

Poetry Series

Hannah Tresa Reni

- poems -



PoemHunter.com

Publication Date:
2024

Publisher:
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Hannah Tresa Reni()

A 16 year old girl trying to change the world by writing? ?



PoemHunter.com

The Parish Priest's Journey

In the quiet hours before dawn's first light,
The parish priest begins his day anew,
With whispered prayers to guide him through the night,
His heart ablaze with faith, steadfast and true.

Through bustling streets, he walks with measured grace,
His thoughts consumed by those in need of care,
From morning's rise till night's embrace,
He tends to souls burdened with despair.

Though sleep may elude him, and hunger gnaw,
He carries on, his duty ever clear,
For in his heart, a sacred, solemn law,
To serve his flock, dispelling every fear.

Yet hidden 'neath his robes, a heart does beat,
With sorrows deep, and trials he must bear,
For though he walks with angels at his feet,
He feels the weight of human pain and care.

And as he tends the needs of those around,
The whispers rise, like shadows in the night,
Spreading tales of scandal, words unsound,
Yet still, he strives to keep his spirit bright.

So, when you see him, offer up a smile,
And ask him how he fares with genuine care,
For in his loneliness, it may beguile,
The burden of a life that few can share.

Remember, he's but human, born of earth,
With faults and failings, just like you and I,
But in his calling, he finds priceless worth,
A beacon shining 'neath the endless sky.

So, if you see him, passing by,
Extend a hand, a word, a prayer sincere,
For in this world, where shadows often meet,

His light shines bright, dispelling every fear.

Hannah Tresa Reni

Silken Threads Of Thought's Cascade

In the web of my mind, thoughts whirl and spin,
Every word, every message, I ponder within.
Calling, conversing, with faces around,
Overthinking's tight grip, leaves no solid ground.

In the theater of thoughts, I endlessly play,
Seeking escape from this cyclical fray.
Oh God of Overthinking, loosen your hold,
Let me find peace in the stories untold.

Hannah Tresa Reni



PoemHunter.com

Joseph's Benevolent Watch

In the quiet of night, when stars softly gleam,
St. Joseph watches over, like a heavenly dream.
With calloused hands and a heart full of love,
He shields us below, in realms high above.

As a father protects his children from harm,
St. Joseph guards us with a steadfast arm.
In the trials of life, through every strife,
He guides us safely, to a brighter life.

And when the shadows of death draw near,
St. Joseph whispers, 'Do not fear.'
With Mary by his side, a comforting sight,
He leads us home, into eternal light.

Oh, St. Joseph, patron saint so dear,
Your presence in our lives brings cheer.
Protect us now and forevermore,
Until we reach heaven's golden shore.

Hannah Tresa Reni

Baby Jesus

Look at him,
how he sleeps so silently.
Look into his eyes,
feeling the warmth of his care.
Observe his lips,
forming a kind gesture of a smile.
Witness his arms,
expressing love in search of you.
Notice his little legs,
preaching the 'True Gospel.'
See his tiny body,
a hope for the world.
Little Baby Jesus,
envelope me in your love,
shield me from all sins,
and allow me to perceive you in my heart.

Hannah Tresa Reni



PoemHunter.com

Family Bonds

The family meets once or twice a year,
All together and all along.
Beautiful gathering! - they say.
Indeed and of course.
The long heard massive stories,
The lost wings,
The re-read phantoms,
Hopeful surprises,
Cousins' laughter is ever some but for a little moment.
The times we spent together are not met yet
And the people in deed walkout
The bonds to be created are to be broken, the families are in bond.

Hannah Tresa Reni



PoemHunter.com

' Purity' Of The Soul -Essential!

I look pure in look by my shower,
And doubt to be pure in the 'me'?
I ask out to myself,
Where the 'me' in me is pure,
Not by the bath that proves the dashness.
Through my thoughts on heart,
Deeds on earth,
And internal earth.

Am I pure to console my divinity?
And the prayer is to be divine, the pure as the blessed.

Let the mare of dark people may not touch me, not hold me, nor talk to me.
May I be hidden under your red shawl,
Let the devil not test me,
Oh Lord, ' I want to be pure in the world of impurities'.
Just as the obedience of virgin mother,
I need to hold another Jesus on to my heart,
I want to sacrifice everything for the Holy Grail,
I want to be that cross,
I want to be 'Pure ', Oh Lord!

Hannah Tresa Reni

Mama Mary

There were beautiful women than her,
There were more talented women than her,
There were more rich women than her,
There were many women but she was ' the chosen'.

The beautiful world of heaven landed on this earth,
Seeked ' Mary', ' the chosen' to deliver the ' message of deliverance.

Mary did never dream it.
But ' Yes' to the will of lord made her ' the chosen '.

She became ' the chosen'.
She became the womb of heaven.
She became the life for God.
She became the remedy for our sins.
She became the tomb for life.

She never said ' I can do it ', but it was like ' do as his wish '.

Mama, Mama Mary, shelter us in your sacred heart,
Make us to be that ' the chosen'.

Hannah Tresa Reni

Love And Truth

All around me is a universe of love,
They loves their love,
I love them, I love my loved ones
And somehow with the desire, so damp and dark
Bright and unsure
I will have to love a man,
A man for which the entire universe stands, for the love of him,
I thirst, I make whispers,
I start to like, start to hate.

Starting to love his honest life,
Will make me kneel on truth,
For love never makes lies,
It's melancholy lies in truth.
Truth is the mother of love and let she pamper her with honest, curing, hopeful
and never - ugly drops of milk,
And let he say truth and act truth,
And let he love and learn to love,
For true love never utter lies,
It is of truth, it is of love.

Hannah Tresa Reni