind
Shifting the focus into another new continent.

A lone walker finds the night very pleasant
But the horror of fright demons will incite,
With images of fear to shroud every moment,
As pedestrian through the darkness of night.

In the night we are alone with vivid thoughts,
That strays far away into journeying fantasies,
They tell of pleasures and anxieties in our hearts
The sculptor of imperfections beyond realities.

The unseen truth in our being that we often taste,
Stands with hope and despair on pillows of emotions
Mystical birth of shadows appearing to escape
When the door closes we are left to make decisions.

Gerry Legister

In This Life

I open the door into this life,
The chilling drought swept by,
Like a cherished blanket of cold fog,
Cutting career shape as dividing knife.

In this life nothing is constant,
The past engulf the present scared and shy,
The path of weakness question our moral reply,
To be here among the fleeting moment.

Surpass the night on shores of endless delight,
During the day I am in this life,
Anguish piercing the soul with unending grief,
Waking up to dry my bereave heart.

In this life with silence we have scared memories,
I live to lay awake turning pass my youthful hue,
Of sinful deeds I once in rapture knew,
To feel the flame of the sun burn in guilty tears,

Exposed bravery twisted and fled,
Melting bliss elusively wilted and procrastinates
Survival found existence more obstinate,
Making friends with the living and the dead.

In this life my heart is stirred to a burning flame,
Cocoon in an earthen cradle,
Hiding the masquerade of existence in confine stable
Endeavoring to see new opportunities begin.

A process aching to proclaim life,
Emotions humming discreetly,
Twitching and rocking indecisively,
Proclaim birth in other realm with grief.

Rage crying out from deep within,
Hope stoop calling from the ragged floor,
Brush away dust and mildew odor
To proclaim a new beginning.

Gerry Legister

In This World

In this world we have found courage
And faith gives the soul a reprieve,
The knowledge of Art increases with age,
But this generation may not survive.

When this world meets the other world,
A collision will break them into fragments,
Falling out of the walls like melted gold,
And love running away into the cold streets.

When worlds come out of the depth in space,
To join inept humanism striving tirelessly,
With Wars stretching the human race
Society soon will need answers desperately.

Together we may strive towards perfection
But narrow hearts are far from each other,
Where there is no clear thought of reason
We lack the depth of knowledge and desire.

We Live dreary lives by tiresome habits,
With rooms in our heart is trying to expand,
Ever learning with new widening thoughts
That comes with a price we don't understand.

Gerry Legister

Inside Paradise

Inside our soul among the glittering choice,
Lives unconquered morality in versatile mind,
We can all find our voice to tell others about paradise,
With inspiration and reasons we don't understand.

Sow experience in the names we give to our mistakes,
Intrinsic pictures beautiful and delicate remained exquisite,
Dreams known by shapes in shadows of poignant images,
It feels like paradise in side where the taste is private.

Cordial pilgrimages were invariably in a state of two minds
Sophistication of time where opportunity is left to design,
A more enviable world magnificent by mortal standards,
Those better pursuits of mind taking up the confine.

We struggle to conceal the valiant buildings inside
Excel in every intense wind the atmosphere can supply,
Our venture for charm and enchantment to step outside,
Unaware of indefinite failure waiting to grinned horribly.

We are pleasant inside when we get over difficulties,
Open wide the state of vitality in appearance of paradise,
Shredded in base seclusion we conceive secret dignities,
Bruised like flowers in the wind without expressive voices.

Fallen in places the consciousness of dark creases,
The sense that we are not alone in the cradle of emotion,
We are deeper in love with the imagination of promises,
And we hide the reliable facts with jealous suspicion.

Gerry Legister

Is There Life After Death?

There is an awakening place I love,
In the secret part of earth,
Where wood and water strove,
And make merry the land of my birth.

Homecoming soul climbs the eternal stars
See the ancient spirit floating afar,
In our fathers land in our mothers tears,
An eternity of pain they shed and share.

Tells the story of life where the path led,
Of all the things we believe that we are,
And what we could have done is left unsaid,
After death will the generation add fuel or fire.

Bring them home again, sons and daughters,
to see their faces in the land of a new horizon,
To the encore of flags and pendulum voices,
Salute courage and prepare a requiem.

After death from lispings lips to a barren land,
In poverty, in wealth, with health or final breaths,
From birth to death we don't understand,
how to identify life between the gasps.

Death take us to where the wind is chilly,
But fear no phantom on the road to heaven,
Earthen days was a trip on a long journey,
On the way pass hell the memories are waiting.

We love the things that charms us most,
Oh, how beautiful the figure life composed,
Strong words lay your soul with the host,
And a priest gave the world a splendid reposed.

When the saviour calls and look upon us in the eye,
is there a life after death with greater value?
Than the drudgery of homecoming mortal can identify,
Here with its pleasure and joys we try to survive.

Gerry Legister

It Happen Last Night

Inside my warm winter blanket which I put over my head to sleep,
I heard a small whispering cry.

I look out past the window to the ice coat morning still half asleep,
and began to rub the slumber from my scaly eye.

There were shadows in the mirror watching me wash my hands
and crease face drawn with broken lines of a worn age,
while reflecting upon the dream and contents of secret plans
capturing my mind with this poignant image.

It happened last night, I have not forgotten the vision on my mind,
the sweet aura not given by mankind a treasured light so refine,
to hold when I am older learn, by necessity the way I must find
walking with God into destiny on narrow footsteps of time.

Someone from the past came and left a vision that can't be erase
the only way is to trace with fleeting shadows of existence
and leaving the place that I will miss to find another journey in bliss
far into space.

Gerry Legister

Jamaica

The sun rises high over the tropical trees
White patchy clouds survey the blue sky,
Time drifts slowly into the clouded breeze
With the colors red, green and gold passing by.

Jamaica play a key role bringing out the sunshine
In a line like a drugstore, everyone finds a turn,
Something exquisite and far more exhilarating,
Increase pleasures in their own dirty little urn.

Effortless mesmerizing censored artistry
A rhythm of the night survives on what you can afford,
Jamaica encourages us all into the diverse mystery,
Oblivious of what is happening in the world.

Space out beyond outrage on an aesthetic stage
Doge the buildup of erasure that haunts the first drawn,
Poverty is painful to see the harm that exposes the age,
Where the challenge is a compatible adrenaline.

Jamaica, where the Caribbean eclipse many choices,
The unusual and the wise prompt a belly full of laughter,
In clever lyrics sing the parentage of iconic voices,
The hidden irony parades the asphyxiation atmosphere.

Hurricane watery waves ventured in and untidily out
To meet the light bright sunny summer glossy glaze,
Cultural transformation renders a true sense of the fight,
Facing another scorch and scarlet day opposite the haze.

Measures of colorful faze the entertainment follows
The risk in a language of dark mystic underneath pedaling,
Something exhilarating, like peculiar crafted arrows,
Calm on top until you find something illusive provoking.

Sustain an emotional intensity, from a dramatic History
Left unfulfilled, trace ages deceptive complex and bold,
Exploration pages stain with guilty blood and piracy
Lost lore is forgotten in pursuit of ships and greedy gold.

But sunrise and sunset hours gives a stream of pleasure,
No need to use a telescope to see the stars going by,
A spectrum of beauty pass through shadows unaware
Of time watching the moon slowly rising in the sky.

Only a few inches from the eye like earliness perceived
Clouds pick the direction for their spotlight stares
Starring tourist disembark having to stop and stared,
Change cologne and playground clearing their leaves.

Heatwave expand further enhancing our mind
Addressing society and the immediate aftermath,
Jamaica is like the haunting hunting treasures we find,
In our stomach feeling of excitement and out of breath.

Gerry Legister

January

Start wooing with all the clocks chiming,
Slip the slippery seconds around earth,
And dance with the skies in celebration,
All from pulse to breathe, and to new birth.

January, the first light of another year,
And the glory of that maiden orbit,
Wake silently from golden dust to appear,
A long time coming; we had known it.

After taking down the decorations,
Give chances for the changing course,
To breathe New Year's resolutions,
And as it grows, given hope a chance.

A brimful of dreams watches all doors opens,
Letting hope in and visions lets out more,
But so long as January defines what begins,
It has the key to mingle with pleasure.

January stands steep in splendor passing by,
Spectra of the seasons towering head,
And hung the gem of lights to guide the sky,
With stars bright and glittering away they fled.

□

And float midway in opportunity abound,
To such deep measure on thrushes of rapture,
Upon fair winds January is known in all the land,
From drifts to snowy clefts and sunny sphere.

The wakening realm will come back again,
And life begins new through cold and death,
January is the beginning of the end,
Round the islands it goes in triumphant rebirth.

Gerry Legister

Jewels Of Love

When fearful voices in the night began to cry,
Roaring from countless dreams behind the scream,
Dribbled eyes gazing into darkness at the vast sky,
This darksome turn, down into a wet pool of frown.

Perhaps the living of everyday hurts so much
Being stuck in this world always fooling around,
Dredged with pain and despair of being watch,
Drowning with whatever pleasure can be found.

But I feel far away from the depressed bridge
Hearing echoes of merry din sounds in the distance,
Lapping floating charge, cleared and cheered the barge.
Sent in the midst, to bring glorious untwist deliverance.

Into space where stars reside in overwhelming glory,
There is only thing in life more radiant and beautiful
As the reflections beaming from an infinite galaxy,
It is a sultry truth that slides down far into our soul.

The jewels of love shines brightest in the human heart,
With universal temptations from acres of diamonds,
Shining brightly in the vast atmosphere of perfect light
Filling all the void of emptiness with unique demands.

Let love break down the walls that surround the region,
With the Eternal Light selected source of happiness,
And move belief to fill our days with deeper expectation,
By discovering love, the smoothest jewel of bliss.

Gerry Legister

Joshua

The scene is tense in all the lawful grieving tents,
Anguish felt deep despair almost through the day,
Quietly gazing at statues of monumental tenets
Admiring old Mosses more when he is gone away.

But they could not stand at his grave and weep
When they tried to recover from heartfelt grief,
Guilt touched every sore eyelid longing to sleep,
Sorrow crumbled in the dust beneath their feet.

If the barren wilderness could cry, it would rise up
In mighty waves, and go possessing the inheritance,
Moses grave, there was no trace for Satan to disrupt,
But hope stepped forth and resume normal service.

The move less throng turn from grief to cross Jordan
In memorial lines walking on tides descending again,
And all the young Israelites went over on dry ground
Took stones from where the priest's feet stood firm.

Carrying the ark, Joshua aimed at a different crowd
Sanctified vows cross from wasteland to fulfil exodus,
The walls of leadership stood tall piercing the cloud,
Any successor to Mosses must have their hearts focus.

Crossing over Jordan, from the wilderness and Lebanon
Supplement coast towards the going down of the sun,
A rock in every place that his foot shall tread upon,
Joshua and all the people went in to occupy the land.

The waters return and flow over the beautiful banks,
They pitch in a ditch and camp with lofty Rites at Gilgal,
On that day, heaven magnified the Lord with thanks
When all the Amorites men thought it was safe to dwell.

God told Joshua to be strong and be very courageous,
Observe command diligently to do according to the law,
Then success will make continuity way prosperous,
Neither been dismayed by the Jericho walls he saw.

In wonder of beauty darkness spy where cunningness lies,
The sparkling gown freedom tie into a throbbing knot,
March with serious frown many miles seven times
Not a sound or a rattle around to turn the stomach.

Rahab hid the spies on flax's which she had secretly laid
Sold out the place filled with armies and fortified cities,
They shut the gates, but promises were already made
Contact officers drew battle lines against the adversaries.

Jericho, strictly shut up, none went out or came within
Six-day march and the seventh silence began the grime,
On causeway made a long blast with trumpets horn,
At dawn, the colossal walls soon cave in upon their king.

The siege at Jericho did besiege Joshua what life means
To worship the captain of the Lord upon bending knees,
The warrior king is a saviour of our hopes and dreams,
It seems nothing could stop Joshua by widening degrees.

Among the spoils, lodge plenty silver, gold and garment,
Double trouble, ambush of asses in the valley of Achor,
Soothing thought that spring out of guilt and punishment,
Deception beguiling vassals went to war with men of valour.

Over Ajalon, stood, sun moon and stars, waiting to unveil
Fiery flames raining down unbearable upon a fragile floor,
The splendour of God in glory swoop over the mountain gale
Forced surrender, the sun on hand and the moon on the other.

In faith that looks through time, we own presence of mind
Realisation of ability to take territories that God has given,
Nothing on land can bring back what remains behind,
Of the wandering heart in joy and victory not filled within.

Joshua smote the country hills, the vales and the springs
And all their kings, and cities he went on plundering,
Inhabitants and boundaries taken till immortality reigns
Peaceful years brought the reminder of our divine king.

The lure of command Israel division's no longer follow,

Men of values, expecting imminent return of silent vigil,
Now wealth heap upon their hearts the cold dew of snow,
With Joshua's memory, they bring his ghost for an interval.

Gerry Legister

Journey Through Life

Before our ancestress were aware?
Of the naked psyche, formed out there,
Aware that between us there's space
In empty hazy, lazy silence of ignorance.
We step out timidly, from curling crouch,
Treading youthful path to destiny search,
On this journey, we can't reach the goal
Without the desire borne strongly in our soul,
The purpose of intent being the content,
With much more of life vibrant and radiant,
Then the echoing voices of inner self,
In conflict, we know how adrenaline felt,
And our journey is getting harder every day,
We see many obstacles blocking the way.
Why do people's lives become wordless?
Trying to organize others while there's a mess?
Social media wants to know our birth date
The place we were born, and people we hate.
And our present age is on a pleasant stage,
What do we know about the new leverage?
We were born with dreams that will never die
Where fantasy cry and take the deepest sigh.
Register pennants to enter heavenly statistics,
Prayers bombarding the sky like ballistics.
Life's journey is about style here for awhile
With stomach crunching pain on every mile,
At some point in time, new lessons we'll learn,
Buying private tuition with the wages earn.
Holding the dream's we have in our hearts,
Understanding we lack in so many parts.
Carrying along the ones we have never seen,
Images on the screen, wearing out the costume.
Life continues to grow a flame expose that light
When dreams become utterly black in the night.
I don't know where the darkness comes from?
Into one's life span, to measure and expand,
The intervals we fix into separate time limits.
Some are good deeds done, merit with lips.
Our lives is not always what it could be,

To ourselves, we try to be what others see.
How do we wish it might have been so simple?
Waking up each day living with nice people.

When darkness spun in the shade of memory,
Flowers and sentiments only half convey,
Those deeds of the day that is watching us,
From a life greater than been ourselves.
The bad things they do not disturb God,
For he knows the good path we have trod.
Hope in God, is an important tool to have,
Until we are well inside the dark grave.

Gerry Legister

Kids Club

Children were playing in a friendly park
While adults watched them with pleasant ego,
Laughing and playing until the evening grew dark,
With sunny shadows turning into another glow.

There came a moment when they had to go,
Leave the sunny shade and fall into simple spell
To talk about new friends they met an hour ago,
And remembered all the names until night fell.
Kids club reflect children in a playful dream
Which in most adult world is formed upside down,
A mask wearing a dirty frown waiting to be clean,
Laughter in the mirror derange like a clown.

The higher the wrinkled brow may climb
More playful becomes the simpler mind.

Gerry Legister

Kind Words

Just some kind words of appreciation
A thoughtful moment to understand,
Recommend the difference in a person
That changes the ambiance and beyond.

Deeds of kindness and gentle thoughts,
Send the vestiges of virtues down here,
Deity finds elusive paths to our hearts,
Retrieve the messages we long to hear.

Show someone that you care about them
Our deeds will last, pass through the ages,
And cross over timely generations to learn
All the folklore, stored in the gallery of stories.

Antiquity, share deeds of life in an oracle,
Kind words held out by hearts and hand,
Count them one by one, up to the pinnacle
And they become a mighty force in the land.

Kind to even those living with wretched vanity,
Kind words offered to those despised and scorn,
Hope the deed will help make our world happy,
Put a smile where the haunting suspicion frown.

But the actions of virtue are a humble choice,
A kind word is a sweet world inside our being,
The unseen force of visions, dreams, and device,
Planting beautiful seeds of duty in our realm.

Gerry Legister

Knocking At The Door

Beneath earth is the abyss
A mythical place of strange beings
Knocking at the door, said the apocalypse.
We are startled by the sound of knocking
On our door by someone during the night
And the sound of footsteps rustling outside
in the dark, disturbing the silence of ambiance.
And nightingales whistle out of mulberry trees,
above the shadow of a figure stood at the door.
The rain now falling almost absorb the sound,
which was made dim again upon the door.
And a voice from outside in between the rain.
Said behold.
I am standing outside your door knocking,
but no one is coming to open the door for me.
No one is looking through the windowsill,
enquiring of the reason for my visiting
to see on what ground I am standing still.
But only a few sojourners in the distance,
Alone, with their burdens slowly walking
Heard the faint knocking upon the door.
In the busy tide of the world's anxieties.
If anyone hears my voice and opens the door
I will come in invited and sup with them
To that voice calling the world of men
Stood in the light reflection of a daystar
Throng by angels that go up to heaven,
with precious prayers from awakening hearts,
Stirred in their lives and justifiable shaken
By the saviour's penitent patient call
The door is the heart and them that must listen
Felt relieved in their soul for answering the door.
While the world is busy digging out dirt
Beneath a host of the stargazing eyes
Suddenly, there is another knock on the door,
Even louder than before but no footsteps moving
No nightingales singing in the mulberry trees
But cold wind makes the door burst open
This wind made the inhabitants within tremble

For not a kind word to them was spoken.
Only fear echoing through the dark stillness
From the power in silence surging downwards
They Plunged regrettably, swiftly into the abyss.

Gerry Legister

Last Rites

An hour after been at the church,
with others standing who was sad,
I did not know they cared so much,
as others saw; the blessings I had.

But into my world they could not look,
For my sorrow could not be awaken,
by the last rites from a common book,
And bring myself to stop crying.

My soul sought the loss to be forgiven,
All that I loved; had suddenly gone,
While my heart was still breaking,
Life moved on leaving me forsaken.

In my thoughts, darker clouds surround,
When the final rites was solemnly given,
Ashes go from view down into the ground,
With dept of good will waiting the rest of heaven.

Time may rolled a torrent of memories within,
To draw a glint of sun from this stormy life,
And the fear in death shall loose its sting,
And we prepare better to meet our fate.

Gerry Legister

Lasting Hopes

May the summer love and joy,
Warm your heart and home,
Bring the humor you have deploy,
Following where your spirit roam.

With lasting hopes that will endure,
Through all the passing seasons,
And virtue bring out the best in you,
The qualities share with friends.

There is much more love reside in you,
Lasting hopes can make the difference,
When celebrating something incredibly new,
There is joy and laughter in your presence.

With the earthly eyes you have seen,
A greater new world transformed,
With the twinkling of an eye opening,
These earthen treasures are renewed.

No longer confine nor to a sickness resign,
There is plenty to bless you in this world,
With time enough to leave this realm,
And send the spirit back to God.

Gerry Legister

Lean On God

Praise God in the good times
Praise God in the bad times
Praise God when the sun shines
Praise God at all times

In pain when we have sorrow
There is hope for tomorrow
In time, faith will grow
Our testimony others will know

God's love is hope for the world
The everlasting destiny for our soul
When there is no one to hold
We can lean on God for he is in control

Gerry Legister

Leaves Of England

In the swan white haze,
Old trees bend and hung,
And shelter in the shadow,
From the burning sun.

In London York and Birmingham,
Sublime on the rainy crest,
Beneath the leaves of England,
Lays the spirits in arbours of quiet rest.

A hundred years will go in praise,
Two hundred more will come,
When we fall down upon our knees,
To struggle with a heavier burden.

Bourne from greed brandishing pride,
A people oppress by the passing game,
This new generation will not chide,
Nor caress the unpleasant storm.

They too are proud of the lilies that grow,
In English towns and cloudy forest,
They grieve in widow's grief and still sow,
In abundance the seeds of riches.

Like the apocalypse to brighter bliss,
With glorious triumph in blood and pain,
England will rise from the abyss,
And joy resonate from every town.

A people, a religion, a pageant entrench,
In the mockery of what it once possess,
When it drew its breath to quench,
The memories scattered like fallen leaves.

Gerry Legister

Letting Go

The past memories which flooded my soul,
Overwhelmingly, was hard to let feelings go.

Each time tears came it became like the rain
praying for the day to get the sunshine

All the feeling of fear that lies within me,
I Confront them but they never set me free.

I look back at the past with regret,
Turning around and letting go what's left.

Fear has torment, but love made me free.
The joy began to give me a new life of liberty.

Although some memories remain,
From all the things that brought so much pain.

I gained a better life the day I let go
And God restored my soul

Gerry Legister

Life Is A Secret Cell

In clouds, the greatest power found
Countless gems paint the surface beyond.
Lightening up the ceiling of glass heaven
Won through the conquest of trials given.
On earth, was pale and never bloomed,
But in death mercy gloom and glowed.
In heaven, there are no roses for the dead
No columns of crosses nailed to our head.
And the dew showers dripping wet
Gives a recluse we will never forget.
And most of all, secret things we regret,
Appear through the final minute.
The agony, turmoil of the heaviest toll,
The road set aside by the deadliest wall.
Some people go cold in rich apparel
Others respond when their names are a call.
Breaking off from the labor on earth
Over and gone ends the curbing breath.
And things said were better left unsaid
Lent to dream and the emptiness craved.
Deeds buried with the sense of distress
Stored in the banks of heavenly riches.
Building blocks of living things
Evolved from trillion of happenings.
Life is a secret Cell that blooms and dies,
We make no better reply but say goodbye.

Gerry Legister

Life Is Sweet As A Honeycomb

I will give you my heart
With a dream inside
And say, death where is thy sting
If you do not reciprocate
My undying devotion
From the food that taste of syrup
Only heaven would understand
how the breath taste
The nectar that life create
Trying to be sweet as a honeycomb

Gerry Legister

Life Overcomes Death,

Life overcomes death,
When Lent of days began
To proclaim better health
From the power we had gain.

Over in pharaohs land,
Where dreams began,
Mercy stood inspired upon the sand
Shout the acclamation.

Life had where death once roam
Stole time and strength
Agony in the hearts of every man
Beat with every hopeful breath.

In pain and bitter grief,
Tired feet free from the cage
Praise time that had them relief
Life brings freedom to the age.

Many were smitten
By a force they could not see
Refugees fleeing from the awful condition,
Death passes over the sea.

By angelic hand moving along
The strong man screaming children and women
Fearful thrill voices command
Choice of life is given to everyone.

Gerry Legister

Lifetime

Some people come into your life for a season,
Others come for a reason and a lifetime.
Life is never too long,
Embroidered with a few scenes of the time
In recollections of when you were strong

Heroics of fun, memorable ones
Queue in the refinement line
Most of all, its landscapes
blurred around the edges of your mind
leave whatever pieces you want to remain.

For future generations to view
the mournful loss of a friend,
Others are destined to succeed you
after stumbling graciously to the end.

Gerry Legister

Light Of The World

They looked just like twins
Bordering the grim terrain of earthly rim,
With piercing words to defeat volume of sins,
Something wonderful then came from within.

When the mighty energy of light begin,
Exposing the cloud of beautiful black blaze,
With nectar nourishing and refreshing,
Chorus lift a veil from the indwelling vase.

Darkness fades, into the plume of bloom,
Adventure of faith made something startling.
Happened to thoughts of everyone in the room,
Self-dismantled, by spirit praising the living king.

The grace within, sing songs in exaltation,
Seated on the throne invisible and omnipotent,
My heart joined angels in gracious reunion,
Dwell on dark continent where once I relent.

To see the light of the world in a new realm,
The beacon gave optimism a brief glimpse,
Until culture came and took back the ocean,
Leaving my soul adrift in a melancholy abyss.

Gerry Legister

Little Troubles

We disagree and everything goes black,
when I am down and cannot get back,
it feels like I have lost virtue deep inside,
which may go wandering beyond the outside.
When my pride is hurt it beats in my heart,
the attack of rejection trying to pull us apart,
with some dejected feelings of emotion,
we are both worse off than when we began.
We have entered the realm of another reality,
little troubles look big but they are really silly.
No matter how hard we may fall down the hill,
we can climb back on our feet and do well.
And if it makes us feel better about ourselves,
then we can defeat all these little troubles.
And don't take the cares of this life as a curse;
try to make the most when things seem worse.
It takes time and courage to be strong,
to go along we earn the prize to get along.
Our heart may be breaking with sorrow inside
but there is a smile of joy we cannot hide.

The reality of it goes silent back in with a grin
although secretly our hearts are breaking.
We can keep warm by love and desire.
Some laughs we have are taking us higher.

Gerry Legister

Look And See

In trouble times there is transformation of suffering,
They please us not the solemn trauma of stress,
It doesn't need to have control if the soul is strong,
You can handle the cure when humanity confesses.

More years are spent in weariness and woes,
Fewer days defy the things our soul merely endure,
They brought human toil early and leave the sorrows,
Some things we hate are not the answers we desire.

We want to rest our minds in green meadows,
With strength to guide when frail spirit grow weak,
Victory to the brave; so bring me comforts in my troubles,
And I will not fear the crumbling earthquake.

Even when I walk the salient way through the valley of death,
The priestly dew of heaven brings the mourning into joy
I am sure when I pray strength takes all my leaping breath,
And the troubles endure make the sacrifice a greater glory.

Although with grief within we are crush; we are not broken,
Each burden bare well; are the tokens of great deliverance,
Fewer misery spell Immeasurable values to our bodies given,
A kind relief recompense of perfect inheritance.

Gerry Legister

Looking Back

I know our journey had to go back far
To see the different nations of people,
History printed on the pages of splendour,
Before they faded and became invisible.

But their exploits remain unattainable,
Merged into the memories of rampage,
We journey from the middle age of Aristotle
With People's lives becoming a moving stage.

We are all apostles on useful missions
Many find the journey busy as a hive,
The unpleasant drive waiting for decisions
Unaware of the vicinity when hope arrive.

Anxiety shuffling into line at the clearing
Looking for faces upon the waiting strand,
The uncertainty of life: weaving and subjecting
Uncertainty to stand amidst the sinking sand.

Looking back, our fare is spent in rags and riches,
With pieces of tickets left for another journey,
In crumpled pockets of shady shape bags
We share the adventures going back in memory.

Gerry Legister

Losing Society

Unrestricted but refined and free,
There was a crashing sound at the gate,
We are all look round for a place to flee
But our reaction has too late.

The biggest fault we find in losing society
Is getting to the bottom of self centeredness,
Sin is the problem nations are facing today,
Elements reinforce by, drugs, rapes and robberies.

The whole world is driven to despair,
Cultural differences provides the epidemic,
Promote separatism and treat others so unfair,
We respond to issues and start to panic.

Losing faith in our ability to influence relationship,
And make society a better offer of partnership.

Gerry Legister

Lost In Space

Astronauts talk to each other
About the strange phenomenon.
they had seen on the edge of another sphere;
when they had gone to the moon.

Traveled for miles to such a long way
Lost in transition trying to reach heaven,
in space dreaming of giving their testimony,
with stories they no longer could contain.

If they had found something unique
Habitation exist through the black hole,
From our world to somewhere intrigue,
Worth more than silver or gold.

Imagine distance in mind over matter
They will be able making regular tours,
See the stars often those we adore,
Move from earth to planetary shores.

Lost in space embrace the risk they took,
they try to get to space on the next shuttle,
With extra space for a scientific book,
They would fly away from earthly trouble.

And find curious thrills of adventure,
With thousands of aliens orbiting earth,
In our space becoming more of a danger
Society will soon put them in mental health

Gerry Legister

Love And Darkness

I am facing love and darkness in sin

My heart rages loudly for atonement,

But the aching agony goes long and deep within,

They fly swift to wounded region.

I am walking blind in a tunnel of dark,

What will ignite new hope in dreams where it began?

My awaken soul tries to leap into mythical spark,

Burning desire with every passion imagine.

Fear let go in marveled wander and I travel far

Staying near the walk of faith, but doing what I hate,

The burning love of anger grows even stronger,

This flame in the dark is burning the brightest.

Electric fire, passion desire glowing in the night,

Burning flame human pain reveals another dark realm

Light consumes darkness and makes the day look bright

There is a love binding me to earth and it shines in heaven.

As angelic lamplights Passover on the vacant street,
Jostling the flames of freedom forcing our conscience,
To explore time and consume the darkness we meet,
This love for earth is a reality to illuminate doubtful science.

Love and darkness, dwells within our heart
In shady light, seasons embrace both phenomenons
That exists within the crater of twilight mist,
And can disappear just as quickly as they came.

Gerry Legister

Love And Ecstasy

How the struggle of love goes
It doesn't always shows
The public picture it tells,
When imperfection falls.
Wrapped up in pain and mystery
With the struggles of love and ecstasy.
When the day has gone
And the week passed on.
A month will be even longer
When the heart is missing the love of splendor.
Ego is getting weaker at the knees,
Pride tearing forgiveness into pieces.
With one kind word the agony will depart,
And love and ecstasy rejoiced in the heart.

Gerry Legister

Love Breaks In

Love breaks in through my soul,
A breach, compasses the element,
A flame in my heart burn uncontrolled,
Trepidation of what the sphere meant.

Some of the things I wanted to say,
Of valiant fidelity I said to myself long ago,
If love breaks in and claim my thoughts today,
My soul would fix and make them show.

A place where dreams smiled,
And neither tears, nor sighs which are strong,
Can move love with floods from inside,
And bind the cords within the mind.

If it had lips and hand to break the chains,
That holds love and death in oblivious shadow,
I would let it break in again into my dreams,
And share in the living thoughts I know.

Often to be in scenes where humans trod,
And see reality in the glory of paradox,
Consume by self but abides safe with God,
There amid the hollow realm in curious track.

Gerry Legister

Love Builds The Bridge

The years went by and I went along
I tried to run but now I can hardly stand
we watched as children were born
Love builds the bridge
And I felt the change
Between your heart and mine

When joy came
We sometimes acted like clowns
Ending up smiling and loosing the frown
Disappointment brought us to the ground

Romance was a chance
Dreams disappear into the distance
Cruel emotions twisting my soul into a trance

God stood by like an angel in disguise
Turning our little home into happier times
Life is full of love again
Praise God for the miracle amidst the pain

Gerry Legister

Love Delay

O love delay, wherever you are?
I was searching for you in vain
You are the only thing I am waiting for
To take away this aching pain.

I should have pluck up courage long ago
But now I will grow old in hope of finding,
Images peering through the window,
Transition hides me away from everything.

Where is the balm for my healing?
Like something missing out of my dream,
That wakes up very late in the morning,
I stayed where I was waiting for the alarm.

Love delayed answers to mixed request,
In order to mould and shape our desires,
Confidence grows as we learn to invest,
And strengthen our faith in prayers.

Time did not mare our beautiful character,
Nor was hope lost in love's seeming delay,
Patient was counted for greater honour,
Not our selfish wants to be on display.

Gerry Legister

Love For All Humanity

Angels and saints in heavenly presence,
Extracted from the devil's temptation,
Naked we fly to a fountain of grace,
Win the race and receive our crown.

For loving God with all your heart
That's the sum of prophetic commandment,
Which love all humanity express in Art?
Seasons bring the reasons for our talent.

To plant the seeds that beget love
Let kindness and favor take root,
Then marvel at the reward from above,
That blesses you with this good fruit.

Reinvent the future, live, and thrive,
for the dying, in this world of global terror,
We are together, just trying to survive,
The clash of tears of the busiest hour.

Another dream will be a new dream,
You are never too old to change your culture,
Transforming the core mind of our being,
To a centric value of the future ensure.

Gerry Legister

Love Is

Perfect love cast out fear,
Love is in the eyes of a dear friend,
Love is found transformed in the air,
True love has no boundaries to end.

Love is in every moment we pause,
Love leaves an imprint in our heart,
Love covers distance and show the cause,
Love is a world full of charming delight.

This is love in tears and blazing laughter,
Love shines radiantly on our faces,
Love struggles and overcomes despair,
Love is the sweetest emotions our lips can taste.

Love is icy winter and lazy summer days,
Love is celebrated in great victory parade,
Love is in photographs with a million memories,
Love is nations treasures hid in peaceful shade.

Love is forgiving your enemies instead of hate,
Love is the first appearance of a new born child,
Love is precious, and far too costly to waste,
Let us share this unique gift we all have inside.

Gerry Legister

Love Is Greater Than Gold

In perilous path, out there in the real world
Resilient soldiers march upon barren turf
Treading the path that holds the value of gold
Melt by the sun in the splendour of youth.

Hidden dreams like diamonds in the hole
Out in the world where opportunity holds
The fragrance of our heart that nature stole
In meadows and valleys their beauty unfolds.

The love that is greater than gold and silver
Cannot be bought with gifts and perish food
For we hold immortal dreams and live together
When in joyful mews we find the better mood.

To the towns and cities crushed in the season
Shoppers dream about the paradise given
They have lost the means and the best reason
Why we celebrate the moments seated within.

The passions we cherish are in treasured store,
And if we were given all the silver and gold
Could our hearts contain the value to add more?
Illusions shining brilliantly as the metals we hold.

The lustre of beauty is magnificent in our heart
When the images we hold contains the world
Fitting the shapes and songs in our cultural art
Display the theme that is greater than gold.

Gerry Legister

Love Is Precious

Perfect love cast out fear,
Love is in the eyes of a dear friend,
Love is found transformed in the air,
True love has no boundaries to end.
Love is in every moment we pause,
Love leaves an imprint in our heart,
Love covers distance and show the cause,
Love is a world full of charming delight.
This is love in tears and blazing laughter,
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Love is the first appearance of a new born child,
This love is precious, and far too costly to waste,
Let us share this unique gift we all have inside.

Gerry Legister

Love Is The Heart Beat Of The Soul

She whispers a melody to me softly,
Her words clutch my heart with passion,
Heartbeat of conscience finding the mystery,
Of body and soul entwined with the emotion.

The inky stars glow bright over the waters,
And we are transforming into a life of bliss,
To make our reflections like heavenly figures,
Covering eyes and lips with pearly riches.

My inner thoughts sparkled while listening,
To the spirit lifted with every heartbeat,
Comfort in the fondest path and decisions taken,
Love is the key that makes our life complete.

We who were nothing have become something,
More important than mere existence,
We feel the heartbeat of each other's suffering,
To share the things upon our conscience.

Every heartbeat is a splendid life line,
Where Love is keeps the soul breathing,
Every beat sends a message to define,
The reasons we keep on believing.

Gerry Legister

Love Letters

The call of your voice drifted by the wind
Sentimental feelings that warms the blood,
Flowing with romance to where the postage send,
Love letters strolling through winter's flood.

The contents being sent was of good intent.
Tracking the inflame heart each step of the way.
Treasury of words stored in the postman's tent.
Letters about things we pray and want to say.

The slightest hint opens wider eyes full of surprise,
Each blink holds a beautiful smile that paints
A perfect portrait speaking silently about future prize
Eyes wide drives happy tears into cheerful complaints.

And follow the path that leads the fragrant breeze
Into ecstasy of dreams where love letters concealed
The pinning mine of gold to make the voices freeze,
And feelings unfold in millions of kisses revealed.

The splendour of romance in the dance of desire
Buy the fire, in the hall, startled hedges in the park,
Risk birds sense in the fragility of pleasure,
And do endeavour to let the emotions talk.

Forever, till it ends or love is a never ending story,
Putting our letters under a spell to clean and miss,
The engrossed summons daring to make us worry,
About distractions of jealousy and forgiveness.

The joy love letters bring is worth waiting for,
Reciprocation of these feelings to care and cherish,
When you look towards the future in store
The heart needs a view deep in the unfathomable dish.

With drops of watery tears, that makes the stars
Go around the moon, because love is beautiful,
It makes relationship bloom like flowers,
That you clasp eternally close to your soul.

Gerry Legister

Love Touches The Heart

It feels pleasantly sweet
On a journey to the stars,
When love touches the heart,
The thrill of joy starts with tears.

Seeing shadows of flames set on fire
Touching emotions beyond surprise,
Realism takes the cloudy images higher
When love does everything time denies.

Even Empathy of the smallest act
Reach for the stars touching many lives,
Transforming energy beyond magic
Into the waiting path of another sunrise.

Faith gives a wonderful glimpse of heaven,
To dream about paradise perpetually,
When the glory of challenge takes place within
We find eternal depth in hope for sanctity.

If we believe life holds endless possibilities,
Even though we have been hurt before,
Knowing love more with all the complexities
Make logical lights in our hearts burn brighter.

Gerry Legister

Loving You

I am sad when I hear you cry,
I feel bad when you must lie,
I will remember the good when you die
And smile at the shadows passing by.

I will remember your smile each day,
When you made, the sunshine appears after rain,
I still remember every prayer you say,
And the promise made with every dream.

I wished that day would never come,
Still loving you far in the coldest land?
When living becomes silent and dumb,
And no one else on earth will understand.

The life we spent together with infatuation,
Has return an empty feeling within me
So, deep was love, it was by heavens calculation,
For this feeling to drift into eternity.

I am lost in the shadow entering my mind,
loving you when your presence is not here.
The solemn vows blew away in the wind,
I wish you were still with me in the atmosphere.

Gerry Legister

Making Choices

Wrong choices make a difference?
If we live for ourselves or to forgive others,
Though buffeted by agitated wind and tide,
Driven by faith to take responsibility serious,
Is it an earthly calling from higher altitude?
To make the right choice; choosing not to lose
The connecting medium between God and man,
Grant glimpse to see images of the future
If the human spirit is given a second chance,
And face the mirror; can it change the world?
To make us look younger and live a little longer,
Must we celebrate the treasures in a trance?
Surrender to mankind the images in our mind
Or wake gladly to distinguish it from all other.
The glories of heaven conceal hidden cost,
Cast everything below, but hastily look above
The sky is the mirror which holds our future
Being with fortitude hope will never be lost.
Dare to dream by esteeming earthly wisdom,
knowledge alone was never soul satisfying.
Especially if we find the hidden kingdom,
Whether or not the choices we made were right,
We must accept our mistakes and in passion
Eclipse apocalypse of the daunting Holy Grail.
Another world exist aware of this torment,
And yearn for the former lust as treasures,
For the choices, we made guaranteed no bail.
But what we know resembles grand allusions
In messages flash strange images of the future,
Representing the state of the world we are in.
Invite crazed delusions to channel the mind,
Sunk beneath the tempest dangled danger zone,
Prosperity doing harm; charm disloyal crimes,
We try to ride out the storm in confidence.
Breaking promises every time to our children
Had we the right mind we could have won,
When we had lived and everything was fine,
With the weight of sin, grief inevitable come.

Making Promise

The smile you wore made me glad,
And promise half the world under oath,
You would give to me if riches you had,
What we could own in life or death.

Dreams climb without a pause in space,
To quicken mind and longing breathe,
Entwined around the nectar of taste,
Over soul comes power of life and death.

Those lineaments of blissful sounds,
Hidden in the whole realm of mystery,
Are they devices robed in trailing crowns?
The secrets of mind are your own fantasy.

Laden upon brave lips without fear,
From higher sphere the words are bless,
I hope to see some dreams floating in the air,
But the contents are empty promises.

You tell me the things I want to hear,
But most of them belong to eternity,
You go and come in flight and feather,
But clouds remain dark as yesterday.

In dark I night not see the things we hate,
But truth reveals they have no lasting value,
Voices call out early acclaiming all estate,
But empty promises are hard to renew.

Gerry Legister

Man And Woman

In time, God created man and woman
We were the earthly fashion renew,
Male and female amazingly created by him,
The atmosphere also became new.

We only knew that the sky was higher,
Then Stars embrace galaxy unending distance,
Where destiny began our life and character,
The realm of hope brought new science.

Man and woman created for terrestrial reign,
The painter, the performer's spoken word,
Became breath and soul purchase by design,
And richness in heart dwells in joyful mode.

Sun and evening pursuit comes within a dream,
Night stopping by the woods quietly listens,
Angel's voices the fantasy of pleasure esteem
Oblige the soul in unfortunate misgivings.

Strength transplant to a road of weakness
The embryo of sin our beautiful world entrenched,
The ambiguity of abuse and sadness,
Reconstruct the growth of every living branch.

But we did not suffer total rejection,
Man and woman could not sink any deeper,
Into earth's home they found sauntering companion
And live with love and tolerance for each other.

Gerry Legister

Masquerade For Love

The persona run and tumble down
Moving from suburbs to a different town,
Rail and wire are enemies dividing line
Separating travellers from the sublime.

Into a netted world besotted by crime
The rolling waves of humanity find,
Danger lies where paradise appears refine
Wearing masquerade of the present time.

With warbling hands reaching out to hold
The glaze of light in their hungry eyes,
But love in the malign heart has gone cold
Yet benign freedom light up the dark skies.

They come into an age of ulterior specialism,
People wear masquerade to hide displeasure,
And harbour silent uproar of sentimentalism,
Lurking beneath in the brooding guise of anger.

But where dream lies; the risk is worth taking
In the clandestine opportunity Identity brings,
Favour surfing the ethereal waves to begin
A new life possessing the underline blessings.

Gerry Legister

Memories Left Behind

memories go gentle into the night
Reflecting the stars around the moon,
You will always be a shining light,
A radiant glow dispels the dark gloom.

With warbling voices of many singers
In heavenly realm of angelic voices,
Hearts cry out in righteous memories,
Songs you brought to mass choirs.

Joining the Lord now on another terrain,
Clutch the shadows between earthly cares,
There you will hear again before we reign
Immortal songs briefly gained in tears.

In laden flames that glows faint in the night,
Memories converged on the path left behind,
You will always be that shining light,
Leave the impulses of songs in our mind.

Gerry Legister

Mesmeric Power

Twinkling colored stars against silhouette horizon,
Mesmeric power, glide silently through the twilight space,
entices the ambiance between phantoms and incantation.
Feline notions resounding in our own feeble existence.

Stars pierce the night like magical priestly lights
Flames set on fire with claws that are Razor Sharp.
Rewards are known only to saints and druids' delights,
Chimes of forlorn tunes from a lightly played harp.

The mesmeric power is as dark as midnight hour,
Creating life tiptoe into the moonless alternative ground,
Where witches were burn and ashes from the urn scourer,
Make the mind chant aloud to every strange moving sound.

The sacred war starts the quest in protest and priestesses,
Is not the resourceful pain of hurt our last great stand?
Victory, against the dark seasons crossing with the crisis,
An Instagram of the moment gone when instant life began.

Our times moves further into deep unfettered thought,
Traveling plans ticking each hour like sand grains falling,
Make the muddle grow stronger in the beating heart.
Turning each ardent flame into the sullen reign of pain.

Mesmeric power burns past the time erasing the stain,
Through life, and strife, the warmth of hope awaits each day,
Shadows fade and end the spells we share unchained
With flames of joy the nectar of taste once gave away.

The lighter of days, revive soul opening the unmask door
Moments went, in time engulfed by promises lost in fear,
Feelings change with seasons that will never stay sour,
Faith changes the path of fate and wipes away every tear.

Gerry Legister

Miners Turn To Face The Cold

At last, the voice of coal is dead,
Buried lamps carried on the head,
Miners sang the unforgiving dirge,
With fragments of particles emerge,
Drilling hammers that smote the ground
Never again to hear its rumbling sound,
Voices roar like dragons in damp vapour,
Highlights the dangerous drudgery caper.
Miners turn to face the cold idle breeze
Diggers of caves brought to their knees.
Dust off running tears in nocturnal eyes
Sparkle in pay dissonant redundancies,
Tipping the poison pour out of their coat,
Hem and skirt tossed away in good wave,
Blockade collapsing stairs of the brave,
Sadden hearts ending the way of life,
Kiss the face they abandon with cheek,
Dirty power of the industrial revolution
The demise ends centuries of tradition,
Looks that lost on the cloudy grey glare,
In tunnels bearing signature of slender tear,
Rippled down the jagged wall mirrors
Narrow roads in loops of fuel suspended,
Rows of tombs down on the cold bed
Dead voices calling from the depth of earth,
Snuffed out the union in oblivion wrath,
the dripping tar of brooms lay on the floor,
Once the nation's daily meal for the poor,
The pit is shut leaving the empty trucks
As souvenirs burden bearing buckets.
And the last part of murky breath exhale,
Was coal in declined of this cold turmoil?
Can we face climate change of clean living?
In the beautiful candescent global warming.

Gerry Legister

Missing Pieces

In the pangs of adolescence we mortal beings
When provoke by anger, danger or even dilemma
We try to reconcile the reality with our dreams
In relationship where there are aches of nostalgia.

Feeling of defeat that haunts people all their lives
We pass by the missing pieces in the community
And can't see the jigsaw puzzle with perfect clarity,
Some pieces will always be missing from our lives.

In most areas we are victorious; and they are precious
But even in the imperfections we can be faithful maps,
Guiding post for weary travelers to find new pastures
In the beautiful broken world that God has given to us.

Restoration finds a place to plant those weary feet
On a path that leads the soul besides the still water,
We Find the missing pieces that have become indiscreet,
And bind them with strength to lure greater adventure.

We swiftly experience the world as unbelievably hostile,
Become irretrievably anxious and begin to cry in pain,
When things go wrong as they sometimes will
We cannot see the beauty from a broken situation.

Gerry Legister

Missing Pieces In The Puzzle

There are dozens of reasons
Apart from the obvious why a lover left you
Missing important piece in the puzzle
the anguish adding up to so many in fact
That really none make sense at all.

Confusion grips your thoughts
Enter connection Promising freedom
And some immediate relief from anguish
Many Questions and comments
Empowered the reason they left

The main reasons why lovers leave
Because they are torn between choice
Hiding important pieces in the puzzle
Some try winning their way back to deceive
Keeping score through all the real trouble

Knowledge can save you from different anguish
Your are not alone, the part they gave you
They had promise others heart and soul
The same thing no one ever had
Important Missing pieces in the puzzle

Real connection missing love and passion
Someone else tried to jump the gun
Making you feel even more special
You appreciate their true intentions
To find the missing pieces in the puzzle

Don't leave one person for another
Expect to be left with only the clothes on your back
If you're lucky make the decision personal
Leave the predator's perspective
Still trying to find the missing pieces in the puzzle

Gerry Legister

More Of Time

Every sixty seconds spent waiting,
On the reality to obtain promises,
Could be a minute of inheritance gone?
Never to come back and take chances.

More time may elapse after still waiting,
And you may grow faint and weary,
But preserved confidence in expecting,
Fulfillment of promise to make you happy.

Keep waiting to inherit the promises,
Time is what the lives patience implied,
If we believe, faith preserves appearances,
To see the glory for which others have died.

Sitting awake in the dark still waiting,
On more time to be whom we claim to be,
The solitude of memory is everything,
In the secret times that belongs to destiny.

On a trail where time is a mystery down here,
As if watching the future with glimpse of myself,
The waiting goes on around the next corner,
And always looking for enterprise of more wealth.

Gerry Legister

My Africa

My Africa is not the poor image
Ravaged by war in the betrayal of anger,
Echoed sounds graduating through the village
In a portrayal of dances and comedy of laughter.

Nor the ugly cast freedom fighters had lost,
When modernism changes our culture,
The price of realism came at a great cost,
And in dispersion we became unsure.

Those we believe were exploiters of God
Held out bribes that led to slippery slopes,
And all the choices we made were bad,
Believing hope would in time open our eyes.

When we turn the page and tasted desire
I think we found a better reason to love,
With all those who favor Gods fire,
Forgiveness is a more worthy gift to give.

Humbling darkness into the still hour
Sowing seeds in the shadow of energy renew,
Growing stronger in boiling sweat of power,
My Africa was always lovely and true.

The wooden world is a place of the future,
In nature, where Herero's are born.
Each mortal is a pearl that the world discover
African diamonds grazing in the fire farm.

The soiled bed will be blossomed and glow
Pay debts to throw out the challenging light,
And cover darkening death where phantoms go,
For spirits to stray in shades of the haunted night.

Gerry Legister

My Birthday

This amazing day
Special in every kind of way
Kind of make you want to pray.

Give thanks
With lips mouth and hands,
To heaven's greatest ones.

Father Son and Holy Ghost
Being worship from our innermost
When we hunger and thirst.

My birthday jive
The day that God gave
For me to celebrate and rave.

And take a moment to ponder
All the years that render
A joyful reminder.

Gerry Legister

My Decision

When I get to my older self, sunk and shrunken
In the nights of darker days consist,
But I will not go into this contamination
I am strong; I will avoid it at all cost.

I can see a light shining bright in the window,
and it is coming towards where I am sitting.
Maybe what I am seeing is my shadow.
I hate bright lights, the silent image they bring.

Hiding their faces, you can tell they are slow
I am making my decisions but I am trembling
I making will for all my children to know
I am not worried about living or dying.

And Have grown accustom to their silence
really they don't trouble me, but I am watching,
to see where they go when they leave my presence.
I am here waiting for the angels to come calling.

Although I can't hear a sound, I am not leaving here,
Perhaps it is more beautiful in heaven
I told God I will be late, but I am try to get up there,
I know my sins have been forgiven.

But I am not in a hurry, when I get there God will begin
Handing out the rewards, crowns and gold pins
For enduring different kinds of pain
And there will be plenty of surprise pilgrims.

Gerry Legister

My Desire

There stood before me
Is the object of my desire?
Anxiety running through me,
I feel a flame of loving fire.

I see a shadow coming closer
I don't want to be frighten,
But my heart is the prey to desire
And I am the hunter's victim.

Now so close I smell the flavour,
Tearing at my heart into what I want,
To take my fill of this desire,
And I am still been hunted.

I fall into a deadly path of excitement,
Trembling more with fear than fantasy
Standing on the edge of descent,
Set down into a life of reality.

Gerry Legister

My Dreams Are Bright

When in distant slumber my dreams are bright
Through the quiet rest images of life can be seen,
God is till the one controlling all my deep inside,
From the visions of my heart joy has been,
Visiting my passions where the memories hide,

When in moving wishes strength and age incline,
To hide the treasures we share as time goes by,
Closing our youth; to open where we have not been,
As others have seen, the rapture before they die.

White fountain of heaven in the tint of gold,
With the things we want and dream about,
You're still the one I will gladly run to hold,
And live to love, till life in love has run out.

Then in future dawn there will be no stormy life,
When pleasure has fade; pleasure lives on,
There will be no unlikely end to bring such strife,
And take the impulse of delight from where we stand.

When the spirit goes, I'll know not where it goes,
To climb with hail and walk in clouds to the sun,
On the long road in the sky where stars shines,
And as time held me dying, you'll still be the one.

When my dreams are bright heaven is in sublime light,
Shinning stars in a million galaxies looking refine,
You'll still be the one the candles will light,
Memories to live and honored among time.

Gerry Legister

My Fantasy

Fantasy is not forever but for a dream,
A moment to hold close and feel its strength,
The silent hiss between a shout and a scream,
As revelation promises the reality turned swift.
A chance to meet paradise between dreams,
I want to learn and discern a buzz in the distance,
Dare within; dreaming aloud of beautiful decisions,
My fantasy is a game that leaves a world to trace.
Time makes me want to die with generous grace,
In a realm where no one holds what I can control,
The glaze, the place, the persons all in this race,
That burning cry laid a wounded sight within my soul.
I live to take pleasure now rather than when I die,
More of everything, lovelier than fantasies,
I take the happiness engulf with destiny,
Treating sublime mind with tears and fears.
My fantasy is more than a beautiful despair,
A splendid birth of riveted charms captivate my soul,
What's your fantasy? The world wants to share,
Some of the secret treasures that you hold.

Gerry Legister

My Future

I want to see the changes
that lies beyond these doors,
to the gate of future ages
and see what heaven has in store.

Slowly, I am letting go
Of this temporal earthly illusion,
Finding the reasons to know,
why time possesses my season.

I think about my future
What destiny has to offer?
I want to know more than before
I go as a lamb to the slaughter.

In life, I want to find out
which galaxy has the realm of peace,
Which stars define, being so complete,
And which ones will never cease?

I want to hear the omnipotent God
A voice, that has power over my life,
being a shelter and my rear guard,
taking away all my misery and strife.

Today, I surrender,
and leave what I have now
to find the moment that will last forever
and be exactly sure that I know.

How the change will happen,
when I want to laugh, I cry instead,
the pain only gets deeper within
The very moment my eyes are blessed.

Tears rained down my face
I wish I could hold on a little more,
but my number has been replaced
and the angel has come to close the door.

When I closed my eyes
stars are circling that moment,
I forgot the light changed to darkness,
the only beautiful thing has peace constant.

I am thinking about my future
And the rewards that are to come,
When my breath is no longer here,
By then, my journey will be done.

Gerry Legister

My Heart's Desire

The damp shaky Fall sends the teardrops,
To flow from the weather beaten eyes,
Looking for my own rainbow in the clouds,
Holds destiny of fresh untangled dreams.

In a dream; I was about to go to heaven,
Only to find the rainbow had long departed,
Leaving empty showers over the barren land,
And the heart leaks out issues not yet started.

But here I stand, if I look long at the pale moon,
Hope will cast a starry crown in the meek sky,
And the friendly glow covers my life of gloom,
Touches sorrows which paint the slumbering eye.

Darkness in the way blocks the screen of vision,
Light in the morning drives death in the night,
My heart's desire is to flee from among the living,
And be at rest in that new heavenly light.

And the entire world will turn to face the wind,
When my bones sitting alone turn into dusty ashes,
And the towns I had been around cannot find,
The flesh locked in the cage of invisible shapes.

Ghost with sins cannot dream when life is over,
My heart's desire every time I am tempted,
Is to cast pride way into the tempters driven fire,
No worlds could relieve the guilt presented.

Gerry Legister

My Heart's Desire

The damp shaky fall sends the teardrops,
Flowing from my weather beaten eyes,
Looking for my own rainbow in the clouds,
to bring destiny of fresh untangled dreams.

In a vision; I was about to go to heaven,
Only to find the journey had a delayed start
emptying showers into the reservoir again,
I feel my heart with issues tearing it apart.

I decided to look long at the pale moon,
my desire saw a starry crown sailing in sky,
And the heavenly glow it covers the gloom
And painted a dream with glazed eye.

Darkness in the way blocks the screen of vision,
Light in the morning drives death in the night,
My heart's desire is to flee from among the living,
And be at rest in that new heavenly light.

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Gerry Legister

My Heavenly Father

My heavenly father has a mansions waiting for me,
Preparing a unique place of rest for tomorrow,
And when I get there; oh how happy I will be,
In my flight of joy there will be no more sorrow.

When I take a heavenly star to go through the air,
In paradise on streets of gold other people will walk,
And I will know the change in the atmosphere,
Just been there without street lamps for it is not dark.

Pull up in my dream the sheets of celestial lights,
Eternity riding high on the firmament of stain glass,
New life erase the guilt that own the quibbling past,
No moon ice or winter spring hanging over the cities.

My father is in heaven away from this besotted time,
His anxious blood runs deep through my veins,
I can feel him in my body; see him in my mind,
Gauge the cosmic realm to define the species.

In time, in memory, we return to the cradle of love,
The father we worship, the king we strongly adore,
Alpha and Omega, the exceptional being from above,
A father's love is the key that opens every door.

Mine inescapable failure made into a testimony,
Onward and upwards made a way to meet his wave,
I am almost going home soon no reason to worry,
Outliving the impact the one for my life he gave.

Gerry Legister

My Wish

I do not wish to fret on the bed of death
For the relief of pain circling my body,
Besiege around the gap forcing out breath
Making faded strength heirs to eternity.

I do not wish for those shedding tears
Be mournful by the seizure of a sudden urge,
When fortune favours decline in my affairs,
For the soul has many more plagues to purge.

I only wish to find the forgiveness hereafter
And the crown of life in which freedom was denied,
By friends who came slowly and went quicker
Into fame from my association may have find.

All the treasures which make careers wishes
Richer bound for best of that better life to live,
Doctors and lawyers and the alphabet full phrases,
Discover the cure they were trained to give.

As the undisclosed mystery beams towards me
The future and its pointless things have taken wings,
I wish to be clearer, but that wish I may never see
While lips and mouth unto silence clings.

Gerry Legister

Natural Disasters

My legs froze with terror
Earthquake split the air,
everything in house felt the tremor,
even my pulsating heartbeat race
in hot despair.
With nervous fleeing shower,
to find a penitent rock.
But unable to move fast enough,
the numbing pain lost my balance.
I stood aghast in awkward silence
with wounded knees.
Enter Pilgrims faith increase,
to reduce the terrorize weaken heart.
Precious memories ripped apart
the finer choice life had made,
Prosperity stood afar,
from the enormous sound
Earthquake splitting the ground.
Into two foreign islands,
Strangers became friends.
And hope escapes high
towards the burning stars,
galloping across the sky
like flying horsemen.
A path vow with pestilence
Disease clouds human existence,
Force earth further to its knees,
between trees; the Apocalypse is here
the smear bringing natural fear
appearing legal.

Gerry Legister

Nature Out In Space

In space, the immense celestial expanses
give rise to all kinds of shapes and forms,
there is the endless vastness of multi-galaxies,
make worlds come out of many neurons.

The encounter between different kinds.
Proton spark of human consciousness.
These organisms are extraordinary finds.
Not just nations in types and similarities.

Of our own world, quite rare in that realm.
With signs of consciousness and intelligence.
A vast civilization from where we came.
With the elements of subliminal experience.

Nature and race have the capacity to observe,
to predict, to interact, and to communicate.
To suffer, to love, to lose, and to preserve.
Abilities and characteristics that humans hate.

Out in space, consciousness is ambiguous,
place of mystery; perhaps we could not grasp.
Existence of soul, and spirit, genes, and genius.
Subjectivity, intelligence, perception of our task.

We now wear a mask blotting out the past.
To mimic creation in an unimaginative way.
Coincidence with a civilization that generations lost.
What made our values sunk deeper into the clay?

After our marred display, a new race will arrive.
With unrecognizable traits on the big screen.
The strangest thing about those who survive.
With consciousness, we could have been them.

Gerry Legister

Nature's Season

Sweet is the lore which nature brings,
In tidings and shapes of beautiful formed things,
In peaceful respite the tearful moments weep,
With uneasy tears and breezy thoughts sweep.
Time and seasons bring emotions sinking deep,
With reasons and secrets only time can keep.
Clouds aloft expose heavens grand panorama,
And buttery darkening stars gathered in sky arena,
Gaze upon bright shapes from infinite space,
Spellbound arms hold each other in sweet embrace.
And there in heaven, we look for grace to be forgiven,
Of things loosed from this world at the second coming.
Jealous angels fold their wings in amorous trance,
Watch the moon stood and stars around earth dance.
And change the merry climate to give nature dominion,
Over rivers and land where ancient mariners have gone,
We glimpse for a visible moment the rage chosen,
By the force of nature to linger with humanity in the wind,
Coastal plains in gay high day's pleasures were found.
Homes submerged in the ground, till the ground breaks down,
Further into the realm of terrestrial phenomenon.
Time let seasons come again with birds singing in spring,
June showers descended with the rush for summer to begin,
Surprise rain comes between night and the appearing sun,
When stars in haste go hiding behind the moon.
And waters of golden grain flung heavy showers down,
Earth is covered with gloom above the grass that is green,
Floods overflowing rivers, lakes, streams and Ocean,
But nature is kind; and still more forgiving.
While Angel's sit and contemplate upon silk tassel rainbow,
Holding nervous fate near river lips widening below,
Beneficent sorrow grip the stranded heart in resolute
Mind, the stillness finds hope whispering like a warbling flute,
Triumphant now in life as in death, persistent as fear,
And the fear in the shadows hung over towns in terror,
Leaving the trail of wreckage the atmosphere conspire,
Flash into darkness and vanish with our hopes and dreams,
Into reliable memories borne from fire and ashes,
Remaining hopes are those of burnt out embers.

We wash our minds and analyze the search for answers,
Waters from the mountains mingle with dark weedy rivers,
And rivers; and lakes, eventually surrender their powers,
Then love too; will flee from spellbound arms in speed,
And find eclipse of nature roaming silently through sleep.

Gerry Legister

Never Ending Blessings

There's always that special moment

That brings you back in time,

With nostalgia quaint and faint,

And covet verses come to mind.

Playing sublimely over again,

In a song that you will remember,

And hope the graying tune

Would not escape into the air.

With individuals names you will hear,

Shinning betwixt memories and stars

They're a never ending blessings

Until heaven blacken the scars.

Fame regaining a new choir,

It wasn't for the things that happened,

In disguise during the last year,

And events we have taken for granted.

There is always going to be the sharp pain,

That is killing you from inside,

And leave you teary eyed stain.

Emotions start with fear and begin to hide.

The confuse flow of poignant feelings,

With voices disguising broken promises,

The heart cries out in voiceless peelings

And that prayer brings you back to your senses.

Gerry Legister

Never Get To Heaven On Your Feet

After enjoying the battle with the enemy
No need to wear a crown down here,
this is just the rehearsal for victory
spiritually, you never get to heaven free.

Those hidden feelings locked in deep secret
of silent sins from faithful evenings,
you will never get to heaven on your feet
without falling first upon your knees.

Those flashing memories can be recede
And you will experience transformation
not just in imagery where vision proceed
but in unfathomable depth of Faith Ocean.

Your mind embraces heavenly pleasure
from joy beyond the earthly treasure

Gerry Legister

Niagara Falls

Niagara, the color of water on a cruising course
Poured into an earthen basin to conjure the land,
Under a canopy of heaven the mystic mist amuses
The Prudent gown of elegant showers falling down.

Niagara Falls pulse racing like yours and mine,
Having the sense of thrill in atmospheric thought,
Can the beauty of such a nature ever be defined?
Become that uneasy pleasure roaming in the heart.

We observed the phenomenon fury under a spell
Grip and ponder within doubts of breathless chasm,
Secret emotions running wild with elegance parallel,
Hero's underneath bind death and escape into heaven.

Fantasy holds within our grasp a picturesque bowl,
Filled with crystal maze to make our imagination glow,
When rippled waves flow into a magnificent waterfall,
The veil gorge of vapor carries the aromas of Ontario.

We look down from the highway as far as we could,
Distinguish waters traveled to where it goes into a mist,
Formed shadows that are worn as though they could
Make a difference in ages that is coming with a twist.

Crest formed lines embrace the splendor of Niagara falls,
A glaze of amazement enhance the luxuriance moment,
Wet eyes meet in acquaintance with ceaseless revivals,
Finds the trail that escape under an infinite descent.

Gerry Legister

Nineteen Thirties

Nice things were lost in the great depression
Interest fought with humanistic preservation.
Nuremberg laws made civil states mostly unfair,
Extensive flame in the air coming from the rear.
Timeliness look of beauty faded in a tough decade,
Edward choose love above the throne he made.
Empire state building joins the race to the sky,
National anthem star spangled banner identity.

Tragedy hides the truth that propaganda holds,
History archives will discover the dusty bowls.
Incite inundating lines bearing hunger to yellow river,
Rich and poor plummeted to the floor in sore disaster.
Thirties grapes of wrath went with the wind,
Insulin of clinical use to control fear in the mind.
Ecological effects felt on the prairie halted crop rotation,
Surprise force struck the course with great depression.

Gerry Legister

No One Else Like You

No one else like you

Every road we walk upon has a turning point,
Taken by most to find someone special,
From children to parent, we're all different,
God has made one blood of streams without equal.

To another person, we fill the heart with bliss,
By our personality, our character, and intrigue,
And no one else has your art of creativeness,
And if dreams come true, your unique point of view.

To tell the thrill of passion to someone special,
For those wonderful times spent together,
To miss them when you're awake, and stumble,
Quietly to find they were the best times share.

With what matters most, your touch and your smile,
Nobody else is like you, if friend or foe could realize,
You paint a lovely picture of someone special
They will embrace your attributes and ideas.

Gerry Legister

Now To Eternity

Between the earth and the heaven
Eternity flow with a bright dawning glow.
And together, in space to places we go.

Through a summer forgotten sunshine.
Against the seasons flatline sound.
All the music we recognize and rhyme.
Only, in our veins, a rhythm was found.

Responding to the new world of rage,
We are on the road now to eternity.
A time coming into cataclysmic change.

A terrain that will frighten me most.
With the urge of a mystic pulse.
The reigning shadows of a shawl,
From a cloud formed over us all.

Gerry Legister

Obsessions

Perused by persistent images
Of obsessions, the thought takes a deadly form
And reality and fate rearranges,
All the mistakes in a horrifying dream.

Going through the gate, heaven can wait,
I gaze into space, and stay awake
Caught my soul in control of isolation,
Watching every step a minute make.

To take my place and make me surrender,
Become a number alongside the previous owners,
My life is mine, if only I could live a bit longer
with winners and not with losers.

No one should be allowed to take it away,
I can give another part of me freely,
That was given at birth until I reach eternity,
I will stay here on earth and enjoy my liberty.

When is eternity not an obsession with death?
Only God to whom I will surrender,
Death, where is your final breath?
And The sting is the grave that I will enter.

Gerry Legister

Observing The Night

That night on Earth stormy banks,
Winter snow cast a shadow over the houses,
And forbid urgent journeys over sea and lands,
Ice winds could not melt the frozen castles.

To bring warmth to the rooms and bodies,
But the breeze parted and a terrestrial rain,
Came hurtling through the dormant skies,
Imparted mystery and twinkling wisdom.

Those awoken did not see stars soaring high,
Advancing sight the orb arose in new birth,
Having flames of dust to lighten up the sky,
That night would illuminate all of earth.

With moon beams and new hope of aspiration,
Breathtaking energy found our stunned world,
We never thought it could capture our imagination,
And leave us utterly out of control.

That night gazing at the sky unassumingly,
We did not see the visitor from a highway leap
Suddenly over dreams to brighten a lower vicinity,
When all we wanted to do was go hastily to sleep.

Gerry Legister

Old English

The old Englishman in Jamaica was a traveler from a foreign land,
Who had two big trunks in a room filled with some antique clothes?
Near them, on a wooden stand, the snowy call of cold command,
Joyful presence of England, stands resolutely framed with pictures.

Old English by his pride would never buy new clothes from a local shop,
For he had come miles in old styles with quantity and memories galore,
And gladly wore them in the cold to endure mockery until he fell asleep,
Dreaming many times more about those frivolity on the old English shore.

In time drew the saddest lines; they made a strange contrasts on his face
His rosy smile faded into tales of social nights drinking gallons of beer,
Drowning sorrows in bubbles with trouble to quicken the earthly pace
And made him glare forlorn through rim glasses at similes becoming rarer,

Old English remains alone and made his splendid villa an iron fortress,
He smiled with fond memories piercing through danger to make life soft,
Until time consume his strength with the cruel instrument of weakness,
Took away the pleasure and pride he wore brilliantly under his old Felt hat.

From cold into hot he rode his pick up bike steadily along the beaten track,
Peddling slowly, waiting and halting and deeply breathing up the slope hill,
Old English remains calm with not a rave enraged by the wind at his back,
Pausing under shady trees drifting into sleep beside the lakes at his own will.

Before the dying light riding slowly to post office, he almost fall off his bike,
At the pedestal hill, his frail body bestirred the will to stop and gingerly walk,
When a passer-by shout out "English" he tells them in fright to take a
hike

With the remainder of light brush wrinkled brows and continued with his walk.

Imagination running continuous as the stars that shines along the Milky Way,
Men and women from the past reach up into images with a twinkle of mystery,
Friends from creation sprang in recognition stretched into a formidable display,
Encounter his spirit fluttering and dancing together with old English fantasy.

Some people come to borrow money, but others only wanted him for pepper
When flattery fails and frowned desire not cease only the truth half succeeds,

The Old Englishman with ancient skills; would cook a big pot of breadfruit dinner,
And give everyone sitting on the veranda ten times as much as all their needs.

Then retreated back to the world he knew unhurried by the time getting darker,
With a halo swatting mosquitoes over his shoulder, he slips into language"
you brute"

My name is old English I wear the wounds I bear with passion and not despair,
It grieves me not to be richer here though boundless and bare my soul is
complete.

Heaven will find me in a citadel of Jamaica waiting when those golden bells ring,
You will not hear my voice in mastery choice coming from behind the iron grill,
Nor In busy Negril, that floats with blue waves over vales and Silver Spring,
But in the shadow of white sands you will see an image swimming in the oil.

I saw old English again in my dream content with men in purgatorial stance,
Wandering in a carnage of clouds back to England; his favorite antique land,
Making others happy, tossing the dominoes in the sunlight sprightly dance,
Which was the bliss and solitude of the challenging things he understand.

Gerry Legister

Old Englishtown

There is a place I own in an old Englishtown
Where the dim evening knurled into early night,
On the narrow street where we walked home
Elastic fury of day dissolved into a fading light.

Upon expiration we are drawn into that realm
With ceaseless ushering of poetry and music,
The twilight ambiance becomes a kindled flame,
Among my peers the atmosphere is eccentric.

In an Englishtown with the illumination of mind
Age formed the backbone of generation to come,
That is both clever and patriotic most of the time
See the old work of art engraved in sleepy stone.

Steep picturesque street and quaint costumes
Drawn by the shine on the ghost white road,
Swinging barouche owe the pennant of years
To neighborhood shadows that carries the load.

In winter a garment covered the frosty ground,
Looking up at hoary trees standing bleak and weak,
Suspended in a trance for changing seasons found
Old Englishtown waiting for the accomplish week.

Gerry Legister

On A Journey

I go to bed with book in hand,
Falling suffer-able as dead,
Perfect life is deliberately abandon,
Absent from thought the mind fled,
Upon a journey spiraling into poetry.

A dream in greater silence rush by,
Without ruffling the timid night,
The dead will not hear the glaze cry,
In sleep we see things in clearer light,
Music and poetry of infinite bliss.

Going on a journey into afterlife,
We didn't believe until the impact,
Made us look for the living gift,
We possess in moods more optimistic,
Bliss with the abundance of mystery.

On this journey I see the blissful flame,
Burning brighter and spreading rapidly,
Like poetry overwhelm the mist of heaven,
Reach out to others and feel loves infinity,
In boughs of peaceful bliss.

Gerry Legister

On The Edge Of Bliss

Build your home in heaven
See paradise in a better place,
With all your sins forgiven,
In the pilgrimage of grace.

See the world from a distant
Looming on the edge of bliss
Among the wonders of enchantment,
Embrace uploading galaxies.

The applauding nebulous
Reaching out to somewhere new.
Phantom spirits and our angels
Watch from a blighted world we knew.

The Future mists of morning
With the gust of darkness swirling.

Gerry Legister

On The Margin Of Tribulation

Once more the road beneath our feet quakes
Where marauding faith in generosity appeared
With kind words embrace enemies within our gates,
And turn that grace to strike hearts unprepared.

When storm arose and the emotions spilled over,
Find smouldering faces peering through gothic rails,
No agreement or friends can stop the seething anger
Breathing fire once concealed by pretentious walls.

When the strife first began to stumble and choke
It forbid loose tongues to tell of any pleasantries,
Quenching breath on trial when humour is not joke
Heated fumes drifted like smoke defending sentries.

False words that see god being friends of ambush
How can we see the good? Covering the fake image,
On the margin of tribulation, ablution was accomplish
And we never did understand the blabbering language.

In every frown lies the barking sound of vile terror
They look around and examine the splendour gain,
Extraordinary treasures we have in galleries galore
But their thorny vestige will never be found again.

The vows repeat hastened to their responding feet,
Choices made inner conscience rip apart this path,
Gathering troops in tight loops on the margin of defeat
And die like fools plunging into their own murky death.

That which was burned its hostile pride will never evoke
Tight girdles beyond the margin where the story lies,
Fervency burned out beneath bitter drifting smoke
Whose liberty do we enter to cross over on brighter shores?

Gerry Legister

One Chance In A Lifetime

Everything reflect; black and white
Good and bad are in People and places,
Nature drifts in to bring intelligence
Darkness of mind is exposing by the light.

But what about time, faith; and science?
All those who had not repented of their sins
Will the individuals get a second chance?
In another world besides this realm.

The value of atonement is a new parchment,
To recover truth where our hearts wanted to go,
We perch edgy as birds do upon a narrow rim,
Lost in demise of time because we were too slow.

When technology is over and the script is written.
Careers are done transform into retirement,
Will mankind be given a second chance?
For all the consequences to make penitent.

Relief to live with choice or be force by iron rod,
Will that be heaven in a different kingdom?
Called Cosmopolitan celestial metropolis.
Govern by one indivisible force of God.

On earth power is bound as in heaven,
Omnipotent divinity replaced by humanism.
Not of flesh those citizens without a dream,
The rule of democracy gone within earth.

Fade into obscurity the measure of austerity.
Our frolicking contribute to destructive play,
Images from the past unveil in the future.
A choice we could take on this journey.

Stooping to ponder by silent reflection to pray.
And mourn with the reef given for new birth,
my dead body is desperately wanting to stay
But the change is coming with a newer breath.

Gerry Legister

One Man One Woman

It's not that I am right to pursue the wrong,
Finding laws govern one man with one woman,
Inequalities of being moral society understand,
Not holding a person's sexuality to ransom.

Love no longer use persuasion to change our mind,
Has medium ran out of having anything worth saying
On male dominance or equality of female demand
Is that right the principle for marriage increasing?

Most people want one man for one woman
And everybody else to be nice with no alternatives,
Because the laws are basically easy to understand,
They are black and white with hidden motives.

With every heavy heart mysterious revelation start
Putting well being behind the common good,
Its ashamed truth can never take president,
And show the trail from where creation went.

From the beginning truth was utterly blown
The messiah who had given life into the world
Those Laws and means humanity now sadly disown,
Set aside in combination gone out of control.

It started with noble principle having everything
Ending up as comedy this society could not imagine,
Falling out of fidelity where natural desire began tiring
Breaking into dehumanizing the pleasures given.

Time whipped up more guilt by the aggrieved,
Seeking the justice reserve in expression of opinion,
They are offended because they were abused
And no one was prepared to stand against the crime.

It is in part offending younger men and women
Those indecencies kept quiet by childlike fear,
Grown up and mature having hurt by definition

Justice should make them laugh while others stare.

Looking at truth through bizarre window
People at the top of the chain started off good,
Meddling in this business became poison arrow
Angry hounds lost all morals for which they stood.

Gerry Legister

One Moment Of Paradise

One moment spent inside of paradise,
Will give us the view that is better
Than a thousand years spent in demise
Measured by the things we surrender.

The consummate art and simplicity absorb
Into the spirit of brilliant personality traits,
In wisdom the soul finds a tutelage sort,
With strength in hand we walk on in haste.

Goodness is found waiting in the afternoon,
To pick a bunch of daffodils from my garden,
And spend time in the shade waiting for new moon
Paradise shines its special kind of light from heaven.

One moment of paradise can come inside
Pours out unlimited sources we cannot hide.

Gerry Legister

One More Chance To Be Redeemed

One more chance to be redeemed,
when transgression surrounds me,
in shadows, of sunlight or rain,
I hear voices calling from eternity.

When December brings a flush of snow,
dancing down into many winding Street,
and paint the floor with its polite glow,
Winds that blow kneel against cold concrete.

Above the roof smoke toil heavenward,
as prayer in notes like flake blown rain,
once again the seasons are changed,
the colors banished into memory lane.

With soft balm another day entwined,
nature groaning pass with a dull pain,
earth is given one more chance to redeem,
and give back felicity to our dream.

To share love, beauty and charm,
and cherish everything the human weep for,
even if people laugh you to scorn,
there is something greater in which we are.

Reaching over from darkness into light,
to stop doubt swinging harmful in the wind,
there is a chance of victory in every fight,
hidden power burn bright in our hand.

Gerry Legister

Our Being

There is a star in the morning sky still shining
From dusk till dawn going around the universe,
Waking up by the breeze almost a new being,
I feel the blazing fire in my veins and nerves.

We become the machines that are invented
A weary tide trying to break through the realm,
We gain the pain from the seed that are planted,
Work and earn to retire beneath the blazing sun.

The best form of satisfaction took responsibility
But in reality; our total lives are in firm control
In a place much higher than our own creativity
Where the real goal becomes part of our soul.

Made into a new being somewhere in heaven
Extractions from this conscious state of our living
Our times and nature of work angels will examine
And the rejuvenation of more energy in our being.

Gerry Legister

Our Fallen Nature

The years that has flown they are not my own
How many more will come and be forgotten?
Megalithic ancient episodes unexplored Anacreon,
Isolated stories of times stored in dictatorial zone.

When seasons changes nothing happens immediately,
Purposes move quietly under the concept of rage,
The nature we possess is a fallen tie with sympathy,
Humanity's awareness is known by the incipient of age.

Robe in celestial light the hideous deformity poise
To succor the prize of those shuddering with horror,
In such malignity towards the creator of the universe,
Demise took his sinless nature into our fallen nature.

Death saved many, in the debt we owe as a ransom
The cost would have taken our existence far away,
But the Redeemer came and took our humiliation
A new creation that life by a mortal could not pay.

The taint of sin where we had fallen to temptation
Embrace a mystery so enticing, it withheld prophecies
From reveling the wondrous condescension,
Hungry, thirsty and weary he took our infirmities.

Gerry Legister

Our Feelings

A lifelong quest inspired by our emotions,
fascination felt within the heart soul, and body.
It can drive us to the brink of generosity,
in tireless pursuit, or fantasies of endless passions.

Our feelings goes roaming with strong desire,
Enchantments and intrigued radiates from within.
Brings out character and absorb where we begin,
fills the low voids, and take the roads we share.

Our the best will seems good yet so misgiving,
Feelings constantly flow from emotional sources,
Explore watery paths and many different courses,
Everyday; we all have feelings worth sharing.

The sensational power to engage natural responses,
our feelings surge to surface anywhere on earth,
we were born with this affectionate gift at birth,
Teardrops at first, and then we hear them in songs.

Beating out lyrics the meaning of interpretation,
Poetry with nothing sweeter than unique feelings,
Engrossed in the midst of joy with new meanings
Release from the heart the fear of consternation.

Gerry Legister

Our Future

There is a feature that runs through the mind
with a host of stars shining upon the Milky Way
In synchronous lines where earth was formed,
in the beginning of time we had a part to play.

The realm of terrestrial kinds declares the glory
of another sublime planet created for our future,
where the sense of being is a beautiful fantasy
of different nations with dreams coming true.

We see them moving by the quickening spirit
a splendid troop rising from earth to heaven
Seize the rapture and the graceful halo inherit
the precious garments adorned for a wedding.

Many universities in Space revealed super galaxies
where larger moons loom with endless sunlight
shining upon the Privilege terrain of fallen angels
flying through the universe faster than a mediate.

They come often in dreams and bring courage
before the night ends and light breaks into day,
we join the terrestrial adventure at slumbers edge
and see our future in glory found in the Milky Way.

Gerry Legister

Our Life Is Precious

Rejoice with the arrival of sunrise,
But don't be too surprised
if you don't have enough time,
to sit and enjoy the sunshine.
and reflect on the beautiful silhouette,
Life is precious, don't lose it.
By pinning for evening enchantment,
Usually, that Fantasia is so hard to find,
Look well to your own splendid picturesque,
Leave all the images that are grotesques.

Give to those you don't even know
Share all the kindness that you can show.
Because life is precious,
Comes in a limited quantity of bliss
Use it, before it dries up and fade,
With the fresh dew that nature made.

Life is precious, don't lose it,
Take time to reflect on its beautiful merit,
The little bit of love we can be cherished,
Before our breath is relinquished.

Gerry Legister

Our World

Breathtaking views and multiple influences,
photogenic ripples, colors of our world display
on walkway streets of a long line, the aura reaches.
Our senses capture the show by night and day.

Wind their way around trees and along the beaches,
people experiencing pollution harming the forest.
The stifling airpark over where the city reaches,
And make towers in disguise with dim overcast.

Looms the benign Brexit with a tiresome exit,
The prize of our world stands at eliminating sludge,
Nations come to the table, mostly sore and sweet,
Comfort is taken only from the retreat of grudge.

Trade deals falling like tiny crumbs from the rich,
Mountains looking down upon coastal towns,
At the lawn mall silent ships on the scenic pitch,
With charming structures near the polar regions.

What do the locals call them, vehicles parked on the glen
Job long ago saw the devil in the detail.
Held out with integrity when friends pretend,
The misery derived was an infliction to fail.

But impulses of energy from our Sun's ghostly glow
interfere with the Earth's magnetic fields,
that looks like magic lying within the artic largo
our world will cease and build again the shields

Gerry Legister

Out In The Real World

At nights, my real world exhale in fears
Such as nightmares in reputation smear,
The dreams challenges its precursors,
Some dismiss what is different behavior.

The alternatives, struggling between worlds
Making fantasy exchange passion to relocate,
Differences among peers anecdote unfolds,
Conflict moved out due to relapse of hate.

Ingenuity pretends to be our best friends,
Lay and wait; In order to take over the world,
The duel of mind and soul unrequited ends,
Feelings reciprocate in views they hold.

Choosing silent syndrome to find useful reality
Out in the real world around every noisy around
We hear only whisper and see shadows going by,
Hear enraged voices mix up in unsavory sound.

Awaken by shadows full of strange advances,
People have not ventured far out in the real world,
To meet antics of poverty, voyeurs and romances,
Afraid they will never come back after losing control.

Gerry Legister

Out Of Angels Hands

With greatness coming out of the stump
Prophecy made illusive visions shine bright,
From a stone in heaven, burning as a lamp,
Lamb like flames turned into a meteorite.

We came on earth out of the angel's hands,
Timid bands slowly rolled out from the scroll,
Stars of lights fitly framed in foreign lands,
Glowing rays among a disenchantment world.

Career finds the fragrant odour of our destiny
Qualified beings decoration of our professions,
Candles illuminating darkness of our community
Nursing weeks unfolding the changing seasons.

Caring for the weak, meekly until many are strong
Others go astray quickly out of the angel's hand.
Tears lament in the sacrifice of funeral song,
Wounds pay the price which made no demand.

The bomb is not as strong as a guardian angel
Holding our hands to form that credible union?
From the dusty atmosphere smells of burning shell,
But the flame of hope becomes useful companion.

Gerry Legister

Overcoming Obstacles

Courage sometimes is the quietest voice
That roars loudest from within,
Making faith a distinctive choice
And compelling motivation to try again.

When obstacles invariably come your way,
Into every direction that you have turned,
A thousand misery comes in a friendlier display
To take away the strength that you have gained.

Faith stands strong like a colossal wall of courage,
Ready to do the things that you could not do.
Bold in confidence with a conquering message,
Making difficult boundaries appeared new.

You can go on overcoming obstacles,
Which at first looked almost impossible,
Success is not worth having if there are no mistakes,
There is an ability that lies beyond the solar pole.

Gerry Legister

Pain Shall Have No Power

The pain we hate shall have no lasting power,
And weak it will be when we shall see the sane,
Go without dominion into death's final hour,
Sink into the ground where they will rise again.

Caught up to the stars to have their names regain,
When new breath is blown upon their dry bones,
Pain shall have no power nor leave the sting of stain,
Lying under wet earth to clean splintered stones.

Where the wind blows a rose will bloom more,
And lift our heads to see the rainbow in heaven,
But your shadow will bring the clouds together,
Spilt colorful bow until the clouds break down.

Faith in God shall give the sinews strength,
And overcome the cries to the distant ears,
Though changing years have split friends by health,
The pain we hate shall be forgotten in tears.

And no more bright daisies made sad by fear,
Strapped to guilt when they love to pray,
The pain we hate shall have no lasting power,
And our brief parting shall only be for a day.

Gerry Legister

Painful Hysteria

A sensation, a painful alarm
Attack my system.
Not being design for pain,
The ache, a hyperactive strain
The flame, moving, sharp
Like, the Terrier's bark.
Brought, snap swing sigh.
Ever felt a twinge that made you cry?
Feels like you want to die.

Painful hysteria injection drill
Agony climbing the hill.
More than an irritating tickle
You find it emotionally distressing.
Sensory, inadvertently reinforcing
The sting profoundly skewed,
Tissues, charred, and chewed.
Physically suffering once again,
There is likely to be more pain.

Gerry Legister

Peace Of Mind

You hear about holidays that people hate
but rarely of exotic taste, finding better fare,
Cheap enough for travel agents to promote
such resorts which they advertise with flair.
A visa to start will set your mind at ease.
Most controls need to see your passport,
wait a little in long queues to get into the air
but when you see the clouds from up there.
the either booked too late and had to wait.
You think you are almost down there,
and can feel the landing gear quickly bite,
into the dust with the wind rushing clear,
as keen concierge are prone to take delight
and provide the right service to a customer,
looking for a treat to make them feel please,
gratuitous tips will set their mind at ease.

Though experts give advice on legal matters,
the request that you must weigh points inside,
to set your mind at ease with desired answers,
you may not like files in briefcase discreetly hide
risk disk others have confide their passions known,
the spiced taste of medicine given in health advice,
a hot desert to match the hazardous pursuit,
of pleasures snuggled up with stress and hurt.

Of course there are great professionals out there,
who practice every day in quite another mode,
rest assured the church and state is well secure,
Legislation at the door, that favor is a governing code,
making the cost of living rise, equity values more,
you will concur, and welcome another substitute,
from the top of the basic list offering you peace,
in hope of setting your mind at ease.

Life has no guarantee in giving enormous overview,
take another look, see what you miss in the mirror,
try to find a younger picture but if you see a shadow,
humble and mute coming around towards you,

what you see is a reflection of time and not another.
Set your mind at ease the taunts will not last forever.
Dilemma or demise a prayer brings you to your knees;
other trading places will set your mind at ease.

Gerry Legister

Pearl Of The Heart

Culture and custom is pearl of the heart
Created beings reside in the suburban
To regenerate the beautiful work of art,
Descend of district from every nation.

Innocent smiles clamour amidst danger
Character spread like rainbow ribbons,
People with creative minds together,
Bring values out in their emotions.

Culture and custom is pearl of the heart
The all new day is found in a lively crowd
Freedom to grow and make a new start,
Sit by the road or hide in reliable fold.

Searching without the gold to renew
The things we miss make design effortless,
Old architecture ignored or undervalued
Enthusiast and lovers getting undressed.

Crises rise in association with prevalence,
The vintage prize is a quiet pearl of the heart,
In crowded communities formed an alliance,
Love had gathered there before the chaos start.

Gerry Legister

Pearls Of The World

In the dark worlds rhyme
There is a sense of humor and time,
With folks of dust and spirit
Mud and slime mingle in it.
God create the simplicity
To measure lifespan and integrity.
Found in the human mind,
Use every speech and language we find.
Poetry in beautiful creation,
So many ways to see a vision.
Of the exquisite pearls in our world,
Dreamers wrote stories from their soul.
Hollywood can't talk about,
The meanest and most sniveling out,
All the greatest attributes in the world,
sit in the same room when it is cold.
In seasons that can smile,
They live only for a short while.
Reasons, and opinions, dreams joined,
Cupid's half Chase romance denied.
Inspire the sweet transparency inside,
Burned black as thirst trying to hide.
Bare secrets wore till torn apart,
Careless rapture captures the heart.
The dead lies here in oblivious sunshine,
Drifted petals of the sublime
Looking up at the tender skies,
family and friends turn away their eyes,
We wrote about them, mine, and yours
The imperfect pearls of lovely tears.
And all those lonely hearts whose,
Deeds are forgotten with forgiven promise.
Memoires froze upon concrete walls
Rise impeccably above the waterfalls.
Into quiet streams flow and carry nothing away,
In a breath, with so much more to say.
Talents concealed melts in between
The existence of bright stars in heaven.

People That Have No Care In The World

They chase me down because the stakes are high
With not a care in the world who they will hurt
I am running for my life if they catch me I will die,
How will family see my face down in the earth?

What will become of my aspirations when life ends?
Immortality taking dreams and leaving the gold,
I'll have no voice to speak comforting word to friends,
Acquired sleep with not a care in the world.

See stars splashed against the sky in radiant galaxies,
Threw caution to the wind spread breath to new life,
Coming back a different being with not a care for losses
Taking chances shift from this domain ignite the gift.

I will never run again from pain nor wear a smart halo,
To cover my head from the rain, and fear the demises
In foe or friend, not seeing me at the places they go,
Frolicking lives looking in wrong place for joy and bliss.

If they had my kind of drift into distinguish trance
They would not take any more ridiculous chances,
In earthen exchange hide the frown on their face,
Taste freedom with not a care if the body lives or dies.

Silence is only broken by the whiff of flames that is fading,
Leaving much of who we are to seek another horizon,
We may weep for losses without seeing the beginning,
And face destiny with not a care how new life begin.

Gerry Legister

Phantom Figure

The phantom figure appear,
Through the fog, we found it clear,
The sudden flash distracting eyes and ears,
Around the bend came to persuade tears,
They fall in feverish unrest,
And came in tragic passion and zest,
From the radiant point to myth and mystery,
Striving to see through the deadly dark of humanity,
The dull pain starts, then loiter for a moment.
With forest eyes depart in slower vision went,
The phantom kisses the sky smeared with dew
And the lingering fragrance it was of you,
The sweetest moisture in the air,
Perfume the trees and everything near,
And I sift this shade in hidden wind,
Peering through where the phantom went,
With beauty that must dine and go,
On the cold hillside my staved lips glow.

Gerry Legister

Phenomenon In The Sky

Manoeuvre of bright dazzle in the night,
Substitutes on the sand dunes of Dubai,
Glossy glare in the eyes was sinister delight,
Of pirouette phenomenal towers in the sky.

Whose height was of Babel's dubious sneer?
Hell blazing high over freak waters below,
Where the wounded rest in luxurious lair,
While in heavenly sight, crimson fires glow.

Appear to the world in displaying of symbol
The architect tribunes of gigantic empire,
One stone upon another complex to crumble,
Spiralling ladder illuminating the square.

Could diamond status be a sanctimonious prize?
Moral sublime of candles burning in the sky,
Relics we own and cry over warm surprise,
Our Cosmonauts floating by in stark supply.

Eclipse the apocalypse of climate changes,
Seasons rearranges and divert our mind,
Relishes wine and dine to ignite the senses.
Normal winter no longer applies to present time.

Gerry Legister

Pick Up The Pieces

Lost in the clouds picking up the pieces
In crowds you play the clown to put on a front
But behind the smile there is a fountain of tears
Covering the wounds of a bitter ailment.

The doubts they cause is hurting more inside
When the one that you love has gone
You can't see there is another standing by your side
In the shadow to comfort and keep you warm.

Inside your heart all the trust is wounded and torn
Who will pick up the pieces that are left behind?
Those little fragments of love that you still own
Claim the memories which come back to find.

You alone in the dark trying to pick up the pieces
Of a broken heart with lairs in walls of denials
The fire has gone out leaving only the soft ashes
To tell its worth when the agony in your voice calls.

Gerry Legister

Poetry

Poetry is the gift of simple things
Symbols we take in life for granted,
Summer days flow into gentle springs,
By the realm of nature time had invented.

Like the sprawling wave of sea breeze
We embrace a light in the morning mist,
Poignant stars going down softly with ease
And a refreshing kiss our lips can't resist.

Its poetry from the heart through the eyes
We mortals see lively picturesque scene,
Of difficult times becoming our dreams
Relish in happier moments the vision seen.

Emotions of felicity soften with fresh tears
The love and loss, of values found again,
Emotive qualities that go beyond our years
Wonderful words reminiscent of the pain.

Its poetry that you treasure and embrace,
The language of love makes us laugh and live;
Engage the nectar of taste beauty and grace,
A gift from our hearts to others we give

Gerry Legister

Pondering

Pondering plagues the mind in almost every person
each day worn out ideas attracts our attention,
coveted battles vying for minds to wonder about things,
when there is no way of knowing where it all begins.
We might say that, it is a mystery flame in the brain
or something effortlessly arranged in a time frame.
There is no way of knowing, how much we had to say,
when the heart stops its beating, and we pass on our way.
We hate the thought of death, the very idea makes us fret.
Although some people in denial live on with self-regret.
But what decree will happen when we all cease to be?
What becomes of the spirit and soul of you and me?
Do we sleep on for eternity or wonder through a cloud,
With halo arriving from heaven where angels sing aloud.
Is there a beleaguer hell where souls are cast down?
And creaky voices screamed out with tortured frown.
Such a place of intensity would only provoke thought
And soak the heart with imagery of profound Art.
It's a questions of what will be happened after death.
If the mind is allowed to ponder before the parting breathe.
Looking up into clouds before the thunder starts peeling
Back the dark sky and filling it with rapturous lightening.
Do we mortals become ripples of another reincarnation?
Quickened with redemptive force to be a new generation,
To live on land and in the seas, in the wind and in the trees,
Sauntering in the valleys singing with the birds and the bees.
Do we come back again as a failed test to live ill at ease
or become the wind that whistles lonesome in the breeze?
Will we become the stars that light up the summer days?
Or grope in darkness without power to chase nightmares away?
Will our lives become a fleeting memory when it is gone
and no one near remembers taking us gentle by the hand?
Only the thunderclap in the cymbal of a requiem song?
We hear the echoing serenades marching melancholy along.
There is no way of knowing for sure where the future realm.
Will start or what pain will take us away into the flame.
So we may not know exactly when this life will cease to be,
and what becomes of you and me?

Port Royal

The splendour of sunshine,
Amidst light winds blowing from behind,
Where shadows stood, and stare
At the lonely place of Port Royal
History scar and clear the air.
Split the spray of pirate clouds,
And make tiny gems into rain drops
Spread abroad like twisted ribbons,
In waves and wavering of emotions,
The greed died away, drown in years
Down far below the sum of fears.
Dying light stretched across the lakes.
gloomy spirits waltz through the gates,
and fathom sphere out over the ocean.
Where our modern cruise ship sail
Amidst the storm and blustery gale.
A trail of twin engine wing-tipped plane,
Manoeuvre around the hurricane.
towards Caribbean sunken Port Royal,
wrapped in bleak mystic exotic portrayal.
Sunshine slipped away jamming down,
Adventurous tourist shelter in Kingston town.
slip and sleep under the meandering fan,
the chant of melody made the wildest swan,
dance with foot and hand strut everyone.
in this foreign land, a concept highly strung.
when an ancient breath of spirit come undone
wind swept voices blew blow wild bubbles.
passed over towns and leap across lakes.
Bygone Port Royal is shimmering world,
Haunted with murky shades of curse gold.
The splendid haul of riches was sunshine dying,
to send the decaying light of silhouette flying.
With penance of hope further up into the cloud,
where the world of enchantment is loud.
Never a dull moment did the looters see,
In the ill-gotten world, they conceive to be.

Praises To God

In perilous path, resilient on the plains of earth,
On the barren turf, where the bleach dust sow,
Iniquity planted with thorns, darkness brought forth,
Only crushed vines withered by the suns glow.

But the meek of earth sing praises within the heart,
Unto God from where blessings come; and praises go,
In celestial glow, with grace and mercy proclaim truth,
Where love blossom and the lilies of joys grow.

Distant sounds hear the sum of drums beat in heaven,
Sky high clouds carry messages coming from the heart,
Anticipating wonderful praises to God the choice given,
From cleansing souls began a journey of new birth.

To live in peace free from guilt, and proclaim harmony,
In tempted causes of life where the tame minds go,
People give praises to God and blessings accompany,
Go where joy resonates and the still waters flow.

And if earth's society tries to keep glad pilgrims bound,
They in the court of praise ascend the rearward light,
From around the globe, to God it shines; head to womb,
And no wound from hell or hound the heel will bite.

For they are victorious in praises and the radiant beam,
Sends the gospel bells ringing across the plains of earth,
Over land and seas, places herald the wondrous gleam,
Brighter than darkness, the light proclaim liberty and truth.

Gerry Legister

Praising God

Praising God is a wonderful thing,
That brings so much joy and delight,
I celebrate the heavenly anointing,
With unquenchable spirit.

Praising God with every challenge,
Praising God with confidence,
Happiness spills over with courage,
Enthusiasm and persistence.

Intercessory made unceasing sound,
Compass by a great cloud of witnesses,
Watch weary travellers heavenly bound,
Singing songs and giving God praises.

Mankind cry out with bitter-sweet tears
But only God sees the unknown
And hear praises go up to meet showers,
Of many blessings coming down.

They Meet grief in every town,
Out of the deepest caring heart,
Souls are filled with praises of wisdom,
And joy from pilgrims sincerely found.

God treasure your all your praises,
Their uniqueness is like you,
Such extraordinary witnesses,
God gets as much pleasure as you do.

Gerry Legister

Prayer Of Thanksgiving

Here below, when the cold wind blow,
A voice may cry for those many that will die,
I too; shall have company at my elbow,
And the prayer of thanks rises in the sky.

Spirit going over the grass and white cloud,
With the prayer of gratitude endearing essence,
Passing through testing flames to shout aloud,
Near heaven, aromas of thanksgiving grace.

To live in this world just as we should do,
Sharing with others the joy in my soul,
With no crystal moon to distinguish an ego,
Only pursuit of inner peace I want god to behold.

I am in a realm where we mortals are glad,
When we are sad, to fall upon hands and knees,
In thanksgiving prayer we shall reach our God,
Eternity is destining for truth and justice.

You may leave me on these shores in fire,
But I shall live while grace is abounding,
When the banners fan in their final hour,
I will remember a prayer of thanksgiving.
To the alter burn sun of endearing essence,

Gerry Legister

Prelude To Fear

We grow tired and groan vigorous
Patient with our selves right to heed,
The fierce charge on the apocalypse
Unconsulting snare ejaculate with speed.

Prelude to the fearsome that live in fear,
Expect tension to grow erect.
See the large theft of economy in despair,
Courage, knowledge, reverence, a new edit.

The whole assembled planet is a bed
Sleeping with the burden we made.
Concentrated lust ripe to breed,
All the easy opportunities have fled.

Adrenaline hurried on the ridged treadmill
Our likeness on the decline.
This realm, fastened with grim shape will
Roars upwards with the concerns we find.

Still in ourselves, we take captive pride
A human error made to fertilize,
The sperm of long woes we try to hide
Send applauses to the un-consenting skies.

Gerry Legister

Purpose And Mission

Do not be afraid of losing someone you love
Those who are gone are destined for glory.
Secure remedy, your angel watches from above
Protect you from people willing to cause misery.

Effigy of fear only leads to fiery torment
Be strong, tremble along when strength fades.
Do not be afraid of this moment,
Destiny holds the key to death and hades.

Prepare your mind for what you must do,
Prayer bears more than a benediction
Transform by experiencing this worldview,
Be resolute; be passionate about your mission.

If the journey has been your motivation
Time will reveal what needs to be healed.
Your mission and decisions are at your valuation
Be not afraid of losing so you can be revealed.

Strangeness has purpose and mission
If we journey with duty, passion, and pride.
Sometimes, vindication would be a revelation
And lives be transparent with nothing to hide.

Gerry Legister

Rain Must Fall

We marvel at its beauty and brilliance,
It is a priceless phenomenon,
Which defies the imagery of science?
And spread drops in visible spectrum.

The rain must fall with scattered showers,
Upon parch ground dull and indifferent,
Cloudy atmosphere appear out of thin air,
Connecting forecast to our environment.

From a lofty position in the sky,
Rain must fall with millions of tiny droplets,
In liquid form they come floating by,
And envisage sorrows in teardrops.

You will feel the vapor all around you,
Of warm air holding water condensing,
With torrential downpour towering through,
In spring months increasing.

Rain is a relief reunion of earth and land,
A reservoir of paradise to farmers,
It opens heaven's door and falls like sand,
Over all features it covers.

Then turn and vanished again,
As a stranger that had not been there,
Swung back into the crusading wind,
Over somewhere it feels good to appear.

Gerry Legister

Rainbow

Lunar display of colours in beautiful array,
Wonderful light portray nature's garden in the sky,
Heaven above earth shares in the calm delight
Repose glow after showers of picturesque sight.
Every illuminated droplet formed multicolour arc
Ribbon waves carried Sentinel clouds into the dark.
Optical illusion sees the rainbow from a distance
Watercolours reflective to light of brighter source,
Illustrious tide covered heaven in continuous spectrum,
Rainbow flow disperses images of a glorious phenomenon.
Eternal sight of misty vision flying above the ground,
Bright awakening dawn shining without a sound
Ascends to where luminaries blend into heaven,
Unfolding bridges connect upper realm between
The firmament and the sequence of hues airborne.
Our beautiful rainbow in waterfall sprays transform
Sevenfold colors ebb and flow towards the other,
The angular shape of mystic sphere fills with water,
Laser ray of beauty shimmering in seasons of bliss
The fading sky life that divine nature reminisce.

Gerry Legister

Rainbow Colors

Consider the colors of the rainbow,
The bright bow that appears in the sky,
Bring the atmosphere calm and enduring
Near our being sprawl the rays below.

They pass our eyes Illuminating the sun,
Part of the sky is inky marked,
When God put the globe in position,
so many brilliant colors embarked.

Appearance in heaven of the rainbow,
Larger each time we examine,
Symmetrical endearing on show,
Portrait of beauty strive to attain.

Standing in the middle of heaven,
An ocean alone inspiring heart,
Flavors that last forever beauty proclaim,
Rainbow colors in unique art.

Gerry Legister

Rainbow In The Sky

Rainbow in the sky

It is colours dazzling the eye,

On the stage for a brief strand,

Visible spectrum grows strong.

Combine rays in additive waves,

Plate in a printer of many shades.

Prism of rain drops revolving

Around the central fire dividing,

Seven natural colour and music,

Wavelengths of light totally intuitive.

The spectra sainting into heaven,

Red, orange, yellow, and green

Sunlight blue, indigo and violet

Transforming images our eyes create.

Gerry Legister

Rapture

Abyss down in the bottom of earth,
Paradise out into the top of heaven
The Resurrection is bursting forth,
Anxiety signs of the rapture coming.

Upon angel's wings, the bride float
We hope it will be a glad departure,
Out into the clouds row the heavenly boat,
coming pass where those lay in slumber.

The voyage of grace through the age
That we will take on the hasty bend,
Then the path behind me will submerge
Covered over, and come to a dead end.

Brief moments pass in silent rapture,
In the heavenly chimes of splendour.

Gerry Legister

Reaching For The Light

Fresh wounds leave your heart
Lost in the soreness of shadows again,
Ashes scattered in the wind; tearing it apart,
Death comes with so much pain.

It rains an aching hurt throbbing inside
Crumbling nerves try to hide the emotions,
In realms far apart, in our hearts reside,
Fond memories find the happiness of times.

They were loved so much by those he touched
Better than words or sounds in people known,
Look for me where in the gentle light rush
From your new home near the golden throne.

Tapping polite crescendo into your mind,
Tears drift into waves and retreats again.
the repeating streams of a continuous line
with traits held from the extinguishing flame.

Their names engraved in beautiful realms,
Forever sublime, sunset and evening bright,
where silhouette eclipse the claim of pains,
in the darkness of night, reaching for the light.

In the subtle beauty of this mournful day
We comfort ourselves with the thought,
God gives us peace, that earth cannot take away
Apparition in the cloud reaching for the light.

Across the pier, less bridge too, define for the eye
Angels bear the souls beyond this mortal isle,
Upon a shifting sail, you lament and cry,
But soon, your tears will dry behind the veil.

Gerry Legister

Reaching Out To Touch Others

Talking with God challenges becomes the dawning,
From here on you can plan and move without delay?
When opportunity brings again a brand new morning,
Allow yourself the blessed day to choose the right way.

With God all things are possible we are often told,
When frown moves below the eyes in long deep sighs,
While the blacken soul is stripped of its own merit gold,
Comforts we need from outside forces back the tears.

With God's empathy the endearment become strong,
Or stay confined trapped in mind on the wounded spot,
See the parking lot; when everything has gone wrong,
And it's too late of course when we are keen to stop.

When hope Escort sacked forces through the narrow gap,
The marks outside upon our faces learn to discern,
The diverge hurts we feel meandering on the inside,
Live a secret life hidden in parts behind the scene.

Talk with God to walk the purple carpet into possibility,
Carry celestial faith around even if we never knew him,
Inside old invisible songs reminds the soul of our eternity,
Tempo inspired mankind into bringing our spirit into line?

Flickering reflections of the heavens we hope to find
Dream of beautiful and powerful saints in a state of sublime,
Everything will turn out fine that families has left behind,
Even our secret conversation with God goes on all the time.

Talk awhile and run for many miles in long lingering lives,
Join voices crying over your shoulders looking for more answers,
We don't know their names or the choices that destiny saves,
We only know with God we are reaching out to touch others.

Gerry Legister

Real And Unreal Imagery

When the two collide inside a wheel,
Like darker story, let old dreams die,
And let the new dreams reveal
Visions of the right place to be.

Mixing elements of lore in reality,
The real and the unreal in cram themes,
Create suspensions done perfectly
To satisfy the fantasy of most tastes.

Nightmare which is pitch black in tone
Gripping my imagery library
Unsettling thoughts included my own
Love the horror genre of that story.

For if you have been in disbelief
And rather than living life to the full
You will grasp the emotions conveying grief
And seldom find the answer in great skill.

When old dreams die as surreal and obsolete
New unique tales formed which doesn't exist
Until identity reveal the intrigues of discreet,
Found in forms no longer able to resist.

Gerry Legister

Redemption

The spring air blows softly into my eyes
And capture each moment in remembrance,
To make my heart fluttered in flight.
Releases butterflies wobbling into space
A race of beautiful heavens filled with delight.
Night, wandering stars strove upon my eyelashes,
The alarm, chased sorrows away from a damp demise
into a mist of time running fearfully off my face.

Spring release new hope in the wind swaying,
A change of season quickened its tilted limbs
Like the courier on morning wings newly arriving,
Leaving the night painting the scene of sins.
Murky darkness passes the light in-between
Crossing moonshine and the dawning of the day.
Out into my dream, the redemption of love is born
And throw upon the wind, caution in the storm.
My heart once was charmed by gallows of lust,
Envy had thrust, treasures of happiness crushed
In passions fires, the lament of rage rushed
These were the whims of my ill trodden life
They held me each night to earth and dirt supplied
a picturesque trance, where the gallows danced.

Conscience is our redemptive guide,
The voice of destiny whispers silently
a tune to cover lofty grand morals we cannot hide,
Crumbling into a vault of penitence soaring free,
Desire becomes the strongest possibility.
Make Redemption draw near, but my heart is still far
Death is immutable, a fixed epoch of invincibility,
A string of greater pains than remains of nuclear war.
I can see the stars, they're in my eyes, trembling
Yellow bright emblems, signs of the times fulfilling
While high above, the heavens have questions for me.

I wonder if, the redemption will haunt me tonight
Synchronizing the new purposes deep within my mind,
Once, embedded with pride and ego of human rights,

Protest and fights only got me more jail time.
Now, I am so longing for the lordship of right
To leave the wrongs in the regions beyond,
And find in my heart reasons often so misunderstood,
The purpose of an existence that conscience demands,
A force of will, to forge a greater brotherhood
striving about to cherish living, as we should.

Gerry Legister

Referendum

The battle of wits who's quickest to the target
The Referendum becomes our battling ground,
To silence the tongues that vanity took apart.
Saying little or nothing and have no command.

By force of nerves all generals pitted and plotted
Referendum vote drummed out the matted voices,
Tweets on either side of the house in cyber-chatted,
Europe left with misfits and the approving choices.

The referendum matter leads our nation into battle
Conquering minds gallop in haste to beat off time,
Waiting around for baited fines of further tittle-tattle,
Make allowance for doubting putting firms far behind.

Bows in the left hand; poison arrows fight in the right,
A momentum pursuing no safer place but heaven,
Parliament eyes have it, smart sorties smitten by night,
Watch the big nations squabble for refuge mitigation.

Then Europe and the people that's in it can dream,
But every nightmare release the creepy dark shadows,
Frighten fools, using outdated tools for a referendum,
Keeping our identity to chase after the distant rainbows.

Could the appeasing bung taken worth smarter living?
Begin to outrun the distances of our silent conscience
Before looking back over on our humble beginning
With Protestants breathing the ambiance of silence.

Gerry Legister

Regain Our Soul

With a course, people try to reverse
all the pains we felt in our remorse,
But nothing in the universe works better
Then when we regain our soul from terror.
And when we have tried our utmost,
To live from fear for better or for worse.
Waiting to appease the flames to our pain,
Our tears momentarily wash away the stain.
Leaving God with reasons to give more rain,
And multiply the gracious blessings we gain.
Until the helpful chores, have been done,
With heart and soul, we love everyone
You haven't lived with progress this day,
Until you help those who can never repay?

Gerry Legister

Regain Your World

In a world brimming with danger
The tragedy is no longer a stranger.
Or the many tricks we learned on the way,
They open doors so we can listen every day.
Voices of terror filled breath waiting for death,
To call and thrown down grief filled -burden
Life handing out the sublime and the disdain.
We know time is a distant unforgiven friend,
Whose path suspend a brief respite to the end.
On course to most people trying to reverse
all the dreams they have lost in remorse.
But nothing in the universe works better,
Then when we are at our worst distemper.
The opportunity comes to regain our soul,
from the kind of terror which pollutes the world.
We paddle with prayer to maintain composure
Pretend surfeiting was only a blip of anger.
Turn and try to live in a perfect ambiance unfurl,
But our fluid epitome of dreams merges with the world.
fear can't fight the deeds that governor the insane,
with nebulous mentor the warp mind inset frame.
something inside is crying out for a change,
the bleeding heart sat defenselessly and deranged.
bind contentment and movement together merged,
from anxiety and fear the claims are purged.
brave wings can fly high; regain strength and soar
above static clouds making waves in the atmosphere.
We thrive and survive when we have tried our utmost,
To live free of fear for better or for worse.
Walk away from the snare and make the most.
Of what is waiting to appease the flames of pain,
Tears momentarily can only wash away the stain.
Leaving good reasons to get more rain,
As fortune favors the blessings, we have regained.
Tears that fell through trembling words of war,
They fall not too far from where we are.
Until all the helpful chores, have been done,
With heart and soul, still to love everyone
You haven't lived with progress this day,

Until you help those who can never repay?

Gerry Legister

Reincarnation

I saw your reflection of silver light
Shone bright on your face with radiance,
Made you look like an angel in flight
Wings spread towards another place.

The pursuit made haste to chase a body
Fleeing out of heaven into the open space,
You took fast the parts of noble quality,
Reincarnate the dying into another race.

You were here before on this middle sphere,
Languish between mines of different worlds
The choices reborn in new creation down here,
To take on the shape your power holds.

Enter the flesh again without the same pain,
Intrude where you left your last unfinished deeds,
Wash away old stain by the transmigration rain,
Time spent in memories hearts and minds concedes.

The soul finds new phase of continuity rebirth,
Give rise to another state born into human,
Coming into the world from the cycle of death,
We have the religion of reincarnation.

We may also die, and spirit live eternally divine,
Most Christians believe in the second coming,
Where spiritual beings in metaphysical life begin
Dwell in streams fit for conscious living.

In varied forms, only shadows are seen in a dream
Of the vague images lived a long time ago before
The passions and nightmares differs in souls seen,
Becomes entities of rare supernatural beings we share

Gerry Legister

Reminiscent Of Graceful Romance

Prosperous decade dreamed of new cult economy
Popular novelty experience renaissance in the 1950s
Peace and harmony join the race to entertain morally,
A romance in space and red scar face flush with kisses.

Ladies classy dress impresses wish aspirations of the mind,
Cornets hearts drifted out softly among the starry realm,
Moving love affairs cross the country into rush gold mine,
Comic pages gently charmed romance in pink champagne.

On restored flame ignited romance amorous torch of fire,
Young love embrace fame run away on sunset Blvd moods,
Valiant fugitives of 1950s found adventures to treasure,
Far flung emotions to known world in romantic clouds.

Spy the morning delight flying high in Pandora's flight,
Passion soul burning romance bright ties love together,
Teenage bride felicity groom tenderly beneath the dim light,
Weep joyfully on the coral reef in buccaneer wet danger.

Take chances out in rural country and parcel wooded land,
By shade the nectar taste of songs rewinds the fifties dance,
Saintly laws go by morals and mild mannered demand,
1950s retro years was reminiscent of graceful romance.

Gerry Legister

Resurrection

When from sin we were first forgiven,
Asleep at the foot on frosty bed wake,
Look for locks to open the gates of heaven,
And change the sheet we take.

To hastily dress in graceful dignity,
And mortal things upon which are frown,
Lay in silent arbors to bequeath the clay,
Which made the dust our temporary home?

In walking, and talking, soon we'll be taken,
Since we came into the world with nothing,
We inherited sin, but by grace we are given,
And receive hope to make a new beginning.

Although death, subdued for a moment's glow,
In resurrection this world will be renewed,
And the weak will live; and rise, and grow,
Immortalize with wind and breath and dew.

Like a crusade wrought for a stately crown,
The transformation of life awaits humanity,
In breath that comes from every sound,
Resurrection opens the gates of prophecy.

Upon where earth lies spinning in space,
So high, that covering penance is meekly worn,
To translate the earthly crown for a fuller grace,
In the presence of God joy is happily worn.

Gerry Legister

Return To Freedom

Greed has torn off society sparkling wings,
Freedom fleeing the ugliness resides within,
why can't society see desperate conditions?
That humanity is muddled up in.
What is so sweet that life is all about sin?
Without faith return to freedom is incomplete,
Right from wrong we even can't explain,
we miss much and cry too late.
With conscience out of life we can tell,
another person anything that's on our mind,
and know that all nationalities has free will,
till their inept culture is refine.
From sore throat right down into the soul,
New age wants to free man from his pain,
But I see stain windows continue to control,
Redemption on man the things of sin.
That reverberates and goes deep within;
many have not changed their heart,
only changed membership to begin,
where association left blank space to start.
Freedom waits at every mans gate,
Hopes gets closer when a path is bending,
we are possess by the things we hate,
leave only thoughtful prints blown by the wind.

Gerry Legister

Revival Of The Nephilim

When fallen angels came roaring down,
Darkness formed the company of Nephilim,
In renowned legend, armed with more legion
Godless tinctures fleece hapless Canaan town.

The grim left breath in the ground, wild and wet,
Through Pitch-black gate, giant beings embark.
Deluge of demons rising from the dark, deep pit
Roaming around, trying hard to find the Ark,

Dappled with flu, attack the faithful few,
What would the ancient world be like?
Once bereft, now, strength of nobility drew
Windpuff deeds out of what history left.

In the pool, that groans with banshee froth
Fortunes loom to our detrimental doom,
Which craft hides the most fear in the cloth?
That covers the sea in secret phenomenon.

Salem sail on Siren, over the deep waters
Basham shadows frowning, despair of drowning
In baptism of fire for atonement of martyrs,
We at ease, see surprise revival of the Nephilim.

Let the disembodied imps that were chained
In the wicked wilderness, phantoms burn in urns,
Nymphs and Nixies witches that religion claimed
Will descend again, in latter times, reigning flames.

Gerry Legister

Rhythm And Beat

Moonlight is in the sky glowing
casting the light of the night
A glimpse of silver stars illuminating,
As the trees catch the light.
In the branches, shaken by the breeze,
In solitude, I stroll along the road,
the ambiance is mine to seize,
All the playing imagery that I hold.
Pausing by the quiet flowing brook,
I hear a symphony begins,
spring within, tunes of warbling music,
from the rushing water strings.
Every gentle sound the tempo makes,
newer songs I begin to hear,
The rhythm and beat the pulse creates,
beautiful melodies in my ear.
How sweet the song sound to me?
as the lyrics fill the night,
and repeat the words again with glee,
As the stars gather lower in sight.
The moon is homeward bound
I pause, and listened to the rhythm,
a melody of sweet sound,
fading with the spell of a dream.

Gerry Legister

Rivers

In dreams we see the magical flight,
Of crystal waves flying free,
To where the glass of waters meet,
Cruise in a dream upon the sea.

Darkness split the billowing floods,
Flung out brooks into mighty rivers,
To wash the steps down the slopes,
Into slippery streams of tributaries.

Rivers of water run down our eyes,
And let fountain disperse into tears,
In search we find the painful wishes,
Define the sum of all our fears.

The rush of tears we cannot control,
Memories enter the draining basin,
Sorrows like rivers meanders in our soul,
Feelings poured into floodplain.

We heard their voices from the deep,
Soul of our soul where we cannot reach,
The cry which leaves the darken void asleep,
In lonely shadow seen on the beach.

Together we stand, amidst the defiant roar,
And souls that lie at ease deep beneath,
Sleep in tragic tombs amidst the surfing water,
And spirits sail on to the safest harbour.

Gerry Legister

Roommates

We meet roommates sharing the same space,
With complete strangers a new friendship begin,
Trying hard to hide their moderate taste,
Eating together and barley wearing nothing.

Without whispering insult or villainous speaking,
roommates overwhelm at first,
Want to know every move the other is making,
To get along and developed a thirst.

Pride gather the need to make acquaintance,
more questions are ask than answers are given,
Applied wisdom to appease the listening silence,
And avoid heated squabbles hemorrhaging.

Drawn boundaries in relationship communicate,
The privacy of understanding manner,
to change behavior and get along with a roommate,
is an achievement of social power

Respecting the other when friends cannot be found,
and share laughter sprawled out in dorms,
Tensions are driven to grudge the outer bounds,
Leaving roommate reading elementary forms.

Gerry Legister

Rosary

In the silver moonlight shadows a cross stood
Loitering silently beside the soft flowing Brooke,
A star studded sky looks down from the cloud,
Upon sprinkling waters coming from the rock.

The grass banks beyond entered into a trance,
Sometimes our natural season just need a break,
For a brief moment to sleep in a Rosary place,
And contemplate the reasons for a brief intake.

What dreams do we have of this divine office?
In the sleep where wishes and temptation creep,
Upon what private breviary liturgy announce □
Faith to join prayer time in the apostle's creed.

Keeping hold of the metal until doxology end,
The Rosary prayer bring sweetness and hope,
Make salutation of soul groan in the veil of tears
Mended hearts enjoy those gracious advocate.

Into his form of fate drew the highest blessings,
Of the Forgiveness that fills our heart with joy
In juicy sweet traces release our guardian wings,
Comfort ending when angels stir in holy rosary.

Gerry Legister

Running For My Life

With one foot off the ground,
then another image split time
feel every second hearing every sound
Erasing desires from my mind.

The crisp morning clouds
Fly low with each drop of rain packed tight
I am walking through the crowds,
But my soul is having a fight.

Full trail marathon mostly uphill
wet and aching feet and sore joints
longing to see finish time and hear final bell,
I fell on slippery roads at turning points.

Watching time reduces the gap
Running through troublesome pain
I'm at peace with each small drop
never give up going one step at a time.

Age comes to enjoy the fearful silence
In the middle of this earthen treasure
I run in city streets to country distance
Racing with life pack tight with adventure

Gerry Legister

Sacred Gathering

Shadows swamp the air with a blanket of fog,
Move mythical clouds from under the dark sky,
Fitting the past sleekly within our memory,
Familiar faces buried long ago in the cemetery.

Nimbly stood stones erect as ruin pillar post,
Forgotten names shimmer in glory halls of fame,
A sacred gathering in the future with the past,
Meet history looking for friends to rise again.

Spirits gather quietly to watch at every funeral,
A world created to celebrated charm and wit,
Innumerable company posses the ethereal,
Our heroes walk slowly up into hollowed light.

The rapture of delta forces multiply in the sky,
The just are blessed, resurrected and translated,
Churned by the world martyrs greeted in eternity,
And given the rewards joyfully anticipated.

The tears we shed can make our hearts frail,
But in heaven; their will be a sacred gathering,
That no dusty method of frail flesh can assail,
Till all humanity groan in woes be forgiven.

Gerry Legister

Save This Month

When June comes we look for the sunshine,
Compelling summer fare across the landscape,
Characters of heroic stories comes to vivid mind
Mythical people the drawn shades of light invade.

The blind blaze of the sun alters when it charms
At the end of June when forked light glows dim,
And bend the erase time that is never taken in arms
As the darker nights of quirkiness gently enters in.

The gloaming sense of intensity of nature cycles
Fixed its mark on the brief hours dying by the night
Frolics of the crisp sky change into deeper colours,
And August no longer shines as bright like meteorite.

But this lambency gives us a foretaste of the sublime
we wish we could save this month for a longer time.

Gerry Legister

Sea Of Passion

The Stammer is love
That dares not speak its name
Of warmth romance
Absent repeated re-frame.
From long calls devoid of closer flame
Once the sea of passion was full
Now a stranger voice late home
With excitement vapor dull
The voice Sound hesitantly misplace
Whispering foreign promises of comfort
In twilight enraptured taste,

No quarrel can mend what heaven first send
Lips and eyes confess deeper descend
Cruel betrayal broken dreams dress in pretense
Sparkling truth erupted the spreading fire
Acquainted with your inherited desire
Arousing passions silent watchers
Of other eyes looking through a milky window
Scented Candles Watching the fleeting snow
As it falls Ambush without sound
Air recognisant parachute
Quick to Icy ground

Night surrenders the moon
The days march on
Captured your isolated gloom
The sea of passion reserve for another time
Jobs and hobbies you decline
Stillness hides the funeral pine
Companion to fear and friend to despair
Deep sigh strengthen hearts bewildered cry
Raise the hopes you build and destroy
Emotions broken pieces bow to your knees
Burnt out pledges in prayer
Send angels to Starts another fire
Recalling fond memories falling on each other.

Searching For A Way Out

Every day distraction of unfamiliar faces
Their gods were at opposite poles,
Naomi spent lonely days gardening,
She did not understand what was happening.
Searching for the best way out,
Suppress her feelings by walking about.
She cried when her heartbeat died,
Comfort brush the past and tried to hide.
The time, doing something to distract,
Long enough that sorrow may forget.
For a while, it was good enough surviving.
But then, she started to think
Everything they had, gone in a blink,
The daughters she had, no one to find
That were fine and could incline.
Restored memories of the character died,
Confined in prison of her own mind,
Convince it was time to return home,
Even if it meant living on her own.
Walking around to find some purpose,
Life certainly would be a better repose.

Gerry Legister

Seasons

Spring came spreading the air with perfume rain
After the cold Winter season withers from the mind,
Ephemeral thoughts closer bind the union of time,
Melting the memories of bleak imagery left behind.

Slowly moves the soft breeze with fragrance aroma,
over the lush pastures, rain leap upon Spring leaves
beautiful flowers, and cattle's that grazed on the lea,
In open fields which are part of the seasonal changes.

Nature dresses the gardens and opens heaven's vast sky,
Trees bustling with birds and bees mesmerizing sound
announces the proceedings of Summer days coming by,
From hidden roots going deeper beneath the ground.

They are the perennial stem seasons bloomed again
Autumn soil, reduce pollution and gives us oxygen.

Gerry Legister

Second Chance

Some say we are believers in a new age
some say it will happen in the millennium.
From what I've seen written on each page,
most of the prophecies had already began.
But if the rest never came true in my lifetime,
I believe I have enough faith to be given
a second chance; to step out into a new land
some travelling pilgrims called it heaven
I am satisfied in whatever realm it stand.
Those who think the world will end in destruction
ask if the prophets and sages have made a mistake,
look beyond the beautiful world into an illusion,
when hearts are broken and the darkest hour awake.
Some people will know enough not to hate,
others will contemplate the demise of their faith
and look for a second chance before it's too late.

Gerry Legister

Second Chances

Everything reflect; black and white
Good and bad are in People and places,
Nature drifts in to bring intelligence
Darkness of mind is exposing by the light.

What about second chances faith and science?
All those who had not repented of their sins
Will the individuals get a second chance?
In another world besides this realm.

The value of atonement is a new parchment,
to recover truth where our hearts wanted to go,
We perch edgy as birds do upon a narrow rim,
lost in demise of time because we were too slow,
When technology is over and the script is written.

Careers are done transform into retirement,
Will mankind be given a second chance?
For all the consequences to make penitent.

Relief to live with choice or be force by iron rod,
Will that is heaven in a different kingdom?
Called Cosmopolitan celestial metropolis.
Govern by one indivisible force of God,
On earth power is bound as in heaven,
Omnipotent divinity replaced by humanism.

Not of flesh those citizens without a dream,
the rule of democracy gone within earth,
Fade into obscurity the measure of austerity.
Our frolicking contribute to destructive play,
Images from the past unveil in the future
a choice we could take on this journey.

Gerry Legister

Secret Vows

Vows, much like a wishing well
Run deep with promises
stars veil up what looks like hell
unending devotion of desire continues.

From heaven an angel sends
future dream of two becoming one always
destiny finding safe harbour like friends
gazing at the approval sky's.

faint glimpses of time with innocent eyes,
time tells of proof through wisdom of surprise,
love driven in chains never dies
look into gripping eyes under disguise.

Vows of our deepest secret desire
recognise the inextinguishable fire.

Gerry Legister

Secrets Carried Into Eternity

I am cradle between moon and shining stars
While loneliness invades the world with gloom,
Charmed into wild storms of our dreams,
Earth weeps grief in seeds it has sown.

God guides words design to chastise hearts
Come free from heaven the showers we need,
On seraphs wings the guardians departs,
Defeat in parts strong demons concede.

The world is torn by divisions of good and evil
Some sweet melodies arise from the life of living,
Others are caught between realms of travelling vehicle
Express hope where the pain of failure is unforgiving.

If we find grace and mercy we were meant to share,
Those secrets we fear can also take away the cold,
For some darkness we all loved, and feel more secure,
A paradox opposite the world made of envious gold.

Although plain truth can set this world free
All my secrets will be carried into eternity.
Emotions will churned in the wild storm at sea
And all the good words of love are shared with destiny.

Gerry Legister

Seeking The Cure

Sickness rip my heart out
And put in expectations of fears,
But, by God's grace, I stand resolute,
Seeking the cure that faith endures.

I will not live forever on earth,
And shine bright in the darkest times.
But I will live forever in new birth,
And shine bright where beauty defines.

Just like the moon poised there alone,
Over coastal clouds staying up at nights,
beaming a bright light into my room
a lovely crown to dispel the darkest parts.

The looming pains sinking in the remains,
is a realization that finds the scariest part,
before losing myself to the awakening realms
Of emptiness and the loneliness of heart.

Though sleep paint over the skin graft scars,
Pain contours my elegant loins burning away.
The hysteria of imperfections defines my flaws,
Ugly haze is my expectation of the everyday.

Gerry Legister

Self Doubt

The mirror holds fears untold
Of what seems to be my reflection.
A cloak of self-doubt hard and cold,
Not feeling the apparent emotion.

I am like a vague passing soul
Not knowing all the unknown roles,
Or what the future emblazoned hold,
Opportunity casting away my pearls.

Am I a pro self-doubting foe?
Going about daily roles with difficulty,
Identifying the person I thought I know,
Doubting where faith should be the reality.

Judging the absence of evidence on its merit
Finds glory in the depth of truth inherit.

Gerry Legister

Self Satisfaction

Life is meant to have a meaning
All explain in the comfort zone
About different aspects of our thinking,
Creativity in a place called home.

The things we are aspiring in
Utopia spiraling towards the end,
Before we are caught up to heaven,
Making the network a random friend.

Strangers know how we are feeling
Share our experience and reason
About trying everything
Something must give satisfaction.

In simple terms, we must do our own thinking
Don't rely on the inkling of modern meaning.

Gerry Legister

Serengeti

Into the darker nights and humid days
Come changes from beyond the atmosphere.
Robust migration of animals in stealth arrays,
Kicking up the rear dust torpedo into the air.

The roar of noises thunderous and vast,
Stampede the ground with multiple sounds.
Climbing muddy banks to bridge the gap,
When Serengeti rains meet the parched grounds.

Certain seasons bring nature's lived reason,
On the plains, danger rains into swampy drains,
The deluge of risk flows into an annual mission,
to find lush new growth with plenty of grains.

Fanfare is on the distant plain of the Serengeti
When the call to a tiring, timeless journey began,
Instinctive fight to find the mecca paradise safari.
Endless and vast, animals in migration caravan.

Serengeti evoke the sense of an African adventure
In search of pasture and water lay predators,
Dramatic acts of survival played out here,
With herds of wildebeest, gazelles, and zebras.

Within the range, diversity of endangered species
Lions, topis, buffalos, and miniatures not seen
In soil and drainage sustaining other herbivores,
A spectacular phenomenon of the science scene.

Suddenly, rainbow hues above the grueling trek
Ends another year trepid retribution of an ambush,
Make ecosystem change the horizon with new life,
But jeopardy comes where the tall grass is lush.

Gerry Legister

Set Your Mind At Ease

You hear about holidays that people hate
but rarely of exotic taste to find better fare,
but cheap enough for agents to promote
such resorts which they advertise with flair.
A visa to start will set your mind at ease.
Most controls need to see your passport,
wait a little in long queues to get into the air
but when you see the clouds from up there.

You think you are almost down there,
and can feel the landing gear quickly bite,
into the dust with the wind rushing clear,
as keen concierge are prone to take delight
and provide the right service to a customer,
looking for a treat to make them feel please,
gratuitous tips will set their mind at ease.

Immigration experts give advice on legit matters,
the request that you must weigh points inside,
to set your mind at ease with the right answers,
files in the butterfly in briefcase discreetly hide
risk your disk accessory to confide passports
the spiced taste of medicine given in health advice,
hot desert awaiting to match the hazardous pursuit,
of pleasures smuggled up with more stress and hurt.

Gerry Legister

Sharing Life With Love

Life is a sweet melodious rose
From the territory where we are living,
The choice of life we choose
love is about sharing and giving.

When the world is unforgiving
Nations are born into one blood
We must be strive to live loving
And practice being good.

The rhythm of enchantment
Can hear musical melodious tune,
Swept along the earth's movement
Dispel darkness and gloom.

Little is known apart from a name
Given at birth by strangers
A treasure full of butterfly pain
We grow and live among the dangers.

Gerry Legister

Shattered Dreams

Shattering dreams in roaring times
Pierce the air with voices of wanton cries,
Multitude of people in the age of beauty,
Is dawn to the lines of fashion ingenuity?
Intimate clothes, compelling, and adorable,
Every fabric of imagination is possible.
The economy of golden age already tarnished
In failures victory is already conceived.
Although some doubt what we are seeing
Hope shines more elusively in our dream.
From minds poised in graceful brilliance,
The language of linguistic countenance,
We desire to see fulfillment of our dreams
All the emotions dazzling in the streams,
The glittering destiny we were once convince
Had we seen the shadows in prophetic glimpse,
The aquarium world is a realm locked in a cage,
Earths fate dangling amides the forgotten age,
Where beauty began old age is given a crown
To the hoary head lurking with insipid frown.
Condemning the changes of this new society
Our dreams are shattered in mixed community.

Gerry Legister

Signature Of Sunshine Day

Hours go by as sunrise greet the day
Bloom bright between dawn and noon
When the evening at last sun turn grey
Sleepers joined the night and the moon.

A body of darkness cured up in the shade
Sleep through the deep waterfall nature install
Light to stretch out from heaven and invade
Earth unwrap the wrinkled cold from the stall.

Inspired sight of wisdom in pursuing heart
Sunshine help the garden flowering vine
The signature of sunshine day burning bright
In aromas fragrance that exist with time.

Sleep and watch until the next daylight
Bloom bright before the gloom
Fold up tight again and carried in the night
Everything signs the signature of our fortune.

Gerry Legister

Silence

The Immeasurable silence
Broken only by a haunting tune.
playing the lyrics of a warbling taste,
Lifts the atmosphere in the room.

The gloom we assume from the outdoor,
Sweeps inside like a discontented broom.
Dusting down the ceiling to the floor,
And make windows immaculately groom.

They look the part and dress appropriately,
impression benign the obvious condition.
Physical appearance and state of society,
hidden within the silence of the nation.

Silence is an experience of distinction,
First impression last longest in memory.
The response of verbal non communication,
Received by those visiting the country.

Accent and posture of voices can devise
And divide the needs of wanton friendship.
Some days intrigue is a compromise,
To pierce the armoury of culture tight lip.

Gerry Legister

Silent Refusal

A little hidden, beautiful, and tranquil aquarium
With an amazing view of the subterranean dome.
The ache may be the sign of worsening emotion,
From a little city where the rogues are at home.

With a fearful thrill of the coming unknown,
Moments long for, stand out but hide its face,
Behind a painted parade, I note the obvious tone,
where love in mockery is the dream of anguish.

In what other life it lives, and have known the heart,
That moved the shivering lips into silent refusal.
No cruel curses heard what inner voices blew out,
In predatory chase energy process, the potential.

Becoming friends unaware of the foxy danger,
Striving with that romantic short-sighted sense.
The gate to escape is hidden by the breathless hour,
Seeking safety but meet walls in towers of Défense.

In the people flies the pestilence, foggy defiance.
Against deep penetration lay the silent barriers.
The poor are brought lower by the mesh of lace,
Striped, and passed through eyelets as travellers.

Rather go in rows safely beneath the earth disk,
Rogues know the secret that they cannot disclose.
The winds which bring risk blow where they list,
Death knows nothing of the pretence when it goes.

Gerry Legister

Simply Irresistible

Your love is simply irresistible
All my impulses were awoken,
By the splendour of your smile,
Ambush my heart with captivation.

I surrendered and made my decision,
Your craven desire holding my heart
So sweet were the moments of passion,
I am still caught in the realm of thought.

Your love is a gift; simply irresistible
Giving it all to me with a special kiss,
A life for the future invest little by little
And I see the stars in dreams and bliss.

I watch your smile exude a raw sensuality,
With beautiful possession of thought swirling,
Around in relentless expression of possibility,
Accentuate the feelings I carry within.

You're smothering gaze amaze with raspy joys,
Takes me in your arms and charm before a fall,
Leave me in heaven at the gates of pearl
Feel in the soul the warmth happiness employs.

Gerry Legister

Sincere Heart

I am strong only after I become weak
I am wiser now because I have been foolish,
I am older now and sinews are ready to break
I am still making progress, but I am in no rush.

If we live pure our heart still has a secret store
Opportunity brings the chances we must take,
Life is short, and the pathway to death is sure
Escape is denied once inside that eternal gate.

The appointment will not delay for small or tall
When the heart has been brought inevitably low,
Envy and strife insist on making us feel small
But through hopeful eyes we shall see a rainbow.

Shining brightly behind the mask of darkness
Love is a kingdom of families bringing people closer,
When forgiveness answers the call of distress,
If hatred is defiant, Gods mercy becomes bigger.

Be not afraid on parade, if your heart is sincere,
It will open the door that leads to a perfect world
Cross the sky upon stairs to where stars are rare,
Antiquity for both transitional realms that we hold.

The stars don't shine so that others may see
All the faults and failures we wear upon our lapels,
They shine so that through you others will be
Rare jewels of gender that prevails.

When you are hurt and the bruises ache inside,
God hears the prayer of a sincere heart
Climbing through doubts saddled in earthly pride
Looking for healing inside to make a fresh start.

Gerry Legister

Sleep

A weary tide breaks through the realm,
and suspends the mind in recurrent fate,
distract the conscious state of living being,
to form the rejuvenation slumber create.

In sudden twitch the hallucination finds,
light pierce into darker shadows of the mind,
and sleep conserve the energy which defines,
the sensory strength activity suspend.

In awareness of memorable dreams made,
time elapse into spheres of hypnotize power,
Counting prismatic stars into infinity fade,
Spinning tricks on icy clouds of fire.

With feelings without fear, we go anywhere,
on a journey through the mind; sleeping fine,
illusions dropp down into similar nightmare,
and the powers we possess takes us out in time.

To forget the furious under delirious breathe,
silence draw the slain day into another night,
right where sleep can walk with death and myth,
and elude the illusive fear to merge into light.

From the hour we awake with eyes deeper in debt,
the water stilled in tears wash dreams from sleep,
and count the hours we go back to the reposeful gift,
until the counting down stoop in silence to weep.

Gerry Legister

Sleeping Among The Stars

The welcome sting clings on at the end of day
With hearts and hands and concerted stands,
We make the most of the last demands to pay
Inside the scars we wear among the other wounds.

The warm sweat drip down into a lingering line,
Stick to wrinkled brow define upon the fretted face,
Through the deep fog sleep enters the murky mind,
Feeling aching restrain the heart must embrace.

Fatigue has inspired the mind to cast a snaring web
And trap future moments in the cage where we wait,
Then change the posture into shapes upon the bed
We find resting place under blanket until we are late.

Sleeping among the stars mingle in a fondant dream,
Refuge lay discreet guarded by the intrigue spirits
Shirk when we awake by revelation we have seen,
Gentle warmth we feel in the company of angels.

In whatever shade dreams came by luck or by chance
At the entrance of day to drip down into our soul,
And wait among the stars in amaze to fall and dance
We wear our hearts in a trance that melts with gold.

Gerry Legister

Slow Dance

Have you ever followed an eagle's flawless flight?
Or gaze at the moon far into the fading night?
Until morning lights, a kite dancing in the winds,
Or listened to the silence that nature recommends.

When thunder and lightning ends, and the rains fall
Like a rhythmic beat of horses fleeing out of the stall.
Thunder clouds shoes clapping a tune on the ground,
Watch the seasons come again on a merry-go-round.

Field more games with the circus of erratic clowns,
But integrity and identity are the forgotten crowns.
look around, we'll soon be gone in a short space of time,
Without a sound, leaving a dance for the last drop of wine.

A new age will come when our sojourning days are done,
And we lie asleep peacefully beyond this mortal realm.
On earth, pilgrims have the next hundred years of chores,
To work through, like venom creeping through the floors.

Time is short, look around, opportunities won't last,
The poised and grace in the dance is moving too fast.
Running through the day like a waving kite in the sky,
Rappelling with the beat of life coming from every reply.

A dance you will do today in haste and not see tomorrow,
Have you ever lost touch of friendship and not see sorrow?
Because you never took the time to share a moment's laughter
Every hour was an unopen gift thrown away into a fire.

When you run so fast in a hurry to get nowhere
You will miss half the adventures in getting there.
Life is a race, take it slower, hear the words of the music,
Before the dance is over and the song closes the track.

Gerry Legister

Snowballs

I began to live a playful dream,
With the first snow fall,
Of dusty white flakes gathered clean
To throw snowballs
At my friends,

And filled their mattered hair,
Body and flush face,
With pleasure and snowy laughter,
In smiles running down their face,
Hiding the hint of crispy ice,
Rolling down the neck,

I pick the snow up in my hands,
To become a powder ball on its way,
To my friends cheeks,
Flung with fun in play,
Water and ice melting in flight,

Display the magic of the atmosphere,
Rolled into a wand,
Throwing snowballs in the air,
Age has little to do with the fun,
Of throwing snowballs,
While friends try to hide and run

Gerry Legister

Solitude In Africa

The Solitude in Africa toil and helped to unfold
Stories, philosophies, and lessons to be told.
Judgmental glances seeing Africa from outdoors,
Taken in by tales of the villagers living indoors.

The epoch of age pores on in utter fascination,
History in a trance did not cause by liberation.
Subtle beings on the horizon enriched in mind,
Striving to be a vessel that any mariner can find.

In the solitude of service, they drift along unanchored
among the cargo, the truth is the mental past stored.
Hope, steer alone, ambition try to stay on course,
Give guidance of a familiar path for decades choose.

The journey on life marks the increasing latitudes,
Constant improvement in skills and good attitudes.
Politics and riches the world has a little concern,
Africa, while satisfying, has a deep thirst to learn.

Democracy will survive, expect it to cause many fights,
The price is paid with our lives to enjoy liberty and rights.
Hungry appetite, this knowledge for success can outlast,
All the growls of frolic and thrills the hour has passed.

Gerry Legister

Solstice

I want more solstice evening silhouettes.
And nights of rhapsody with rental stars.
explore blurred mornings when the sun rises.
With transitions, dripping through the trees.

I want to know how the seasons change.
Who makes time become desirable to live?
Happier, in an age turning over a new page.
Bring on horizon wings, the sun to arrive.

Shape like a phenomenal object in the sky.
You will only see the outline of your subject.
Inspired birthdays and celebrations pass by.
Captured images create a beautiful silhouette.

I want Spring and mid-summers solstice.
I want the fall equinoxes and mid-winters.
Celestial excursions meet in a cooler place.
On a path in the sky finds the fairy heirs.

I want more days with solstice purpose,
and sleepy afternoons curled up in a nap.
I want to inhale the fragrance of a rose.
With grappling kisses of bliss in your lap.

I want the sunrise that leave me breathless.
I want to see your reflection in the mirror.
I want the cool breeze and more stillness.
I want shades of paradise to come every hour.

I want the dripping flavor from your lips.
I want to see the amour spark in your eyes.
I want to feel the tempest sway of your hips.
Ignite and create flames and fireflies.

I want a garden, to bloom inside of me,
Illuminate bulbs of romance to your heart.
I want the ocean of passion to be a destiny.
With fluid fountains flowing into every part.

I want the need to read more love letters.
With knitting needles stitches on my arms.
Like inevitable ghostly goosebumps gritters.
Of warbling shadows slowly invading dreams.

I want faith to enrich and hopes to rejuvenate.
And appear like halo shapes in the clouds.
Make lights in the sky after an earthquake.
And lightning calls a ball of light into orbs.

I want forgiveness to carry a torch inside.
Stillness and strength brave enough to try.
And find the secret place of heaven to hide.
All secular muses of mistakes before I die.

I want Christmas, Valentine, and friends.
To live and love with a belly full of laughs,
And have peace in a world that never ends.
With the painful mess, and memorial reefs.

Gerry Legister

Something Beautiful

A firm desire energetic joys of fire
The night intensity held breath in -flight.
Something beautiful came with power
Spilled out like stars in sparkling delight.

Electrifying energy given to our bodies
Creating urges of deeper vibrant stamina.
A phenomenal feeling warming our eyes
The mood in the room was filled enigma.

The greater warmth in the atmosphere
Made something beautiful linger at home.
The persona fond made us more aware,
We were not alone in a romantic tone.

Under the sheets, clutching the remnant
Slip in the heat of heartbeat slippery sleep.
Broken dreams the healing wings mend
Made the tide advance out into the deep.

Feelings of griping loss, pain, and hurt
Identify every spiritual ache that passes
Something beautiful begins at the new birth
Here in earthen vessels treasures possess.

Without a frown before the sun goes down
it leaves something beautiful on the sand.
The presence of hope which travels around
Made the warmth that lingers on the land.

The warmth is here the cold has disappeared
Together, we have something beautiful to share
No longer to be afraid of the darker shade
The mood in the air is now a new atmosphere.

Gerry Legister

Sonnet About Control

When I was young, hearing the great voice of dad and mum
Exactly what the procedures was I could not understand,
Measures at home, filling the void their parents had begun
Key prevention dominates the room and captured command.
The value of control fanning their idolize way of domination
How to exercise caution through the experiment of authority,
We became strong, took ownership and demand determination
The things we love and hate took notions in our community.
The bad go wandering might benefit from regulate adventure,
The good procedures parting checks that needs new direction,
Waves of high standards surrender the framework structure
In struggling man lies the curb of undefeated milestone.
Quantum of awards shape the chains that keep them bound
Controlling decades evoke powers with discipline sound.

Gerry Legister

Sonnet About Cooking

I have found today a delicious passion in the kitchen,
The taste tells humanity about the game of thanksgiving.
Regular family dining has given a palate of fascination,
Generous helpings seasons ingredients for good cooking.

Restaurant share best recipes on Menu of daily specialties,
Amazing presentation the flavor growing; hunger yearning,
For healthily living, the nectar in selection of more choices,
Meals on wheels pressure cooking techniques combing.

Cutlery polishes the savory reflections of the social habit,
For lifestyle, traditional cooking is smart time spend roasting
Methods in oil, creates comfort eating and table etiquette,
Celebrate the intrigues of romantics and fine dining.

The host spreading a decorated table of cooking for most,
Party of people gathered for the laughs, and jokes and toast.

Gerry Legister

Sonnet About Tap Dancing

An airy tune play flavors we adore
Generate the breathe of vibrant sound,
Tap politely crescendo shoes on the floor
Dance stance move lightly off the ground.

Into this movement of swing and speed,
Trapped charm in space by metallic plates,
The choreography steps and style succeed,
To shuffle the dances combination creates.

Unique blend for either student or enjoyment
Evoke rhythm flames with creative elements
Known and shown where originality meant,
Entertainment display enthuse the movements.

By arts the intent of skill is given for learning,
Magical poetry found in the thrill of dancing.

Gerry Legister

Sonnets

The loss of memory is forgotten in the wind
the moment we die before our breathe falter,
we are a fading Spectator struggling to the end,
and life flushes out the things we cannot alter.
Stand to surrender and wave the battered flag,
on chosen fields of love serenade career misery,
some battles we win, but in others wearily drag,
our soul from the ground to win unlikely victory.
Taste the peace in whose arms we are thrown,
the lifeline we find a sonnet of solace to climb,
happier days of virtue spent recovering at home,
leave the cares and thoughts for others to find.
Adventurous world resign from gaining riches,
Embrace sonnets sense of peace and happiness.

Gerry Legister

Sonnets About Breakfast

After night manna entwined the morning
We awake to the finest sound of language,
Continental breakfast is the first meal taken,
Bridge the gap between hunger and courage.

People sitting around breakfast bars and tables
Splendid spoonful eaten until almost lunch,
Exchange old kinds of deepening values and fables
But cannot changing the way we live in a rush.

Even cereal portions are profoundly healthy,
At the first dawning, the lunchtime that strives,
Arrives before dinner and rush hour bring kindly
Mingled workers homeward from different offices.

Night clears away the dark for breakfast bite,
Stoves and trays lay out amenities to tempt appetite.

Gerry Legister

Soon It Will All Be Done

Just another teenager looking forward to more thrills,
The more fascination found, the more I anticipated bliss
Enticing charm in the assignment that pleasure compels,
Prophecy of light extends beyond the realm of darkness.

Charity perceive benefits before goodly deeds are done,
And what great event on planet stage will happen next?
When the world holds timid breath filled with derision,
Inside enthused passion we bequeath advances to exit.

When we toil hard, the next moment may bring reward
Of anxiety in more pleasures over life conquering death,
Without enthusiasm of joy to share process going forward,
Inevitable date is stored for time to steal our last breath.

When riches fail, realization that no more reward will come,
We must go, anticipate life on this terrain will soon be done.

Gerry Legister

Soon We Will Be Done

Just another teenager looking forward to more thrills,
The more fascination found, the more I anticipated bliss
Enticing charm in the assignment that pleasure compels,
Prophecy of light extends beyond the realm of darkness.

Charity perceive benefits before goodly deeds are done,
And what great event on planet stage will happen next?
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When riches fail, realization that no more reward will come,
We must go, anticipate life on this terrain soon will be done.

Gerry Legister

Sprain With Pain

From heavenly realm he came to reign,
A lone volunteer stain with pain for everyone,
His days were short within the global frame,
He made the sick well and gave them new vision.

Flushes out the pain stained against humanity
The indispensable contribution highly esteem,
We have not seen all the suffering of society
But sacrifice for good of mankind was given.

By the crimson blood that in time led the crowd,
And paid the penalty for all who may never know
How deep the debt he went for the greater good
Shows the demonstration of love bestow.

Strength and wisdom gives a standing ovation,
We must grow stronger in understanding this power,
Hope will call us away within a glorious selection,
Find a neutral place for us all be together.

Gerry Legister

Spring Has Sprung

When the year was great and still young
In fading snow hides the earthen treasures,
From natural snare rainy spring has sprung
Large clouds sit above mountains and trees.

Heaven shed dew upon the dampen grass
And the rain that came toiled in the ground,
To washed away the gloom of wintry dross,
Into the shallow holes new seeds are sown.

Up from the ground, flown into the atmosphere
Spring has sprung alive the fondant sound,
Echoing around the world the herald of nature
Come as in other times prompt from ancient mind.

When spring comes winter goes tumbling back
Upon the track, watered the blossomed flowers,
For this season the thrush of love walks and talk
About things that makes us happy with best wishes.

Kisses reserve the bliss making new acquaintance
Thrills stood tall in the path where spring has sprung,
Paradise bloom clinging to thoughts of romance
Of course there must be something strong.

Bring together new world in rosy leaves of early dawn,
Wrapped around trees tangled weeds have grown,
The daisy earthen ties lay sprawled upon the lawn
That meets the messengers of summer's invitation.

We adore mountains and tress as buzzing bees
Excited with the changes defining the age of beauty
Birds in the trees, prayer time dangled from our knees
A tune in the air unites all the realms perfectly.

Bells of cathedrals chime out to begin new life again,
In cities and towns they sing the welcome song
And heroes of heroics received the awards they attain,
March in the cool of the wind that spring has sprung.

Gerry Legister

Spring Is Here Again

Spring is here again taking a shower in the trees
Bathing the wind that brings again spring cleaning,
Wash the newly formed lawns and greener leaves,
Of April; wet days soak deeper in sprinkling spring.

Appearance comes out from the wintry conclusions,
Arise with new breeze behind the changing meshed,
Of all the seasons' bliss; spring gives the most reasons
For the trees and flowers in new colors to flourish.

Lilies of the field grow tall when spring comes around
At dawn, bright rainbows display happier moods,
Making changes over mountains and fallow ground,
Paste the rays in abundant ways across the clouds.

Mortals feel closer aligned to nature when spring is here,
Rain mostly comes down soaking the ground to the bone,
Then loving smiles come out in the perfect breath of air
Refreshing harmony, bringing life to things that were hidden.

Bird songs play sweet warbling tunes on their high ceiling,
Rhapsody echoes above the hills in divine shades of day,
Scattering showers and squally rain when spring is fading,
On worn footpaths in the parks where our children play.

Gerry Legister

State Of Mind

Experience of state makes the flow great
Much more entertain than physical training,
A mental state formation the mind exert,
Endurance emerges of positive thinking.

State of mind running mostly with aching pain
It's at the end you will drop into a small heap
Adulation creates before the medals are reaping.
Enjoy the warrior sprint that ends with a limp.

Time flows in realms of psychological stream
Mental state of mind takes away real happiness
Experience the flow going fast into physical gain
Lose the world immersed into self awareness.

Leaving the dirt, leaving the strain and waste
A mass exodus outside the state of finding a dream
Recovered from the state of people being diagnose
Lost in a world digging for the hope they had seen.

Delusions on the track reflect back to childhood,
Age raise the state of incredible phenomenon
Slipping in and out of time where the world stood
Detached from outside and lose all interest of them.

Gerry Legister

Still Waiting

Every sixty seconds spent waiting,
On the reality to obtain promises,
Could be a minute of inheritance gone?
Never to come back and take chances.

More time may elapse after still waiting,
And you may grow faint and weary,
But preserved confidence in expecting,
Fulfilment of promise to make you happy.

Keep waiting to inherit the promises,
For this is what patience implied,
If we believe, faith preserves appearances,
To see the glory for which others has died.

Sitting awake in the dark still waiting,
Being who I am claiming to be,
The solitude of memory is everything,
A secret at the time belong in me.

On a trail where mystery is what I am doing here,
As if watching silent glimpse of myself,
The waiting goes on around the next corner,
Always passing the enterprises I felt.

Gerry Legister

Strangers In The Yard

Every beautiful time required sublime moments,
Of unending service to other people, we know not,
The sacrifice light which covers the darkest nights,
Can give a better taste to the stew in the stirring pot.

Make someone smile who's already in silent dust,
It is a little line between where we part and say goodbye,
Leave unfinished task, where thoughts would not last,
To see the new rainbow blossomed in the sky.

Perhaps nature may change the whole atmosphere
Don't stand too near, or cry, for your voice will not die,
When it makes the trees and worms on the leaves here
The calm serenading songs drifting by.

The guardian angels are inside and all around town,
Are we friends? Or stranger beings in cold ground?

Gerry Legister

Streams In The Desert

When hours had pass with painful cross
I travelled on till I could go no further,
Then at last; in all the pain of sad losses,
I rest serene beneath the tranquil power.

God gave me quietness and assurance
To drink from the stream in the desert
And wash my feet press sore in peace,
That they in grief may walk in the spirit.

And hear his voice mention my name,
Having borne burden of fretted sorrow,
That in crisis I might find the path of again
And with all the gifts of eternity bestow.

In every trouble there is infinite consoling,
Through all the tumults God will be there,
With streams in the desert for healing,
Every hour is filled with his indwelling power.

No adversary along the darken way
Can take the radiant smile from your face,
Intent to steal your faith in that trouble day,
For your soul will be in the rapture of grace.

Gerry Legister

Stricken With Anguish

The essence of painful embellish
hurtful whisper inflamed my heart,
stricken with severe anguish
the sense of imprisoned art.
Hesitate before tears began to fall,
when dark clouds covered my face
I feel the brevity of thunder call.
Disloyalty is dripping like foreboding ice,
Cold eyes hold sorrow above the brow
in ruin friendship lies the vanquish foes,
safe from the bruising rod below
the sentimental core of all the heroes.
Conquers with monumental victories worn
they walked around collusion walls,
stricken anguish and smitten with a frown
I am the clown unwinding through the coils.
With only a glimmer of hope.
The flavour almost smooth and snuffed out,
Crumpled anguish clambering in a loop,
where emotion rage in the fight with doubt.

Gerry Legister

Strong Feelings

A lifelong quest inspired by our emotions,
fascination felt within the heart soul, and body.
It can drive us to the brink of generosity,
in tireless pursuit, or fantasies of endless passions.

This feeling goes roaming with strong desire,
Enchantments and intrigued radiates from within.
Brings out character and absorb where we begin,
fills the low voids, and take the roads we share.

With the best will in life for love and living,
Feelings constantly flow from emotional sources,
Explore watery paths and many different courses,
Everyday; we all have feelings worth sharing.

The sensational power engages natural response,
this feeling can surge on surface anywhere in earth,
we were born with this affectionate gift at birth,
Teardrops at first, and then we hear them in songs.

Beating out lyrics the meaning of interpretation,
Poetry with nothing sweeter than unique feelings,
Engrossed in the midst of joy with new meanings
Release from the heart the fear of consternation.

Gerry Legister

Summer

The Season of warmth and golden sunshine
Open bosom of people friendly with the sun.
Inspired by virtual romance a feeling of the time
With fruits of divine pouring from matured wine.

Fruit trees bend with the ripe coloured fruitfulness,
The season of summer in the ripeness of nature's sum.
filled all the dairy orchards on grassy verge pastures,
Joy to swell the hearts and make the good times fun.

Watch the flowers open their leaves for the bees,
and later still, a vast array of colours budding more
increase, we think the endless days will never cease
amazed, with surprises, summer memories, we adore.

We have not yet seen the best thrills hid amid the store,
Summertime, we seek to walk more in broad daylight.
Playful and carefree, with picnic basket on a grassy floor.
Talking until the softer light winnowing the sunset.

Watch the silhouette ooze away hours we want to keep
With the fumes of love caught in a dreamy brook.
Many already half reached the furrows of sound asleep,
Virtual life float across the globe by the cyber press hook.

Reflections, in the songs of summer-season endearing,
Clearer clouds bloom summer sweet taste with a rosy hue.
Full-grown moon above, bourn gathering stars shining
Like the universal lights of each heart sparkling review

Gerry Legister

Summer Days

I watched the gentle waves lapping the shore
And taste the salty breeze from the ocean air
I saw seagulls flying horizontally without a care,
Spreading their wings in the calm atmosphere.

Politics powers reign and lovers claim romance
Parties began, and the united theme stood strong,
Crowds weave merrily in victory celebration dance
On land, demons ran until the spirit caught everyone.

Summer days filled with hazy languid sunny rays
Night retreat stay softly in the moonlight glades,
The heaven displays a theater of stars for our eyes,
Make grassy meadows appears like spikey blades.

Set the stage for the season of nature to mature,
And let out of cages the cocoon time to grow,
Harmoniously into happier moods of pleasure,
Brimming with gaiety, and abundant love to show.

When it's dark the heat goes where slumber snooze,
And search out of our dreams what reality withholds.
Until fantasy throws open the doors that were close,
To make summer days filled with memorable goals.

Beautiful kisses in the sublime recess of relaxing way,
from the ocean floor we make sandcastles on the shore,
Runners jog effortlessly in the generosity of the day
Embrace lazy heat and soak up the change of employer.

Summer days bloom with love that envisage adventure,
Laughter stays longer, and humor lingers fragrantly,
With smiles that turn heads and eyes hot as fire
Summer is a portrait of time to make people happy.

Gerry Legister

Summer Time

The Season of warmth and golden sunshine
Open bosom of people friendly with the sun.
Inspired by virtual romance a feeling of the time
With fruits of divine pouring from matured wine.

Fruit trees bend with the ripe coloured fruitfulness,
The season of summer in the ripeness of nature's sum.
filled all the dairy orchards on grassy verge pastures,
Joy to swell the hearts and make the good times fun.

Watch the flowers open their leaves for the bees,
and later still, a vast array of colours budding more
increase, we think the endless days will never cease
amazed, with surprises, summer memories, we adore.

We have not yet seen the best thrills hid amid the store,
Summertime, we seek to walk more in broad daylight.
Playful and carefree, with picnic basket on a grassy floor.
Talking until the softer light winnowing the sunset.

Watch the silhouette ooze away hours we want to keep
With the fumes of love caught in a dreamy brook.
Many already half reached the furrows of sound asleep,
Virtual life float across the globe by the cyber press hook.

Reflections, in the songs of summer-season endearing,
Clearer clouds bloom summer sweet taste with a rosy hue.
Full-grown moon above, bourn gathering stars shining
Like the universal lights of each heart sparkling review

Gerry Legister

Summers Day

Spring resume summers day with many choices,
In the reunion of all seasons the nectar entwined,
Sunshine to scream out excitement in our voices,
Find outside no place to hide chimes of our mind.

Dare we stray towards the heat of sunburn way?
Cold play under festival of stars brightly dancing,
Pop into serenity of our soul for the entire day,
Music warms our emotions until we began crying.

Changing the moonlight into midnight falling sun,
Our smiling faces are picturesque miles of places,
Blew into fanzine memories the wild breeze of fun
On our journey in a flight of freedom for all races.

Happy boots clapping in muddy Sunday schools
Surround nature echoes amazing beautiful sound,
Water lapping rocks into balm of swimming pools,
Sovereign flavor tread kindly upon the soft ground.

No danger of lone rangers where crowds gathered
Larking about with twisted lyrics of Silver Spring,
Like Cockatoo magpie, mimicking sparrows adored
The saintly summer emblems of rhyme and rhythm.

Defending the hazardous thrush of flirty rain brush,
The crowd of drone dark clouds unzipping the field
In roving groups of light heels the adrenaline rush,
Probe under the blanket of night to be reconciled.

Sunlight glint appears again in emblazed flames,
Breathe through the silhouette lily of warbling trees,
Summary days saved us from the dreary drains,
Made the stagnant world rise from wobbly knees.

To see fondant flowers blossomed in rosy bowers
Nothing could ever be compared to the romance
Of summers day rolling away cloudy rain showers
Over glens and valleys fading out in the distance.

Gerry Legister

Summers Evening Silhouette

Banks of fading sunset silhouette stood silently beyond,
Stretching a great bronze bundle of clouds over the sand,
An illuminating vociferous formation of wrinkled band,
Finding the time line skies to cross bridges over land.

And the Ocean last look at summers evening silhouette,
Frame picturesque refine portrait folding calm ripple waves
In our bemoan eyes, daylight closes with resolute regret,
And night shadows edges nearer the contrasted entrances.

Sunset captures our vivid imagination and warmly intercept,
The spectrum ranges of violet rays in one beautiful breath.
When the sun drops below the horizon, the vibrant mix erupt
Euphoric display of unadulterated shades in theatrical myth.

The presence of cosmic moon spreading those lavish colors,
In twilight sky painted silhouette, reflects droplets drawing
Drama, by low hues and views, in latitudes and moist flavors,
Ambiance air scattering dust over the Rockies cast evening.

Memorable atmosphere translates into Hawaiian postcards,
Before the gently falling rain usher in the shallow storm,
A moment of darkness lies here and in between other worlds,
But nothing can take away sunset sequence of perfection.

Gerry Legister

Sunlight

Sunlight has come, and the newest has day began
With the sweet sound of sleep lay in curls beyond
Wear limbs and rest, above heavenly skies waiting
A flurry of voices to come from little birds singing.

Lofted wings of sunlight leap into a new horizon wide,
with imagery of earth's blue and bright turned upside.
stars dancing on ice open throbbing awakening eyes,
heat reach the chain of haze stretch along the beaches.

Bouquets of flowers marry perfectly with lush colors
Solar power with their twinkling sites makes happy hours.
When the sword blade of beauty glinted in the sunlight,
Through the atmosphere comes a spectrum of visible light.

The going down spear made a tiny window visibly appear,
miles beneath the surface where sparkling streams are rare,
Sunlight threatening to fade reflected from the mirrors
Retreating steam caught in the net with realms of stars

At the world's edge, it falls without fear into far space,
Sunlight left over long enough to linger in a shadowy place,
Now we sweetly sleep again, before the steady dawn rises
From the other side, sunlight will come back to mesmerize.

Gerry Legister

Sunrise To Sunset

I will bring you the stars you bring me the moon
Weave all your magic charms to dispel the gloom.
Catch me the sun in amorous fire's newly sprung,
You're the sparkling bond between weak and strong.
Consuming, exciting, thrilling, and almost terrifying
The emotions are churning like a wildfire burning
Desire lit a passionate fire, and flames climb higher
Ecstasy liquidise body soul and mind with pleasure.
The Starlight clouds in clandestine romance drew,
All the magic of passion and the radiant heat too.
With burning light, we will walk into the morning
From the amazing height of young love's beckoning.
Serenely sweet, a consciousness of unknown delight,
With summer dew falling into the moon crest night.
I will bring the wind to you with my fleeting breath,
The robe cloth of heaven wrapped us in for warmth,
You bring the mighty sea, the rivers, and the ocean
Together, we will swim through the waves of passion.
From the sunrise to the soft silhouette of sunset.
I will be the stormy gale to sweep you off your feet,
Night and day, you will always want me to be there,
But In memory, what will we leave for our souvenir?

Gerry Legister

Sunshine And Gold

I am telling someone about my mountain
The vast height of incomprehensible hike,
Flow down into the lush valleys and terrain,
Green misty rain spread over Negril as a kite.

Early morning dip that nature intended
Comes from the man of the golden hour,
This lovely site fills my inside with pride
Seeing the Guinep tree and the Ackee color.

Remembering youth, the smell of juice
Callaloo, bread fruit, and plantains,
Jamaican favorite foods light the fuse
To celebrate with Caribbean good old tings.

No place on earth feels so good,
As the home of sunshine and gold.

Gerry Legister

Sushi

Love not too much by many,
Edible flavor found in Sushi,
Press into ball shape Varsity,
Smelled raw like the sea.

Etiquette cuisine as distinct as nature,
We look away leaning across the table,
And see scattered rice and Nori,
Lay bare and feeble.

We are very tired when we are hungry,
Many fingers to this palate would drop,
Eating Sushi rolls to make merry,
Even if given bucketful of gold.

Rather eat an apple or a pear,
Than fermented fish evolved as it descend,
From the mouth to later appear,
Where the wind comes cold.

Wash with the morning vapor,
Separate thoughts wept and crept,
To ease the accentuated flavor,
Wrapped floundering in secret.

Gerry Legister

Swim For Freedom

The knotted hills were never untwist,
Diminishing clans leave their homeland
See mansions through the winding mist
Leave memories where the ugly houses stand.

Swim for freedom there is a palace beyond
The shining white sand and the sneer of hope,
Perches in the soul, make refuge in the chilliest land,
The gale that kept so many strangers warm develop

Into a greater storm, command the welcome arms
In extremity, survivors sing to the coldest tune,
The smarting wound washes vain waves with tears,
Angels hear the cry of strangers lost in the gloom.

Aftermath always so abrupt interrupts the brief interruption
Of whom we always assumed the world prefer to see
Responsible being watched clumsy boats swim for freedom
Grew calm until only sleep was left plain deft in a victory.

Gerry Legister

Tears From Heaven

When there is nothing more say,
Tears say goodbye to our heaven,
And leave the shadow of today,
Sink into darker images exploding.

The tragic prize of a broken heart,
Sends messages through the air,
When everything has fallen apart,
Tears engage the waiting atmosphere.

And haunt the staring eyes,
Foamed in fire and feelings,
To make the skin shiver with fears,
As tears fall they crush everything.

Yet Inside opportunity demands,
More inseparable chiming of sequence,
Finds the attraction of emotions,
A hurtful truth brush with chance.

Crush in the parade on fading view,
Tears stimulate angels in heaven,
They see the hurt and come to our rescue,
A guardian when we need a friend.

Gerry Legister

That Girl

I fell in love with a Carol singer
That girl with blonde hair,
I dance around her visage like a smoky fire
And woke up in her enchanted lair.

Watching the last glint of brilliant stars
Fade away into the end of a moonless road,
She called out to me from a siren song
Angelic tone to lay down my heavy load.

The symphony sound of songs seizes me,
Like reflections captured in a portrait,
The ambiance of beauty could not deny
Peaceful joy settled in my heart.

Sweet were the kisses from her radiant lips
Like a mist-shrouded in the clouds;
That world took my heart into strange eclipse,
Hot girl burning from inside like festive coals.

But the flames soon became a vacant bubble
And suddenly that girl was gone,
Along with her siren song, vanished into a Hubble
Only a quiet moment remain in the sad song.

To reflect on her dancing hair waving the banner
That parted the air and opened a new sky;
And all I asked of time hid in her enchanted lair
With heaven and the starry stare standing by.

Among all the people that I have met with
That girl with blonde hair had natural flair,
With one rhythmic note could take away my breath?
And leave my heart burning with fire.

Gerry Legister

That Hidden Desire

I lost that hidden desire
The things I once possess,
I think I lost the blazing fire,
Dreaming of them become obsess.

Is life worth living?
When you lose the will to live
Work all your life labouring
Trying to give and forgive.

I am trying to recover
You can see that I have nothing,
No money hidden, only the will power,
Seeing that I have nothing.

You could try and help me,
Find myself doing something,
To help others trying to be,
What their soul want desiring.

Everything is worth nothing
Unless you become better person,
Seeing that you have nothing,
Living to give of yourself a reason.

Secret can no longer hide the changing
When you're getting old,
It's worth desiring to sacrifice everything
To save a single lost soul.

Gerry Legister

The Allure Of Hope

She may be a dream in a wishing well
A friendly smile reflected in the stream,
The look of surprise in her eyes, I can tell,
There is more to find in this dream.

Asking nothing, excited for everything,
Go to bed dreaming, wake up with realities
Filming, the world spinning and illuming
The allure of hopes in so many varieties.

Crystalized changes fluttering words reply,
Given the opportunity, we could not deny,
Like a butterfly migrating, it's time to fly,
And Explore ghost clouds high in the sky.

Watch yesterday disappear in the winds,
And create the camouflage when it rains,
effectively propelling new feeling sends
emotions to pushed away former pains.

The allure that comes in dreams use acoustic,
Releases specific hopes to span a lifetime,
Creation understand the evolution static,
Many purposes in our life are only for a time.

Gerry Legister

The Apocalypse

Will be a sudden disastrous event,
causing widespread fear, loss, pain,
and destruction. The Apocalypse,
marked by an imagery of the four horsemen
found in the book of Revelation.
An expectation of impending imminent
cosmic cataclysm.
With global pandemic catastrophe.
Apocalypse will be disastrous
for some catastrophe for others,
and yet fulfilling biblical prophecy
in greater proportion.
In the apocalypse of Revelation,
there is great indignation,
in which God pours out his wrath upon the earth,
destroying the ruling powers of evil
and eventually raises up righteous nations
to live and reign in the millennium kingdom.
Revelation refers to a secret that is made known
in a surprising way,
something that could make you feel
shock and alarm revealing a divine truth,
enlightening with astonishing disclosure.
Revelation is something
that God wants to reveal to mankind,
and most of the events are included as a book
in the new testament called the Apocalypse.

Gerry Legister

The Ashes In The Wind

The blistering wounds leave our heart
sore, and filled days of somber wrath
Ashes in the wind; tearing emotions apart,
Requiem king reigns supreme in dying breathe.

Daystar arises to outshine doubts and fears,
in rosy clouds changing the atmosphere.
Night weakens the mind suppressed by snares,
wipe away tears brandishing chilly nightmare.

hearing spirit in the wind whispering claim
channeled in the flame running on the refine
Join our progenitors leaving behind sad re-frame
where intermission crosses the wide borderline.

Timely stars faded from that lamentable realm,
reach into the mind with detached matters,
inside our hearts, burns the lowest flame,
Physical reins painted and twisted in tatters.

Ashes in the wind divided into loose ends,
Fanfare of friends gathered on the mourners green,
acres in heaven bound around the colossal diamonds,
sparkling flint every soul becomes a monumental gem.

When you are looking out on the falling rain
there is another reflection looking back at you
indivisible courage plant a seed beside the pain,
clinging together bright colors and flowers renew.

A balm to heal the wandering spirit in the wind
seeing faces mixed with the rare beauty of grace,
send the ashes to where mortality was destined
Beatitudes by prayers and saintly penance.

Thrust the blade of sunset into airy shapes of dust,
and walk bravely on the path of receding anguish,
feel the wind drooping like a diadems immutable cost,
Float back on wings where the soul seems to languish.

Gerry Legister

The Awakening

Before we depart, leaving our imprinted portrait
Potential to rule the ethos stronger than Arms,
Gifts buried insight; unique fuel form years of thought,
Brushes by the endless source of pearlescent lives.

Liquify existence, I found the door cold and tropical,
In subdued fission, the end close with absolution.
Peace release death to penetrate my oppressed soul
But from my prism burst a gust of regeneration.

While I sleep, history will study me religiously
And the spirit within thawing with passionate heat,
flames from ecliptic reincarnation finds me as a trophy,
defeating the shuffling earthquake beneath my feet.

The aftershock of tectonic retreat kept me awake,
As sorrow and grief quickly into another way depart,
Gargling breathe be the shortest sure sign of relief,
By inspiring daring dreams that are close to my heart.

We implore talented stars shining in earthen vessels,
Spreading crystal halogen wings upon the jewel clouds,
Through sultry teardrops, humanity find many duels,
Reflections gleaming upon oceans of weeping floods.

There was much warmth unraveling the iris traces
When I awake and taken out of my punishment,
Through rapture armory dust meet paradise graces,
Friends emerge from silence to the edifice of content.

Awake hermit crab, step out of darkness into the light
Let anxiety disappear into the realm of sunshine,
Unfolding flames recalled dreams fast fading sight,
Wild nautical waves wash away the promise of time.

The conquest of reverberation, in secret place, make
My deliverance, impatience pausing, knowing the love
Flaming me, awaken the opportunity I needed to take,
A moment of endearing the gratitude that happiness gave.

From sunrise to sunset, awake the consequences of our lives
Staring at half finish chores dreamily through a veil shadow.
Images roam backward, awakening soft young memories,
With unsure senses crying for a future we don't know.

I did not die when I wave hesitantly at the world goodbye,
My soul in dismay escape into adventure of a darker maze,
Where resurrection unveiled the consciousness, we deny
The Fragments of an apocalypse that are impossible to erase.

Stayed awake, by keeping hope over death and the grave,
The halogen Spirit over earth that heaven enlightens
Good deeds with spectacular colors of faith and love,
Between all people of nationalities in different regions.

Stay awake when all the other stars have gone to sleep,
Leaving fire ash images on memory words burned blurred.
Destiny calls with the perfect dream that you need,
When you cannot read a message on Pinterest board.

The universe has shaped you to awaken communities
Living Consciousness is a multidimensional being,
Awakening aspirations that spiritual path touches,
With all the powers already, ours, in this realm assign.

Gerry Legister

The Beautiful Human

Marred by our complex perception
An epoch of mist covers day and night.
Hiding from sight, the beautiful human,
Exist partly in darkness, and part light.

The personalities that our character draws
Defines the beautiful human of our terrain.
Being consumed, we concealed the flaws,
In that perfect moment of borrowed time.

No one saw the other images in the clouds,
Spacious and proud, floating out into the sky,
Lives trapped between the foreboding floods,
With volumes of personalities about to die.

Emotional attention wears the mask of fear,
Poison flames in deep places enduring pain.
A phenomenal stain quietly swirling in the air,
Rain tears to make a portrait of faces in the rain.

In dreams resides the blurry-eyed weather
The synergy of the future lies in human misery.
Excellency of proximity diminished forever
But in heaven, souls are covered in glory.

Freedom wants to break through the ruin walls
A virus holds mankind upon the altar of fear.
Caught in a tangled mess, hopelessness, calls
Our children to escape the terrors out there.

Gerry Legister

The Best Thing

I taste the scented perfume on her lips
And my strength faded into the atmosphere,
To sense the showers which came with drips
Running through my mind in a new adventure.

The best of every moment becomes an illusion
Shared with passion in aroma of fantasy,
Glimpse of silhouette marooned within,
The swarm of thrills fueling the rage of ecstasy.

We engage when our hearts wage war,
To keep love inside hidden in our secret
And pride cried where hate tried to appear,
But it lost its sting and began to retreat.

The best thing about our feelings were discreet,
They would only meet when we could look deep,
Into the destiny, fate had chosen to impart,
The treasures of life given unto us to keep.

To survive the weather, storm and the norm
Taken with us when it is time to go into the dust,
Friends may weep while we sleep and remain calm
Holding what was the best thing that was given us.

Gerry Legister

The Bloom Of Love

This may be our only paradise,
A cross more than a place to call our own,
we'll treasure each other's promise,
and watch the new age brightens the horizon.

Those days may have been a dream,
When fading vows took your heart away,
If those endearing charms were now seen,
They could gaze upon us more fondly today.

And see a realm that no mortal can view,
the beaming of paradise brush where heaven lies,
our love is as pure as the morning dew,
Inhabit the splendor of the celestial skies.

Paradise too was rare from a different strand,
the bloom of love blown in the breeze,
you are the gold I hold within my hand,
Light up the candle of heaven's choice.

Love broken for you; broken too for me,
Dreams we have seen were distant schemes,
in the crystal maze created before eternity,
only the trial of passion within our soul entwines.

This may be our only earthly compromise,
tingling every moment we embrace together,
Life is shared with death in hopeful bliss,
for every kiss our lips will meet with fire.

Then in trial of time we'll come to realize,
the heated glaze was only a loan we once own,
Drowned by the tears formed in our eyes,
and our shadows will make paradise our home.

To that destiny; from earth our spirit will roam,
Beyond stars to where candle light never dies,
And watch our love bloom under a brighter sun,
In the place we will call our heavenly paradise.

Gerry Legister

The Boys Inside

They come back almost losing shirt and shoe,
Breathe glow in flames of sports and laughter,
When it is still too hot to tell mother a joke or two,
They delight themselves in their usual manner.

The boys inside are locked up, live out their fears
In childhood days have more frequent dreams to hide,
The tears rein the stain that will grimly bear their fears
Illuminations from outside thrills the little lad inside.

A survivor or saviour, future glare where freedom share
Far flung fun optimism in different stages of the age,
Some tall and thin, others huggable bears free with flair
Encapsulates all the treasures found on earthly stage.

Giving courage in brutal weather deny soul and body
Live to tell the story again and take every chance they get
Never to surrender the sword of words clutch neatly
In heart, soul and mind, and all the learned intellect.

Gerry Legister

The Bridge

I cross the distant bride with a passion
As ammunition fighting the brewing storm
Of grey grim faces wet with slow motion,
To ambush my newly found joy and charm.

Smiling with starved shadows, they warm
The shivering hearts with bleating voices,
Make pretense carry me far from my dream,
To open the arch spanned widened eyes.

Where changes are shackled to cultural disguise
This gift, this treasure, this heartbeat on edge
Releases me from my captors tortured device,
And gives strength to cross over the bridge.

The breath of morning came like a friend
Lingering in the air to resist the darkness.
It made my heart beats again with the changing wind,
Crushing the chill wrapped dark wilderness.

We can build a bridge to heal the soul,
Free to love again a little longer every day.
After years of pain, and lives burned out of control
Leaving wispy trails from the bruising you had to pay.

Gerry Legister

The Broken Heart

The broken heart fierce and paraplegic
Spends time with conscious metamorphism,
Estranged and indifferent afraid and optimistic
The beautiful and tragic trails into a frozen chasm.

Before the uneaten tiredness lower anxious deeds,
Nights with broken dreams come together to sleep,
In rough cradle, a gloomy moon rocks repress seeds,
Reflections taking the images into a weak deep.

Social defibrillator used so many times to awake
Mind rewinds, trying to recall the previous state,
Enduring the heart-breaking up into separate relief,
It's not true that you die, but your heart did ache.

Longing to meet refreshing hope again at dawn,
The fighting spirit awoke to hear chirping longing,
And leave the tears rustling in the eye of the storm,
Triumphing over pain turning towards leaving.

Your guardian angels watch you for a moment
Hoping your heart would open so it can receive,
Healing from the pounding nothingness discontent,
But habitat of the air is content to stay and live.

Forgetting the soul save from the clutches of death,
Return to see wild dreams looming on the horizon,
Make break ups stand up in pneumatics or in faith,
Betrayal, confirm the squirming of blighted emotion.

Retreat from mood sinking, thinking styled infinity,
But the past is muddied and the future building
Is a new designs model of the person you want to be
With indifferent modes of consciousness disappearing.

It takes courage, to sprinkle the ghost riding by
Bitching and stitching the ridges with broken nails,
And may hear the shout of vengeance incessant cry
Lost in the clamour where best thinking dies.

Crush the odour and demons of inflammatory affair
Esteem demeanour arises from wounded knees,
Pride and peace cure the spread that scorns the hour,
To serenade sunrise as complaint dies and life thrives.

Its physical panorama going through heartbreak,
With dreams stretching across the chambers of pain,
Taking the giant ice hurt into a galactic lake,
To make your soul refresh again by the healing rain.

Gerry Legister

The Broken Mirror

Most ambition starts with a dream,
And never ends when the night brings,
A wicked thought in a natural stream,
Fantasy is not seen when the alarm bell rings.

The chimes of reality try to awake you,
But you are lost where pain can't be seen,
And correction is too hard for heart to renew,
Everyone you thought was so highly esteem.

Some wore terror, others brought boredom,
Come to use you for another adventure,
Duplicity is a two edge sword of persecution,
And carries a frown reflected in the mirror.

We can always find time to laugh or weep,
Bliss, marriage, occupation appear discreet,
When the pieces are broken they cut deep,
And the mourners go about the street.

A house of mirrors has broken cracks,
They widen and will not procrastinate forever,
Before shattering into small magic pieces,
And the original beauty is lost forever.

Gerry Legister

The Cenotaph Stumble Upon

I stumble upon a cenotaph searching thought,
Lengthening strides stroll into heroic mortality,
in prime the best of beauty arise with strength,
The memorial names in view once more was pretty.

The portrait pierces my heart with spirit filled art,
Painted praises sang rare rest over their shade,
for the worthy cause where our heroes fought,
Stumbled and fell after their magnanimities fade.

Going on through architrave door into their rest,
For the full enchantment in days of bravery known,
Courage renown, stored in pride of envious zest,
The living only knows a cenotaph found in the town.

Wore the names high for peaceful purpose strained,
sacred quest wrestled for the nations myth and mirth,
Virtuous inquest found many more stories sustained,
in kindling birth borne the merits of grace and truth.

In duty muse courage convened fear seldom own
Fame and agony gushing downstream into my soul
joined bands playing sublimed tunes decades known
singing anthems where every win was worth the goal.

We stumble upon their names our children inherit,
touched the cords neglected by time and chance,
reflect the gleam gems of memories in our heart
Intrinsic glances charmed into an immortal stance.

Gerry Legister

The Choice Of Winning

The chorus singers stood beside the bowling green
Beyond the vale, in fields of daffodils life is blooming,
On the pageant realm a ray of warmth glow into a flame
The fans and fame stride with characters contemplating.

Some moment's exhibit joy, others strained the mind,
Struggling to find choices of the colors in the garden,
And while they are floating time is sinking into demand,
For inspiration on the ground of a winning combination.

When you think of all the choices opportunity spurts out,
Those moments spent in defeat could easily be winners.
Victory is spur on from those who have voices to shout
Tilt the factor of crucial timing in all our adventures.

I have the choices of wining; but I hardly think of losing,
I think we have been through both and still able abound,
With songs from the terraces we sing more compelling
Sweltering notes to find comradeship in the playground.

Wearing the other vest in characters to match our interest,
Cavilers or saints and sinners, players pride is on display,
Play the nation's best half trembling at the cruelest test,
But the unseen is a referee in the complex bruise by beauty.

I may lose the match and go on to win with foul bruises
Have no greater power that my passion cannot laugh at,
And keep silent if there is a demon with violent causes
Awaken emotions belong to me to stay on the right track.

Gerry Legister

The Courageous Heart

When the heart has found renewed courage
Faith is a balm that heals the soul seeking reprieve,
And the wisdom of our knowledge increases with age,
But some nations and generation may not survive.

For when at last this world meets the other world,
A collision will break them into little fragments,
Falling out of the glassy sky walls like melted gold,
And our love runs away into the cold streets.

When worlds apart come out of the depth in space,
The courageous heart join humanism striving tirelessly,
With inept scars from wars stretching the human race,
Evasive society soon will need answers desperately.

Together mankind must strive towards perfection
Draw the narrow hearts closer to find each other,
And where there are no clear thought of reason
We lack the craft of knowledge in truthful desire.

Content to Live dreary lives by the same tiresome habits,
Where empty rooms in the mind has tried to expand,
Our ability to learn new ways with widening thoughts
Bravery comes with a price which makes demand.

Gerry Legister

The Days Have Passed

The days have passed won and lost,
In a gesture copied to whatever love takes,
And memories wait to be quietly rescued,
From a lifetime of irreconcilable urges.

A worn vow parted from my heart,
And rolled into a tighter clasp,
To bind my soul still against the dying light,
Bruised with fierce tears I cannot gasp.

Perfect deeds within the obituaries,
Are as grief flown away on wings to the future,
Parting from the past like crystallite meteors,
Caught our memories and sank the waning fear.

The days have passed your home at last,
But we will always have the happy hours,
And carry each other's secret at all cost,
In the wind and shadow that passes.

And sailed towards the isles that wait for me,
In beauty sleep the days have passed,
And the night is fast approaching eternity,
To where new life will conquer, win and lost.

Gerry Legister

The Dream Of Paradise

Behind the painted smiles
We traveled the world for many miles,
In search of fantasy and missing paradise,
Each person will make their own choice.
When alarm bells going off over the years,
We try to wipe away the wringing tears.
Yet the veils of sorrowful frown fell down,
Worlds turn upside down by terror all around.
Places we once loved, and I felt so proud.
The family vacation resort was put on hold.

Lives threaten with fear, watching nations weep,
We bolt the doors, and faith goes half asleep,
Dream of shells going off around our head,
Made punch holes, each time we went back to bed.

This is what happens when you travel the world,
Looking for pleasure, romance, or elusive gold.
You are told no more of places you like to go,
The views may not be appropriate right now.
When you pushed away caution, fears stirs in the pot.
And the food is hot with sinister giggles on top.

But the crust beneath is hard as Sinai rock.
Scholars of liberty hid behind submissive flock,
And blocked out freedom with fugitive looks,
When world powers called to check, they go away,
And talk about the heavy price we all have to pay.
Now as we stroll past another day to reflect,
Their bitter words and actions are hard to forget.

But the dream of paradise comes when we pray,
Request the world where children can safely play.
With happy faces in harvest fields and mind,
And grow and trust what they learned in time
Will fan a sparkle of light in other gazing eyes?
Without hope, there is no dream of this paradise.

The Expansion

The joy my soul felt today
Will never pass away.
Even when I am alone
Clone, with memories at home.
And though you go far away from me
In the wind blowing fresh and free.
Upwards through the trees,
to see stars by greater degrees.
Dropping sparkles from your eyes,
Splash into a bright sunrise.
Expanse of rapture deep and divine,
The sun from heaven shine.
And we try to hide when it's our time
Cocooned in earthly sublime,
To make the fondest memories mine
the ones we love became refine,
they grow endlessly,
eternally harmoniously.
God place direct images in mind
by whom all things are made refined.
Into the expand of tomorrow
With a rapturous glimpse of hope,
Truth made faith develop.
Into the feeling of delight
The illumination by Gods light,
Expanding in my heart

Gerry Legister

The Fallen Leaves

Through autumn to winter gooey grey haze
Old trees bend and befriend scattering leaves,
Wayside seeds sown on flora beds to raze
a shelter in cold shadows to quell edgy voices.

Hush stridden breeze wrapped in quaint quilt,
Sublime upper decks waiting on the rainy crest,
Keep shrubs looking green or the leafy leaves wilt
Put beauty under our feet with angry spirits to rest.

Here appears in splendor bright posies of daffodils,
Aspired yew trees spiraled holly into fresh growth,
and roses adorn pathways and bedroom windowsill.
But leaves that are broke have use of seldom worth.

Our views tread carefully for here they are revile,
Shady opinions startling some or the pompous few,
diabolical voices ride supreme beneath the veil
The truth of reality is snatched away before we knew.

Philosophy attractive for a while the smile they wore
covers raise against the walls crawling slowly along
in the cemetery, the hospitals, and the sentiments bore
life as it seems and the message left to make us strong.

Our people and religion in the pageantry entrench,
when it draws a breath voices rise from the abyss,
seeds of riches sleeping with thorns and wily ambush
scattered souls by the wayside like the fallen leaves.

Gerry Legister

The Fantasy Within

The Fantasy within of pleasures we highly esteem
Are they moments we hold and feel their strength?
Fantasy is a silent wish between reality and dream,
Revelation that promises thrills with each breath.

A chance to meet paradise and cruel inventions,
I want to learn and discern a buzz in the distance,
Dare to dream aloud of other beautiful companions,
In a game that leaves the world a path to trace.

Time makes me want to die in this generous grace,
Find a realm where no one holds what I can control,
glaze of a place each person runs a different race,
And the burning cry is a sore wound within my soul.

I love to take some pleasure now than when I die,
And have more of everything lovelier than fantasies,
Taking the happiness that we engulf with our destiny,
Treating sublime images in mind with tears and fears.

The fantasy within is more than a beautiful despair,
Splendid birth of riveted charms captivating the soul,
A beautiful description the baited world wants to share,
Some fantasy of secret hidden treasure that you hold.

Gerry Legister

The Fascinating Of Nights

The full moon messes with my moods
I see goddess stars dancing in the sky,
The dazzle dispels melancholy clouds
Sweep the sparkle dreams into my eye.

A fascinating night stirs the senses
Guests sharing experiences of a lifetime,
All magical languages warm the temples
And causes some memory to be decline.

What entity governs spirited emotions?
With the flow of romance in the veins,
And out of the heart comes wild reactions
Leaping unruly through cloudy dreams.

Before dawn shiver under the morning jolt,
Joyfulness flows out of my veins, and rent
Endless scores of the tastiest intrigues felt
The spontaneous inclination of natural content.

As though a magnet dragged the dark road,
With obsessive interest esoterically pursued,
Love set my heart upon task which I was lured
Under a canopy in many ways to managed.

The fascination before dawn comes round again
Intrigues that must have been there in my blood,
Keen nocturnal business in the theater of time,
With a secret fascination of something good.

Gerry Legister

The Feeling Of Love

Your touching lips is the scarlet line touching mine
Glow in the moonlight and reborn each morning
Delivers the feelings which brings warmth into mind
Then on earth, gives the pain of love departing.

When the moment pass away to inherit new furls,
Foul dust floated on the ragged edge of the universe,
Where mystery unfolds feeling of personality hurls,
Life hidden place between our dreams and chosen choice.

The feeling of love goes sobbing into holes of stone,
Once wet and swollen, now dry and standing afar,
As if everything that existed before had merged into one,
And cut so far to leave the bereaved in need of care.

Feelings cry from within but they are not alone,
Here we build bridges and crosses of our own.

Gerry Legister

The Force In My Dream

Now I am getting old
With stories, I have been told,
Declining years already started
To own the reigns unwanted.

But watch me turn the dream around
From been a limb hang upside down.
I'll go slow if ever I get the chance
From deep within, I'll take my stance.

It's my reign in my time of pain
My crown is a moment to entertain,
the prince in the force of my dream
can be in the places where you have been.

Although I am not here to stay
I am a crown being, going all the way,
With full splendor for the world to see
The scepter of how the good life can be.

The forces in my dream God hear
Everything in between my somber prayer.
Make a decree for destiny to win
Back the crown built within.

Gerry Legister

The Force Of Nature

The wind coming from between the mountains

Force a road to wash down lofty bold slopes,

The snow descends like the white Ravens,

Brave hunters diving into the hungry waves.

What was it about the force of nature?

Freshness and freedom coming forth in the morning

New issues of breath flows from a real creator

A wellspring of life is found in everything.

From the silence of the morning dew

Not hurried by time painted portrait of illusions

Or the revive spirit surviving in you

Nature has always been a mystery for all concerns.

But there is something inspiring

Springing with each string straining.

Gerry Legister

The Future

Hold each utopia minute close
Kiss them with lingering repose,
Tell someone you love them,
Leave the imprint to sink deep within.
For their deeds could soon be gone,
The conscience of the past come undone.
See the future and let the future includes you,
of anticipation of absolutes and rewards due.
Let the future have a glorious home in view,
Not made of clay, brittle stone or straw.
When the lame fragile breath goes weak,
A flame reincarnates years months and week.
Fuller deeds to come will already begin
Fashioning light years of decades plan.
With Freedom from strain and worry
The economy there has no need to hurry.
Paradise reigns in peace and tranquillity,
The diamond now reposed in cosmogony.
A perfect portrait kept in heavenly Louvre,
Hearts of gold housing incredible virtue,
The dimension of revolutionary creation,
Beyond earthly chaos and desolation.
Our diviners claim to see a better future
Ghostly shadows await in karma linear.
Sublimed prophecies past the unreal,
See a winding world move on the final wheel.
Armageddon to lighter horizon transforming,
The eschatology event of spirit arising.
Silhouette clouds glowing brighter than the past,
Footprints were in present extension exist.
Visions enshrined in joyful expectations
The epoch of time redeemed of all nations.
After health, wealth and inevitable death,
Will the second coming of celestial breath
Decree the place where our soul unit destiny
Treasured in the apocalypse of an orbital colony.
Seraphim's race through plagues to crystal maze,
Benevolence enchanted the former face
Winters gates ablaze with pearls of stories told

Every step we take, we will be treading on gold.

Gerry Legister

The Gentle Rain

I went to bed seeking relief from my pain
There in slumber I remained till day break
Slowly awake listening to the fall of spring rain,
Gently pouring down from the pottery slate.

Night had gone away and the usual light was late
Held back in atmosphere by the gently falling rain
Then suddenly the showers open heaven's gate,
And parted the clouds that were in silent restrain.

The gentle falling rain came with superior fame,
Whose vapor became stronger and enlightening?
When the rain came bringing fine leads of grain,
Each drop that stays weighs a ton of blessing.

When rain washes the dust from the tree leaves
It prepares for the sun to polish in gold and green,
And make fields stand out with royal host of flowers
Dress in nature's halo as saintly minds that are clean.

We can learn from the rain when all earth is stain,
And needs a wash, there is no restrain or sacrifice
That should stop the process needed for cleansing
And make us clean again for all heaven to rejoice.

Gerry Legister

The Ghost

The ghost, disembodied, distemper
Against empires, traveled across cities
To rendezvous with souls on strange fire
Grant of desiring part made wishes.

Shadows follow along the ground
ended up beneath creaking floorboards
The invisible footsteps making sound
broken with silence by a flash of clouds.

There are not enough small voices
The small voices are quiet but too hot
And too much big noises making excuses
Leaning over backward and will not stop.

The voice of a ghost is silent,
In the darkness, full of enchantment.

Gerry Legister

The Gift Of Life

In my own bible, with every breath
I read, scriptures the Lord had said,
A comforter will lead you into all truth,
And anoint the crown of your head.

Salvation gave you what you never had,
Fruit of the Spirit covers the entire fall.
The Art of joy made simple hearts glad
Gifts of tongues answer the Savior's call.

Became poor, when the heart was sore,
Cross again overcome the short-lived pain,
wounded for the sins he had to bore;
In heaven, our names will always remain.

Many yearn for the same sound as I,
The sound of a rapturous trumpet in the air
Over every town, the tune wandered by,
And angels trod beside our doubts and fear.

The gift is free, the journey is expensive
Littering burden through fields and byways,
Mock bleached years being more offensive
Prayer found peace where the skylight stays.

On the journey testimony lightening other loads,
We meet in tears where the water stood.
And seasons rearrange the country roads,
Leaving earth under a torrent of a flood.

In all there is to live, the gift of life is free
But we know, the journey is expensive.
It will cost your dreams, freedom, and liberty
But it's worth taking a chance to believe?

There is a life to live with all your heart,
Worth having every day and every night,
Mercies make desire bloom with a fresh start,
Longing for the hope that springs eternal light.

Appreciate what you have, and strive for more,
Heaven may not be here on this earth.
But among the stars could be your future,
We exist until the reign ends our strength.

That's when you are ready to retire,
Invisible to those asleep at sultry sunset,
Fading strength like the hues blaze flower,
Cold sleep drapes divide the blurred silhouette.

Gerry Legister

The Golden Age

If I don't make it to the end
through the snow or rain,
I hope I was more than a friend,
when life brought anxiety and pain.

Our love will grow stronger,
Walking on through golden age,
Even though our youth is no longer
Playing on the present stage.

Rocking years in our rocking chair
Rocker by my rock of ages.
Side by side we'll be together
Through the golden years.

When tears, blur my vision
and slide down upon my face,
You're the one I can lean upon
who is with me in this adorn race.

Soon the gravel voice may sound,
Strain and scar eclipse the broken gasp,
Answering the call to come home,
And rest at last.

With every step, I am taking
Coming down on the roll rock road,
Memories are warm and glowing,
With adventures smiling in my soul.

You kept me believing when you came in,
It was so pure, almost a sacred
Life of dreams that were yours and mine,
A love, that could not be denied.

Gerry Legister

The Good Will Prevail

We find grace and mercy
Truth and compatibility
We were meant to share,
The dreams we treasure.

And so in your arms
Among in choice charms
The darkness I do not fear,
The doom cannot compare.

When your name is spoken
My heart is quickly awoken
Love hides the dark in your light
your love is pure and bright

While others may promise,
The wealth of riches
They fade and then fail
But the good will prevail.

Gerry Legister

The Great Consolation

Jesus was moved to tears at the grave of Lazarus
He experience the agony the family felt
He remembered their loss
He was their great consolation
Into a dark tomb went the light
And looked with compassion upon his children
Their sorrows touched his heart
Jesus wept aloud and could have cried more
His human nature could not escape pain
Their pain he knew by the tears he was willing to share
And he gave to their troubled hearts the light of hope
He turns the darkness of death into a new dawn
Gave them strength to cope
And a more glorious light await
The sorrow of parting into the joy of heaven
They will meet again by the eternal gate
When the saints go marching in

Gerry Legister

The Greater Life

Above all dreams and mythical realm,
The greater life of paradise could claim.
Higher than the stars in hidden atmosphere
To the far galaxies without measure.

You came to be lived where humans fail,
The thought of heaven surpassing all,
By the gift of hope you gave with pleasure
a vision placed in earthen treasure.

I see the reflections salvation gave,
The bliss and grace to save the enslaved.
Every clouded burst crops of blood,
Was for something riddled with good.

mercy and grace awarded with heaven
A kingdom without measure forgiven.

Gerry Legister

The Haunted Years

I walk ahead aimlessly but to where
there is no road that lays before me,
only an old worn path beyond repair,
where the strangers might walk invisibly.

lost in a time of thought and trembling fear
about spirits coming from been bound,
was it some haunted foe or friend in despair?
Floating aimlessly without any sound.

A cold touch in the warm breath of life
I saw shadows fall upon the grave mound,
I felt the strife and hear lamentable grief
when the thorny power of death came around.

Many may say death is a sign of freedom,
when all the pain and sorrow disappears,
within the gate of a heavenly celestial kingdom,
there shall never be any more demonic fears.

Of haunted years climbing up creaking stairs,
that may tease and taunt some random person
at the moment when revolved days dried the tears,
for those brief appearance shall only be seldom.

Gerry Legister

The Heart And God

In these things we are more than conquerors,
In every part of earth, we live in a binary world,
On angels wings, by self, or with principalities,
And wondered if we got there alone or with God?

The heart and God, is entwined in all humanity,
In the eyes of a globe, we see a mirror crystal clear,
Of sparkling flame makes paradise so incredible,
Burn as fire, hot coals bloom in the atmosphere.

Innumerable company beneath the dome of heaven,
The hope we bore in a trance; blessed blissfully,
An Inseparable mind hidden in the shield of passion,
Words we say, melody hung like stars within the galaxy.

Gathered the warbling tune clustered in our heart,
And mount the trail where joy and turmoil converge,
With praise sang to God serenading loves fuller note,
In dreams boldly arise spirit flight with courage.

And the heart for God in this wonderful world unite,
Stronger chain binds an inseparable love of loyalty,
Though we fail with sinful shadows betwixt the light,
Our lives define the beauty of nature and reality.

Gerry Legister

The Heart Cries Out

There's always that special moment
That brings a reminiscent thought of time,
When the heart cries out with intent,
quaint and faint, nostalgia comes to mind.
Memories repeating sublimely over again,
words in a song that you will remember,
And hope to hear the graying tune
that would eventually escape into the air.
With some individual's names, you will hear,
Herero's, Shinning betwixt memories and stars
Their lives offered never ending blessings
Even the clouds are blackened with their scars.
The agony crying out from the heart,
Disguising the pain during the last year,
if it wasn't for the things that happened in secret,
then we would have taken life for granted.

There is always going to be a sharper pain,
tragedies that are killing a person from inside,
And leave them in dark teary eyed stain.
Emotions start with fear and begin to hide.
The heart flows with beautiful poignant feelings,
and all the voices disguising broken promises,
The heart cries out in voiceless murmuring
And that prayer brings us back to our senses.

Gerry Legister

The Hidden Beauty

When you need a moment to escape
from your modern place of mask normality,
to discover accurately, the unexplored state,
reigning right there within your personality.

In the vortex, we wear a mask to hide ourselves
Covering fear of failure until being unmasked,
And the rare hidden beauty of many degrees
Find a valise to make objectives into multitasked.

All that was Plundered has been a lesson,
Come to commiserate gloom on yawn street.
But the moon slipped into the room with unison,
Released upon layers of darkness as new light.

In a realm that cannot be seen by the eye,
Images and pictures reveal the hidden facets.
Look at your picture and see the hidden beauty,
Unconscious values of brightly colored petals.

This beauty is achieved, without doing anything,
Intricate but stunning, physical middles of mind,
Deeply embedded, wedded soul and spirit being,
the emblems of maturing takes the longest time.

A burning journey with the person in this energy,
The synergy of your hidden beauty can flow freely,
If the goal of yours, are seen not in cynical ingenuity,
But in the revered emotions behind the theory.

Within you lies the power, desire, and beauty
Which can get sidetracked, damage, and disable?
The best of our lives is hidden, by unimproved duty,
Still waiting to be discovered and made available.

Gerry Legister

The Hurricane Breathe

Melancholy cloud lining the sky
With storm showers crying out loud,
The heavenly grief is a weepy canopy,
Shelter foggy dust when thunder is heard.

The passing breeze is earning its keep
Plunder the atmosphere sowing death,
A casket of misfortune in the harvest it reap,
From the hurricane melancholy breathe.

They burst their banks and the sea rises
Creeping unveil fast upon the land,
From the bottomless pit the rain disguises,
And the hurricane march strong upon the sand.

In the lap of nature birth strong winds
Leaving the sand fade back into dense rim,
Water that mighty hurricane sends,
Holds earth in the palm of its hand.

The duration catches people unprepared,
Trees and house falls into disrepair,
The passing breeze of danger we all feared,
Came and took our plans into deeper despair.

Gerry Legister

The Illumination

I want action
I want desert
I want to enjoy daily dose
Of laughter and mirth.

I want to sing
I want to shout
I want to hear music,
to experience an apocalyptic.

The illumination
Of freedom that ages find.
with insomnia of mind,
begin struggle to perceive time.

find the secret of happiness
lights to illuminate
lives in transparent bliss,
the impact of fear resist.

have one long look
at destiny winding trip
and move back in retrospect,
Pitfalls where I slipped.

Gerry Legister

The Immortality Of Our Soul

If you feel you want to cry
For a person when they die,
Let your tears be a reminder
of that immortal soul, forever.
The rhetoric of happiness,
Has become iconic and measureless.
Loved ones will be in heaven content
There will be no need to weep and lament.
When we are awakening with uplifted joy
We'll see stars making circles in the sky.
In time, the loss will ease me of my pain
The sparkled robbed and given birth
To all the ugliest kind of painful hurt.
Life renew the immortality of our soul,
To find a final resting place in this world.
We leave the tiring faith of companion,
And the reality of thinking left in oblivion.
Strip bare of thoughts, darkness has no end,
Misery despises the meaning of a friend.
There is a hush, where stars are stationed.
By inherent void of all people remained.
Upon a brink of silence deemed a depth,
Paused in sleep, where angels heap.

Gerry Legister

The Ink Horn

God's glory has come and gone
Weeping for another reconciliation
Taken away by the man with the ink horn
The inquisition come upon the sons of men.

And upon the forehead of them that sigh,
All the Abominations they permit
God hears the howling of them that cry
Weeping after the crimes they commit.

He removes the write to review
With the ink horn; a mediator is born
To cleanse the city and make life renew
For everyone who has will to be reform.

By the ink horn in the writer's hand
Embossed in the form of clean linen.

Gerry Legister

The Invasion

They wore Armoury of hailstones
As a cloud to cover the land,
And come up with many nations
To make walls fall to the ground.

Having a sound raid at dawn,
Shake depressing hearts and mind,
And break rare mountains down
Riding through the storm.

Invasion calls for the sword
Vindication throughout the land.
By motto and the veto code,
Oh victory, where is your command?

The fury of revenge spilling blood,
And the reign of fire upon roving bands,
Galvanize all the rivers into a flood,
Pour sickle cell disorder into desert sands.

For crimes against humanity,
The avalanche dowsing with a pendulum,
Will we ever again find our sanity?
Under occupation and the annex of gloom.

Gerry Legister

The Inward Robe

I can see the dreams you are longing to own,
They look like they are far away in another realm,
But they can easily be the ones closest to home,
Burning in your heart with the brightest flame.

Looking for an audience; but your stage is bare
The curtains that came down was in the last act,
Unveiling again the inward choices standing there,
Whispering into your dreams the faith to react.

Time may choose to echo by pain with patience,
A change of your circumstance for prosperity,
And make the inward eye see that secret place,
Where your dream and vision becomes a reality.

We wear a robe that has been turned inside out,
Garments proudly shown is not the one we own,
Actually covering the house of a beautiful retreat,
Veil in the soul a splendid emblem of our dream.

And only shadows remain with impenetrable walls,
Victory is assured if we trust in faith and love,
We shall wear that inward robe to cover the flaws,
And see our dreams open to enter the gates above.

The shadows will mark where the roads has diverged,
You look for treasures, but opportunity is a proverb,
The road you least expect is the one to first emerged,
Wearing a garment that is veiled by the inward robe.

Gerry Legister

The Last Aspects Of Humanity

Even if the virus is removed,
As if it had never been consumed,
by its global pandemic context.
To live with shame and die with regret.
But for religious doomsday believers,
It is harvest for the reaping reapers.
There remains intact the bleakest reality.
Of those ugly aspects of humanity.
That mainly decent upon our society.
Self-serving willful ignorance in misery.
We live on the edge of a narrow line,
One prevented catastrophe at a time.
Borrowed from the last state of mind.
But we are unable to leave the past behind.
Going into the future, you are who you are.
We will have to cross rivers and water.
Scorched by the fire if wild forces gather.
Festering sores broke out on the people,
continued daily the battle for survival.
A rare plague called out of the cloud,
Where the winepress of blood flowed out.
Seared on the glowing glass of fire.
Spared the bowls of wrath glowing hotter
Intoxicated with power, imagine every hour,
They wage the unholy war of firepower.
When the harvest of the earth is ripe.
Emotions will be flying high as the kite,
Nations awaken, and remained clothed,
Citadel cries howl in the air, raw and naked.
And the cities of the nations collapsed.
The flock of shock brings enormous gasps.
Rolling and pouring into the hail of tears,
A realm split into rumbling peals of fears.
Devises the last aspects of humanity.
And ushers in the new world of beauty.
This beast and commonwealth will cease,
Mystery rides the empire and hides the abyss.

The Last Day

If I could wish for one last day,
To look upon the house stood on the hill,
Before the memories slowly go away,
With my suffering dream silent and still.

To see ownership spiraled into repossession,
Numb the ruffling of my glaze eyes,
Absent and deliberately abandon,
With bucket full of water images.

When broken promises in dreams turn gray,
And bleak wind whistles with a sad thrill,
Blowing a solemn tune for that last day,
I hung my head in harmony with wasted skill.

The impact came cold as unforgiving wind,
God from a thousand heavens looking back,
At the cost that lies within my hand,
Retracing footsteps along the broken track.

To the last day when I gave the keys away,
And left my house weeping when it matter not,
To feel I was there walking through the hallway,
Over the vacant floor bare and bright.

Today, I still see the house stood upon a hill,
The silhouette of shadow and sunlight frame,
Appear immortalize quiet and still,
With nothing more to offer than shame.

From a dozen minds extinguished the pain,
Shroud thoughts remained deeply troubled,
Shedding tears when I pass and turn again,
Separable as dead from greater silence fled.

Gerry Legister

The Last Romance

I am losing time trying to read your mind,
Bring your heart's desire into the light,
The love we have is so very hard to find
The moment is right; let's romance tonight.

I wonder if we can recapture that pleasure
Put a star in the sky and see the sparkle your eyes,
Secrets we shared will last beyond this hour
Love fulfilling all our twilight desires.

The time we spent is filled with fragrance.
Awaiting dreams to float into our mind,
Serenading moments of magical trance,
Every touch paints a portrait refined.

The last romance tuning heart strings to melody
Music replayed rekindles the burning fire,
That weaves and moves between wanton entity,
The flying fairies take our soul higher.

The last romance where seraphs join our dance,
Eternity veils in shades of their silken wings
Swept up to heaven by the breeze in a glance
To a vernal throne glass designed with songs.

Fragrant rose from embers of fires that lived on,
All that we shared is strewn in a forest of shade
Till the day when our soul is ruptured at dawn
Resurrection dusts in the sky to invade.

Gerry Legister

The Morning Mist

The star responded to a light
Sunset zoomed under the moon,
Evening plummeting into the night,
Activities recede to the humble room.

Morning mist wipe away the darker shade,
Prowling fog lengthen inside the filtering dew,
And baptism wash away the sins we made,
To go into the fountain and be born anew.

Watching the wrinkled leaves disappear
And younger limbs fluid and boundless,
Spring the smell of dream in the air,
Taste the caramel sky stored in heavens closet.

I found the news in early misty morning,
Ease the mysterious aches and pains,
With old cards and letters folded in a warning
Watch as death sneers back down the drains.

Gerry Legister

The Moving World

I see a moving world surrounded with new hopes
And the look of optimism in their awoken eyes,
As the old society is dazzled with loveliest robes,
Paraded before the world in drama to tease their fears.

Miles of radiant refuges bloom in the countryside,
The moving world will give birth to a beautiful society,
Nations tremble with their pride trying hard to decide,
But they can't quench the fire burning so brightly.

I see miles of people on this journey walking outside,
Painful optimization that reduces the empty miles,
The widening transparency of logistics in free guide,
With no technology to master the complexity of surprises.

Encounter wires of denial; but some hearts are indelibly soft
Softer than the tissues we use to dry disapproving eyes,
Soon the weeping too will be moist enough to share a laugh
And let the path of both concerns wash away the tears.

The moving world took a journey fraught with danger,
Trying to cross the language barriers of different people,
The splendour in their tongue was poison in our ear,
We heard little and the understanding became invisible.

But the exploits of our spirit remains upon a pinnacle,
Merged into the courage of freedom on a rampage,
People crossing where the void seemed impossible,
Desperate People making the world a moving stage.

Gerry Legister

The Nearly Man

Having fought his way to the top
If he had listened to the confiding rumors,
Noisy voices urging him to stop
Muddling himself in secular affairs.

But ambition help carry delusion along
The best heartfelt emotion ever
Held on to the feelings for too long,
Until his heart was lost among the treasure.

The nearly man turn around
And the opportunity had gone,
Never again to be found,
That one chance in a million.

In demise he would only live on
Crying alone among negligence,
With divine regrets of his own,
Nursing the bruised conscience.

If he had trained an ear to listen
He would hear among his treasured friend
The form of Instructions freely given,
In the dream they had seen.

Gerry Legister

The Nectar Of Taste

Teenage craze forge the longest lingering line
The nectar of taste in technology we find,
A phase will soon be broken but not before time
Sweetness is a social flavour only in the mind.

Mirror age, acrostic stages myths and present sage,
Transformed the hollow gram spirited images,
Into privilege tears weep with foreign exchange,
Strangers become friends when they turn the pages.

They laugh and the world stares and run scared
The nectar of taste so sweet is an elusive paradox,
Every moment of life past and present is shared
And all the best kept secrets jump out of the box.

The surprise rise in interest makes a bigger hole,
With rage the cage that shelter being of every kind,
Find the mole that tore the line into another whole
New world waiting to take the crumbs left behind.

Enchantment takes the flavour of this heritage,
When the bitter taste of nectar stain the doleful rear
Older age forges the will to leave a dying visage,
For generations to rise with more cunning flare.

Gerry Legister

The New Age

Beyond this present strand,
Herald the dawn of a new age,
With another incomplete generation,
And we leave the past to go on pilgrimage.

People reaching out for a new start,
Fleeing the present awful destiny,
With the shame and guilt of our past,
Crossing the rippling tides of history.

new heritage to explore a beautiful concept,
Leaving the dark dusty spirit,
Of this fading world dying debt,
With guilty pleasures we must neglect.

There is doubt in every candidates vote,
Stumbling on with promise accountability,
History rewritten on a new bank note,
And each decision causes more anxiety.

The new age owes no maintenance,
Over the darkness of this generation,
But offers hope and a life more intense,
Than the existence of present cohesion.

I will watch as new horizon turn the page,
Bands play music for the decade to dance,
We wait patiently at the crossing of a new age,
The decision of faith spun by chance.

New age may bring hope and credibility
But only where things exist of simplest nature,
To brighten the future with our destiny,
In pursuit of many more hopeful desire.

Gerry Legister

The New Look

Your hair gathered in creamy layered,
Mirror into style where the wind rose,
With liquid gold comb brightly flared,
Today embraces the color you choose.

Where your beauty goes with the glow,
Flapping in royalty reigns, we can see
The resemblance where the daisies grow,
Fringe smiling on that face many want to be.

You had a different shade a year ago
Tarnished with brush, rain, and snow.
I see your new look cool saturating hue,
Crown in the turbulent perfumed window.

Startling views fill with hairline curves,
Where have the black pearls design gone?
Give yourself dimensions with the magic drapes,
The contour of new chignon catching on.

Nature never needs to ask for change of light
Nor find reasons why the sunset has faded,
With warmth, your personality is shining bright,
Natural beauty and love make the finest grade.

Both Sunrise and sunset are reflected here
Different hairstyle reflects different personality,
As you look at the well-set glow in the mirror,
Braid lengths drift shortly with mesmerizing beauty.

By measure, the aim was uniquely different
The new look has found the place to display
Asymmetric flare, tease and renew temperament,
Of weaken flakes that last year's texture blew away.

When the Windrush lingers on top of your head
And try to spoil your secret bun of loveliness,
Your naiad airs roam too indelible unafaced
from the grandeur that your portrait possesses.

The dreadlock which flows down to the seas,
In freedom roll rocking from restraining view,
Tradition and celebration bring the world to its knees,
Crop clean, a fantasy that shall always be you.

Gerry Legister

The Night Unfolding

The hush of morning dawn descending
Where dusk and darkness at ease enshrouds,
Across the magnificent sky night-time ending
With fading stars touching the ribbon clouds.

Below, smoke wending its way along the street,
Where the tune of thoughts embraces the blues,
Of enchanted melodies painting a tired beat
The ambiance of art sweeping the opportunity rues.

Shadows crawl on the floor mimicking a smile
Feeling the jazz and ignoring wobbling advice,
Night unfolds, quietly sitting on the corner in style,
looking for the answers hidden by a veiled voice.

Choices morphs unnoticed into the changing scene,
Neon lights reflect classic Cafes and bars closing,
Limited movement waves and removes from the screen,
Sleepy eyes dipping further into night awakening.

Morning songs begin to sing with friendly bills,
Cold showers get misty from the towering heaven,
Paper parade fills coffee cups that tremblingly spills,
Onto the night closed with blistering pain.

Enchantment live, and die, will come here again
Sneaking by in the night with veil vice unnoticed,
Wine and rhyming painting the atmosphere stain,
To write the rhapsody with faux dreams attached.

Gerry Legister

The Orphan

Abundances is not a promise to everyone,
Live with joy today and love someone.
Do you know the places we shall go?
When we are not sure what form to follow.
Natural incline is filled with swift transition,
Many personalities now demand action.
Beyond the beautiful banks lies the orphan.
A Psyche in waiting on the abating strand.
To banish childish acts and nurse the old,
Maturing years that makes our wings fold.
While we had moments of light humour,
We sing and dance in spritely demeanour.
Watch pretty blossoms flourish in the garden
Grow with crowds until the edge is broken.
Then looking around for all the branches,
Only an Orphan is left to take the chances.
With softer shoes walked into status decline,
The symptoms of life are so hard to define.
Evening silhouette faded into dreary clouds
Since only joy and triumph memory holds,
Another nightingale dream begins to dawn,
Leave empty showers after rainbow withdrawn.
Welcome the Orphan into a foreign home,
Drove back the fears and tears still to come.
Longing for someone to receive as a friend
And start the journey again to make amend.
But when opportunity comes upon tired brow,
The illustrious crown becomes too heavy now.

Gerry Legister

The Paths We Follow

God is the beginning of every step I take

He is the beginning of every plan I make.

God was before the beginning of time,

To us, the events in history are sublime.

These are the refine paths that is hidden,

Beyond the mind are graven images given.

Some roads on which we are reluctant to trod,

we are left behind in footsteps made by God.

We have the choice of paths to follow,

Creating your fantasy, joy, and sorrow

On earth, past lives are hidden in the ground,

Asleep, the soul makes only a silent sound.

Emotions we allowed to have lived inside,

We made them wise to swallow our pride.

Passing through storm clouds, water, and fire,

He does not need to rush to makes us lighter.

At the end of our days, God is in full control,

A higher power makes decisions over a soul.

It may be the end of this present mortality,

But the beginning of newness in glory.

God can make the explorer reach higher,
Everything comes down to the final chapter.
In morphism, we exist instead of elimination,
Processing beliefs, in the age of regeneration.
To follow our own paths leads to nowhere own,
In the ground, we find silent habitats alone.
Mindfulness is a being experiencing inner peace,
The spiritual quest develops joy bliss and ease.
Where nature indicates to lead a life of truth,
Truth is supreme by a million of visible proof.

Gerry Legister

The Pearl Of Great Prize

Sharing our dreams, fears, and laughs,
Is a lifetime reading bedtime stories?
Weeping tears, taking showers and baths.
Making someone happy and saying prayers.

These are just a few of the lucid memories
We cherish, love, enjoyed and encouraged.
The thrills gave us pearls of great surprises,
Perspective joy to make us feel appreciated.

Our planet is beautiful and brilliantly defined,
With so many cracks earth is still going strong,
A legacy that seems to find in the searching mind,
Pearls of sublimed luster on the desalinating strand.

We take no flawless journey through this world,
But daily, we make mistakes and hide plenty more,
Degenerate society regenerate until we become old,
Respect moral values and the creation of splendor.

Knowing how to put wisdom and stability first,
Shape the future and galvanize every opportunity,
Make us understand how to learn from troubled past,
Grow in greater determination, intensity and security.

The wealthy prize summaries, stories from childhood,
Portray some of the fondest memories in life,
But every disappointment is a contribution to good,
And our worries can't tell enough about the strife.

For in life, and the jewel we fought for, is a pearl
And every breath takes us higher into the distant cloud,
Growing stronger with every twist of emblematic twirl,
Until huggable halo around our soul gracefully surround.

Gerry Legister

The Pentateuch

Genesis

The Genesis touch fills me with delight,
And there was no night that stars did not shine,
Before sin hides the glow from our sight,
Weak minds, rob the length of allotted time.
A gateway prevails into the formless earth,
Wasteful insurgency covers the surface.
To shelter from the storm of Gods wrath,
Time elapse, found probabilities in space.
Engrafted state conceit everything that grows,
Intrigue holds the light for a little moment,
And the danger presented doesn't always shows,
The secret of Satan's influence and comment.
While the youth of beauty gradually decay
And changed the day into shades of gloom,
Every particle of inch went vile and stray,
From the dimness of equals hides perfection.
The outward decline, begun in Genesis
When all things shrunk in the shrouding mist,
Closed doors came upon the lovely bliss,
And chase light from Eden's innocent crest.
Spiraling joy parted quickly into a chasm,
Creation made the dry dust unveil tears,
Immortality turned into sweat and retribution,
Soon, the pain would swallow the toil of years.
The erring child raise up hope and began
The potentials pursuit of things, once evade,
Soften grace watered the plot of land,
God looked with sorrow upon things he made.
Men hear cherubim's beaten wings near
Fear sure and sap the remaining strength,
Tranquility rise and flatten upon the air
Like death, paradise wreath leaves the earth.
When I consider everything, Genesis had given
Temptation unveil the failure twice befell,
In death, conceived truth we know of heaven,
And all on earth would need now to avoid hell.
Now darkness becomes a source of strength,

There is night, and emblem of humanity's might,
Break through the clouds with weaker breath,
And the Ark appeared triumphant in radiant light.
A dove on the wing flies swiftly over the waters
Life knew the return of seed time and harvest,
Ours was the day, to see the beauty of flowers
While we may live in hope to attain the best.
Exodus

Moses was set adrift on the Nile in bulrushes,
The freedom fighter had encounters with God,
And trembled at the sight of the burning bushes
Mountains quake, earth trembles, heaven is a flood.

With rain, thunder peals, and lightning flashes,
Exodus begins with the terrors of Gods wrath,
The storm in converse, moving to battle marches
End the endless servitudes that deny good health.
God is a deliverer, the most daring commander,
Write the laws for generations to understand.
Hear children crying from far, and draws nearer
In the clouds going by crossing the burning sand.
Echoes of the storm warning through retribution,
After enduring advice with death and curse strife,
The end of grief made the brief choice of freedom,
A Passover for angels to hand out generous relief.
Ten terrible plagues did not cleanse their mild faith,
Only approves of pride where arduous sin survives,
Stubborn and steep, the rank street stank with death,
Sweeping aside the familiar and magical voices.
Exodus, going out of one mess into another wilderness,
To Mount Sinai, memories made the hardship escape,
When tabernacle blesses, holy war rebellion possesses
The ten commandments people's mind could not keep.
Troops scattering and stumbling off their feet,
Fall upon civil heaps into the deep trampling waves,
Pharaoh's host would lie silent forever in defeat,
Piled up at the bottom of the trackless seas.
Turn of events snatch away the cruel margin of duty,
Rest for the weary, in the land Moses never knew,
The wandering warriors finished foreign captivity
And after forty years the pleasant land was in view.

Conclusion, salvation is Gods promise blessing
Hope for the future that our offspring may inherit,
Egypt was left empty, the perils of a world becoming
A weaker state of humanity than Eden exhibit.

God called to account the conduct at the camp
Israelites and priests, and the Levites on duty,
Once before in the garden, God had fellowship,
When Eden was lush and green with pure beauty.
Leviticus made a sacrifice departure from Sinai
Seeking lawful legislation for society to live by,
And let laws become all the duty it should be,
Seen plain as a dream to provide means for Levi.
When people conceive sin, in malicious scheme,
Then let the priesthood be judges in the land,
Where God's commandments are highly esteem
By priests performing deeds, we don't understand.
From the congregation, money was not tributary
Expressly measured to appease elegies and dirges,
Instead, burned offerings meet and greet regularly
Repetitions being naturally known in all cases.
Fine flour and meat scattered at the Elders feet,
Calves from the farm and lambs to the slaughter,
All the innocent streams runs along to the mercy seat,
Trailing with rituals burning upon the sanctified Alter.
Discover secret phenomenon which distinguishes humans,
Some things seemed forbidden, enormous and detestable,
But the offerings made by fire unto the Lord made amends
And Full recompense, the conscience blend and tremble.
Rise above the Altar in the shadow of grace forgiven
An elusive smell was the fragrance of a saintly savior,
Splash his blood against the inside of every nation
Drained out for our transgressions, where ashes are.
Animal sacrifices made mankind hail and climb clouds
To please the Might above the heavenly twinkling sky,
An internal aroma, burning below the windfall floods
Trailer with tears down the rivers in years ran slowly.
Sheep or goats bull and blood, pastoral and herdsman
Some of the crumble belong to Aaron and his Levi sons,
Loaves made without yeast bring grains cooked in a pan,
Connect to region and religion by the internal organs.
All the season's first fruits crushed in seedless sums.

Kohathites trimmers wrapped in leathers to empty the can,
Attend meetings, holy strings, and curtains on most things,
The ceremony of ordinances regulates sanctuary consecration.
By clans and lands, lay hands upon partials from everyone.
Restitution for wrong, Leviticus demand of ritual precedents,
So they will not defile the camp with impurity of any kind
Spellbound in dust and water miscarries for the innocents.
Sacrifice of the tabernacle made the lamp stand blossom,
Retire and be content celebrate until the morning break,
In waves present community blessings of the native born,
Call everyone with the trumpet loud blast the signal make.
Vows race through life on high from the mouth of a Nazirite
To bless you and keep you; then to awake and wander late,
God Make his face to shine upon you bright as heavenly light,
The sun always shining, followed by grace through the gate.

Wayward sands dunes passed by in the desert,
Drifts further away with more generous numbers,
Then the census arrangements willing to count,
Young grains not derailed by the craze of grumblers.
At twenty, identified scouts, enter military service,
Command the grasp of complex arithmeticians,
The subtractions lost a generation to odd choice,
But a new sense of additions and multiplications.
Took up holy residence working in the sanctuary,
Duties define, God says, the Levites shall be mine,
Liturgies of priestly blessings a guide to the galaxy,
Leave prism crawl in the desert forty years behind.
All who went forth to war are cocoon in a desert strip?
Advantage rise and fall, murmur instead of marching,
Worship and fellowship, all enlist regret leaving Egypt,
When clouds settled, camped feelings came running.
Numbers slip away from the firstborn into millions
By election, choices of some outstanding human,
Baptist love can increase hope in different persons
Offer solutions, Moses assistants, share the burden.
Like a colossal wall, the standard degree stood stall,
Around the tabernacle, tassels on garments grip,
The survivals slip, Gods got a strategic plan for all,
Aaron budding staff blossomed while they sleep.
Korah, Dathan, and Abiram took their last breath,
Contempt sent the ground under to split asunder,

Fate opens wide, hides grime in the mouth of earth,
Scatter the coals with censers and overlay the Alter.

Some spies went away to the land within reach,
Their knowledge streamed a tormented dream,
Amid the uproar, not every pedigree crossed in breach,
Failed lives applied to lies, tell about what is unseen.
Miracles emerge, descend with the morning's Holy Trails,
In the darkest evening of the day, a cool wind sweep
Heaven's doors open, and filled downy clouds with quails
Those regretting mistakes went quite dark and deep.
While some weep, others slipping tears, heaven cares,
Life is beautiful, with a complex number of things
Not stopping, except death, who unbolts the rules
Sabbath breakers and custodians allow diminishing s.
Bring supplementary offerings for unintentional sins,
Following the footprints where Israel spent walking,
Towards the promise land where prosperity begins,
With milk and honey, and the cleansing steam flowing.
We are told responsibility will caress the soul,
Aarons journey at an end, no homecoming with friends,
In that day, we too may look at the serpent on the pole,
Repeat apostle's creed, before departing to moving ends.
Reflection on Numbers linking the Exodus rethinking,
Bridging gap between sandy times and Gods severity,
Mind and common vines, pomegranates that are missing
Foreshadowing Gods sovereign love and harmony.
He sheltering from judgment all the nations of earth,
The Lord is long suffering and has granted great mercy,
By two immutable things, it is impossible for God to lie.
In the city of refuge, there is the consolation for the guilty.
Miriam marred visage dies tinkling the tambourines
With family obsession, burial plot on top of mount Hor,
Blemish days ended wandering through the wilderness,
Creative craftsmanship stripped poor Aaron to the floor.
In the place of thunder; strives the waters of Meribah,
Moses express his feelings struck the rock with a mood,
The atmosphere around him became black as sackcloth,
Heaven replied back, this wasn't an act to be proud.
From the highest chamber converted scarlet thread mark,
A line held long enough to measures promises untaught,
Soldiers couldn't find Rehab fortunate work in the dark,

Lied and hide the spies in a place they couldn't be caught.
The giant Og was sprawled on a bedstead of iron logs,
Needlessly, numbers initiated idolatry and fornication,
Bending to pain, dependents equal to the strain of doubts,
Nothing good gain only heaviness drawing into town.

Upon a pony express, angels loose the donkey man blues,
Balac choose to curse Israel, while Balaam gave his blessing,
Went greedily after rewards, saw Israel upon bended knees,
Strong and reigning, grazing in pastures of the morning.
Numbers increase again by tribes and mansions of families,
Joshua inherits the legacy of power and possessions plundered,
Sacrifices offered morning and evening, Sabbaths and festivals,
Vows, oaths and obligations, the limits of Canaan honored.

Deuteronomy

A collection of sermons repeat around the camp fire,
Mingled in with the darkness, reflection, and decay
The land remain was for the new generation to inspire,
Travelers which yet survive saw vision stretch far away.
Fountains and depths that spring out of valleys and hills;
Israel walked in those paths waxing strong and bold,
Footwear of Ironstone's dig for gold into the brass holes,
Never worn out, in a land where we'll never grow old.
With mighty works before entering the Promised Land,
Unconquerable passion tread forward into new breath,
Shake off the dust near them upon the burning sand,
Moses delivered his whole heart, soul, and strength.
Deuteronomy trip on the high wind, a whistleblowing
On this side of Jordon, remember the servant in the land,
Keep the Sabbath day to sanctify it, and do nothing
By turning self aside to the left or to the right hand.
Home by the wind, sweeping over valleys and vales,
Leaving the desert games where the sand dunes drift,
Moses rehearse the journey and some uneventful tales,
Sleek and reclining, walking muscles stretch and stiff.
Out from days that the cloud covers, looms the shade,
Beyond this camping place hides the meddling of years,
At last, possession peace clutch the circumstances made
A horror of judgment, Gods wrath mingled with tears.
On Pisgah heights, Moses was not allowed to enter Canaan

But he saunter about with an easy conscience free look,
The consolation was to be buried by God as an orphan,
His confession of identity and loyalty met a swift block.
Sighing like at first unwilling, accept that justice is fair
God reinforcing faithfulness, obedience, and blessings,
Deuteronomy is the covenant that binds ultimate care
In allegiance to God; of conquest instructions in all things.
The mightiest fear, God's statutes, and judgments are near
Examine all the days of life, many more years may prolong,
In the land flowing with milk and honey, therefore hear
O Israel, and teach diligently, the Lord you God is one.
He gives great and goodly cities build already full of things
Eat Mana, and be intrigued, tempted to go back in retreat,
Earthly joys can't compare to heavenly pleasures it forms,
Redeem again, the Lord shall deliver you from defeat.
Blessings of the Lord shall increase more beasts in the fields,
From the stretched out arm and his wonders to perform,
Divine terror in the heart, make no graven images of their gods
Lest it becomes a snare and evil disease comes with harm.
Deuteronomy is the second law of command to observe,
As a man chasten his son, so the Lord chastise his own,
Testify against the day, wickedness shall not survive
Who can stand when cities are fenced up forlorn?
The uprightness of a clean heart is a perfect place to start
The children of Anakims, consume all, stand great and tall,
A day would come when they will fall from their height
And someone mighty will drive them outside of the wall.
Horeb horrible turn tore into the two tablets of stone
Made Covenant words brew abode in the angry mount,
Written with the finger of God wrath all over rebellion,
Calf on fire, blot out the names that were already burnt.
The second tables of stone came safely down into the ark,
Where Levi had no part or inheritance with their brethren,
God requires people to take delight in the way they walk,
With all their heart, soul and mind beholding heaven.
Greatness of the Lord has not been known until then
The children saw miracles overturning prancing horses,
Enemy in the gate came galloping chariots into the rain,
Great is our God, watery waves sunk devices in praises.
Blessings of the latter rain season came into the place,
From the beginning of the year, the land yielded fruit,
And lay up kind words in the heart of good substance

As frontlets between the eyes that scribes shall write.
Deeds about the safety of blessing and harm in cursing,
Burnt offerings and sacrifices, may observe and give
Shelter to the poor out of the floor of liberal thinking,
Inheritance tithes and vows show how well they serve.
Consecration has a human heart sealed by divine grace,
Nature of humanity is stark; yet with beautiful imagery,
Devouring insatiable lust we hide informs dress to taste,
The nectar of culture dark side characters always hungry.
Deuteronomy charcoal portrayal of three appointed feasts,
Abib Keep the Passover, feast of the weeks, and tabernacles,
Give as justice Able, acceptable judgments in all increase,
Forbid near the Alter; planting of groves and dexterity trees.
Matters too hard between blood and blow of angry stroke,
Desire of mind with corn and wine, agility make the most,
Warning against heathen practice, in prophecy Moses spoke
About a prophet on the way to walk down on the quiet coast.
The battle is the Lord's, so let not your hearts faint in war
Lest you die for the unknown murderer's crime,
Return to your house and proclaim peace to your neighbor,
And all the various laws that remain shall be thine.
In a tangled way of life, we may live wailing most with chastity
Grip by the things we hate, meet virtues of token in the gate
Of that city which plays the whore in the holiest mystery,
Discover there are some things we are not allowed to take.
Briefly excluded from the congregation Ammonite and Moabite
Unfriendly foes in the way, cross without bread and water,
No priestly care venerates every wicked thing of the Edomite,
Sanitation paddled upon the weapons of war to deliver.
Take heed in the plague of leprosy, no abuse, and usury,
Bring out the pledge, reasons to judge on the Alter high
Silent pain sent messages of the broken heart story,
Children cry, replied with tears, God heard their fathers sigh.
They spoke pale and weak, bondman in the land of Egypt,
Condemn to be beaten above and beyond many stripes,
Night and day, till they bore the city filled with images to greet,
Outreach travelers find themselves in difficult circumstances.
The Lord met Amalek by the way and smote the hindermost
Of them in secret places, because their perverted judgment,
To the strangers, fatherless and widows rise with ghost
Before the day come again and open the treasures sent.
No howling pains shall fray them away in mildew carcass

Smitten by madness, powder rain turn into dust and grain,
The frail longing of day flies to the ends of earthly phase,
Every itching inch of scab peruses the sight longing to gain.
Evil walked in their imagination turn and pass the root
That bears gall, see plagues in the land curses and covenant,
The secret things belong unto the lord they knew not,
Great indignation lost a generation that wasn't relevant.
Deuteronomy came to pass when these things were done,
Angels drove out from the utmost parts of heaven,
Must seek the realms of light to make amends under the sun,
People want to obey Gods voice with gifts given to them.
Write the song, teach your children not to hide their faces
In the sand, when many evil woes and troubles shall befall,
Make feeble spirits groan, fold and flutter on high places,
God will make for your head a crown, of an invincible wall.
How shall one chase a thousand with cruel venom?
A fire shall burn from the lowest hell and consume earth,
Scatter the wind into corners and consider their latter end
Wet the glittering sword to vanquish adversary's breath.
Moses blesses the tribes of Israel; from Paran came flames,
Ten thousand saints congregate, sat in the entrance and waited.
Bless the Lord with all your substance up from the plains,
There is land to inherit while the natural forces are not abated.

Gerry Legister

The Poor Is Wealthy

Blessings upon them conceived,
And the rich becomes empty,
By the root of evil they are deceived.

The humble rejoice,
Knowing life in the balance
Prayers are answered with grace,
Gods will in our conscience.

Whatever you magnify,
Will become your god,
The poor is wealthy,
Sometimes they are sad.

When their eyes are wet,
Like blur violet, it's hard to be proud
Feeling totally inadequate,
The poor put their trust in God.

Blessed are the poor in spirit;
For theirs is the kingdom of heaven.
Those who recognize they have no credit
There is treasure stored up for them.

Some are rich and have acquired wealth,
God chosen those who are poor,
In the eyes of the world to be rich in faith,
And inherit a kingdom on the celestial shore.

Gerry Legister

The Power For Good

Even in pain we could be happy,
Death would long to be hidden
Shrink from fear when facing eternity,
And be permitted to enter heaven.

In sinful state we find Holy Communion
Made the living a power for good,
Here is where our imperfection reign,
Impose chains of slavery been misunderstood.

Doubt would be a discordant note
And would welcome the consuming fire,
But who can bring a clean thing out?
While here on earth the hum life have power.

Exercising in him whom are hid all the treasures,
Power working from within faculties of the soul
In which we have sunken low looking for changes
Of purifying springs in sphere that we control.

Every heart responding has the power for good
And adulate the dwellers of virtues there
Companions of holy beings with God
We human beings have a great future.

Gerry Legister

The Rain

A fresh smell with drip drops of rain
On the green grass sweetened with stain
Sent down by the grey weeping clouds,
The showers flow like painted words.
now the planet is wet as dew in the sky
I am sending my umbrella up high
With water standing aloft in my eye,
A prayerful supply for this reason I cry.
Every drip-drop of rain captures the emotion
And welcome changes in the season.

The rain turns grey as it falls from the air
Glare glistening image surrounds the atmosphere.
Proud waves awoke up on the windows,
soon it will leave only its painted shadows.
As memories achieving this honor
Transform gardens into the imagery of color.

Gerry Legister

The Rapture

I will be in heaven, where there are no more torments,
School holidays slips away in tears, winter wakes cold
Brush the gloom away with longer disappointments
the doom of unbelievers hastens to wrap itself in self pity
all the righteous mantle bring their faith close to God
Mankind stands in the gap looking out into eternity
then come the new revelation, who are the worshippers,
Bound for the marriage supper in heaven angels awaiting
The rapture hovering round the church alter to pray,
Swift will come that day, trumpets blow the gutsy sound
and all the saints suddenly dash to meet the lord in the air,
This race is will call saints from around the entire world
To the gathering in the sky they will come
Men of old, women untold, children and friends
The fastest wind takes them quickly into the sun,
Fly with eagles to a brighter day.

Gerry Legister

The Real And Unreal

When the two collide inside a wheel,
Like darker story, let old dreams die,
And let the new dreams reveal
Visions of the right place to be.

Mixing elements of lore in reality,
The real and the unreal in cram themes,
Create suspensions done perfectly
To satisfy the fantasy of most tastes.

Nightmare which is pitch black in tone
Gripping my imagery library
Unsettling thoughts included my own
Love the horror genre of that story.

For if you have been in disbelief
And rather than living life to the full
You will grasp the emotions conveying grief
And seldom find the answer in great skill.

When old dreams die as surreal and obsolete
New unique tales formed which doesn't exist
Until identity reveal the intrigues of discreet,
Found in forms no longer able to resist.

Gerry Legister

The Religious And The Contentious

Get down on your knees and plead for mercy,
With burning tongue whispering torment of sin
The embarrassed heart remain just as guilty,
And you are seen fit in heaven to be forgiven.
The faith factors arise out of classical issues,
and we in Britain and schisms around the world,
the religious and contentious pride of outward epistles,
Penitent measure with lifestyle to tempt the soul.
Internal forces contemplate our eternal fate,
we seek the bread of heaven in a hungry world,
but the peril known to humanity cannot wait,
eventually faith will diminish and we grow old.
Leave the system of belief to a new society,
to changing cultural roots and religious views,
the principles pertaining to holiness and piety,
Relate to humanity, spirituality and moral values.
Devout people adjudicate judgment wrong,
Lent imbued with exploring outward exhibition,
Religious attitudes blinds the reality with demand,
The young see the old as strange holy phenomenon.
Concern for reflection of what others may say,
The current state and where religion should be
the religious leaves reverence for God in subsidiary,
The power of good and truth overcome by iniquity.
Makes religion a hostage to the forces within,
War and desolation alter opulence and poke fun,
the contentious is a grim joke with a mind stain with sin,
and the pernicious condition wins if you are immune.
Global cult driven to funerals by inexplicable mirth
the virtuous theology embrace multicultural world,
Justification reap the benefits engaging new birth,
Restitution remodeled version bought with gold.
The capacious taunt from beyond the grave echo,
Resemble the spirit of just men made perfect,
Holiness transforms the passage in centuries long ago,
Prophet and priest in visions beset by the Holy Spirit.
On conscious highway society will turn its head in rejection,
but old cathedrals will have both on the cutting edge,

The Revolution Of Our Personality

Why do you need to change personality?
When so many things are already addicted to yourself,
New discovery of lifestyle health and beauty,
Can be found in our world where we are seeking wealth.

You're probably going to leave the old force of nature,
To pursue a new realization in a fabulous discovery,
But there is more to stylish images than a glossy picture,
Virtue wears the changes in our unique personality.

Within the human heart experience the connecting taste,
There is something more born from deep appreciation,
We make a new start without the time we waste,
Making therapeutic explanations for our emotion.

In the heart is where personality revolutionizes,
Pick us up with new feelings when we are down,
Provides exactly what we want to see regenerated our lives,
Namely the dreams we experience on our own.

Then comes hope wherever we are place in the world,
Rare jewels of splendor dresses the mind of humanity,
And personalized all the different choices we may hold,
Life is based not on fashion alone but on our personality.

These are high stakes we assuredly are able to find,
Such profile for the present time is a rare commodity,
The unique claim is perfect but we are marred with time,
Probably leave dreams wandering about our personality.

Gerry Legister

The Road In Life

I went down to Hythe
And sat down in my room,
Tried to think about how I'd survive,
And my heart jump into a gloom,
At first, I thought I had died
Feeling old, being so cold.
Instead, I stood there and cried,
Looking back over on life's road.
Although you may not hear me cry,
Since I am still here living
But someday I will depart and die.
Then you will understand why,
The tears shed on life's road,
Were the miseries of mine to dry?

Gerry Legister

The Rolling Calf

The eyes of the Rolling Calf was bright
galloping through the villages at night,
with scary looks that froze the eye
flames in fear made stricken hearts cry.

In what distant past did a myth exercise
sacred rites burnt in the fire of surprise
on what Alter did the occult aspire?
What daring hand reached into the fire?

And what sacrifice made strong the black art
to frisk the pulsating rhythm of our heart?
When from within each beat began to sink,
what terror causes the eyes not to blink?

When the spasm open into a dark entrance
the soul is grimly chained in a furnace,
what conjuring evil? Can creep and grasp
the meek with deadly claws of terrors clasp?

Stars from our eyes and threw them down
did rolling calf smile when its work was done?
leaving terrified souls speechless and dumb
back into practice, disguised trick succumb.

The eyes of the Rolling Calf faded with light
retreating through the atmosphere of the night,
into frightful dreams which close the eye
of stories that made stricken hearts cry.

Gerry Legister

The Root Of My Convictions

Life begins many causes uncertain
But in faith start to draw the curtain,
And expose the root of my conviction,
Suspend the evidence on probation.
To relieve me of the threat in my head,
I am force to take up reasoning instead.
Rejected by friends by harsh tempest
I Pay the debt owe to society doing my best.
With better morality comes painful urge,
Wandering in blur visions looking to purge,
Deeds swept away from wise dry eyes,
Learning to control nightmares and tears,
Bound to live while there is still a little time
With exchange heart and changes in mind,
Only memories bring the partial plague,
Procreate events of danger and intrigue.
The secret lodge betwixt my old soul,
Light the rusty fuses that was dull.
And in my heart turn on the ignition,
Its direct powers root out my conviction.
Delayed success shall run rampant
In making priorities more important,
Embrace the dreams of last opportunity
Take pleasure now in things of beauty.
Than the misfortune first encountered
The things that charmed me most has halted
The flame runs unhindered through my head,
They will lay my soul asleep upon my dying bed.

Gerry Legister

The Rose Among Thorns

Overgrown hedges overlap the fences
Into summer nights the wild bushes grow tall.
But in the garden standing out among flowers,
you will see the most beautiful rose petal.

Their colours adapt to our personality and dignity.
Green and blue, red-orange pink and violets too.
Dress with sweet fragrance reeling in the beauty,
But prickly thorns eat away moral integrity in you.

And spring up dishevelled blackthorn skeletons
Bare and brash spiralling necks drowning the view.
Suffocate the fragrance formed among the thorns
With a bitter shade captures the morning dew.

Frothy hedges leap to mislay the scent of rain,
Over atmospheric changes and waterlog farms,
climbing forbidden walls and down into the ravine.
I stumble upon a Rose among prickly thorns.

Among melancholy anger boisterously wander
I smile along the dreary road upon which I strode.
The romance of bones along cobblestones to ponder
Treasures found in the single rose-scented abode

No rose of her kindred kind look with such delight,
Turned away from scentless fondles leaves.
In the light, no flower blossomed so fresh and bright
Reflect, the beauty in her eyes with blushes.

The Rose I knew, from a Ukrainian meadow
Sit poised on a green glow dice among prickly thorns,
Matured shade whose love was made to grow,
Evoke elegance to plant the essence of our beings.

Since this charm of beauty in our hearts is alive,
We give a rose to express love strong feelings.
Like the pearls in the path of an entangle beehive,
That makes life full of bliss and dreams.

In Ukraine, I stumble upon a rose among thorns,
But the image of dark razer twigs needs trimming.
To challenge all her lovelier companions
with purer deep hearts of ephemeral lasting.

Thorny brows roam and ramble in bushes and brambles
bathe in frown like angry people getting tall.
Reckless and lofty, they climb up walls and fences
But cannot smile like the roses upon which they fall.

The rambling brambles sit nearby the wild
Honeybees, make friends with wasps and hornets,
But the Rose among thorns makes butterflies inside
With their scented dew perfumed tears and gifts.

Gerry Legister

The Rose In The Churchyard

Did you see the Roses that grew
and made changes to the church yard?
Inside the providence of Gods law
they painted the imprints of his word.

We learned to walk upon inspired petals,
having heavy feet to trample and crush,
the softest rose that grew betwixt nettles
in beautiful colors that are saintly precious.

When a Rose is given; we should appreciate
what it means, keeping with our dreams,
holding the embrace of something delicate,
in the treasured breathe of our hands.

They grow with wings like a tiny butterfly,
when the wind beat upon them from the wild,
sweeping aside leaves in broken piles of lily,
their crumbled state with nature collide.

For a rose shared brings essence to an Alter
and the gift of harmony lifts voices to sing,
and makes countless angels rejoice together
in the grounds where saints go marching.

Flowers touch more lives in greater depths,
the elegy of memory is a friend ever present,
maturing with our thoughts to higher heights
prettier when we are in a state of turbulent.

Roses brings our smile to change from solitude
and knows nothing about the joy or tears it brings,
or the supremacy that creates mysterious interlude
Grown among thorn bushes with flapped wings.

Gerry Legister

The Rose Of Chyann

The Rose of Chyann is a beautiful rose
That grows in the wilderness beneath the trees,
Its memories floats high over all our country roads,
Fluttering its leaves, dancing elegantly in the breeze.

Sweeping along in the cool thoughtful margin of the day
Thousands of people will see her at a tender glance,
Her colours tinkle in the inward eye along the way,
And make a theatre to bring our heart great romance.

Other flowers try to outwit her sparkling waves
They stand to gaze but look bewildered and amazed.
In the vacant glazed that flash across the eyes,
A continuous line of stars the ambiance embraced.

That wealth of beauty which grows along the grassy verge
And fragrance spread her breath under green boughs,
That seemed as if they laugh with the wind that surge
Looking so gay, floating in the distant on parade meadows.

The host of roses stretch along in rows of endless lines
Vases arranged in bouquet of beautiful flowers to impart,
Refined art, remain the sacred chimes, for special times
Every rose has a meaning opening windows to your heart.

We stop by to watch pools of bright colours fill up the garden,
Between the snowy day and every bleak and darken evening,
Dowry flakes harness the promises nature had taken,
Makes the unprintable portrait of something more lasting.

Unbowed in death, beyond the place of wreath and tears,
Looms the Rose of Chyann sprawled in comforting shade,
And yet find illusive fate a master of the menacing years,
In matters of faith roses clutch every circumstance unafraid.

Unknown thrills of deepening bliss dip into the sun- wings rays,
And trade the trodden age unglazed with her soft breeze
Passing through stages where the former stagnant air stays,
Having a better robe for fragrance to wear in the path of ease.

The Rose of Chyann enchant my heart with pleasure fills
Abundant moods of inward solitude and matrimonial bliss,
In such a sprightly company there life mystery wishfully dwells
And stay immaculately nostalgic in the mind of happiness.

Gerry Legister

The Sanctuary Within

The whisper of breeze on my face,
Send confidence to the sanctuary within,
Oozing pain coming without trace,
The agony spilled out with delirious scream.

Hope brings out a triumphant joy,
Resonate from the sanctuary within,
Prayers to heaven send the call of victory,
And the greatest prize we are about to win.

Winners; we shall be not be deceive,
With ease of wearing Olympic crowns,
Fear not the trigger nor do the taunts conceive,
The flint that makes pride takes you to dreams.

If my doubts had not vanished away,
I would have reclined and fainted with unbelief,
But on my way I went into the sanctuary,
And look for the fortune of hidden relief.

Infinity of modern voices, the crowd rises,
The globe attraction of tremendous attention,
Adrenaline wrapped in present applauses,
The emotions began dilating within.

I had fainted in the land of the living,
Overwhelm by celebration of winners,
Clutching the torch of existing flame,
That exhibit gold and silver names.

Gerry Legister

The Scent Of Summer

The woodpecker picking skins from the trees,
Summer air hardly blowing, heavy and humid,
Make female flutter in the wind as naked goddess,
Greet the fluttering fan blowing in their hand.

A windy ripple of joy amidst fragrant the smiles,
Like the scent of mist loitering in a new morning ray?
Falling from heaven upon rugged hills with limpid tress,
Make a noise blushing in leafy shade of the day.

Up in the sky, morning glory shows a brilliant fire,
And the young hairy grass whisper with a different voice,
Call unto drowsy fields for nature to awake from slumber,
Take into the air beauty of presiding choice.

Between dimpled leaves come the buzzing bees,
Clouds go higher, gathered sweat in boughs as rain,
The season bring the scent of summer bloom with ease,
Mingled fragrance in the lovely leaves contain.

A special display of all the aspirations that people have,
Stored up in many small changes of fresh fantasies,
Orchards paths in distant dreams many do crave,
But we can all swallow reality much nearer the pansies.

In sunset shadows the glitter of gold pass sublimed,
Where painted mausoleum pervades dark places,
Which mark that imprint in the sands of our time?
Wind and rain gently step aside from the gorgeous isles.

Gerry Legister

The Second Chance

Opportunity twist and twirl in a dance,
Blank shadows mimicking each movement,
Giving the moment an elusive chance
To embrace the renaissance for fulfillment.

Time turning the sentiments of the heart
Into the ceremony of spiritual purity,
While the worse of evil falls apart,
An innocent crown is best of all humanity.

Without anarchy drowning the world
Conviction is full of passionate intensity.
Every hopeful tide drift within the soul
Till the whole realm drains the ocean dry.

Out of the mist; some revelation comes
Brighter now, bringing the second chance,
The second chance! Hardly noticeable ones,
Except the images twisting and turning in a dance.

Into shapes with dreams, and places with names
Somewhere in the wilderness of regret,
Out of the pitiless, the gaze fan the flames
And a reel of the shadows from us vex spirit.

The darkness drops the rough beast,
A phantom fading out from the nightmare,
Good wishes made the hour come around at last,
Rebuke the indignant stony frown moving affair

Gerry Legister

The Snow

I walk through the snow
And the chill gives me a push
Crosswinds into the flow
Where wintry flakes rush.

Into fluorescent light marking
Footsteps fading in the snow.
With a mist of presence missing
In volumes of darkness rising below.

Thick Ice lay on window ledge
Only half way dangling down
The adoptive trails that follows the edge
Cutting a path to houses we own.

The falling snow turned down the light,
And make the grey atmosphere appear,
We are unable to reach out and grab it
And shove it back into the air.

Until next winters bad habit call again,
With incidental addictions
Hiding road signs
Driving in the fast lane.

Gerry Legister

The Snow Queen

The snow queen walks in the snow,
With cautious steps measured slow,
Ice-eyes watch the white powder fall,
Caught in the air making a snowball.
The snow queen is soft and white,
But can easily slip into a frostbite
When night is dying and mist arriving,
Numb the wax on fingers and toes burning,
The snow queen wears many crowns
On throne of the kingdom she owns,
Sit regal with ice and peppermint scent
There will be slips, trips and accident
Cold continent weather follows the nose.
Even the early burly whom dawn chose
Tremble with snowflakes in their shoes,
Children play in ditches and wet amuses
Dowse adults with ghost portrait memory,
Of plenteous styles frivolous and naughty
Watch the days faded into inky stand cold,
Beleaguer love walking out the life they hold
When the gloves were warm and full of charm,
Early burly man would trudge through the snow
Bring home remnants of weary woe
Dusting off the cap and trowels on his track,
Pull his knapsack and coat tight on his back,
With pride at place he goes off in the snow
With cautious steps that are measure slow

Gerry Legister

The Spirit Of Life

The journey goes on with slight changes,
in the simple moments, that's all it takes,
To rearrange life's strangest emotions,
God makes compensation for decisions.
That makes me turn to the right side,
where before I chose the left to divide
But circumstances altered my choices,
Life can bring relief, or leave deadly devices.
God made life to live with his Spirit,
and put upon us all this complicated limit.
With confusing purposes of the reasoning mind,
who will guide the truth with advice in time?
I search for the creator that has designed this enigma,
He leaves me puzzled considering a tangled stigma.
Layers of obstacles that I am stumbling over,
And takes pity to prevent me fumbling once more.
when time grows short to the days that are apart,
they sometimes enjoy a moment solitude of heart.
many can be robbed of love which was delightful,
from superior people with feelings of the soul.
After unclear vision, my faith is tried and tested,
With contorted answers, time and talent invested,
the deepest emotions always show itself in silence,
from its closed mouths, no guile is in residence.
I need God to pave the way from every direction,
walking forward with every step of determination.

Gerry Legister

The Spotless Bride

Diamonds formed within wounds of jewel
The warmest charms tip scales in every duel.
Honor comes before sapling pains hurt,
Others will tell you of your values and worth.
Recount virtues in great servitude of good,
Among heroics where all the watchers stood.
You take humble place facing the lordly race,
Reaching out for peace in bleak earthly space.
You try to heal the nonstop bleeding of errors,
With oars from the pendulum drips of sores.
Waves create the fluttering butterfly of fantasy,
Set the world on course to our future destiny.
The spotless bride dream of heaven from inside,
With life boat emotions running high and wide.

Gerry Legister

The Strong Man

The Bible tells us about a man who became strong,
He was ruled by rage and lived in a foreign land
He was big and tall and build like the city wall
and declared that no one could make him fall.
He had long spears and sharp knives,
they called him uncircumcised hated and despise,
He brag about his powers and his enemies fate,
But he too would not have long to wait.
Before meeting a young soldier practicing his faith,
an invisible kingdom provided his strength,
He was not big and tall but had a powerful guard,
and declared his faith in the true and living God.
Out of the two men the latter was the strongest,
not for his muscular brawn but for the help request,
He became the stronger man restoring a nation's pride,
when brave men sought a place of refuge to hide.
His trust in God was scorned and mocked,
but suddenly all their mocking would stopped,
slain by the might of heavenly force in full flight,
and his enemies scattered to hide their fright.

Gerry Legister

The Testament

Be my silver lining in a cloud.
Be my rainbow in the blackness around.
Be my sunshine and the glint in the glow.
Be my morning hush and the winds that blow.
Be my time to shine and live a life that is mine,
Be my pennant and the pendulum of time.
Be my Sholom in the overwhelming shade.
Be the world that you have made.
Be my Torah, the books, and daily scroll.
Be my silver and bucket of gold.
Be my temple mount and western wall.
Be my spring, summer, and autumn fall.
Be my exodus into the promised land.
Be my shield having done all to stand.
Be my Sinai and the burden of a Christian.
Be my song and dance and my love for Zion.

Be my balm when all around my soul gives way.
Be my cure, my hope, and my stay.
Be my dream reaching on top of the highest peak.
Be my rapture, waiting for when we meet.
Be my light and my salvation.
Be my comfort in all affliction.
Be my day star that shines bright.
Be my lamp light by day and by night.
Be my vacation and tropical paradise.
Be my silhouette and the sunrise.
Be my rest and peaceful sabbath.
Be my refuge and strength.
Be my every day with endless breath.
Be my vision to reshape what is left.
Be my pillars of faith and the core of belief.
Be my relief when I, being written off, in grief.

Be my hope when all courage has failed.
Be my inspiration to catch illusions in the gale.
Be my boat in the harbor of a solitary place.
Be my best friend with mercy and grace.
Be my retreat from the chaotic mess.

Be my vaccine for this virus, and distress.
Be my reassurance that everything will be fine,
Be my savior when everything could decline,
Be my reason to exhale and swallow again.
Be my purpose, to meekly wait, and be forgiven.
Be my chosen when all other choices were wrong.
Be my exceeding reward to suffer, so long.
Be my heaven when the earth is my home.
Be my protector from what I cannot face alone.
Be my candle in the darkness of the unexpected.
Be my secret closet where all my tears shed,
Be my smile when emptiness is in my soul.
Be my laughter when in my heart, there is a hole.

Be my testament and my testimony.
Be my ocean of serenity and tranquility.
Be my pillow to lay upon in hardship,
Be my infinite moments and an occasional nap.
Be my conscious rearguard for the weary road.
Be my battle bow always, in survival mode.
Be my guardian angel surrounded by demons.
Be my reality and the intelligence of opinions
Be my equation of life and my pearly gate.
Be my true love in this world of hate.
Be my existing unending path to regeneration.
Be my destiny engraving signet of your kingdom.
Be my force of energy to galvanize the good.
Be my hero in the place where I once stood.
Be my testament as I am going to the God of mine,
Be my permanent glory in the realm I will find

Gerry Legister

The Tragedy Of Love

Hamlet's father was in gross state of sin
When Claudius murdered him.
His soul, not being purified by confession,
Live by prosperous abundance in Sodom.

Now he is playing on desert plains
Conscience chasing the guilt and stains,
Being a Phantom cloud wandering on earth,
The prince of Denmark confronted death.

When tragedy of love twisted in his grasp
The heart wearing a mask began to gather dust.
Restless spirit that would not let him sleep,
Desire carried Ophelia deeper into the deep.

The silent place was so wet and grey,
He could not converse with the wind in the sea.

Gerry Legister

The Traveler

I am the ring around Saturn
Spinning and traveling around the sun,
I am made with a direct connection
To Humanity with God and his Son
Between decedents and ascension.

I travel with the power to transcend
Every blessing that Gods sends.
I have no boundaries or fences to mend,
I am a traveler attached to a realm
I am the core on the endless shore
Living a lot more when death is sure.

I live in a universe where miracles unfold,
Who am I absorbing? The dimensions or goal?
Resonate beyond the measures of this world.

Gerry Legister

The Trove Of Gold

A rare supernova
Gold is an element,
Such strange phenomena.

Some have in abundance,
Enough before they die,
Others have no resemblance.

Question the absence of why,
Stages of life merge into nothing,
Insufficient to explain before we die.

How the gold evolves,
And remains on earth, an enigma,
light as luckless loves.

A fusion of neutron and protons,
make the sparkly metal
a rarity of Intense collisions.

The trove of gold can be found,
Mainly in sentiments, we own,
A collection of bricks and stone.

Gerry Legister

The Truth About Freedom

I lie in dreams and walk in what it seems,
Truth in the freedom which has set me free,
To see the light and understand the things
That scream out from my mind for me to see.

They have been hidden in the silence of a lie,
Virtues covered by the frenzy voice of reason,
Only to God they would cry; yet they would not die
Until I acknowledge that they were mine.

To grasp the ragged tussle from portrait pride
And hurl into flight the past and present plight
And turn that loathsome disguise into an allied
Leaving the hurt to heal in the silent blight.

For now I know that God did know the incept view,
Taken in by opinion the wise who became fools,
When it was new there came a warmth that was true
And turned to empty self of distorted clues.

There is no shame in clinging to the feather grasp
When you find that the best thing in life is truth
It is the unspoken love we exhale in a deep gasp
Bloodied body with no fear in the mockery of mirth.

Gerry Legister

The Unchanging Spirit

The unchanging spirit
Comes from the beginning
Grant the life we inherit
Can also change our destiny,

And gives hope to all for eternity,
We can take the convictions,
As a unique offer of security,
Or look for other reasons.

Even pretend to pass it on
For someone else to deal with,
Deny the conviction of solution,
And try to breathe a sigh of relief.

In another moments breath
Life could simply be over
Lose wealth gone in poor health
Our prayers God will answer.

Given by the unchanging spirit
He has a great deal of blessings
Waiting in heaven for us to take,
We can shout about many things.

God promises the assurance
Of blessings upon our lives
When we mess up there is grace,
In deliverance the Spirit gives.

Gerry Legister

The Vision

Sitting here thinking alone
Finding a vision in my soul,
With weight, as heavy as stone
Thinking HOW I came up into this world.

The royal vision nobody I knew
The faces could make out there,
They're being the faithful few,
Who knew all the virtues of care.

But they never made a show
With spirit pride and softly cried
They always stayed in the shadow
To lay among others who died.

In the shadow, we see the result
Of their work in full perfection
Masses of well assembled in merit
Became a joyful occupation.

Gerry Legister

The Voice Of Reason

I lie in dreams and walk in what it seems,
Truth in the freedom which has set me free,
To see the light and understand the things
That scream out from my mind for me to see.

They have been hidden in the silence of a lie,
Virtues covered by the frenzy voice of reason,
Only to God they would cry; yet they would not die
Until I acknowledge the voices that they were mine.

To grasp the ragged tussle from a portrait of pride
And hurl into flight the past and present plight
And turn that loathsome disguise into an allied
Leaving the hurt to heal in the silent blight.

For now I know that God did knew the inept view,
Taken in by opinion the wise who became fools,
When it was new there came a warmth that was true
Turned the mirth to empty self of distorted clues.

There is no shame in clinging to the feathered grasp
When you find that the best thing in life is truth,
It is the unspoken love we exhale in a deeper gasp
Bloodied body with no fear in the mockery of mirth.

Gerry Legister

The Voices Of My Heart

A shadow far away coming nearer each moment,
With foregone enchantment swifter than light,
The voices of my heart pierce the shadow of night,
Eyes could not have seen the cries made of fright.

Mute stranger s not hearing the shuffling prance,
Swayed in dance from the gripping hold of agony,
I did what no opportunity would have given chance,
Pass hastily with prayer into the realm of misery.

My naked soul made the call of hopeful choice,
To try and stem the tide of emotions from inside,
On the floor I went, to end the screams in silence,
And pluck up courage where shame tries to hide.

The bruises appear delirious with implacable scar,
Beyond the soul stronger voices torment the heart,
With imagery pasteurizing the gray scales of fear,
Crying for help, but crippled by the passions once felt.

Woken from a dream to the glow of another rising sun,
Visions not forgotten rode by on a brighten screen,
Blearily pursue the papal breath broken and undone,
Were these voices of my heart or a voice from heaven?

In me all the hurt is repeated without honour,
And nothing is forgotten without leaving pain,
To feel the cold chill pass upon destiny's shore,
Hearing voices of the heart quietly lamenting.

They had pierce safe barriers and brought cute hell,
Far more darker than the torment life has given,
Repeated voices that arise from my heart to tell,
The story memories would rather have forgotten.

Gerry Legister

The Warmth Of Summer

When the warmth of summer
Faded into a less superfluous display
The finesse and heart of style- weather
Changes to the frosty fingers of autumn grey.
I was caught in the midst of a new flame,
Stroking the ashes of that burnt out ember.
From the invisible sunshine that had gone
Quickly to slumber and ponder in a dream,
The firm fondness of fall autumn reclaimed,
Crown parts of nature on earth rarely seen.
Nuptial lovers of amorous heat disdained.
The warmth of summer mesmerise ribbons,
Tied and twine the broken twigs on my mind
Became a cooler clime upon trembling limbs.
Worn out romance held together by a string,
Swing with feeling slender bound from within,
Summer changes autumn to a new season
And the air we breathe goes battling everything,
Compatible figures faint on foreign soil,
With shivering leaves partly tuned green,
The hazy harvesters gather up the spoil.
Bungled foliage, wrapped in haven of trash
Thrust the threshing tool into the hungry fire
An overlap smote the anvil to die and sharpen
The quiet ambiance of a sedate flutter,
Undressing shrubs to make the villages plain.
We waited for the rain and got some shower,
Then a new age brought the sudden change
Moist demise surrounded suburbs and town
Migrating species bravely cross the continent
And brown litter crisp on path race to a podium,
Ruling the atmosphere below the firmament.
Sickening feeling that the hostile air rearrange
Giving the dull season every redundant reason
To regain the lull reign from a formidable wreath,
In which the summer's final breath had bequeath.
Alluring testament mythical memories compel,
Citizens from outer reach wrapped in thick cloning
Throw the shawl of summer into the asteroid path,

And driven away to catch a polestar of new icicle
From the sentient wind blowing soft on the ears
Tickled with swags of rippled rain and tiny bubbles
Building disjointed maps on rudimentary bridges.
Carrying the splash to wash away the sins of lent
And leave the wavered marks tattooed horizontally,
On the worn terrain with splashes of storm water
Clean the dirt and stain that bites into the conscience
But as the warmth of summer gradually goes away,
The price we pay was greater than innocence.
Our children's interests diminish into growing years,
With demise of summer days the borrowed journal
Withdrew the noise of adolescence from our ears,
Into foggy days with much less time to play,
Retro games maturing icon becomes stepping stairs
Of fruition to change the era drafted in technology,
Replace by the frozen floss to build upon that decay
And wait silently for spirited leaves to spring again
In the blossoming orchards of warmth and beauty
Where summer days lies loving within our dreams.

Gerry Legister

The Wedding Ring

Dress in modern pennants and precious stones,
We stand in blazing colors before a new road,
Where old virtues trodden down had wearily cross,
And ancient history left to us a fine wedge of gold.

To buy our wedding rings and proudly wear the emblem
Let time watch our hands go slender and voices stray,
Only at anniversary date to repeat our vows again,
Until age and love and romance has worn away.

With Love knots still tied strong around our fingers
The greatest element to binds our hearts together
In a flame sparkling memory; love reignited the fires,
With this wedding ring around your tender finger.

Let us live this magical hour to share the mystic power
A thing of solid beauty, pretty unique in its own entity,
And it gives Intoxicated worth of unbound pleasure.
Bounded by collected vows that will last until eternity.

When Satin white diamonds are set in curvy shape,
The transforming stars flashes on that inward eye,
With delightful sensation to fit the occasions made,
Rings are for engagements here and eternity in the sky.

Gerry Legister

The Wind That Blows

When the wind blow and chaos are done,
All doubts, ill at ease grow in the night,
And when will its strength be gone?
To finally let silence embed the night.

Through the trees and over the mountains
The Sounds of the wind will come to an end.
Maybe bring a tremor by shaking leaves,
When silence, at last, replace the wind.

The peace Godsend means everything,
To have on Earth that kind of solitude,
In ourselves no matter what is happening
With justice of deeds to find good.

Patience of serenity is kind and sweet
In our spirit, we have been there,
So I will look once more before I speak,
About where I am going to be next year.

If we hope, some wind brings better days
Yours and mine, be refine in heart and soul,
Love is missing before we went our ways,
The world is worse now and out of control.

Gerry Legister

The Windmill

Arms turning into a windmill
Around my body with intent.
Fingers plying their mistral toil
in an indulgence of a moment.

Through the ambiance, we ramble
With a gesture of leisure in the air
it gave love a chance to scramble
And hastily, open the gate of fear.

Heartbeat sobs, sighs, and murmur,
We share anxieties of night and day.
And the bloom that fades like a flower
Stay with the moon in the happy hour.

Wipe away the tears from your face
Make them flee away from sight,
And overflow into flowering silence
Rest and repose to know the respite.

Windmill hues stay with the moon
Time belongs to no country,
Play the tune until the golden dawn
moves its powers within proximity.

Gerry Legister

The World Is Burning

The world is shaken by Armageddon awakening,
Kingdoms began to rise and fall with repetitions,
Crying out for peace and security monitoring
Apathy and ignorance the coalition of Nations.

The world is heading into perpetual state of war,
Renegade barbarism spilling out against everyone,
Whose forms are drying the dripping tears all over?
As the pain wanes, fear comes again to bludgeon.

We have much more to learn from those confuse
With the flames as they burn in effigies of regret,
Dilemma and derision with jealousy that lit the fuse
Blazing rivalry on this kindred planet in our orbit.

What became of Constantine long legs of Byzantine?
Shoots of Europe rose and swell into Nordic spell,
Metallic statue in gold stood with Iron of Great Britain.
The world is burning and manoeuvring out Israel.

Atomics and allies the former history recreate
Within the European Union, I saw the long legs of iron,
Driven by fewer hands who knew not how to consolidate?
The fallen empires of Egypt, Assyria and pivotal Babylon.

Our world is ending and we are in the shady ambiance
Hearing the Echoing sounds of extravagant Atlantis,
Noah's unconcerned generation, drowsy in science
Bulls of Basham coming from the labyrinth of Abyss.

Gerry Legister

The World Is Turn Upside Down

The search begins on land and then to the moon,
Charmed into wild storms of fatigue and intrigue,
While loneliness invades the world with gloom,
Earth weeps in the upheaval it has sown with grief.

God guides words design to chasten our hearts,
Come free from heaven the showers we need,
Wash clean on seraphs wings the guardians imparts,
Defeat in parts only, some strong demons concede.

The world is torn in upheaval by good and evil
Trying to be the masters, but who wins the prizes?
We are caught between realms as a traveling vehicle
People are torn between the choices of lovers.

The fabric fraying; decadent society falling for magic
Looking for clues into space observing all the planets
Turn broke countries upside down for another trick,
Not seeing the rift of relationship in the continents.

Hate loiter where grace and mercy was meant to share,
On this demise terrain fear no alien with foreign gold,
The enemy is our love gone cold, and feels insecure,
Paradise lost opposite paradox world.

Search betwixt disasters for new strength to cope,
Few sweet melodies rise from the life we are living,
Destiny Answers the call of many souls seeking hope,
Sharing and giving where emptiness is unforgiving.

Gerry Legister

The World Upon Our Shoulders

The stifled old air lies uplifted now in the deep,
It might change again with fresh morning dew,
Hurling sweaty sleep fallen upon those asleep,
Humidity lies curled toes in sheets old and new.

Fading careers pointing to the ploughed time rush,
Of our sphere exploring everything worthy to own,
In the matrix world, we work from dawn to dusk,
Then diverged at the end of a day to a divided home.

In shorter arches and ache we try to make the curve,
Forgetting the bitter ramblings and insults hurled.
If we who have visions can incite the virtues of love,
Better might our dreams reveal the known world?

Although emotions may fall apart, rip from its mark,
Because those we trust look near but went too far,
With that missile, policies ready to strike the weak,
Those fiery tongues ruin our chances to obtain favor.

Our citizen spirit cringes on the hot button of stone,
The mysterious future of things we do not know yet,
The obstacles that checked our world are not shown,
But further down the road, we become prime target.

The temporal in this world is fitted to the sphere,
Every moment of danger here, we have been its mark,
The ultimate aim everywhere media acquiring the air,
Of propaganda, choices to dwell in most restless talk.

Never get away till we lose our breath from this place,
Tossing voices of scare, we suffer by them each day,
The pain with our joy affixed only in measured pace,
When the world upon our shoulders sometimes sway.

Gerry Legister

The Wrong Road Taken

Littering the track in yellow flops,
Honesty and fraudsters travel together,
And to be a winner without relapse
One blighter will look down upon the other.

To where the rules bend into deception,
Then force nerves to take the wrong road,
Just as good with smoother temptation
And having a better claim to an illicit reward.

The opportunity weakened in providence
Fuse traces made sports sprawl on dirty floors,
And comfort zone slide into human endurance,
Conned the world into widespread flaws.

Held love and guilt amid the horrors of winning
Killing the pendulum, that extraneous edge.
Exhilarating events of euphoric adrenaline,
Flows from toe to fingertips captures the surge.

Trodden in black, when all cheering suddenly stop,
Knowing how the way was light turned to decent,
And threaten at last to bury legends at the top
Stereotyping everyone from the past to present.

Media exposure, current of continental drifts,
Raise national anthems with signs of hope,
Platform glazed with sleaze, bribes and gifts,
Undergrowth of the florid myth of dope.

A route to fame that has made all the difference
Between winners and losers of dodgy trophies,
Fairness is morality that claims patience,
Without the luxury of convenient excuses.

Gerry Legister

They Wore The Scars

Illuminating warriors among the illumination of gloom,
Although we are blind to their illustrious testimonies,
History turn pages of adventure into paved mausoleum,
Which mark their colossal traits through the centuries.

They wore the scars that were precious jewels,
For future dreams of humanity they outshine,
The generation of the wise beyond fools and rules
Battling with self, enemies and distant time.

Warriors came yesterday and paid the ultimate price,
With painful scars, scared on the places they left empty
And remained legends in memory of sacrifice,
By societies who knew the splendour of their duty.

Engrave in stone spirits forever roam in phantom stars,
Long past the barrier grief sorrow already bound,
Within souls lingering names engraved scars and tears
The ageless healing balm for a parting wound.

Inspired from the mind the outcry of fleeting breath,
Force to step aside into another terrestrial realm,
By laying down their earthly crown before icy death
Leave this age to challenge the battle of reincarnation.

Gerry Legister

This Aching Heart

My heart is breaking
My head and body are aching
Fear has force me into a shelter
From attacks of relentless fever
I weep a little and it comforted my misery,
My impoverish soul begging for mercy.
For this aching heart is breaking painfully
It is a constant reminder our humanity
From the heritage of our faith
I have known the thrill of each breath
Stand up and speak out to friends
Meet people at their wit ends
Just being a part of this world movement
Demonstrate our wiliness and commitment

Gerry Legister

This Is Like Heaven To Me

Heaven is where we walk the streets made of gold,
And secrets of our hearts will be told.
The further we go the heavenly sunset we behold
Thinking of heaven where angles are ordained of God
Around the throne eternity is bound,
Wound in celestial mantle our old prayers are found.

Where you will never age, and see sunrise in the dark,
Waiting for the star and the dewy morning light,
Appearing so bright the night is soon forgotten.
Heaven wakes the stations in the entire kingdom,
A new enchantment waiting to be discovered,
A secret world lies between heaven and earth.

Walking daytime if you are immortal full of life,
On earth life is hell; our lives are like empty shell.
We carry misery from early birth to the deep earth,
Belief keeps us looking for heaven in the clouds,
In hope of humane rapture that will give peace.

And take in the dim view; to a place that is new
Where teenagers can dress like linen lilies.
Hiding a sermon you cannot walk to church with,
The sign makes the heart free from the pain of fear.
And the sky above them are laden with smoke,
Dreams which could be paradise move uneasy,
The next day life is different when they awake.

This is like heaven to me with love and dreams,
I will wait patiently until my destiny come.
They see the blue skies above and watch the smoke
Move gently through the clouds away from the crowd,
Gathering storm brings the rain that will quickly fall,
One of Gods messenger touches the Glover grass.
And soon the dark shadows past into the night,
Be reborn in the harvest of heavenly paradise.

On the street where I live there is a ladder to climb

Tall hedges and scented foliage blind the golden sun,
That sweet savor with leaves fluttering in the wind,
Turned the pages as they move below the window pane,
They seemed too changed and turn a different color.

And the heart loses gain and falls apart with pain,
The realm of this world tries to take control,
Angels tell a different story running from heaven.
My mind does not exist among the clouds
When the rain falls, blessings feel like I am forgiven

African violet sometimes your eyes are wet,
But the showers need to fall on barren hearts,
Places we have been and the things we regret.

Gerry Legister

This Is Paradise

Geography tells us about a beautiful island
invention by wood and water in the Caribbean,
upon this sunny terrain pleasures stands tall,
and opens the gate of paradise to entertain all.
See the glow in the sky when the sun bends low,
and dipped stunning view into the blue sea below,
distinction wash white sands upon wishing shores,
where we lay engage in rows of intrinsic paradise.
Those who come take their turn for different choices,
with this in mind; the preoccupation of tropical paradise
many try to find a key to adopt this kind of lifestyle,
but it will take a greater sum to bring out a perfect smile.
For this island is paradise waiting to be discovered,
A kingdom where uncovered dreams are gathered,
to explore the shifting brilliance fanaticism in a trance,
embrace the accolades which we will always reminisce.
Flashes advance the myth but never quiet lift off the cliffs,
West End becomes the place where excitement drifts,
all carnal things the spirituals scorned and mocked,
suddenly they are the main attractions to reach the top.
From this island a new name will reach other distant lands,
and mark the silken silhouette with all kind s of depths.
of sunset floating streams with ruses to find and spend,
on self absorbed insight values of the perceptive mind.
For on this island paradise is the dwelling place of heaven,
This kingdom come down upon earth gave gifts to men,
When opportunity clears the path the mystic hope is waiting,
along will come the rapture and leave bodies still sun tanning.

Gerry Legister

This Time

Effigy of hearts burning
Opinion waving waves of banners,
Dire insult collides with crying
A nation on the parade of fires.

This time, the world is a drawing tide
Excuses no longer secure a shoreline.
Protester voices calling from the inside
Thoughts like these taken by the time.

Injustice is more than a crime
In the strongest bonds for those who die.
This time, may their voices shine
Lift their names as gems to grow high.

And bloomed, and witness and breathe
Inside the womb not severed by death.

Gerry Legister

This World

Our world, at its most dangerous moment
Encounter the grizzly terrors spreading fear.
Where does the idle eye stare in resediment?
Who is there in a state of panic and despair?

The scary atmosphere in space defines agate,
Decorating the nations for less kind relations.
Voices in the dark made shadows arrived late,
A fate pronounces the curse of toxic infections.

Surprise how people connect, having never met.
For previous reasons, the views were hidden away,
All their stunning beauty we share on the internet.
A paradox of people's climate dominating today.

We've been enthralled, entertain, riveted, and call
The good business mind, as faint as they are strong,
Scrabble and dabble, figures dismantle, and fall.
They move along, a kind of small clone in a gang.

Having nothing buttery, accomplishing something
Unable to meet all the social and emotional needs.
Curved and cooled, the cupboards covered beards,
Enlighten was stunning, irresistible, and cunning.

The transition is like the outcry of an election,
Leave confluence counter crises growing stronger.
Our volatile world may turn into a fading union,
With wrap around pleasures swap around tremor.

Gerry Legister

Time Heals Bitter Scars

An expensive mistake
Betrays the cries of disbelief.
Sugar-coated love turns sour
Heartland tears pouring down the telephone.
No one really wants to hear the truth
Holding secure their own thought.

Turning away with minds already made up
Hiding their scars inside an envelope.
Because they have troubles of their own
Spreading like uncontrolled fires.
Medication place sympathy on the bruises
Consolidate twilight in the spring
Night mellow with unhappy dispute
Pain brings credibility ill repute.

The night is lonely with bizarre dreams
Awaken terrified and falling more unclean
Summer breeze conflicting in the wind
A melody played without string.
Your edgy thoughts hung bewildered
Life feels almost diminished
With regret and bitter scars showing
Your heart wants impatiently to love again
But the atmosphere brings reclusive pain.

Gerry Legister

Time Is Not Yours

My dream went astray in a vision that day
And yet my mind had not gone away,
And none was there to say what they had seen,
All the colours or schemes within that dream.
Taken to the air on wings of how I feel
Parting the thrills of deeds within a wheel
I wait and waited late until night falls,
When I cannot sleep I turn and look at the walls
Surrounding me, and signs coming closer
Reply with dreary lines blown into the air,
What to do when you have time to spare?
Pass the time when it feels like years of despair.
Waiting in the queue with strangers
You are not there and time is not yours.

Gerry Legister

To Be Loved

Two women comes into my life
I am sorry I cannot love both,
And be one lover without causing strife
For the way I take leads to truth.

To love and be loved as far as I could,
Love one and leave the other in pain
To stain my name in long ages stood,
Perhaps heaven will have a better claim.

And look down with justice just as fair
To where moral emotions unequally lay,
Though unfair for those passing there,
Not knowing the dangers along the way.

For if they should gamely come back
and find love I doubt it will be the same
Worn path with pain they would walk,
And find steps of reward treading to heaven.

With a smile kept first before they cry,
For a long time they will remember the frown
And shall tell the Intel story with a sigh
On the same path they had previously worn.

For on earth one woman is enough to love
The other realm by heaven to be loved,
And let emotions make a different move
Into the place where truth stood.

Gerry Legister

To Be Remembered

When the lord takes me away,
And I am no longer with you,
To share the pleasures of today,
Remember I will always be with you.

When my footsteps can't be trace,
Let my spirit in flight go free,
To find its own precious place,
For the soul to unites with destiny.

And leave a testimony to witness,
In the presence of those still alive,
To be remembered always,
For the living treasures God gave.

Are to be shared among the people,
And to be swept up in ashes and dust,
Till time consume every evil,
And we are gathered to him at last.

Gerry Legister

To Someone Special

Every road we walk upon has a turning point,
Taken by most to find someone special,
From children to parent, we're all different,
God has made one blood of streams without equal.

To another person, we fill the heart with bliss,
By our personality, our character, and intrigue,
And no one else has your art of creativeness,
And if dreams come true, your unique point of view.

To tell the thrill of passion to someone special,
For those wonderful times spent together,
To miss them when you're awake, and stumble,
Quietly to find they were the best times share.

With what matters most, your touch and your smile,
Nobody else is like you, if friend or foe could realize,
You paint a lovely picture of someone special
They will embrace your attributes and ideas.

Gerry Legister

To The Regions Beyond

Give me some innocent moments to daydream
Dare to travel overseas, trees, hills and mountains,
to see colours of earth mixed in the regions beyond,
by reflections of brightly beams moving into heaven.
I found adventures going through the forest of Orion,
on horizon came the treasures of a new beginning.
Awaken with glee in the fortunes of my vision dream,
embrace a million escapades in a moment's breathe.
Life and choices embrace fate and destiny in between
the painted silhouette glazing with bright tints of dawn.
By a spirited energy I sail over the nautilus oceans,
on veil winds nimble feet to crystal regions beyond.
In a unique realm our earthly consciousness is real
and we all will stand on heavens podium grandstand.
See picturesque deeds flow on terrestrial movie reel,
Show reflections of brightly beams in splendid bliss.
Lighting up the crowns to brighten the marvelled sky
and dare to fly with angels to other regions beyond.
Invisible reincarnate stars twinkle from a fiery stipple,
Came into realms we revered and see a time to come,
Hidden with illustrious illusions where doubts trample,
the faint hope humanity had beckon to regions beyond
fear of ridicule on speedier wings hasten to the strand
And lose the chance to find a greater transformation.

Gerry Legister

To You My Love

These four words are given
On this lovely day, they are saying
To you my love, I will tell you again.

I thought about you today,
And wondered where you were going,
Crying tears on your way.

Seeing the lonesomeness on your face,
Turned into bright clouds on cloudy days,
And your eyes searching for another place.

My heart too is reaching out with you
In those dark and shrouded corners
Where your mind is searching through.

I thought about you crying with the pain,
Wishing I could have taken your place
And make you whole again.

I thought about you tonight dying silently
And wondered if you were going
Somewhere beyond the sky.

Your shadow moved gently through signs
And head towards the moon staring at me
Wearing shades I have seen so many times.

The pain cannot reach you now
Where you are on the other side of the world
Somewhere over the rainbow.

Gerry Legister

Today's New Religion

The old religious campaign has gone
Technology we could not imagine has done
We're becoming a more enlightened society
Advance in science go beyond philosophy
it is a new religion driven human being
Taking amazing opportunity to dream
That the world is becoming more compatible
Finding unconventional ideas among the ineligible
Faith in schools has effectively
Divided children into finding creative discovery
In terms of mixed race and religion
Uniformity inspiring some assumption
But attitudes is still a little worrying
The more we discover what people have to say
Technology gives us something else to dream
About the cultures we believed in
Spoilt for choice with different concept taken
Making mankind universal Unitarians
most people believe in neither God nor man
Where are we today with this new religion?
do we really care if the path taken is important?
leaving the past to discover a new religion
where technology is the key of a new beginning

Gerry Legister

Tomorrow

We watch new opportunities reveal
Our dreams and hopes that are real.
Most of it will retire as just fantasy,
Before we go seriously into our sanctuary.
And leave afternoon to shred below
The dew of moonlight for tomorrow.
And although; life may not go right
With sorrows piling up every night.
If we live with this new day in view
There is always hope for tomorrow.
When we invite again our distant goals
Take the journey and see where it unfolds.
To draw the bulk of treasures nearer,
Being hungry and thirsty for adventure.
We close the gaps and cross life's beaches
In search of zones where the sky reaches.
To see upon whose land mortals will stand
When choices leave only hope to live on.
Become strong with Gods wonderful plan,
Let the rule of our hearts guide our hand,
Wipe the signs of brittle tears from our eyes,
Store the silent sighs among our treasures.
If our lives could change the world outside,
And we never tried; those dreams will die inside.
But tomorrow gives everyone the same chance,
To live abundantly and make the difference.
For we are wonderfully made to live this life,
We wait briefly as weeping willows in grief.
So make the most out of today in every way,
For tomorrow will be another personal day.
To grim and grind until we finally unwind,
In the silhouette of sleep for a little time.

Gerry Legister

Too Far To Turn Back

I have gone too far to turn back from loving you
The pains endured, faith been knock around a little bit,
Committed to virtue, the prize of seeing things through
I have never done before, but my soul refuses to quit.

The most amazing thing is the miracle we are given,
To be born from the most unlikely background,
And be not influence by the bad persons or alien feign
Going on in society, and the environment surround.

But you are not too far behind to get ahead,
Don't allow negative circumstances to dictate fear
It will stop you from growing, keep striving instead
Look for goals in your life and blessings to share.

Life can be cruel; I have come too far to turn back,
Having endured hostile abuse and persecution
From mine adversaries, even friend's vicious attack,
Shame is responsible for the greater proportion.

If you should let faith slips who will take the blame?
Roll with the pain; don't drift away out in the cold
And sell out your soul for picketing of a noble name,
Where would you find comfort as anchor for my soul?

Even thought I am slowing down with age
My career is accelerating towards the finish,
With agility, the rapture assures me of a heritage,
Beyond this sphere lies a greater destiny to reach.

Gerry Legister

Touch Others With Tears

When trials descends upon the home,
I am left alone to find solution,
With tears making sheltering atone.

They turned to water and wet my face,
Problems trace the air in silence,
They leave to go and return in haste.

The friends I ask for help,
It seems they too have long slip,
From the positions they had grip.

Their hearts are made of stone,
With passion surrendering decision
I wrestle with passion.

Struggle on trying to understand,
We have to the face trials in our mind,
Treat then as an enemy or a friend.

Realise everything is just for a little while,
We can walk away or even run a mile,
But a problem share though a smile.

Will overcome the winds that blow,
The pain where the tears flows,
Reaching heights of sorrows.

Outside when the tears dried,
Pain goes where tears cannot hide,
The breath we take torment inside.

From the moment you touch others,
See the world through their watery eyes,
Piercing inside with winter tears.

Gerry Legister

Touching Hearts Dreaming Of You

Far away beyond celestial distance,
I imagine that you are with me,
Seeing the same vision at a glance,
Float downstream to where we could be.

Holding out treasures of daring chances,
Between more oceans of opportunity,
With all mysteries of different places,
Gather the breeze where your shadow will be.

The thrills unknown may walk as close,
To the sparkle in the myth you have seen,
In the brightest gleam before the day arise,
There are more chances in your dream.

But when you turn your face towards me,
A tune is heard playing the sweetest melody,
Distinction made the cascading beauty,
Touching nectar blossomed into great reality.

In the strength of grace and goodness,
touching hearts extend beyond another mystery,
We stroll into the path of scented bliss,
Till the dream ends in the terrestrial sky.

Gerry Legister

Tragic Past

Tempted and tried you want to follow,
The things that everyone does.
But you are plague with sorrow,
Of your tragic past comes and goes.

But that's only because you keep reflecting
On the tragic past that binds your heart,
While the pain in process is ripping
Your hopes and your dreams apart.

Many have tried to counsel you but failed
They have tried in vain to ease all the suffering,
From which all the agonies bewailed
And becomes the lament of time.

You ask God to remove this burden.
And give you peace from the life you are living.

Gerry Legister

Trapped And Lost

Days had passed, escape into dark gross
Although I was trapped and lost,
I realize that I had despised the cross,
And the saviour came to my rescue at last.

I was trapped in the darkness of the world
With no place to go but hope for tomorrow,
Sorrow brought the coldness into my soul,
I didn't know the painful emotions would grow.

And make me stronger when only God understand
The draining strength in my being
Crawling along and leaving me in oblivion,
To find the reason to carry on living.

God let me hear him forever
His voice was like refreshing air by the river.

Gerry Legister

Troubled Times

In trouble times there is transformation of suffering,
They please us not the solemn trauma of stress,
It doesn't need to have control if the soul is strong,
You can handle the cure when humanity confesses.

More years are spent in weariness and woes,
Fewer days defy the things our soul merely endure,
They brought human toil early and leave the sorrows,
Some things we hate are not the answers we desire.

We want to rest our minds in green meadows,
With strength to guide when frail spirit grow weak,
Victory to the brave; so bring me comforts in my troubles,
And I will not fear the crumbling earthquake.

Even when I walk the salient way through the valley of death,
The priestly dew of heaven brings the mourning into joy,
I am sure when I pray strength takes all my leaping breath,
And the troubles endure make the sacrifice a greater glory.

Although with grief within we are crush; we are not broken,
Each burden bare well; are the tokens of great deliverance,
Fewer misery spell Immeasurable values to our bodies given,
A kind relief recompense of perfect inheritance.

Gerry Legister

Turn On The Lights

Turn on the lights for the world to see
Let energy transfer from a dark decree,
To realms eagerly awaiting the fantasies
Influx, of flared flames, filtered the spaces.

Luminescence Acts attract that fire
Sun, moon, and lamp turn away the fear.
Free, to make the imagination gain,
Self-reframe a prisoner never again.

We find the world reshape around
Our expanding sight, touch, and sound.
Light filtered through cracks in the streams
Inside the companions of our dreams.

The lights in people gathered with power
On Glastonbury street of music bathe in colour.
Masses tore through the soaking songs
Waving hands making joyful celebrations.

A kind of wave made emotions amaze,
Memorable moments sway in a festive craze.
Happy the climate change solution for our time,
warming the shaken earth rap too good a line.

Gerry Legister

Twilight

My heart was racing towards the sunset,
which stood with misty colors like rainbow,
painting a poster of people walking straight,
along the canal in a melancholy row.

To this enchantment I became reminiscent,
serenading love in the gloomy moments of twilight,
Reality came amidst the youthful testament,
To stir my heart with pleasure and delight.

Engaging dreams reflecting the twilight,
the truth about emotion almost touched oblivion,
Whiles caught in a net by the estranged light;
I toiled hard to find comprehension.

And found familiar joy upon a gondola ride,
parting waves stripping like pieces of rags,
Roaming along the glassy water path we glide,
Time share recluses and recurrent laughs.

Fading light took disguises under red sky reset,
reflection release pain into the sea of memory,
Closing the day walled up inside the sunset,
and found no place to hide and shelter reality.

Relief mopped the creasing of my brow,
until within the flickering path night cross,
the watery snow to find the eternal vow,
Retreating with the atoning kisses.

Gerry Legister

Twilight Zone

A layer of peace crossing the tide.
The night clouds getting bright.
Dust and pollutants envelope and hide.
Droplets of vapor scatters twilight.

You are as close to me as my skin.
Through my pores, you invade me.
In untouched places awakening.
I can feel your presence endlessly.
Where existence began progressively.

In my heart emotions drifts, along
You made the candace of hope grew strong.
In the zone where the twilight belongs.
Melting as the moon appears to set.
Prepare to arise at sunset.

I breathe the breath renew in your perfume.
The sweet essence that accentuates my life.
fragrant scent that melts my dream.

With a silver line of stars to shine.
Draw into twilight the flutter of hope.
To dance and dined with flavored wine.

Gerry Legister

Ukrainian Violet

I can give you a morning to smile
And make a desire to write poetry,
The sound of the splashing sea.
Make you feel loved endlessly.
Drink from your strawberry tea,
in the ocean of mystery to cross
the island of illusive retreat
With the sunrise and the sunset.

My Ukrainian violet, so charming
so delicate, your eyes are wet.
in the trance of the deep,
With stars in the night falling asleep.
upon satin sheets, and soft music,
and silhouette, wind chime ambiance.

In limited edition, my traveling companion.
Moving from the dark to the brightness
The chemistry between us has passion.
wings to make dreams come true
My Ukraine violet your eyes are wet
Because you have not finish dreaming yet
Forming Goosebumps and quicken pulse.
Surprisingly, opening your eyes.
It is my dream with you, an illusion, a fantasy.
A moment to release the chemistry

Gerry Legister

Unconditional Love

The best thing I can give
My love is unconditional,
In my heart, with your presence, I live
This life as many times as eternal.

Every moment's breath taken,
Make the sum proves greater value,
measure up to unconditional awakening,
That fits the best qualities in you.

Virtues remain hard to understand,
But drop into times of happiness,
In someone's else's mind,
Love takes a time to find bliss.

Lost and found, and wish
You could come back stronger
wearing the crown, you accomplish
that says you can stand up in power.

Allow unconditional love to reign,
When things don't end, but circumstances change
The condition for life to go on,
Living with decisions rearrange.

Gerry Legister

Under Attack

I watched and listen well
I came under the relentless attack
Some offenders I knew, others I could not tell
Enemies aim the arrows at my back.

The chain of pain all the emotions start
Voices repel the state of inbred thoughts
Dislikes hides the poison claws in the heart
We hear only the faint whispers of certain parts.

Unpleasant attack made the days full of trouble
Life in particular is made up of evil and good
Who would have thought such things were possible
Seeing the enactment where you stood.

Under attack, life looks empty and bleak
Fear haunts every move you make
Nightmares in dreams make things creak
Into darkness each day the heart will awake.

The friends you once cherish are not so real,
They becomes the enemy in the gate,
With planed mischief mostly how to make you fall
They rise early when you think they are late.

Gerry Legister

Unforgettable Memories

While Earth sleeps under a blanket of stars,
The silent sand lay still in expanding desert
Beautiful sunset arrange the changing colors
Of the sand with softening translucent heat.

Lush plantation explores valleys and Glens,
Towering mountain peaks reach into the sky,
Watch breath-taking Sandstones glitter like gems,
We are born to live a moment of time in serenity.

While we are here selected to cross the line,
Eternity elsewhere is void of our inspired days,
Reserve the deeds that have passed through time,
Mapping the course of virtue our character displays.

A unique spiritual experience mythical and bliss,
Places in life paint picturesque portraits of time,
Magical metamorphism of unforgettable memories,
Allowed to live briefly, for now, a moment of a divine.

History carved into our world the thrills conceived,
That will make nations grow into thriving metropolis,
We dwell where unforgettable moments are lived
In great cities name after our sporting Heroes.

Gerry Legister

Unknown Future

There is indifference if I fail by trying
But there is jubilation if I finally succeed,
To persuade contrast faces quietly marveling
With kindness to those who are in need.

There is love and sometimes there is peace,
The unknown scarcely threaten our realm,
To know the fear of hazards exist in space,
Will it be a virtual atmosphere or real pain?

There's assurance, both of spirit and soul
The Kama of surety on earth we try to claim,
Our conscience inherits this virtue as gold,
In heaven, who knows what will be our name?

The future is unknown; unseen by our deeds
Permitted only with glimpses of what we feel,
Model upon other foundations reality succeeds
But those emotions are not always real.

The unknown advent angels secretly proclaim
Celestial beings with stern human face arrayed,
How will their awesome presence reign?
Over the fallen nations that they upbraid.

No pruning or pining or resurrection wishing
Entity elsewhere to share the unknown eternity,
We will stand with our lives overwhelming,
Witnesses in the surrounding world of plenty.

Gerry Legister

Untimely Birth

I dance with the night
And felt my heart beating to the rhythm
Of the coming light.
I walk with the night
And ran with the wind into my dream.
fantasy played and danger shared
places and people on displayed.
Let the stars of twilight be dark
As hidden untimely birth.
I have seen an infant there in the ark
Preserving reality quiet startling
Sparkling contrast bring joy and mirth,
Laughter hangs loosely from the face.
And tears glistens as moonbeams,
Find a warm place of solace
To send away the vacant stares,
And kept prayers in solitary grace.

Gerry Legister

Upon The Shore

I dream of you standing upon the shore
That grew with pride and costly sail,
Turning waves from the ocean roar
Into a trance where I hear nature call.

And twist gently at this mighty command,
The sea to unleash a trial of captive dance,
And gather up a journey towards the sand
Where opportunity meet and embrace.

The seductive wind tearing at your hair
With suspense that almost lose control.
In the thirsty force of aquarium adventure
By rapid beauty that time twirls into a trail.

And tells us of its craving for emotions
That we find hard to express an interest,
In the feelings that lies in such exoticisms
Of excitement and the passionate past.

Gazing into ritual desire that was once on fire,
Like a volcano that prowls beneath the sea.
I watch the back draft of a fleeting figure
Creep back into where the shoreline degree.

Gerry Legister

Upon The Side Walk

Vehicles old and new parked upon the side walk
Here too some people unite while others stare,
With worried looks of doom around them stark
Shedding tears of regret in showers of the heart
Like raindrops falling from heaven
Upon their heads disguise in the clouds
They seek to be forgiven of their imperfection
Staring out into space, yet they don't know why
God made them all meet upon the sidewalk
With good intention progress was not enough,
They smile and try to make small talk
But something is missing from all their stories
The life that can drive a person crazy,
People come to England bearing their soul
They had met many travelers on another road
Come in from the cold and join the fold.

Gerry Legister

Upside Down

I am in your arms beneath the shining moon,
Charmed into wild storms of fatigue and intrigue,
While loneliness invades the world with gloom,
Earth weeps in the shades it has sown with grief.

God guides words design to chasten our hearts,
Come free from heaven the showers we need,
Wash clean on seraph's wings the guardians imparts,
Defeat in parts only, some strong demons concede.

The world is torn by two divisions, good and evil
Trying to be the masters, but who wins the prizes? |
We are caught between realms as a traveling vehicle
People are torn between the choices of lovers.

Fabrics are fraying; decadent society falling into magic
The tragic look of gloom become daily sentiments.
Observed how everyone is waiting for another trick,
Not seeing the voids of relations in the continents.

We find grace and mercy was meant to share,
So in your arms, I do not fear darkness in the cold,
For I have received your love, and feel well secure,
A paradox opposite the world has made it into gold.

Amidst natural disasters, we find strength to cope,
Few sweet melodies rose from the life we are living,
Answering the call from many souls seeking hope,
Sharing and giving where emptiness is unforgiving.

Gerry Legister

Virtual Aspiring

A virtual secure mind finds aspiring
The creativity that spreads like fire,
Through a dry summer forest blazing,
The loathsome smoke screens rises higher.

It could be the lack of classic grammar
Or perhaps the choice of words misspelled
marks made punctuation lines of error,
For which correction cannot be ignored.

What's it takes to be virtual inspiring?
Through miss written anagrams,
We can find our thoughts wavering,
Further with liberation and freedom.

Unvoiced sounds echo underneath
Ideas idle awhile perhaps in the aisles,
Raise the praise for ways to hold our breath
Wandering through worthy words of lines.

Authentic ramblings, sentence miss spoken
Bite off brightly some bits from us
On grammar, the happy sound is broken
By the craft overflowing with bliss.

Eyes of the mind are open with clicks
It's a magical myth of your head rhythm,
A splendid meter that perfectly fits
The creativity art and its mending Balm.

Our gifted lyrics and thought out rhymes
Stanzas and phrases in those gems of time,
Finds the realms that rule the boundaries,
An obsession of imagery after each line.

Going viral, humorous and alluring
presence of the past and future reality,
Images and stories rapidly spreading,
Life and death with an individual's destiny.

Infinite sips define the quality of spacing
Virtual reality that's what it takes,
Your imagination to interpret the meaning,
That unvoiced phenomenon makes.

Gerry Legister

Voices In The Night

When the last golden sun streaks is vanishing
into clouds under the darken canopy of night.
The shivering dust settles behind the evening,
Cloudy Satire coming with a new dawn of light.

Patrolling the traces of low whispering voices,
following the Verve of strange words in the air,
Sentence disappear again into clandestine vices
The choice of deeds nights is reluctant to share.

Bar and restaurant recommend going the extra mile
after losing their keys the best thing to do,
is to make guests feel welcome with a smile,
the assured voice speaking louder than we want to.

Amorous thoughts locked behind closed doors,
only the sound of voices breaking the silence,
Herero's of the night, walking by on hotel floors,
bound in code by the laws of their conscience.

Energy rollaway into spaces of sleeping room
corporate pleasure at the expenses of leisure,
Upper decks not lowering into drapes of gloom
for lovers to lay their heads and count treasure.

The day is lit again rinsing away voices captured,
amidst the wanderings curious moments flow,
remains a mystery to know the voices that chatted
behind the closed doors where hunger desires go.

Gerry Legister

Voices Of Exasperation

I heard the rain pouring down for a day
trapping water in the trees and in the garden,
I wanted the sound of exasperation to go away,
it was like political voices filling a vacant ocean.

As I waited for the rain to empty the last portion,
Threads of vapour weeping fall into a timid atmosphere,
I am caught in an endless queue at the train station,
Hearing rumbling of voices on mobiles everywhere.

Voices of exasperation won't leave you alone,
with the continuous deluge of opinions each hour,
The sharp voices that roam often follow you home,
But the flush of anguish will not last forever.

At home, on air flow, irritant calls of inconvenience
makes atmospheric words tremble with my lost breath,
they never dissolve quickly enough into the distance,
while questions raise brings on rage and wrath.

I am discontent with explicit contents, nuisance calls
that don't make sense, are impossible to count,
corrupt policies, sporting abuse using us as shelves,
Many multiplies sharpen edges risk being caught out.

Gerry Legister

Voices Of Prayer

Beyond earth angels were flying high
Zooming off into the sky,
Holding back the air
Until the voices of prayers cry.

Feeding hunger to survive,
When ghost ascend from the bed,
Leave memories in terminal strive,
Troubles cannot catch the dead.

All the movements are lost,
Worn out clothes beaten and toss,
In shapes of our wrinkled wrist,
The silhouette shadow is cast.

When the patrons are done,
Cleaning bare bone branches,
Big enough pile to burn in the sun,
There will be no trace left of the trees.

Surprise stone meet our gaze,
And shadows in darkness groan,
The latest fear of those that grieve
With troubles of their own.

Gerry Legister

Voices Of The Heart

A shadow far away coming nearer each moment,
With foregone enchantment swifter than light,
The voices of my heart pierce the shadow of night,
Eyes could not have seen the cries made of fright.

Mute stranger not hearing the shuffling prance,
Swayed in dance from the gripping hold of agony,
I did what no opportunity would have given chance,
Pass hastily with prayer into the realm of misery.

My naked soul made the call of hopeful choice,
To try and stem the tide of emotions from inside,
On the floor I went, to end the screams in silence,
And pluck up courage where shame tries to hide.

The bruises appear delirious with implacable scar,
Beyond the soul stronger voices torment the heart,
With imagery pasteurizing the grayscales of fear,
Crying for help, crippled by the passions once felt.

Woken from a dream to the glow of another rising sun,
Visions not forgotten rode by on a brighten screen,
Blearily pursue the papal breath broken and undone,
Were these voices of my heart or a voice from heaven?

In me all the hurt is repeated without honor,
And nothing is forgotten without leaving pain,
To feel the cold chill pass upon destiny's shore,
Hearing voices of the heart quietly lamenting.

They had pierce safe barriers and brought cute hell,
Far more darker than the torment life has given,
Repeated voices that arise from my heart to tell,
The story memories would rather have forgotten.

Gerry Legister

Vows

inextinguishable fire

Gerry Legister

Waiting For Life To Begin

In the beginning we never knew teardrops,
We were the fashion becoming new,
God's creation brought the raindrops,
And the sky in heaven turned blue.

We only knew the innocence of gender,
Stretched far back into unbending distance,
Beginning our characteristics and behavior,
The experiment brought new science.

Paused in the realm; waiting for life to begin,
Something's in weakness can be strength,
The embryo of transplant intent stood waiting,
To oblige in the steps of unknown spirit.□

Jagged thoughts in age more entrenched,
But hopes springs the proposing grace,
Begin the twist of nature on a bizarre road,
With new creation of continuous race.

Cold calculated chaos began misgiving,
In the beginning opulence was lost,
Temptation found refuge surrendering,
To the existence of a pertinent cost.

□

Creation suffer rejection and abuse,
And took a ride in ungainly pursuit,
To reconstruct the skills once refuse,
But could not make earth a safer retreat.

Gerry Legister

Waiting For Something To Happen

I have waited before and nothing happened,
This time I am expecting something to happen,
The occurrence may take longer than planned,
Dreams were born in appearance that will begin.

Every part of me left hanging upside down,
Cursing the veil event which had torn apart,
The bliss life known, planned and waiting,
But love says it should have broken my heart.

Bury my head and flush the feelings all away,
Instead, I can start mounting another challenge,
Choosing time and place being suited in array,
Escape that world and be taken by a carriage.

It could be the angelic flight of love from above,
With contented joy embrace the tighten alter grip,
And all the leftovers of my body solemnly move,
Sentiments fashion every thought and tentative step.

I waited for love to paint over the part of my life,
Remove the gloomy birth from all disappointment,
That brought the indolent moods to sense its peak,
And commune with patience the waiting moment.

This could be the dream I have been waiting for,
Anticipating something beautiful in life to happen,
And my passive resistance which stood unsure,
Held a door open until the dream prefer comes in.

Gerry Legister

Walk With My Spirit

In a hotel room watching the white snow fall
Glistening past with beckoning mossy leaves,
Drape with beauty outside upon the wall
Silent ice in the night hung from the trees.

In the gentle night I took a walk with my spirit,
Snow caught my eyes fluttering with little wings,
They try to fly flapping with all their might,
But end up covering the street and soak clothes.

Cold sober response shook the worn knees,
And my tearing teeth broke lamentable silence,
A smitten figure misplace in night ease,
Try to walk outside upon snows frozen ice.

My limbs dug tunnels and tried to hold me tight,
But the ground took my stride to skip and dance,
I walk the path where the street had gone,
For once in my life I felt carried by a spirit.

Along the path set for me with beaten snow,
I started to float and struggle to find a way home,
I should have sunk deep in sleep by now,
Instead, plague with regret; I am out on my own.

I went where footsteps lost their charms,
The softer images in mind losing the fight,
Trying to stay alive swaying with my hips and arms,
The images weren't meant to last through the night.

Gerry Legister

Walking In Paradise

When I look into your eyes
I see a beautiful sunrise,
It's the place to be enticed
Walking in sunset paradise.

Love, in this world, creates
Every evening a theater of dreams
For life is the season that celebrates
Every reason envisions.

awakening the eye of day
shadows today are here to die
tomorrow in the crypt we cannot pray
while our bodies lay idly by.

Crouch in the clay
With the dark canopy of its hazy future
The inevitable decline of decay
Change completion forever.

Wearing the clod virtues
That goes with timely memories,
Those lovely foes of beautiful colors
Is a perfect rainbow sundress?

Where the ripen roads meet the sunset stars
Lightly passing by across the sky
That is adorned with the goddess mars
Drapes in an acquiescence display.

Gerry Legister

Walking In The Park

I walked in the park one fine afternoon
With Nostalgic footsteps upon the ground,
I Found secrets of laughter, myth and gloom
Caught in a frown listening to every sound.

Then I saw a few happy people together,
Walking in the park where I grew up playing games,
The trees that were small had grown taller
And outlived the mockery of their youthful names.

On the footpath near the stream that run by
Park benches display names where old memory lies,
Their broken shadows of the past unable to die
Meet our eyes in the nectar of present times.

Large stones framed a road with winding lines
Narrowly stretched as a guide into whitely woods
And the flight of air, that we bare; nature shares
The secret serenity awaken by other worlds.

Near older trees we found loose leaves in a heap
Dogs lapping the grounds with their masters
Some admirers stood near the water's edge
Half sunk with the ducks in the lake like lap

Gerry Legister

Walking On Water

In this life we can walk on water
When all our work is done,
With miracles perhaps you have forgotten
The earth too; will walk on clouds to come.

I trust not on the person that I am,
Or what I know, but on Christ the solid rock,
I will stand up and be like that man
When all of life is done; cemented into a block.

The journey will have just began,
Eclipse decoy and the impotent past,
And trudge through prepared mansion,
Where paradise lies in peaceful rest.

In time humanity will find the invitation
of intricate desire to walk on celestial water,
And reach heaven by divine intervention,
That spurn my youth and found me growing older.

We are on a journey and we cannot hide
The optimization that reduces the empty miles,
The Widening transparency of logistics free guide
Technology to master the complexity of surprises.

But it will end one day in the most bizarre way.
Walking on water is a thin layer of faith,
Taking souls to the heights of eternity
But the road we walk today is not the path.

Gerry Legister

Warrant Penitent

Warrant penitent to enter the hidden kingdom
And the full body once young and strong,
Wine and dined serenade with rhapsody
Voices carried along songs to the highest note,
Melodies had turned the world upside down,
Adrenalin laugh out loud force to sing and shout.
By chance and character gold medals are won,
Life was bright and ripe in mind and soul.
Intelligence can never uncover that kingdom,
Behind the veil the atonement was found.
Restore twice as much spirit, body and time,
Hope and love poured grace into our hearts,
Passes inside and enters the secure shrine.
Through the curtain and the moments we find.
The greatest message and the glorious riches,
Gold without value is place by the boatman
Upon The glazed eyes having finally lost control,
They are covered in cold; right and wrong,
To be led by another force into a strange land.

Gerry Legister

Watchers In The Skies

See the days how dark they really are
with scientific technology advancing so far,
making morals obsolete and force players
offered by frenzied saints and goodly sinners
to solicit help from watchers in the skies.
Repairing stations with astral disguises,
The Conspiracy theory coming too late
Earth remain in a morals bankrupt state
Do celestial eyes see pain unmove?
That tinkling parts alone cannot remove
the brood of wild terror hidden in sight.
Even the moon and stars have mild light
obey laws of asteroids immutable way.
With daring signs and illustrious display,
in the travesty of injustice vacancy appear;
fierce coals in smallest grain of the hair.
Spears kept in keyholes made on secret road,
Walls that holds faint and sad mode.
Ambush voices with positive answers,
Europe speaks softly with tied tongue tours,
Once life brought extraordinary thrills,
Far and near reverberating noise chills
the lovely dove with ordained voice disdain,
when will the hush of paradise come again?
For now, satellite provided answers to our cries
from silent watchers marooned in darker skies.
Watching us instead of watching the demises.
Cyber-attacks, the hackers with back-packer
Every penny's worth made entrepreneurs richer.
Devalued communities poorer than they are worth
Traditions can't pay back transition of new growth.
Fretting ruins will run for many miles outside
Hide in underground holes with cunning pride,
of shadows creeping up a communicable shaft.
To dwell comfortable by slow smouldering craft.
Moving the atomic minutes into winds that blow
to shape slow minds into what society already know,
from watchers in the skies, we should open our eyes
Lest being engulfed by cosmonaut's hypothesis,

make inside roof and walls become black as space
beneath the thick cloud of turmoil waste.

Gerry Legister

We Shall Wear A Crown

In paradise we shall wear a crown,
After the battle has been won
When every captive soul is set free
And the devil's untimely reign is done.
We shall hear the glad stories been told,
pilgrims walking upon streets made of gold.
Our heaven will be such a wonderful sight,
with mansions built for the young and the old.
We shall have fellowship among the saints
And share in their joyful testimonies
the imagery more than what our mind paints,
so many portrait of life in the heavenly realms.
When life is done we shall wear a crown
and hear the blessed saviour say welcome.

Gerry Legister

Wearing The Flaws

We have lost even this beautiful friendship,
No one ever saw us when we were close,
Walking hand in hand in good companionship,
Now in the distance only our shadows cross.

Night brings a covering down upon our world,
And I still see from my window your shadow,
Standing in the sunny silhouette of bright gold,
Piercing through the morning light as an arrow.

I am wearing the flaws painfully upon my heart
Reminiscing all the joys of mine that you know,
Always thinking about you before we had part,
It only gets harder after I watch you finally go.

Wearing the flaws rolled up into hurt emotions,
In the pain and anguish of mine that you feel,
Receding through the dark evening devotions,
The memories made me see how we had fail.

The shadows fell and fade away in the twilight
It was a gift to the cold and the moment had gone
I remember you with my bruised heart
Living with the flaws that made me fell down.

Gerry Legister

What Is Love?

What is love? Love is a portrait of art and love is precious.
Love is amazing poetry, simple imagery of alluring beauty,
Love is wonderful presentation filled with nice surprises,
Love is the first duel in the field to conquer honour and duty.

Love comes at dawn with welcome arms full of charm.
Love lives in the land of glory, by bristly heroic sacrifices,
Love is a language the conscious noun use of genres from,
Love is a life light until our soul eclipses the eternal skies.

Before pall bears, shadows fall smouldering ashes in a fire,
Love is the vows we make and the vows that we will shun,
Requiem powers of the dead lend strength to the survivor,
Love is in colours of the rainbow that glows for every nation,

Love is the scroll on which romantics wrote symphony of notes,
Love is the road on which they walk towards elusive goal,
Love is the boat on which they serenade carnival floats,
Love is in the air on streets of gold catching snow and windfall.

Love is many laughs and as many cries we treasured most,
Love is risk and adventures floundering in the sleepless night,
In a chasm of abyss leap the soul above incarceration mist,
Clasped the fantasy that yearns for passion in secret delight.

Love is a cloud on which birth surprisingly thrives on earth,
In time, our emotions tear down the walls on which it stood,
Until we go back in reincarnation blur along the same path.
And consume the hearts splitting off into tiny pieces of good.

Love is a mixture hidden deep in faith, of belief small or great,
Unhinged the carriage driven by mortals in athleticism flame,
The contagious nectar of taste refined more palatable than hate,
In rhapsody of human glory, the acumen brings no shame.

If you had love? Would you give it away or keep it as a gift?
Finding ways through prison bars up the stairs and into the stars,
Love is too costly to waste scratching your head tearing at yourself,
From the almighty plan, it is our needful breath of joy and tears.

Gerry Legister

What Might Be

Night rode a long way,
to hide in the dark what might be,
secrets impossible to find conclusively,
imagery of light shading the reality.

Mockery from the inside hides the cause,
what might be guilty conscience speaking verbally;
about deeds, and every inept distress,
tumbling from the head with agony.

Fearful eyes rise in tears to breathe a dismal cry,
what might be taken for granted;
is often a misconception of reality,
offering the hope of illusion implanted.

Lusty shadows of night drawing near,
watched close by dark spirit,
wandering through the atmosphere,
expecting the soul to contradict.

Fear tremble beneath the veil of flesh,
deception covered what might be;
mercy shielding our secrets in darkness,
where the intention is to deceive.

Gerry Legister

What's In A Kiss?

What's in a kiss that makes me feel better?
Takes us to the place where love is there,
In abundant of unknown things waiting in line
Ready to draw our souls into the corridor of time,
When we are together I become speechless
And each kiss brings our lips closer to touch bliss.
A ray of your smile can brighten up the day
Then my heart searches for reasons to stay
Longer in life to play and hug like we were children
Building bridges in every moment we are given.

To stay together it seems like wishful thinking
With each kiss I will reminisce for a long time,
The bliss in life I will take with me into eternity.
Floating everlasting with the cherish memory.

Gerry Legister

When Dreams Fade

Faith alone will not take you home

When we leave, and our dreams fade,

From above to go under the tombstone,

Hope remains that prayers had made.

By simple sound, we gain Gods attention

Before many dreams come along,

Life sometimes is live in seclusion,

Soon they too will be gone, leaving an unsung song.

Memories will show them where I lie,

When History tell them that I am no more.

Words will haunt them until I die,

And my ashes pour out over the shore.

As I was the person I wanted to be,

My dreams have gone along with me.

Gerry Legister

When Friends Have Gone

Never have we needed God more than now,
The light of joy seemed to have faded
Each day goes more into a darker shadow,
Nothing makes senses from all the things I know.

Life becomes empty, worthless without meaning
My best friend just gave up his life,
As I sat here pondering, why God took it from him?
The only answer I got is sorrow and grief.

The pain I felt was real, piercing into my soul
Knots tied in my throat lumps that I cannot hold,
The news that I heard has just shattered my world,
Inside my being, everything went hot and cold.

I am now all alone, my three friends have gone,
Left me in turmoil, with hardly the strength to carry on.

Gerry Legister

When I Meet You

Straight from the heart the careless whispers
Race in dreams and a million drop of hopes,
Awake to life and the path of new adventures,
Allowing us to reach into what destiny hides.

When I meet you in that happy state of myself
I will ask if you come and this beautiful planet?
Thorough the clouds that fills yielding breath
You are covered in the belongings of human blanket.

The wind reaches the form of a shape to unveil you
It enter the room where your shadow is standing
Passing through the sunlight and drizzling dew,
And I realize that history is now in the making.

I see the story is dissolving in front of my eyes
And I fall in love with everything that it offers.

Gerry Legister

When In Darkness

Night without darkness,
Is doing the same as,
Day without sunlight,
Both light and darkness,

Need each other,
To guarantee the cycle of life,
Day and night, summer and winter,
Draw together the years of anxiety and grief.

Along the road of darkness,
Time is paved with experience,
Encounter frustration, hurt and lost,
Love grows with the help of grace.

When in darkness,
Dreams follow life's embrace,
In the fertile seed of rest,
The mind takes healthy shapes.

When in darkness,
Don't look at heights or size,
Treat the imposers as a natural guest,
Listen to the stillness and be wise.

When in darkness,
Be confident in all matter,
The same thing that produce darkness,
Will eventually become clearer.

Hold to unchanging hope,
And rise from obscurity,
To tread the slippery slope,
And find your own security.

Gerry Legister

When Love Is Brief

The autumn rain fell briefly that day
replace by a sudden appearance of the rainbow,
illuminating without warning, all that was grey
and the sky turned the colours into a glow.

I became happy as do lovers sprung into relief
entourage thrill to consumed veil emotions.
But if the sudden change brought luck or grief
on either side of the day, choices makes decisions.

To play or stay with hopes dawn badly down
lulled by pain, unable to see the appearing light
behind the cloudy paths staying longer on,
when the sky is starless, with bleak winds blown.

If love is brief, happiness is a slender treat
some dreams may end in grief, become incomplete,
and trust will beat quickly into a rapid retreat
overtaken in defeat repeated mistakes we hate.

If love is brief; will there be any other dreams?
that We could chase? If we could follow our rainbow
after showers wash away the hurt with tears
from our eyes, what thrilling places can we go?

Gerry Legister

When Love Is Not Enough

When in this land you have given your all,
And not think twice when someone needs forgiven,
Love can cover the hurt every time you fall,
But bruises will be hidden beneath the vale of sin.

Even in death love may have its share of grief,
But that will never be enough to comfort the bereaved,
Roaming within the fate of solitude and disbelief,
The search may go on until the heart is relieved.

If love would have been enough to dispel all fear,
You would not be left alone with emotions and regret,
The two protagonists; they find a path more unclear,
And eyes can not see paradise where there is neglect.

The world we knew was once full and glowing,
But when dreams fled into streams of darker abyss,
Though time may conquer that delta force from within,
Love will never be enough without true happiness.

Paradise was such a beautiful place in our mind,
Exist only when we find time to go there in spirit,
On a trip; in this realm of splendid sublime,
Bliss is given to only those digging deep to find it.

When love is not enough, there is a place to escape,
Found in the wind that floats through the passing air,
Can we dare to go and be where those memories fade?
And fond embrace becomes the only treasure.

Gerry Legister

When Spirits Gather

Shadows swamp the air with a blanket of fog,
Move mythical clouds from under the dark sky,
Fitting the past sleekly within crucifix memory,
Familiar faces buried long ago in the cemetery.

Nimbly stood stones erect as ruin pillar post,
Though names shimmer in glory halls of fame,
A sacred gathering in the future with the past,
Meet history looking for friends to rise again.

Spirits gather to watch at every funeral,
A world created to celebrated charm and wit,
Innumerable company possess the ethereal,
Our heroes walk slowly up into the dim light.

The rapture of delta forces multiply in the sky,
With the justly bless resurrected and translated,
Churned by the world but greeted in eternity,
And given the rewards joyfully anticipated.

The tears we shed can make our hearts frail,
In the afterlife; the spirits are gathering,
to celebrate the method that flesh can assail,
Until all humanity groans in woe be forgiven.

Gerry Legister

When The Going Gets Tough

When the going gets tough from trading
The winds that is pushing at your arch back,
Down into where worse hurricanes come blowing
Hardest attack against the tide betwixt jagged rock.

There you drop anchor and wait in the weary track,
Some pray for a miracle falling upon weary knees,
Lent between sky and trees lift burden from their sack,
And wade in haste; find the place of comfort and ease.

Have you felt in your soul stings as bees from angry host?
And things got worse when the going gets tough,
Instead of victory you are in a battle to make the most,
Hold fortitude, for the terrain you take may go rough.

The risk mist finds blisters in the midst of the storm,
You want to know what to do when you had enough,
If you try to hide under your arm secrets with charm,
It will pleasantly ignite the flames of illustrious growth.

Those warnings, warm the deepest veins in acute sorrow
As frozen relationship in aisles make vows in flames of ice,
Friends will unrolled the archive scroll you did not know
And show you where to go past monumental advice.

Leave memories in ghost shade with grace the tears
the howling air formed bare in crest fallen dilemma,
Life seem empty rushed in layers of fine liars
The fiery flares flung the night into darker lava.

finally see the task you face when the going gets tough,
Ascribe hope without the banner becoming your anchor,
A mind to cope erase the fate that hid the crafty truth,
Cast your gazing eyes dried and find over your shoulder

Gerry Legister

Where Answer Lies

The pledges to bang up freedom
May have no surprises to the guilty,
But destiny offers a sure path to everyone,
To show less is a debt we owe humanity.

Opinion cries out to share with the world,
Where the answer lies in the heart of society,
Isn't it time rulers look out and regain control?
Tackle the root cause of greed or poverty.

We don't want answers to defend people,
As smoke screen from behind glass windows,
To cast a wishful gaze ridiculed with evil,
If trust is taken it will increase our sorrows.

Did our illness come with gentle falling rain?
Rent the cause of discontent battered and brand,
Accruing reasons leading to institute of the insane
To straighten out souls bound for the promise land.

A new principle emerging grants anonymity
And can never be repay with routine excuses,
The affable compensation for poor economy,
Our reward of distress in burnt out promises?

Hoping to carve out something more uniquely
An age tainted by socialism and infirmity,
The past we have managed incoherently,
But the future lies in business and technology.

Gerry Legister

Where Are The Butterflies

The hollow tract leading to a suave phenomenon
Out of the skylight falls tenderly to the ground,
Turn suddenly into the most pleasant sensation,
Of new songs we hear bringing a pulsating sound.

Shivers coming down my back in different tones,
Poetry on thrones sends butterflies into my stomach,
The anxiety of joy dancing with abdominal tunes,
Stimulate the adrenaline to the emotions of music.

Listened to sweet reviews coming before the stage,
Turning from stampede to butterflies in my stomach,
I know why it feels like my mussels are held in a cage,
As uncompressed strings wrapped together in contract.

Jittery feathers sway on edge in the morning rush
With shallow breaths and the lengthening applause's,
Discover intricate feelings that cannot be easily crush
Create distance through the heart for better choices.

In laughter or dances the wait is something stifling,
We hear results take the rewards to have our crown,
Not frightening enough to stop our knees from shaking
But the awards mean that much interest is shown.

Gerry Legister

Where Dreams Come True

Temptation spiraling down
Amidst the haze of anticipation,
Lamblike emotions roared on
Through every verbal confusion.

The values being esteem were of dispersing
trail of its power with extreme measure.
tarnish and frail goes the pain beyond within,
and climb barriers of timid time rapture.

When fear comes to take your pride away,
In your guardian angel's arm, there lies the calm
Of assurance, where dreams come true each day,
And dispel the darkness that causes harm.

Survival tear through the holes that were bare,
when I saw you standing there in quiet disparity,
A sojourning warrior unleashing the tear
That is searching for peace, but finding serenity.

The complex takes you to an enchanted place
Where dreams come true and found you today,
To say; be not afraid of the blades you will face
or chaff cold putting its beastly paws in your way.

still, you smile again through shredded nerves,
Wearing confidence that outshines the hurt
And the strain of tasteless measure only serves,
To take away the stale breath that you have felt.

And glancing out at the lights in the coming dawn,
Each moment shifts into the season of joy.
Appear glinting touches etch under the festive charm,
Where friends bring hope to their generosity.

Until your dreams come to precede your goal,
Reach high for the stars to where paradise lie
Hidden in your soul; the courage to pursue all
The most valuable good virtues before chances die.

Gerry Legister

Where Magical Flowers Bloom

There is a place in the world
Where magical flowers bloom,
A place where roses never fade,
I know the deepest passion loves to loom.

In that land of uncloudy day,
magic flowers bloom like rainbow colours
Every petal gives a fragrant spray
Weaving charm of miraculous odours.

Amidst the ambiance of sunshine,
bloomed the silhouette of twilight hues.
Dreamland serenade the tune of time,
In the resplendent glow of beautiful repose.

I am carried away by the magical wind,
To fulfil the daring fantasies endearing.

Gerry Legister

Who Am I?

I am black, and white
Yellow, brown and stripe,
Fantasy in the dark, revelation in the light,
I am a passion fruit sweet and ripe.

Who am I? I am a traveller
A conqueror of flaws
I am sojourner being a pioneer,
I am a winner even in draws.

Who am I here to satisfy?
I am a stranger upon this shore
I laugh and cry and someday will die,
And strangers put my bones beneath the floor.

In spirit and beauty, I am plain.
In words, deeds and duty, I am the same.

Gerry Legister

Who Can Compare?

Does love resides within a home
Or does it lie in contrive lies?
For which explanation has none
But to surrender where truth falls and dies.

In hope that one day it will be sought
And vindication meant for you out there.
To fill the void where a snare must thwart
Every plan you dreamed and lived for.

Your story share helps someone out there
Caught in an enterprise of the same dilemma,
Acting as if no one care, but who can compare
Another person's experience of drama.

Who can compare this sudden twist of fate?
In the benign despair of a hidden state

Gerry Legister

Winter Of Discontent

The summer of great outdoors
Has become the winter of discontent.
Families hunkering down indoors,
Tring to find various ways to be content.

Damage of economic uncertainty,
I rather have muddy boots to clean.
And reasons to live and think positively.
Before the cold winter froze my dream.

Tapping into those demons beyond the remit
There is emotional privacy creating space.
Linked family and friend's intimate closet,
Estate, separate and safe, a kind time waste.

A path less taken to the peak of intent,
The new belief of seeing around corners.
Being heroic in the winter of discontent,
We find ourselves asleep with desires.

What visions mean to change our course
From oceans dragging the world under.
Soughing waves gasp for breathless pause,
Awaken to find darker things in the hour.

We feel the darkness invading our soul.
Fear, anger, and blame, waiting to explode.
Doubt held the reins balancing the world,
All sides of the human condition grow cold.

Gerry Legister

Winter Walk

In a hotel room watching the white snow fall
Glistening past with beckoning mossy leaves,
Drape with beautiful files outside upon the wall,
Silent ice in the night hung from the trees.

In the gentle night I took a walk with my spirit,
Snow caught my eyes fluttering with little wings,
They try to fly flapping with all their might,
But end up covering the street and soak clothes.

Cold sober response shook the worn knees,
And my tearing teeth broke lamentable silence,
A smitten figure misplace in night ease,
Try to walk outside upon snows frozen ice.

My limbs dug tunnels and tried to hold me tight,
But the ground took my stride to skip and dance,
I walk the path where the street had gone,
For once in my life I felt carried by a spirit.

Along the path set for me with beaten snow,
I started to float and struggle to find a way home,
I should have sunk deep in sleep by now,
Instead, plague with regret; I am out on my own.

I went where footsteps lost their charms,
The softer images in mind losing the fight,
Trying to stay alive swaying with my hips and arms,
The images were not meant to last through the night.

Gerry Legister

Wipe The Dust Off Your Dreams

When declining health steals a span of time
And the expansion of career closes the door,
With grim shadows that bore the spirit divine
Come in a message to visit you once more.

Awake second soul and dust off your dreams,
When the light on your pathway has turned
Darkness of night into less than what it seems,
Revive the heart and mind that slumbered.

Navigate the code away from the slippery road,
Enter through the firelight and begin to renew,
Talent tools prodding into the heavy load
And plunder the gold from grounds you knew.

If society no longer sees the usefulness inside,
The young and the strong passes you by quickly.
And numb longings multiplied by the roadside
When counting the choices are few and slippery.

Don't wear a halo, wipe the dust off your dreams
Loose folded hands from things about to perish,
The downward time is more than what it seems,
Life marches on in the hopes you cherished.

Gerry Legister

With My Angel

Most days, a certain angel follows me closely
And from its phenomenal viewpoint in the sky.
somehow, I feel its presence around me hover,
Into my world, the inconspicuous friend wander,
and sometimes, I ignore the serenity looming
Believing, there is more of its beauty revealing.

Reality true form may one day become the norm,
Waking or sleeping, there's no harm in the angel's arm.
Destiny holds more questions in my soul,
Mute utterance reserve only for this world.
I am watched from the unseen eyes above
Through the clouds from the omniscient love.

With my angel, there is more of the future to see,
Spirit eyes meet more than what earth could be.
The veiled state disguised in metaphysics space,
I look up to the sky for direction and guidance.
With eyes of wisdom, prayer expose the ascension,
A secret message I know in my heart went to heaven.

Reaching beyond physics where matter clashes,
Where dreams and vision go by different rules,
A single seed of faith can take you away immediately,
From this realm to a place of infinite beauty.

Gerry Legister

With The Coming Of Sunrise

The night came and went quickly,
Scintillating moments followed ghostly shadows,
drifting out into early morning dew,
People getting ready to start their daily duty,
the sky colored with misty grey sheet of clouds,
Reminds us how the night came and went quickly.

Workers are gone before the coming of sunrise,
To join the traffic queuing with raging chaos,
Battered betwixt world where nature and fantasy arise,
Dreamers carry their dreams still in bed,
Taking quick breaths and sips of coffee,
The taste is bitter, like murderous transgression,
in the night; mistakes made before sunrise,
The unrequited kind, can easily be forgiven,
And start the day with a great impression.

Gone before sunrise, you lose the sight of facts,
Paranoid aches and pains caught in confusing trap,
Wear the same temper as lose animals attacks,
The pace of time has no magic,
To attempt the understanding of something making sense,
The gloss of night goes with the coming of sunrise.

Gerry Legister

Without Love

Without love, there are empty rooms in my heart
housing aching pains, flames numb and strange.
A blaze starts the strain of emotions falling apart
And every moment spent becomes a prison cage.

Lent like a dagger, which pierces into every dream,
The cold stream hurts where the roads all diverge,
Into fabled remedies of the hopes my soul has seen
plucked clean, happiness drained in depleting age.

A simple thought, the revelation instantly unveils
Picture perfect, those years of unwelcome advances,
Taking lonesome chances of walking along darken trails,
Regrets, builded the walls into greater distances.

Time, is no longer mine, as before in grandeur years
Without love, how destiny has chosen a different way,
To harness my fears and hurt with those bitter tears,
That my soul will face in a bleak and beguiling day.

I may stop to pray, but my imagination will stare
Far into reflections of yesterday and the day before,
Gone away into the space of a cloudy atmosphere,
Disappearing beyond earth into a future unsure.

Gerry Legister

Yesterday Today And Tomorrow

Yesterday was here, feeling some pain
Today's gloomy clouds bring a new day,
The misfortunes washed away by the rain,
Tomorrow's raindrops are on the way.

Yesterdays pain, was a beautiful lie
Deranged the senses of our whole frame,
Beguile an ocean of torrid tears to fall,
Self proclaim the inner state in flame.

Today, away from danger hurt and harm
People say the words what others want to hear,
Telling something good in the eye of a storm,
All the while believing what they say is rare.

We change and adopt different moods
When everlasting days goes by eternity
Spirit shapes will drift away with the clouds
Force to stay here others find new destiny.

Tomorrow resurrection comes back rising
Within the veil; love conquers and stand tall
We want to be strong but not too improvising,
Believe to over pain, not just for one but for all.

We paid for yesterday today, with tomorrow
We will find hidden treasures along the way
When our minds find senses in joy and sorrow,
Here to trap us and take our weary soul away.

Guess where they live entirely separate lives
Not just in another world, but now and forever
In many forms vacant space formed paradise,
And over a longer time memories get stronger.

Gerry Legister

You Are A Survivor

Devastated by your loses
Upon tired shoulders carrying the crosses.
Surrounded by the rubble,
Drifting further along into more trouble.
Displace by the trail of disasters,
Imagery marred with unwanted posters.
Optimism daze by the unbelief
Hoping to find reassurance and relief.
You try to begin and to dream again
How to live a better life within
Tempted to give in; but you are a survivor
Brought by the price of the Saviour.
Poised to rebuild your legacy,
The future waits for you with all eternity.

Gerry Legister

You Are Closer

The hopes of you, whose fantasy is my pride
Languished in dreams the best things recall
Warm release of gasping joys hidden inside,
Unfurls the curious things my heart shall call.

Thoughts move slowly in realms of streams,
Show yesterday figments of imagination,
Today you're so close now in my dreams
I can almost reach out and touch the vision.

Valued reasons to live in your presence
Awakening for a brief moment perceive,
The faded pictures straying in the distance
A void missing in those minutes conceive.

Exposed mine own feelings passions create
Opportunity for you to come back again
In the stain of pain and last buzz of secret
Just for a brief moment to be in my dream.

You're are closer now by miracles can be
All past life and present transitory images
Inflicting torment and soothed by reality
That shall bring lasting solace and kisses.

Gerry Legister

You Cross My Path

You cross my path today
In solitude and silence
Then you Smile, and floated away,
Giving my heart a brief indulgence.

I thought about that voyage,
That you will take from this hasty bend,
Then the path before me will submerge
Covered over, and come to a dead end.

Those brief moments will take silent shelter,
In provisional time the jewel of precious kind
Limit the power for us to spend together,
There is no better wish that I could find.

Where joy holds the candle in my heart
Until the day dawn when the light shines
Across the tracks where beauty smile bright
And the splendor of time gently chimes.

Our lips will find words that know no end
Breaking forth from around every bend.

Gerry Legister

You Make Me Feel Special

Under Your spell make me feel special,
Share my doubts, remove all my fears
When you smile I fall under your spell,
You wipe away so many of my tears.

I chase the taste of your lips into the night,
In the moonlight I find bliss securely waiting,
I reach the stars to see the breaking light,
It feels like the sun will never grow dim.

Together we are together connected,
Beyond the prism that friendship has define,
Things we love others may have rejected,
But our love will last for a very long time.

I believe strength can wash away the pain,
You make me forget the sadness for a while
And we can walk together through the rain,
Under your spell love makes me feel special.

Under a spell and make me feel special
Taking the time to say something enchanting,
Then take me to the place of your smile,
You make me feel I was worth something.

Gerry Legister

You Will Remember

You will remember me
As time passes away for a little while,
When shadow and fragrance has gone,
You will remember the last smile,
On the day a gentle kissed you gave
Made my soul cried for just a while,
And when you quietly held my hand,
The ribbons of broken flags wave,
Feelings politely tried to understand.
Goodbye to lives intrinsically enjoined,
In the future God had planned.
When we both will go far way,
Into another day of a distinct land,
Remember me when you pray.
I should like to hear your voice,
Once, if you forget what I look like,
Then whisper my name in the air.
And afterwards remember to rejoice,
With memories as though I am right there,
Do not be sorry when broken and contrite
For you was my special choice.
If memory leaves only the silence,
And if I see you once before I go,
With the heritage of thoughts we had.
It is far better that I should know,
Than you should live and be sad.

Gerry Legister

Your Ashes In The Wind

Inside, I am the force of a radiant glow,
The running fuel of soft transformation flow.
I am the receiving embers sparked by you,
First, a stranger till the flames then grew.

Into a light shining at the touch of dawn,
with moonlight hue, to you, I was drawn,
By a faraway Island so welcoming and warm,
First, I thought you wanted to do me harm.

Darkness charmed her weaving barren twirl,
With the ancient spirit world clinging to my soul.
Voices come and go by the guardians of dreams,
In the winds of enchantment and illusions.

Then the morning glory overturn the gloom,
Like the heavenly rapture of mid-afternoon,
A romance with you in happy journal wrote,
The passing of times had a special antidote.

With the lust, we dust though scarlet tinged,
Till the thread of love began to come unhinged,
Rainy clouds arrived, and filled your eyes,
extinguishing bright hopes of twilight skies.

With the clones of night, mute shadows fall,
and I had no strength to tear down the wall.
By midnight all the energy and light had fled
Leaving the warm ashes smoldering instead.

Beautiful and delicate scattered in the wind
A flurry of kisses in my veins still reign,
With the pain that ache will one day cease,
The sting of loss shall bring comfort release.

You almost left me dead, as the ashes scatter
and should your ghostly stare again reappear,
I've vowed to surrender memories intrinsically
Until we are united again in that new destiny.

Gerry Legister

Your Secret Heart

Your secret heart is a rainbow with many colors,
Filled with purpose and pureness of love,
The visible emblem spreads out after early showers,
Reflections passing through earth and clouds above.

many radiant colors dropping through the air,
The vows we know arranged in a perfect bow,
I see your smile theatrical in visions we share,
Like a hidden star your beautiful heart will glow.

Illustrious reflection by day, dreams of the night,
The language of love and mirth is a secret star,
Secret emotions softly thronging the heart,
Even those lay dying take pride from who you are.

Flash continuously like a bell before our eyes,
You speak of good stretching morals endlessly,
A bridge never too far from a warm days ease,
In rage quench the woeful heart lapping misery.

It too can turn to fear if you tear the chain,
Transporting veins run silently to the deep,
Your heart keep secrets drooping with pain,
From fathom abyss rise up to the highest peak.

Tempting fate beneath the soul the curfew appear,
Your beautiful heart becomes more than skin deep,
A special silhouette you can trace anywhere,
Captivating enchantment hidden deep.

Smothering dreams share the decorum of bliss,
Your secret heart is filled with curable passion,
I am swept off my feet at the touch of your lips,
Drunk and floundering I hold you in my dream.

Gerry Legister

Your Tears

Your tears were sent by God
They bring a message of comfort to us,
When they fall and drift into a flood,
Covered in the blood of sorrows.

Tears fall down as the morning dew,
spread a misty canvas upon the grass,
With many sorrows drowning you
Petitions to God in prayers may ask.

For tears when they leave, drip bit by bit
Some filled with rage, others ache with pain,
At every stage inflame, the heart is rip
Into threaded slips where the soul is lain.

The human form becomes stiff as stone,
And tears wash the burning flesh and bone.

Gerry Legister